CENTRE for REFORMATION and RENAISSANCE STUDIES
VICTORIA UNIVERSITY
TORONTO
SHAKESPEARE

A REPRINT

of his

COLLECTED WORKS

As put forth in 1623

PART I CONTAINING

THE COMEDIES

LONDON
Printed for Lionel Booth 307 Regent Street 1862
LONDON:
Printed by J. Strangeways and H. S. Walden, 28 Castle Street, Leicester Square.
SHAKESPEARE.

COLLATION OF THE EDITION OF 1623.

THE COMEDIES.

** This Collation is given, "not from an unkind wish to show infallibility at fault, but," that similar errors to those perpetrated by the "Athenæum" literary Newspaper of January 25, 1862, may be avoided.

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies. Published according to the true Originall Copies. London Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Edward Blount. 1623*. Folio.

Title as above, on which there is a Portrait of Shakespeare engraved by Martin Droeshout; opposite to this there is a leaf containing on its reverse ten lines, headed, "To the Reader"—signed, "B. I." i.e. Ben Jonson.

Dedication to "William Earle of Pembroke, &c." and "Philip Earle of Montgomery"—signed "John Heminge" and "Henry Condell"—one leaf.

"To the great Variety of Readers"—signed "John Heminge" and "Henrie Condell"—one leaf.

"To the memory of my beloved, the Avthor Mr. William Shakespeare:" &c.—two pages of verses, signed "Ben: Jonson"—one leaf.

"Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenicke Poet, Master William Shakespeare"—fourteen lines, signed "Hygh Holland"—one leaf.

"To the Memorie of the deceafed Authour Maifter W. Shakespeare"—twenty-two lines, signed "L. Digges"—"To the memorie of M. W. Shake-speare"—eight lines, signed "I. M."—one leaf.


* This general Title-page will be delivered with Part III.; the one prefixed to this portion of the Reprint being only for Part I.
The Tempest—pages 1 to 19.
The Two Gentlemen of Verona—pages 20 to 38—(the head-lines of pages 37, 38 are, in error, “The Merry Wiues of Windfor.”)
The Merry Wiues of Windfor—pages 39 to 60—(pages 50 & 59 are misprinted 58 & 51).
Meafvre, for Measure—pages 61 to 84.
The Comedie of Errors—pages 85 to 100—(page 86 is misprinted 88).
Much adoe about Nothing—pages 101 to 121.
Loues Labour's loft—pages 122 to 144.
A Midfommer Nights Dreame—pages 145 to 162—(pages 153 and 161 are misprinted 151 and 163).
The Merchant of Venice—pages 163 to 184—(pages 164 and 165 are misprinted 162 and 163).
As you Like it—pages 185 to 207—(page 189 is misprinted 187).
The Taming of the Shrew—pages 208 to 229: in some copies page 214 is printed 212; this affords one of the evidences that copies of the first edition vary, and that corrections were effected during the progress of the work through the press; and it may also be noted that signature V in many copies is indicated by Vv.
All's Well, that Ends Well—pages 230 to 254—(page 237 in some copies is misprinted 233, pages 249, 250 are misprinted 251, 252).
Twelfe Night, Or what you will—pages 255 to 275—(page 265 is misprinted 273, page 276 is blank).
The Winters Tale—pages 277 to 303, page 304 being blank.

** A similar Collation will be given with its respective Part.

As copies are known to vary, any such variations, not noticed above, being communicated will greatly oblige; as will also any information that will tend to render thoroughly complete the Collation of the whole work, which it is purposed to issue with the “Corrigenda.” It will be observed that this reprint has a distinct pagination; also, a distinct set of signatures—in fours; these, to facilitate precise reference, will be continuous throughout the volume. It may be here remarked, that wherever type may be seen in the book out of gear, in any way defective or irregular, it has been so permitted in accordance with a prescribed plan—no departure from the Original: the fact of such trifles being attended to, it is hoped, may be regarded as proof that aught of importance has not been, will not be, neglected.
SHAKESPEARE;
A REPRINT OF THE "FAMOUS FOLIO OF 1623."

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN this reproduction of the first edition of the collected Works of Shakespeare, the prime object has been to secure its entire identity with the Original. It is well known that there exists in the Original a great variety of errors; but not one of these has here been corrected. Whatever the defects of the Volume, it was felt that if reproduced at all it must be reproduced intact as it was first put forth in 1623, and that if the least "license of ink" were assumed, all reliance upon its identity would be destroyed. Notwithstanding its defects, it should not be forgotten that the Folio of 1623 is the most important edition extant; for, as Mr. Howard Staunton has well observed, it is "the only authority we possess for above one-half of Shakespeare's plays, and a very important one for those which had been published before its appearance." Yet while, for the reasons given, the blemishes must be allowed to remain, they have not been unheeded. On the hint of Horne Tooke (Diversions of Purley, part ii. p. 52, edit. 1805), they have all been noted with a view to a comprehensive list of corrigenda.

After accuracy, the next object is to place within easy attainment of the many a book the possession of which has hitherto been restricted to the very fortunate few. Henceforth for less than two pounds may be secured, in a perfect state, the coveted of all English book-collectors,—a Volume which in the Original, and in a condition more or less of defacement and repair, would be considered cheap at a hundred; and this in form and condition more pleasing to the eye—a "cheerful semblance" of its prototype—and much
more convenient for use. The Folio of 1623, although so important for the authority of its Text, from its rarity may almost be regarded as a sealed book; and it is hoped that the opportunity now afforded of a more extended knowledge of its contents, will lead to a corresponding elucidation of the many perplexities which yet remain, but which possibly are not “perplex’d beyond self-explication.” A recent writer, doing good battle for the Text of the First Edition, with reference to a passage in Anthony and Cleopatra, observes, “I am inclined to think the original reading the right one, and the emendation impossible;” possibly, this remark may be found to have a just application in numerous other instances.

The chances of error in the passing of an elaborate work through the presses are multifarious—occasionally their origin is most mysterious and unaccountable; experience, not less than inclination, precludes the least pretension to infallibility, and though not fearing the complaints made against the last reprint of this book, they are not out of memory; therefore, the communication of any—the most trifling—departure from the Original which may be discovered will be most thankfully acknowledged, and the required correction effected by a cancel.

307 Regent Street,

December 18th, 1861.
To the Reader.

This Figure best shew how true and plain
It was our Gentle Shakespeare cou'd
Wherein the Greater had a right
With Nature to out-go the Life.
O, could th' part have stayed till this were
As well in Brass, as to part the Plea.
Hence, the Plea would have an успот.
All that was necessary in Pleas.
But, since the Reader, looke
Not on the Picture, but the Book.
E.T.
To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
   It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
   with Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but haue drawne his wit
   As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then furpass
   All, that was euer vvrit in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

     B. I.
Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies. Published according to the True Originall Copies.

L O N D O N

Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount, 1623; and Re-Printed for Lionel Booth, 307 Regent Street, 1862.

The general Title-page, an accurate Fac-simile of the Original, will be given with Part III., which will contain the whole of the Tragedies; Part II., comprising the Historical Plays, is in preparation, and will be produced "with all good speed."
This young thing was the master.

It was the good

Wherein the Great

with Nature, to

O, could he but have

As well in brattle,

His face, the Prince's

All, that was true.

But, since he cannot, Beata

Not on his Picture
MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES.
Published according to the True Originall Copies.

LONDON
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LONDON:  
Printed by J. Strangeways and H. S. Walden, 28 Castle Street,  
Leicester Square.
TO THE MOST NOBLE
AND
INCOMPARABLE PAIRE
OF BRETHREN.

WILLIAM
Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlain to the
Kings most Excellent Maiesty.

AND

PHILIP
Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Maiesties
Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order
of the Garter, and our singular good
LORDS.

Right Honourable,

Wilt we studie to be thankful in our particular, for
the many favours we haue receiv'd from your L.L.
we are faine upon the ill fortune, to mingle
two the most diverse things that can be, feare,
and rashness; rashness in the enterprize, and
feare of the succeffe. For, when we vale the places your H.H.
suslaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to
the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we haue
depriuid our selves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your
L.L. haue bee ne pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, be reto-
fore; and haue prossegued both them, and their Authour liuing,
with so much favour: we hope, that (they out-liuing him, and be not
hauing the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne wri-
tings) you will use the like indulgence toward them, you haue done
A 2
The Epistle Dedicatory.

unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L.L. likenes of the severall parts, when they were acted, as before they were publisht, the Volume aske'd to be yours. We haue but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to kepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, & Fellow alioe, as was our Shakespear, by hum-ble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we haue justly obserued, no man to come neere your L.L. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H.H. by the perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be considerd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country bands reach foorth milke, creame, fruities, or what they haue: and many Nations (we haue beard) that had not gummes & incense, obtained their requests with a leauened Cake. It was no fault to approch their Gods, by what meane they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H.H. these remaines of your servant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be ever your L.L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

John Heminge.
Henry Condell.
To the great Variety of Readers.

From the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weigh'd. Especially, when the fate of all Booke's depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! it is now publique, & you will stand for your privileges we know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde foever your braines be, or your wisedomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your fixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, what euer you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the Iacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and fit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the Cock-pit, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes haue had their triall alreadie, and stood out all Appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to haue bene wished, that the Author himeselfe had liu'd to haue fet forth, and ouerseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to haue collected & publish'd them; and so to haue publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with divers ftolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious importors, that expos'd them: even tho'e, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceiued the. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that wee haue scarce receiued from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his works, and glue them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leaue you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your selues, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

John Heminge.
Henrie Condell.
To the memory of my beloved,

The AUTHOR

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:

And what he hath left us.

O draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Book, and Fame:
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For want of Ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echo's right;
Or blinde Affection, which doth we're advance
The truth, but grapes, and wrgeth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore,
Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proofe against them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore will begin. Soul of the Age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!

My Shakespeare, rise; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenfer, or bid Beaumont lye
A little further, to make thee a roome:
Thou art a Monument, without a tombe,
And art alive still, while thy Book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuse
I meane with great, but disproportion'd Muses:
For, if I thought my judgement were of yeeres,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell, how farre thou didst our Lily out-shine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latine, and leffe Greeke,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
For names; but call forth tund'ring Aeschilus,
Buripides, and Sophocles to vs,
Paccuuius, Accius, bim of Cordoua dead,
To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,
And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,
Leave thee alone, for the comparison

Of
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their abodes come.
Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to showe,
To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warme
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm:
Nature her selfe was proud of his designes,
And joy'd to swear the dressing of his lines
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, he will vouchsafe no other Wit.
The merry Greeke, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated, and deserted lye
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all: Thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the Poets matter, Nature be,
His Art doth give the fashion. And, that be,
Who calls to write a living line, must sweat,
(As such as thine are) and strike the second beat
Upon the Muses anuile: turne the same,
(And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame;
Or for the lawrell, be may gaine a frowne,
For a good Poet's made, as well as borne.
And such wert thou. Looke how the fathers face
Lives in his issue, even so, the race
Of Shakespeare's minde, and manners brightly shines
In his well torned, and true-filed lines:
In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
And make those flights upon the bankes of Thames,
That jo did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
Admire'd, and made a Constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And des partes day, but for thy Volumes light.

Ben: Jonson.
Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenicke Poet, Master 
WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE.

Hose hands, which you so clapt, go now, and wring
You Britaines braue; for done are Shakespeares dayes:
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
Which made the Globe of heau'n and earth to ring.
Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the Thespian Spring,
Turn'd all to teares, and Phæbus clouds his rayes:
That corp's, that coffin now bestick theose bayes,
Which crown'd him Poet firft, then Poets King.
If Tragedies might any Prologue haue,
All those he made, would scarce make one to this:
Where Fame, now that he gone is to the graue
(Deaths publique tyring-house) the Nuncius is.
For though his line of life went foone about,
The life yet of his lines shall neuer out.

HUGH HOLLAND.
TO THE MEMORIE
of the deceased Author Mr. W. SHAKESPEARE.

Hake-fpeare, at length thy pious fellowes give
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-lie
Thy Tombe, thy name must: when that stone is rent,
And Time dissolves thy Stratford Moniment,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This Book,
When Brass and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
Fress to all Ages: when Posteritie
Shall hath what's new, thinke all it prodegie
That is not Shake-speares; e'ry Line, each Verse
Here shall renewe, redeem thee from thy Herfe.
Nor Fire, nor cank'ring Age, as Nafo said,
Of his, thy wits-wrought Book, shall once invade.
Nor shall I e're believe, or thinke thee dead
(Though mist) untill our bankrupt Stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new braine t'out-do
Pasion's of Juliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I hear a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy halfe Sword parling Romans spake.
Till then, till any of thy Volumes rest
Shall with more fire, more feeling be express,
Be sure, our Shake-speare, thou canst never dye,
But crown'd with Lawrell, live eternally.

L. Digges.

To the memorie of M. W. Shake-speare.

V V E E wondred (Shake-speare) that thou went'st so soone
From the Worlds Stage, to the Gravnes-Tyring-roome.
We thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
Tells thy Spectators, that thou went'st but for th
To enter with applause. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and live, to after a second part.
That's but an Exit of Mortalitie;
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

I. M.
TO THE MEMORIE

Of the deceased Antiquary William

Mather

This plate of the frontispiece to Mr. Mather's book on the ruins of ancient Roman cities was taken from a rare book in the library of the British Museum. The inscription on the plate reads, "To the memory of W. Mather, A.D. 1684." The plate is a fine example of 17th-century printing and typography, and it is a fitting tribute to the memory of Mr. Mather.
The Workes of William Shakespeare, containing all his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies: Truely set forth, according to their first ORIGYNALL.

The Names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes.

- William Shakespeare
- Richard Burbadge
- John Hemmings
- Augustine Phillips
- William Kempt
- Thomas Poopoe
- George Bryan
- Henry Condell
- William Skye
- Richard Cowly
- John Lowne
- Samuell Croffe
- Alexander Cooke
- Samuel Gilburne
- Robert Armin
- William Oftler
- Nathan Field
- John Underwood
- Nicholas Tooley
- William Ecclestone
- Joseph Taylor
- Robert Benfield
- Robert Gouge
- Richard Robinson
- John Shancke
- John Rice
The Works of William Shakespeare

Containing all his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies: To which is added a collection of such short...
# A Catalogue

of the several Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume.

## Comedies

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THE TEMPEST.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-master, and a Botefwaine.

Master.

Botef. Heere Master: What cheere? 

Mast. Good: Speake to th' Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or we run our selues a ground, beffirre, beffirre. 

Enter Mariners.

Botef. Heigh my hearts, cheere, cheere my harts: yare, yare: Take in the toppe-sale: Tend to th'Masters whistle: Blow till thou burft thy winde, if roome e-nough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others.


Botef. I pray now keepe below.

Ant. Where is the Master, Dofon? 

Botef. Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keep your Cabines: you do affift the storme.

Gons. Nay, good be patient.

Botef. When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roa- 

ners for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble vs not.

Gen. Good, yet remember whom thou haft aboard.

Botef. None that I more loue then my felfe. You are a Counseller, if you can command these Elements to fi- 

lence, and worke the peace of the prefent, wee will not 

hand a rope more, vse your authoritie: If you cannot, 

give thanks you have liu'd fo long, and make your 

felfe readie in your Cabine for the milchance of the 

houre, if it fo hap. Cheereely good hearts: out of our 

way I say. 

Exit.

Gen. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks 

he hath no drowing marke upon him, his complexion 

is perfefct Gallows: stand fift good Fate to his han- 

ging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our 

owme doth little advantage: If he be not borne to bee 

hang'd, our cafe is miserable. 

Exit.

Enter Botefwaine.

Botef. Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Maine-courfe. A plague—

A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Anthony & Gonzalo.

von this howling: they are lowder then the weather, 
or our office: yet again? What do you heere? Shall we 
gie ore and drowne, haue you a minde to finke?

Sebaf. A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blasphe- 
mous incharitable Dog.

Botef. Work ye then. 

Ant. Hang out, hang, you whoreon infolent Noyfe-

maker, we are leffe afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gons. P'le warrant him for drowning, though the 

Ship were no ftronger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaaky 
as an unfranched wench.

Botef. Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off 
to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariners: wet.

Mari. All los to prayers, to prayers, all loft. 

Botef. What muft our mouths be cold?

Gons. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's affift them, 

for our cafe is as theirs.

Sebaf. I am out of patience.

An. We are mereely cheated of our liues by drunkards, 

This wide-chopt-raofall, would thou myhtift lye drow-

ning the wafhing of ten Tides.

Gons. Hee'l be hang'd yet, 

Though every drop of water fware against it, 

And gape at widft to glut him. A confused noyfe within. 

Mercy on vs.

We fplit, we fplit, Farewell my wife, and children, 

Farewell brother: we fplit, we fplit, we fplit.

Antb. Let's all finke with' King 

Seb. Let's take leve of him. 

Gons. Now would I glue a thousand furlongs of Sea, 

for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne 

fira, any thing; the wills aboue be done, but I would 

faine dye a dry death. 

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my deerest father) you haue 

Put the wild waters in this Rore; slay them: 

The skye it feemes would powre down drinking pitch, 

But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkis cheeke, 

Dafhes the fire out. Oh! I haue suffred 

With thofe that I faw fuffer: A braue veffell

(Who
The Tempest.

(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Dost'd all to pieces: O the cry did knocke
Against my very heart: poore foules, they perish'd.
Hast I any God of power, I would
Hauie funcke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting Soules within her.

Prof. Be colleted,
No more amasement: Tell your pitteous heart
there's no harme done.

Mira. O woe, the day.

Prof. No harme:
I have done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my deare one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art - naught knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Then Professe, Master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know
Did never medle with my thoughts.

Prof. 'Tis time
I should informe thee farther: Lend thy hand
And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort,
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd
The very vertue of compassion in thee:
I have with such prouision in mine Art
So safely ordered, that there is no soule
No not so much perdition as an hayre
Betide to any creature in the veffell
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou sawst sink: Sit
For thou must now know farther.

Mira. You have often
Began to tell me what I am, but stop't
And left me to a bootless Inquisition,
Concluding, stay: not yet.

Prof. The how'r's now come
The very minute byds thee ope thine care,
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came vnto this Cell?
I do not think thee canst, for then thou wast not
Out three yeeres old.

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.

Prof. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis farre off:
And rather like a dreame, then an assurance
That thy remembrance warrants: Had I not
Fowre, or five women once, that tended me?

Prof. Thou hast; and more Mirand. But how is it
That this lies in thy minde? What feest thou els
In the dark-backward and Abine of Time?
Yt thou rememberst ought ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

Mira. But that I doe not.

Prof. Twelue yere sence (Miranda) twelue yere sence,
Thy father was the Duke of Milaine and
A Prince of power:

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

Prof. Thy Mother was a pece of vertue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milaine, and his only heire,
And Princefe; no worse issu'd.

Mira. O the heavens,
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?

Or blessed was't we did?

Prof. Both, both my Girle.
By fowle-play (as thou sayst) were we heau'd thence,
But bleddily holpe hither.

Mira. O my heart bleedes
To thinke oth' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance, peace you, farther;

Prof. My brother and thy vncle, call'd Antonio:
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be too perduifous: he, whom next thy selfe
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
The managem of my state, as at that time
Through all the figureys it was the first,
And Professe, the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal Artes,
Without a paralell; thos being all my studie,
The Government I caft vpon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studys, thy selfe vncle
(Do'rt thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Prof. Being once perfected how to graunt suits,
how to deny them: who t'advance, and who
To traff for ouer-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chand 'em,
Or els new form'd 'em; hauing both the key,
Of Officer, and office, fel all hearts 'tis state
To what tune pleas'd his care, that now he was
The Iuy which had hid my princely Trunck,
And suckt my verdue out on't: Thou attend'rt not?

Mira. O good Sir, I doe.

Prof. I pray thee marke me:
I thus neglecing worldly ends, all dedicated
To cloenes, and the bettering of my mind
with that, which but by being so retir'd
Ore-priz'd all popular rate: in my false brother
Awak'd an euill nature, and my frut
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falseness in it's contrarie, as great
As my frut was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence fans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my restor'd yeelded,
But what my power might els exact. Like one
Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a fynner of his memorie
To credite his owne lie, he did beleue
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Substitution
And executing th' outward face of Roialtie
With all prerogatives: hence his Ambition growing:

Do'rt thou heare?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafnesse.

Prof. To haue no Schrene betweene this part he plaid,
And him he plaide it for, he needs will be
Abolute Milaine, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough; of temporall roailties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
(to drie he was for Sway) with King of Naples
To give him Anuall tribute, doe him homage
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (als poore Milaine)
To moft ignoble slooping.

Mira. Oh the heavens:

Prof. Mark his condition, and th'event, then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I shoule finne
To thinke but Noble of my Grand-mother,
Good wombs have borne bad sonnes.

Pro. Now the Condition.

This King of Naples being an Enemy To me ineuterate, hearkens my Brothers suit, Which was, That he in lieu of th' premifies, Of hommage, and I know not how much Tribute, Should prefently extirpate me and mine. Out of the Dukedom, and confer faire Millaine. With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon A treacherous Armie leied, one mid-night Fated to th' purpose, did Antonio open The gates of Millaine, and th' dead of darkenneffe, The minhistor for th' purpose hurried thence Me, and they crying selfe.

Mir. Alack, for pity: I not remembering how I cride out then Will cry it another: it is a hint That wrings mine eyes too.

Pro. Heare a little further, And then I'll bring thee to the present busynesse Which now's your's: without the which, this Story Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not That howre destroy vs?

Pro. Well demanded, wench: My Tale provokes that question: Deare, they durst not, So deare the love my people bore me: nor set A marke fo bloody on the busynesse; but With colours fairer, painted their foule ends. In few, they hurried vs a-board a Barke, Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared A rotten carcasse of a Butt, not rigg'd, Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats Infinitely haue quict it: There they hoyst vs To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to fight To th' windes, whole petty fighting backe againe Did vs but louing wrong.

Mir. Alack, what trouble Was I then to you?

Pro. O, a Cherubin Thou was't that did preserve me; Thou didst smile, Infused with a fortitude from heauen, When I have deck'd the sea with drops full falt, Under my burthen groan'd, which rall'd in me An understing fomacke, to bare vp Against what should entice.

Mir. How came we a shore?

Pro. By prudence divine, Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that A noble Neapolitan Gonzalo Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed Master of this designe) did glue vs, with Rich garnements, linnen, stuffes, and necessaries Which once haue steeded much, fo of his gentienesse Knowing I lou'd my booke, he furnished me From mine owne Library, with volumes, that I prize above my Dukedome.

Mir. Would I might But ever see that man.

Pro. Now I arife, Sit still, and heare the laft of our sea-sorrow: Heere in this Iland we arriued, and heere Haue I, thy Schoolemaister, made thee more profit Then other Pinceffe can, that have more time For vainer howres; and Tutors, not fo carefull.

Mir. Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,

For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reason For saying this Sea-storme?

Pro. Know thus far forth, By accident most strange, bountifull Fortune (Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies Brought to this shore: And by my previencie I finde my Zenith doth depend upon A moft auspitious farrre, whose influence If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes Will ever after droope: Heare ceafe more questions, Thou art inclinde to sleepe: 'tis a good dulnesse, And give it way: I know thou canst not chufe: Come away, Servant, come: I am ready now, Approach my Ariel. Come.

Ariel. Enter Ariel.

Ari. All halie, great Maifer, graue Sir, halie: I come To answere thy best pleaure: be't to fly, To swim, to dive into the fire: to ride On the curid clouds: to thy strong bidding, tache Ariel, and all his Qualite.

Pro. Haft thou, Spirit, Performed to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.

Ari. To every Article.

I boorded the Kings shipp: now on the Beake, Now in the Waft, the Decke, in every Cabyn, I flam'd amazement, sometime I'd diuide And burne in many places; on the Top-mast, The Yards and Bore-pirit, would I fame difamity, Then meete, and lyone. Iove Lightning, the precursors O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie And fight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks Of sulphurous roaring, the moft mighty Neptune Seeme to baffe, and make his bold waues tremble, Yea, his dread Trident flake.

Pro. My brave Spirit, Who was fo firme, so constant, that this coyle Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soule But felt a Fauour of the madde, and plaid Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners Plung'd in the foaming wyne, and quit the vessell; Then all a fire with me the Kings Sonne Ferdinand With haire vp-flaring (then like reeds, not haire) Was the firft man that leapt; cride hell is empty, And all the Diculs are here.

Pro. Why that's my spirit: But was not this nye shore?

Ari. Close by, my Maister.

Pro. But are they (Ariell) safe?

Ari. Not a haire perishe: On their sustaining garnements not a blemish, But frether then before: and as thou badst me, In troops I haue dispersd them 'bout the Ifle: The Kings sonne haue I landed by himselfe, Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with fighes, In an odd Angle of the Ifle, and sitting His armes in this fad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship, The Marriners, say how thou haft disposed, And all the rest o'th' Fleece?

Ari. Safely in harbour Is the Kings shipp, in the depe Nooke, where once Thou calld me vp at midnight to fetch dewe From the fill-vext Bermouthes, ther she's hid: The Marriners all vnder hatches flowed, Who, with a Charme lyond to their suffred labour I have left asleep: and for the rest o'th' Fleece
(Which I dispers'd) they all hau'd met againe,  
And are vpon the Mediterranean Flote  
Bound fadly home for Naples,  
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,  
And his great person perih.  

Pro. Ariel, thy charge  
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke:  
What is the time o' th' day?  

Ar. Past the mid season.  

Pro. At least two Glaffes: the time 'twixt fix & now  
Must by vs both be spent most preciously.  

Ar. Is there more toyle? Since you doft glue me pains,  
Let me remember thee, what thou haft promis'd,  
Which is not yet perform'd me.  

Pro. How now? moodie?  
What is't thou canst demand?  

Ar. My Libertie.  

Pro. Before the time be out: no more;  

Ar. I prethee,  
Remember I haue done thee worthy service,  
Told thee no lies, made thee no misfakings, serv'd  
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou did promis  
To bate me a full yeere.  

Pro. Do'th thou forget  
From what a torment I did free thee?  

Ar. No.  

Pro. Thou doft: & thinkft it much to tend y' Oooze  
Of the salt deepes;  
To run vpon the sharpe winde of the North,  
To doe me bufeinesse in the veins o' th' earth  
When it is bak'd with frost.  

Ar. I doe not Sir.  

Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing: haft thou forgot  
The fowle Witch Sycorax, who with Age and Envy  
Was growne into a hoope? haft thou forgot her?  

Ar. No Sir.  

Pro. Thou haft: where was the born? speake: tell me:  

Ar. Sir, in Argier.  

Pro. Oh, was the fo: I must  
Once in a moneth recount what thou haft bin,  
Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch Sycorax  
For mifchiefes manifold, and forceries terrible  
To enter or grave hearing, from Argier  
Thou knowft it was banish'd: for one thing the did  
They would not take her life: Is not this true?  

Ar. I, Sir.  

Pro. This blew ey'd bag, was biter brought with  
And here was left by th' Saylors: thou my faue,  
(child,  
As thou reportst thy faue, was then her servant,  
And for thou wait a Spirit too delicate  
To set her earthy, and abord commandes,  
Refusing her great helts, she did confine thee  
By helpe of her more potent Minifters,  
And in her moft vnmitigable rage,  
Into a cloven Pyne, within which rift  
Imprizon'd, thou didst painfully remaine  
A dozen yeeres: within which space she di'd,  
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes  
As falt as Mill-wheelees strike: Then was this Island  
(Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere,  
A freckled whelpe, hog-born) not honour'd with  
A humane shape.  

Ar. Yes: Caliban her faone.  

Pro. Dull thing, I ly fo: me, that Caliban  
Whom now I keepe in service, thou best knewft  
What torment I did finde thee in; thy groanes  
Did make wolves howle, and penetrate the breads  
Of euer-angry Beares; it was a torment  

To lay vpon the damn'd, which Sycorax  
Could not againe vnsee: it was mine Art,  
When I arri'd, and heard thee, that made gape  
The Pyne, and let thee out.  

Ar. I thank thee Master.  

Pro. If thou more murmurt, I will rend an Oak  
And peg-thee in his knotty entrailes, till  
Thou haft howl'd away twelve winters.  

Ar. Pardon, Master.  
I will be correpondent to command  
And doe my spriting, gently.  

Pro. Doe fo: and after two daies  
I will discharge thee.  

Ar. That's my noble Master:  
What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?  

Pro. Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o' th' Sea,  
Be fubiect to no fight but thine, and mine: inuifible  
To every eye-ball elfe: goe take this shape  
And hither come in't: goe: hence  

With diligence.  

Exit.  

Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou haft kept well,  
Awake.  

Mir. The strangenes of your story, put  
Hearneffe in me.  

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,  
Wes'll visit Caliban, my faue, who newer  
Yields vs kinde afwere.  

Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not loue to looke on.  

Pro. But as 'tis  
We cannot misse him: he do's make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood, and ferues in Offices  
That profit vs: What hoa: faue: Caliban:  
Thou Earth, thou: speake.  

Cal. within. There's wood enough within.  

Pro. Come forth I say, there's other businesse for thee:  
Come thou Tortoys, when?  

Enter Ariel like a waterr  
Fine apparition: my quente Ariel,  

Nymph.  

Hearke in thine earc.  

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done.  

Exit.  

Pro. Thou poyfonous faue, got by y' dyuell himselfe  
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth.  

Enter Caliban.  

Cal. As wicked dewe, as ered my mother breath'd  
With Rauens feathers from whomsoever Fan  
Drop on you both: A Southwkeit blow on yee,  
And bliffer you all ore.  

Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps,  
Side-fitches, that shall pen thy breath vp, Vrchins  
Shall for that vaft of night, that they may worke  
All exercife on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more stinging  
The Bees that made 'em.  

Cal. I must eat my dinner:  
This Island's mine by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou tak'ft from me: when thou can't first  
Thou Uprook't me, & made much of me: wouldst give me  
Water with berrys in't: and teach me how  
To name the bigger Light, and how the leffe  
That barren by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee  
And the'd thee all the qualities o' th' life.  

The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,  
Curs'd be I that did fo: All the Charms  
Of Sycorax: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:  
For I am all the Subjedts that you have,  
Which first was mine owne King: and here you fly-me  
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me  
The rest o' th' Island.  

Pro. Thou
The Tempest.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom fripes may move, not kindness: I have vs'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honor of my childe.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't have bene done:
Thou didst prevent me, I had people'd else
This file with Calibans.

Mira. Abhorred Slave,
Which any point of goodnesse wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
Took pains to make thee speake, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not (Savage).
Know thine owne meaning: but wouldst gabble, like
A thing moft brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them knowne: But thy wild race
(Tho thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waft thou
Deferuedly confin'd into this Rocks, who hadst
Defer'd more then a prison.

Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language.

Prof. Hag-feed, hence:
Fetch vs in Fowell, and be quicke thou'rt best
To answer other businesse: shrug it thou (Malice)
If thou neglif't, or doft vnwillingly
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee sore,
That beasts shall tremble at thy dyn.

Cal. No, pray thee.
I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,
It would controll my Dams god Scebdos,
And make a vaile of him.

Pro. So flauce, hence.

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, invisble playing & singing.

Ariel Song. Come on'th these yellow lands,
and then take bands:
Curtis when you have, and kist
the woldes wavy quaff:
Feste it flattly heare, and there, and sweete Sprights hear
the burthen.
Burthen diifperctfull.

Hark, hark, I hear, the strains of shrutting Chanticleer
cry cockadiddle-dow.

Fer. Where hold this Musick be? I' th' aire, or th'earth?
It founds no more: and sure it waies vp
Some God 'oth'Land, sitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
This Musick crept by me vpon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayre: thence I have follow'd it
(Or it hath drawn me rather) but 'tis gone.

No, it begins again.

Ariel Song. Full fadom five that Father lies,
Of his bones are Corall made:
Those are pearies that were bis eies,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich, & strange:
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his knell.

Burthen: ding dong.

Hark, now I heare them, ding-dong well.
Fer. The Dirty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall busines, nor no found
That the earth owes: I heare it now above me.

Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye advance,
And say what thou see'st yond.

Mira. What is't a Spirit?
Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeue me sir,
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No wench, it eats, and sleeps, & hath such fenes
As we have: such. This Gallant which thou seeft
Was in the wracke: and but hee's something fain't
With greefe (that's beauties canker) y' might'ft call him
A goodly perfon: he hath loft his fellows,
And fayres about to finde 'em.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw fo Noble.

Pro. It goes on I fee
As my foule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee
Within two daies for this.

Fer. Moft sure the Goddesse
On whom thefe ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine vpon this Iland,
And that you will some good inftruction giue
How I may hear me heere: my prime request
(Which I do laft pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?

Mira. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.

Fer. My Language? Heaven:
I am the chief of them that speake this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How? the boot?
What wer'th thou if the King of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A fingle thing, as I am now, that wunders
To hear thee speake of Naples: he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I wepe: my felfe am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes (neuer fince at ebe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.

Mira. Alacce, for mercie.
Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of Millaine
And his braue fome, being twaine.

Pro. The Duke of Milaine
And his more brauer daughter, could controll thee
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the firft fight
They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate Ariel,
Ile fet thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I feare you haue done your felfe some wrong: A word.

Mira. Why speakes my father fo vngently? This
Is the third man that ere I saw: the firft
That ere I figh'd for: pitty move my father
To be enclin'd my way.

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
The Queene of Naples.

Pro. Soft fir, one word more.
They are both in cythers pow'rs: But this swift buñebes
I mutt vneeifie make, leaft too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'ft heere vfungur
The name thou ow'rt not, and haft put thy felfe
Vpon this Iland, as a fpy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. Theirs nothing ill, can dwell in fuch a Temple,
If the ill-Spirit haue fo fayre a houfe,
Good things will frue to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.
...

...Hee's, and is charmed from moving.

Mira. O deere Father,

Make not too rath a trial of him, for

Hee's gentle, and not fearfull.

Prof. What I say,

My foote my Tutor ? Put thy sword vp Traitor,

Who mak't a shew, but dar't not strike: thy confidence

Is so poifeft with guilt: Come, from thy ward,

For I can heere difarme thee with this sticke,

And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Befeech you Father.

Prof. Hence : hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir haue pity,

Ile be his securety.

Prof. Silence: One word more

Shall make me childe thee, if not hate thee: What,

An advocate for an Impolitor? Hush:

Thou thinke'lt there is no more fuch shapes as he,

(Hauing feene but him and Caliban) Foolifh wench,

To th'moft of men, this is a Caliban,

And they to him are Angels.

Mira. My affections

Are then moft humble: I haue no ambition

To fee a goodlier man.

Prof. Come on, obey:

Thy Nerues are in their infancy againe.

And haue no vigour in them.

For. So they are:

My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp:

My Fathers loffe, the weaknesse which I feele,

The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,

To whom I am subject, are but light to me,

Might I but through my prifon once a day

Behold this Mayd: all corners elfe o' the Earth

Let liberty make vfe of: space enough

Haue I in such a prifon.

Prof. It worke: Come on.

Thou haft done well, fine Ariell: follow me,

Harke what thou elfe shalt do mee.

Mira. Be of comfort,

My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)

Then he appeares by fpeech: this is vnwonted

Which now came from him.

Prof. Thou fhalt be as free

As mountaine windes; but then exacly do

All points of my command.

Ariell. To thy fayable.

Prof. Come follow : speake not for him. Exeunt.

---

*Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.*

Enter Alonjo, Sebastian, Antonino, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gen. Befeech you Sir, be merry; you haue cause,

(So haue we all) of joy; for our escape

Is much beyond our loffe; our hint of woe

Is common, every day, some Slayors wife,

The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant

Haue left our Thme of woe: But for the miracle,

(I mean our pretention) few in millions

Can speake like vs: then wisely (good Sir) weigh

Our forrow, with our comfort.

Alon. Prethee peace.

Sec. He receivs comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The Visitor will not give him ore fo.

Sec. Looke, he's wading vp the watch of his wit,

By and by it will strike.

Gen. Sir.

Sec. One: Tell.

Gen. When every greene is entertaynd,

That's offer'd comes to th'entertainder.

Sec. A dollar.

Gen. Dolour comes to him indeed, you haue spoken

truer then you purpof'd.

Sec. You haue taken it wiselier then I meant you

should.

Gen. Therefore my Lord,

Ant. Fie, what a fpend-thrift is he of his tongue.

Alon. I pre-thee fpare.

Gen. Well, I haue done: But yet

Sec. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,

First begins to crow?

Sec. The old Cocke.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Sec. Done: The wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Sec. A match.

Adr. Though this Iland feeme to be defert.

Sec. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So: you'r paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

Sec. Yet

Adr. Yet

Ant. He could not mifte.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate

temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Sec. I, and a subtle, as he moft learndely deliver'd.

Adr. The ayre breathes vpon vs here moft sweetly.

Sec. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.

Gen. Heere is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, faie means to live.

Sec. Of that there's none, or little.

Gen. How luft and lufty the graffe lookes?

How greene?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Sec. With an eye of greene in't.

Ant. He mifte not much.

Sec. No: he doth but mifake the truth totally.

Gen. But the variety of it, is which is indeed almost

beyond credit.

Sec. As many voucht varieties are.

Gen. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht

in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their fresthneffe

and glotte, being rather new dy'd then ftrain'd with falte

water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speake, would it

not say he lyes?

Sec. I, or very falsely pocket vp his report.

Gen.
Gen. Me thinkes our garments are now as freshe as when we put them on first in Africke, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter Claribell to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our returne.

Adri. Tunis was never grauc'd before with such a Paragon to their Queene.

Gen. Not since widdow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? A pox o'that: how came that Widlow in? Widdow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said Widdower already too?

Good Lord, how you take it?

Adri. Widdow Dido said you? You make me study of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gen. This Tunis Sir was Carthage.


Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houseth too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy now?

Seb. I thinkes hee will carry this Island home in his pocket, and give it his sonne for an Apple.

Ant. And soewing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.


Gen. Sir, we were talking, that our garments feeme now as freshe as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

Ant. And the rarest that ere came there.

Seb. Bate (I beseech you) widdow Dido.

Ant. O Widdow Dido? 1, Widdow Dido.

Gen. Is not Sir my doubtel as freshe as the first day I wore it? I meane in a fort.

Ant. That fort was well fished for.

Gen. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alon. You cram those words into mine eares, against the stomacke of my fene; would I had never married my daughter there: For comming thence my sonne is lost, and (in my rate) the too.

Who is farre from Italy removed, I ne're againe shall fee her: O thou mine heire Of Naples and of Milevain, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

Fra. Sir he may lie,

I saw him beate the surges under him,

And ride upon their backes; he rode the water

Whose emity he flung aside: and breasted

The surges most swhone that met him: his bold head

'Boue the contentuous waues he kept, and oared

Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke

To th'shore; that oer his waine-worne basis bowed

As fooping to relieve him: I do not doubt

He came alio to Land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thank your selfe for this great loste,

That would not bleffe our Europe with your daughter,

But rather loose her to an African.

Where she at last, is banish'd from your eye,

Who hath caufe to wet the greefe on't.

Alon. Pre-thee peace.

Seb. You were kneell'd too, & importun'd other wise

By all of vs: and the faire foule her selfe

Waige'd betweene loathnesse, and obedience, at

Which end o'th'beame should bow: we have lost your

I feare for ever: Milevain and Naples have (fon)

Mo widdowes in them of this businesse making,

Then we bring men to comfort them:

The faults you owne.

Alon. So is the deer's oth'loffe.

Gen. My Lord Sebastian,

The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse,

And time to speake in : you rub the fore,

When you should bring the plaister.


Gen. It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir,

When you are cloudy.


Gen. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord.

Ant. Hee'd low't vvhile Nettle-feed.

Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.

Gen. And were the King on't, what woulde I do?

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

Gen. If the Commonwealth I vwould (by contraries)

Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke

Would I admit: No name of Magistrate:

Letters should not be knowne: Riches, poverty,

And vse of service, none: Contrada, Succession,

Borne, bound of Land, Tith, Vineyard none: No

Vse of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle: No

occupation, all men idle, all:

And women too, but innocent and pure:

No Souveraign.

Seb. Yet he vould be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets

the beginning.

Gen. All things in common Nature should produce

Without sweat or endeavoure: Treson, fellowy,

Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine

Would I not haue: but Nature should bring forth

Of it owne kinde, all free, all abundance

To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subiects?

Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and knaues,

Gen. I would vwith such perfection gouerne Sir:

T'Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Save his Majesty, Ant. Long live Gonzalo.

Gen. And do you marke me, Sir?

( Seb. Pre-thee no more: thou dost talke nothing to

Gen. I do well beleue your Highnesse, and did it to

miniuer occasio to these Gentlemen, who are of

such senible and nimble Lungs, that they always vse
to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you vve laugh'd at.

Gen. Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing
to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. And it had not false flat-long.

Gen. You are Gentlemen of braue mettall: you would

lift the Moone out of her spheare, if she would continue

in it five weakes wvithout changing.

Enter Ariel playing Jollemus Musick.

Seb. We vwould fo, and then vgo a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay very my Lord, he be not angry.

Gen. No I warrant you, I will not vntil my discretion do weakely: Will you laugh me asleepe, for I am very heauy.

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare vs.

Alon. What, all so soon asleepe? I wish mine eyes

Would (with themselues) that vp my thoughts,

I finde they are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you Sir,

Do not omit the heauy offer of it:

It vildeme visit vs, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

Ant.
Ten leagues beyond mans life: the that from Naples
Can have no note, vnlesse the Sun were past:
The Man i'th Moone's too low, till new-born chynnes
Be rough, and Razor-able: she that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast againe,
(And by that definy) to performe an act
Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come
In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stuffe is this? How say you?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of Tunis,
So is the herye of Naples, 'twixt which Regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose eu'ry cubit
Seemes to cry out, how shall that Claribell
Measure vs backe to Naples? keepe in Tunis,
And yet Sebastian wake. Say, this were death
That now hath feied them, why they were no worfe
Then now they are: There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleepe: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and vancessarily
As this Gonzallo: I my felie could make
A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore
The minde that I do, what a sleepe were this
For your aduancement. Do you vnderstand me?
Seb. Me thinks I do.

Ant. And how do's your content
Tender your owne good fortune?

Seb. I remember
You did supplant your Brothet Prospero.

Ant. True:
And looke how well my Garments fit vpon me,
Much ftealer then before: My Brothers feruants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But for your conuience.

Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my flippet: But I feele not
This Deity in my bofome: 'Twentie conuences
That stand 'twixt me, and Millaine, candied be they,
And melt ere they mollefe: Heere lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies vpon,
If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead)
Whom I with this obedient feele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put
This ancient morfell: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not vpbray our course: for all the reft
They'll take fuggifion, as a Cat lape milke,
They'll tell the clockes, to any businesse that
We fay befits the hour.

Seb. Thy cafe, deere Friend
Shall be my preffident: As thou got't Millaine,
I'll come by Naples: Draw thy fword, one froke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paife,
And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I reare my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.

Enter Ariell with Musick and Song.

Ariel. My Mafter through his Art forefecs the danger
That you (his friend)are in, and fends me forth
(For elfe his proiect dies) to keepe them living.

Sings in Gonzalos ear.

While you here do fnooring lies,
Open-e'yd Conspiracie
His time doth take:
If of Life you keep a care,  
Shoke off slumber and beware.  
Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let us both be dainaine.  
Gen. Now, good Angelus preferre the King.  
Alo. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn?  
Wherefore this ghastly looking?  
Gen. What's the matter?  
Sb. Whiles we heare you securiing your repos,  
(Euen now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing  
Like Buls, or rather Lyons, didn't wake you?  
It strooke mine eare most terribly.  
Alo. I heard nothing.  
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare;  
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare  
Of a whole heard of Lyons.  
Alo. Heard you this Gonzalo?  
Gen. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,  
(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:  
I thak'd you Sir, and crude: as mine eyes open,  
I faw their weapons drawne: there was a noyse,  
That's verily: 'tis beft we stand vpon our guard;  
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.  
Alo. Lead off this ground & let's make further search  
For my poore fonne.  
Gen. Heauen keeps him from these Beasts:  
For he is sure ith Iland.  
Alo. Lead away.  
Ariell. Prospero, my Lord, shall know what I have  
So (King) goe safely to seke thy Son.  
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a noys of Thunder heard.)

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp  
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on Proper fall, and make him  
By yynch-meale a difaepe: his Spirits heare me,  
And yet I needes muft curfe:But they'll nor pinch,  
Fright me with Vrchny-flhes, pitch me ith mire,  
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke  
Out of my way, vnlesse he bid 'em; but  
For every triffe, are they fet vpon me,  
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,  
And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which  
Lye tumbling in my bare-bote way, and mount  
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I  
All wound with Adders, who with clawen tongues  
Doe hiffe me into madneffe: Lo, now Lo,  
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me Trinculo.  
For bringing wood in lowly: Ile fall flat,  
Perchance he will not minde me.  
Tri. Here's neither bath, nor shrub to beare off any  
weather at all: and another Storme breathing, I heare it  
figh ith' winde: yond fame blacke cloud, yond huge  
one, lookes like a foule bumbard that would shed his  
liquor: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know  
not where to hide my head: yond fame cloud cannot  
choose but fall by paile-fuls. What haue we here, a man,  
or a fift? dead or alive? a fift, hee smels like a fift: a  
very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the  
newest poore-John: a strange fift: were I in England  
now (as once I was) and had but this fift painted; not  
a holiday-foole there but would give a pece of fluer:  
there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange  
beast there, makes a man: when they will not give a  
doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to fee  
death Indian: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like  
Armes: warme o'my troth: I doe now let loole my o-  
opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fift, but an Iland-  
der, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas,  
the Sforme is come againe: my beft way is to creepe un-  
der his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter herea-  
about: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfel-  
lowe: I will here throwd till the dregges of the Sforme  
be paff.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye abore.  
This is a very fcurry tune to sing at a mans  
Funeral: well, here's my comfort,  
Drinks.  
Sings. The Master, the Swabby, the Boate-fwains & I;  
The Gunner, and his Mate;  
Loud Mulk, Migg, and Marrian, and Margerie,  
But none of us ca'd for Kate;  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a Seilor goe bang;  
She lo'd not the favour of Tar nor of Pitch,  
Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did itch.  
Then to Sea Bye, and let her goe bang.  
This is a fcurry tune too:  
But here's my comfort.  
Drinks.  
Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.  
Ste. What's the matter?  
Hawe we diuels here?  
Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saluages, and Men of  
Inde? ha? I haue not fcap'd drowning, to be afard  
now of your foure legges: for it hath bin fald; as pro-  
per a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him  
gie ground: and it shall be faid fo againe, while Ste-  
phano breathes at noftrels.  
Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.  
Ste. This is some Monster of the Ile, with foure legs;  
who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the diuell  
should he learn our language? I will give him some re-  
liues if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keepe  
hime tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a Pre-  
fent for any Emperor that ever trod on Neates-lea-  
ther.  
Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: Ile bring my  
wood home fatter.  
Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the  
wifeft; hee shall taste of my Bottle: if hee haue never  
drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remove his Fit:  
if I can recover him, and keepe him tame, I will not take  
too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him,  
and that fondly.  
Cal. Thou do't me yet but little hurt; thou wilt a-  
non, I know it by thy trembling: Now Profer workes  
upon thee.  
Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here  
is that which will guie language to you Cat; open your  
mouth; this will shake your flaking, I can tell you, and  
that fondly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open  
your chaps againe.  
Tri. I should know that voyce:  
It should be,
But hee is round; and these are diews; O defend me.

Ste. Fourr legs, and two voyces, a most delicate Monfter; his forward voyce now is to speake well of his friend; his backward voyce, is to vttre foule speches, and to detract: If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Tri. [To Stephano.] Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a diuell, and no Monfter: I will leave him, I have no more Spone.

Tri. Stephano: if thou best Stephano, touch me, and speake to me: for I am Trinculo; be not affayd, thy good friend Trinculo's.

Ste. If thou be'st Trinculo: come forth: I'll pull thee by the leffer legges: if any be Trinculo's legges, these are they: Thou art very Trinculo indeede: how can't thou to be the siege of this Moone-calfe? Can he vent Trinculo's?

Tri. I booke him to be kil'd with a thunder-strok; but art thou not round Stephano? I hope now thou art not round: Is the Storme over-blowne? I hid mee under the dead Moone-Calle Calibirds, for feare of the Storme: And art thou living Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitanes escap'd?

Ste. 'Prethee do not turne me about, my fomacke is not confant.

Cal. These be fine things, and if they be not sprights: that's a braue God, and beares Celestiall liquors: I will kneele to him.

Ste. How did'th thou scape? How can't' thou hither?

Swear by this Bottle how thou can't hither: I ecap'd upon a But of Sacke, the which the Sailors heaued o're-board, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was caft a-shore.

Cal. I'll sweare upon that Bottle, to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Heere: I sweare then how thou ecap'dst.

Tri. Sworn ahoire (man) like a Ducke: I can swim like a Ducke I'll be sworne.

Ste. Here, kiffe the Booke.

Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goode.

Tri. O Stephano, ha'ft any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rokke by thesea-fide, where my Wine is hid:

How now Moone-Calle, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'ft thou not dropt from heaven?

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe assure thee. I was the Man ith Moone, when time was.

Cal. I have seene thee in her: and I doe adore thee: My MiTritis shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush.

Ste. Come, sweare to that: kiffe the Booke: I will furnish it anon with new Contents: Sweare.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shalow Monfter: I afeard of him? a very weake Monfter:

The Man ith' Moone?

A most poor creasulous Monfter:

Well drowne Monfter, in good toth.

Cal. I'shew thee every fertill ync'h other Island: and I will kiffe thy foote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a most perilous, and drunken Monfter, when's god's a fleape he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. I's knife thy foot. I sweare my felfe thy Subject:

Ste. Come on then: downe and sweare.

Tri. I shall laugh my felfe to death at this puppy-headed Monfter: a moft furious Monfter: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kiffe.

Tri. But that the poore Monsters in drinke:

An abominable Monfter.

Cal. I ple sweere thee the best Springs: I ple plucke thee Berries: I'll fift for thee; and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the Tyrant that I ferue; I'll bear him no more Stitches, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A most rudesious Monster, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard.

Cal. I prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; swow thee a layes neft, and inftruct thee how to make the nimble Marmazet: I'll bring thee to claturing Philibirts, and sometymes I'll get thee young Scamels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?

Ste. I pre'th now lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the King, and all our company elfe being round, wee will inherit here: Here; bear my Bottle: Fellow Trinculo; we'll fill him by and by again.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.

Cal. No more days I'll make for fishes,

Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,

Nor juice trenchering, nor waftis drip,

Ban' ban' Cacaliban

Has a new Master, got a new Man.

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-day, freedome.

St. O braue Monster; lead the way. Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painful; & their labor Delight in them set off: Some kindes of bafleneffe Are nobly vndergon; and most poore matters Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but The Miftris which I ferue, quickens what's dead, And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabb'd; And he's compos'd of harshnesse. I must remove Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp, Vpon a fore inunuation; my sweet Miftris Weepes when the fees me worke, & lackes, such baflenes Had never like Executor: I forget:

But these sweet thoughts, doe even refresh my labours, Moft busie left, when I doe it. Enter Miranda

Mir. Alas, now pray you and Prospero.

Worke not fo hard: I would the lightning had Burnt vp those Logs that you are ejoynd to pile; Pray let it downe, and rest you: when this burns 'Twill wepe for having wearied you: my Father Is hard at work: pray now rest your selfe,
The Tempest.

Pro. Faire encounter
Of two most rare affections: heaven's raine grace
On that which breeds between'em.

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer

What I desire to give; and much leafe take

What I shall die to want: But this is trifling,

And all the more it feakes to hide it selfe,

The bigger bulke it shews. Hence bathfull cunning,

And prompt me plaine and holy innocencc.

I am your wife, if you will marrie me;

If not, Ile die your maid: to be your fellow

You may denie me, but Ile be your servant.

Whether you will or no.

Fer. My Miftris (deereft).

And I thus humble euere.

Mir. My husband then?

Fer. I, with a heart as willing

As bondage er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell

Till halfe an house hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,

VWho are surpriz'd with all: but my recoyning

At nothing can be more: Ile to my books,

For yet ere supper time, must I performe

Much businesse appertaining.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke

water, not a drop before; therefore beare vp, & boord

em' Servant Monfer, drinke to me.

Trin. Servant Monfer? the folly of this Iland, they

say there's but five upon this Ile; we are three of them,

if th'other two be brain'd like vs, the State toterrs.

Ste. Drinke servant Monfer when I bid thee, thy

cies are almost set in thy head.

Trin. VWhere should they bee set else? bee were a

brave Monfer indeede if they were set in his taille.

Ste. My man-Monfer hath drown'd his tongue in

sacke: for my part the Sea cannot dronne mee, I swam

ere I could recover the shore, fine and thirite Leagues

off and on, by this light thou shalt bee my Lieutenant

Monfer, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you lift, hee's no standard.

Ste. VVeel not run Monfer Monfer.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet

say nothing neither.

Ste. Moone-calfe, speak once in thy life, if thou bee

e a good Moone-calfe.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lickle thy flooe:

Ie not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou leefft moft ignorant Monfer, I am in case
to iuffle a Confable: why, thou deboad'Fifth thou,

was there ever man a Coward, that hath drunk so much

Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monfrous lie, being

but halfe a Fish, and halfe a Monfer?

Cal. Loes, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my

Lord?

Cal.
Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a Tyrant,
A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me
Of the island.

Ariel. Thou lyest.

Cal. Thou lyest, thou leftest Monkey thou:
I would my valiant Master would destroy thee.
I do not lye.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale,
By this hand, I will fupplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. If I say by Sorcery he got this life
From me, he got it. If thy Greatness will
Revenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'ft)
But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certaine.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and I'll serve thee.
How now shall this be compact?
Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yes, yes my Lord, I'll yield him thee at once,
Where thou maist knocke a nacle into his head.

Ariel. Thou lye'ft, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou feurry patch:
I do befeech thy Greatness give him lowes,
And take his bottle from him: When that's gone,
He shall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not shew him
Where the quicke Freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger:
Interrupt the Monster one word further, and by this hand,
I'll turne my mercie out o'doores, and make a
Stockfish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing:
Ile go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariel. Thou lye'ft.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that,
As you like this, give me the lye another time.

Trin. Why did not the lie: Out o'your wittes, and
hearing too?
A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo:
A murren on your Monster, and the diuell take your
fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand
further off.

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time
Ile beate him too.

Ste. Stand farther, then I come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuftome with him
I' th' afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him,
Having first feiz'd his books: Or with a logge
Batter his skull, or punch him with a flake,
Or cut his weazand with thy knife. Remember
First to poffeze his Books: for without them

Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not
One Spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes,
He ha' s brave Trenells (for fo he calleth them)
Which when he ha's a hose, he'll ducke within.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beautie of his daugther: he himselfe
Cal's her a non-arell: I never saw a woman
But only Sycorax my Dam, and the;
But she as farre surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'do's leaves.

Ste. Is it for brave a Laffe?
Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and
I will be King and Queene, face our Graces: and Trin-
culo and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes:
Doft thou like the plot Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Glue me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee:
But while thou liu'rt keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe,
Wilt thou deftroy him then?

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariel. This will I tell my Master.

Cal. Thou mak'lt me merry: I am full of pleasure,
Let vs be locond. Will you trouble the Catch
You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy request Monster, I will do reason,
Any reason: Come on Trinculo, let vs finge.

Sing.

Flout'em, and cou't'em: and shout'em, and flout'em,
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariel piales the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this fame?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the pic-
ture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes:
If thou beest a diuell, take'rt as thou lift.

Trin. O forgive me my finnes.

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I deifie thee;
Mercy vpon vs.

Cal. Art thou affraid?

Ste. No Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not affraid, the Ile is full of noyces,
Sounds, and sweet aires, that gaine delight and hurt not:
Sometimes a thoufand twangling Instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and somet ime voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe,
Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and shew Riches
Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd
I cri'de to dreame againe.

Ste. This will prove a braue kingdome to me,
Where I shall have my Mufick for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destry'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by:
I remember the storie.

Trin. The sound is going away,
Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

Ste. Leade Monster,

Wec'll follow: I would I could fee this Taborer,
He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come?

Ile follow Stephano.

Exeunt.

Scena
Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo,  
Adrian, Francisco, &c.

Gen. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,  
My old bones ake: here's a mase trod indeede  
Through fourths, &c. &c. &c. by your patience,  
I needes must rest mee.

Al. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
Who, am my selfe attach'd with wearinesse  
To th'dulling of my spirits: Sit downe, and rest:  
Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it  
No longer for my Flatterer: he is dron'd  
Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks  
Our frutfrate search on land: well, let him goe.  
Ant. I am right glad, that he's so out of hope:  
Doc not for one repulfe forgoe the purpose  
That you refoul'd e'efect.

Seb. The next advantage will we take throughly.  
Ant. Let it be to night,  
For now they are oppr'd with travaile, they  
Will not, nor cannot we such vigilance  
As when they are freth.

Solemne and strange Musicke: and Prosper on the top (invisi-  
ble:) Enter severall strange shapes, bringing in a Basket;  
and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, and  
invising the King, &c. to see, they depart.  
Seb. I say to night: no more.

Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harke.  
Gen. Marvellous sweet Musicke.

Alb. Glue vs kind keepers, heaues: what were these?  
Seb. A liuing Droteria: now I will beleue  
That there are Vincornes: that in Arabia  
There is one Trec, the Phenix throne, one Phenix  
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. Ile beleue both:  
And what do's elsse want credit, come to me  
And Ile bewole 'tis true: Travellers here did lye,  
Though foole at home condemne 'em.

Gen. If in Naples  
I should report this now, would they beleue me?  
If I should say I few such Islands;  
(For certe, these are people of the Island)  
Who though they are of monftrous shape, yet note  
Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of  
Our humaine generation you shall finde.  
Many, nay almoft any.  
Pr. Honest Lord,  
Thou haft said well: for some of you there present;  
Are worse then diuels.  
Al. I cannot too much mufe  
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing  
(Although they want the vfe of tongue) a kinde  
Of excellent dumbe discouer.

Pr. Prase in departing.  
Fr. They vanishe strangely.  
Seb. No matter, since  
They haue left their Wlands behinde; for wee haue flo-  
Wilt pleaue you taste of what is here?

Al. Not I. (Boyse)

Gen. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were  
Who would beleue that there were Mountaynecrees,  
Dew-lap, like Buls, whose throats had hanging at'em  
Wallets of fleth? or that there were fuch men

Whofe heads flood in their breth? which now we finde  
Each putter out of fiae for one, will bring us  
Good warrant of.  
Al. I will stand to, and feede,  
Although my left, no matter, since I feele  
The beft is past: brother: my Lord, the Duke,  
Stand too, and doe as we.  
Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariel (like a Harpey) claps his wings upon the Table, and with a quiet devise the  
Banquet vanishe.

Ar. You are three men of sorne, whom deftiny  
That hath to instrument this lower world,  
And what is in't: the newer forfeited Sea,  
Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this Island,  
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,  
Being moeft vnfit to live: I have made you mad;  
And even with such like valour, men hang, and drowne  
Their proper felues: you fools, I and my felowes  
Are miniftrers of Fates, the Elements  
Of whom your swords are tempe't, may as well  
Wound the loud winde, or with bemock't-at-Stabs  
Kill the fll Corinthians, as diminish  
One doule that's in my plume: My fellow minifter  
Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too maffe for your strengths,  
And will not be vplified: But remember  
(For that's my buineffe to you) that you three

From Millaine did supplant good Prospero,  
Expo'd into the Sea (which hath requit it)  
Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,  
The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) hate  
Incend's the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures  
Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, Alono  
They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me  
Lingering perdition (woe be to any death  
Can be at once) shall step, by step attend  
You, and your wayes, whole wrathes to guard you from,  
Which here, in this mott delectable ile, elfe fals  
Upon your heads, is nothing but hearts-forrow,  
And a cleere life enfuing.  
He vanishe's in Thunder: then (to left Musickes) Enter the  
shapes againe, and daunce (with mocks and mouns) and  
carrying out the Table.  
Pr. Brauely the figure of this Harpie, haft thou  
Perform'd (my Ariel) a grace it had desouring:  
Of my Instrucion, haft thou nothing bated  
In what thou hadst to say: so with good life,  
And obfervation strange, my meane minifters  
Their feuerall kindes have done: my high charmes work,  
And thefe (mine enemies) are all knit vp  
In their di-fracions: they now are in my powre;  
And in these fis, I leave them, while I visit  
Yong Ferdinand (whom they suppoze is dron'd)  
And his, and mine lou'd darling.

Gen. I'fh name of something holy, Sir, why stand ye  
In this strange fcape?  
Al. Ou, it is monftrous: monftrous:  
Me thought the billows spake, and told me of it,  
The windes did fing it to me: and the Thunder  
(That deep and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd  
The name of Prosper: it did bafe my Treppafe,  
Therefore my Sonne I'fh Oose is bedded; and  
I'fh fecke him deeper then ere plummet founded,  
And with him there ly'e mudded.

Seb. But one feend at a time,  
Ile fight their Legions ore.  

Exit.

Ant.
The Tempest.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too auferely punifh'd you, Your compenfation makes amends, for I Have given you here, a third of mine owne life, Or that for which I live: who, once againe I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations Were but my trials of thy love, and thou Haft strangely flood the telt: here, afore heaven I ratifie this my rich guilt: O Ferdinand, Doe not smite at me, that I foat her of, For thou fhalt finde she will out-frip all praise And make it halt, behinde her. 

Per. I do beleue it Against an Oracle. 

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition Worthy purchas'd, take my daughter: But If thou do'ft break her Virgin-knot, before All fánchezious ceremonies may With full and holy right, be miniftr'd, No sweet asperfion fhall the heavens let fall To make this contract grow; but barraine hate, Sower-ey'd difdaine, and discord fhall betwixt The union of your bed, with weeds fo loathly That you fhall hate it both: Therefore take heed, As Hymens Lamps fhall light you. 

Per. As I hope For quiet days, faire Iftue, and long life, With fuch love, as 'tis now the mufick den, The moft opportune place, the strongest fuggfion, Our worfer Genius can, fhall never melt Mine honor into laft, to take away, The edge of that dayes celebration, When I fhall thinke, or Probus Steeds are founded, Or Night kept chain'd below. 

Pro. Fairly Spoke; 

Sit then, and talke with her, Ihe is thine owne; 

What Ariel? my induftrious fervant Ariel. Enter Ariel. 

Ar. What would my potent master? here I am. 

Pro. Thou, and thy mefer fellowes, thy laft feruice Did worthily performe: and I muft vfe you In fuch another tricke: goe bring the rabble (Ore whom I give thee powre) here, to this place: Incite them to quicke motion, for I muft Before upon the eyes of this yong couple Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise, And they expet it from me. 

Ar. Prefently? 

Pro. I: with a twinkle. 

Ar. Before you can fay come, and goe, And breathe twice; and cry, fo, fo: 

Each one tripping on his Toe, 

Will be here with mop, and mowe. 

Does you love me Master? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: doe not approach Till thou do'nt heare me call. 

Ar. Well; I conceiue. 

Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not glu dalliance 

Too much the rainge: the strongest othes, are ftraw 

To th'fire th' blood: be more abfocies, 

Or eile good night your vow. 

Fer. I warrant you, Sir, 

The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heart Abates the arduour of my Luer. 

Pro. Well. 

Now come my Ariel, bring a Coraylor, 

Rather then want a Spirt; appear, & pertly. Soft mucfick. 

No tongue: all eyes: be filent. 

Iro. Ceres, moft bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas 

Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Peafe; 

Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where fine niping Sheepe, 

And flat Medes thetchd with Stouer, them to kepe: 

Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims 

Which fpunge April, at thy heft betrims; 

To make cold Nymphes chaft crownes; & thy broome- 

Whole shadow the difminfed Batchelor loues, (groues; 

Being laffe-orne: thy pole-clipt vineyard, 

And Thy Sea-marge ftrillle, and rockey-hard, 

Where thou thy foles do'nt ayre, the Queene o' th Skie, 

Whole watry Arch, and meffingers, am I. 

Bids thee leafe these, & with her fourenaige grace, Iuno Here on this graffe-plot, in this very place descends. 

To come, and sport: here Peacocks flye amaine: 

Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertaine. Enter Ceres. 

Cer. Halle, many-coloured Meffinger, that nere 

Do't disobey the wife of Jupiter: 

Who, with thy faffron wings, vpon my flowres Diffufed hony drops, refrehing flowres, 

And with each end of thy blew bowe do'nt crowne 

My bokzie acres, and my vnfrubd downe, 

Rich scarfph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene 

Summoned me hither, to this short gras'd Greene? 

Ir. A contract of true Love, to celebrate, 

And fome donation freely toffeate 

On the ble'd Louers. 

Cer. Tell me heavenly Bowe, 

If Venus or her Sonne, as thou do'nt know, 

Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot 

The means, that dultke Dij, my daughter got, 

Her, and her blind-Boyes scandal company, 

I have forworne. 

Ir. Of her fociete 

Be not afraid: I met her deitie 

Cutting the clouds towards Pephos: and her Son 

Doe-drawn with her: here thought they to have done 

Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide, 

Whose vowes are, that no bed-right fhall be paid 

Till Hymens Torch be lighted: but in vaine, 

Mar'd hot Minion is returnd againe, 

Her waftipth headed fonne, has broke his arrows, 

Sweares he will ftoche no more, but play with Sparrows, 

And be a Boy right out. 

Cer. Highest Queene of State, 

Great Iuno comes, I know her by her gate. 

Iuno. How do's my bounteous fitter? goe with me 

To bleffe this twaine, that they may prosperouf be, 

And honour'd in their Iffue. 

They Sing. 

Iuno. Honor, riches, marriage, blefing, 

Long continuance, and encreaging, 

Hourly loyes, be fill upon you, 

Iuno
Enter Certaine Nymphes.

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of August weary,
Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holly day : your Rye-straw hats put on,
And thefe fresh Nymphes encounter every one
In Country footing.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited :) they ioyne with the Nymphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end whereof, Prospero farts edainily and speakes, after which to a strange ballow and confufed notes, they beauty vanifh.

Enter Ariel,负载 with glistering apperall, &c. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all vont.

Cal. Pray you tred softly, that the blinde Mole may not heare a foot fall : we now are neere his Cell.

Sr. Monfter, your Fairy, w' you say is a harmles Fairy, Has done little better then plaid the lacke with vs.

Trin. Monfter, I do smell all horfe-pife, at which My noce is in great indignation.

Sr. So is mine. Do you heare Monfter : If I should Take a displeasure against you : Lookes you.

Trin. Thou wart but a loft Monfter.

Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy favoure fil.

Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too
Shall hauewinke this mijlanchie : therefore speake softly,
All's hufht as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to loofe our bottles in the Poole.

Sr. There is not only disgrace and dishonor in that Monfter, but an infinite lofte.

Tr. That's more to me then my wetting :
Yet this is your harmlesse Fairy, Monfter.

Sr. I will fetch off my bottle,
Though I be o're eares for my labour.

Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seeft thou heere
This is the mouth o' th' Cell : no noise, and enter :
Do that good mifiheef, which may make this Island Thine owne for ever, and I thy Caliban
For aye thy foot-licker.

Sr. Stee me thy hand,
I do begin to haue bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano, O Peere : O worthy Stephano,
Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but trash.

Tri. Oh, ho, Monfter : wee know what belongs to a frippery, O King Stephano.
The Tempest.

Se. Put off that gownte (Trinculo) by this hand Ie have that gownte.

Tri. Thy grace shall have it. (meane the Trinculo down this foolie, what doe you To doate thus on such luggage? let's alone And doe the mutther first: if he awake, From toc to crowne he'l fill our skins with pinches, Make vs strange taffe.

Se. Be you quiet (Monster) Misiris line, is not this my Jerkin? now is the Jerkin under the line: now Jerkin you are like to love your haire, & prove a bauld Jerkin. Tri. Doe, doe; we feale by lyne and leuell, and't like your grace.

Se. I thank thee for that left; heer's a garment for't: Wit shal not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent paffe of pate: there's another garment for't.

Tri. Monster, come put some Lime vpon your fingers, and away with the raft.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time, And all be turnd to Barnacles, or to Apes With forheads villanous low.

Se. Monster, lay to your fingers: helpe to bear this away, where your hoghhead of wine is, or Ie turne you out of my kingdom: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Se. I, and this.

A noyle of Hunters beard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of Dogs and Hounds, husting them about: Prospero and Ariel setting on them.

Pro. Hey Mountains, hey.

Ari. Silver: there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke.

Goe, charge my Goblins that they grind their ioynts With dry Convolutions, shorten vp their finewes With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them, Then Pard, or Cat o'Mountain.

Ari. Harke, they rore.

Pro. Let them be hunted foundly: At this hour Lies at my mercy all mine enemies! Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt have the ayre at freedome: for a little Follow, and doe me service. Exit.

Seamus musica.

Actus quintus: Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Profeec gather to a head: My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time Goes vpright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ar. On the fixt hower, at which time, my Lord You said our worke should cease.

Pro. I did say so, When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my Spirit, How fares the King, and 's followers?

Ar. Conf'n'd together
In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge, Iuaf as you left them; all prisioners Sir In the Lime-gowne which weather-fends your Cell, They cannot boude till your releafe: The King, His Brother, and yours, abide all three distractions, And the remainder mourning over them, Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly

Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord Gonzalo, His tears runs downe his beard like winters drops From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em That if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

Pro. Doft thou thinke so, Spirit?

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall.

Haft thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling Of their affections, and shall not my selfe, One of their kindes, that reliish all as sharply, Passion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art? Thoghe with their high wrongs I am firook to th' quick, Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie Doe I take part: the rarer Aotion is In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent, The sole drift of my purpose doth extend Not a frowne further: Goe, releafe them Ariell, My charmes Ie breake, their fences Ie restore, And they shal be themselfes.

Ar. Ie fet them, Sir. Exit.

Pro. Ye Elces of hily, brookes, flading lakes & groues, And ye, that on the sands with printleffe foote Doe chafe the ebbing-Neptune, and doe flie him When he comes backe: ye deny-Puppets, that By Moone-shine doe the greene fowre Ringlets make, Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whole patime Is to make midnight-Mufhrumps, that reioyce To heare the Solemn Curefew, by whose ayde (Weake Masters though ye be) I have bedym'd the Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenus windes, And twint the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault Set roaring warre: To the dread rating Thunder Have I giv'n fire, and ripted Jones bowt Oke With his owne Bolt: The strong bas'd promontorie Have I made flake, and by the fpurs pluckt vp The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth By my so potent Art. But this rough Magickie I heere abire: and when I have requir'd Some heauenly Musick, which eu'n now I do To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that This Ayrie-charme is for, Ple breake my flaffe, Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth, And deeper then did ever Plummet found Ie drowne my booke.

Heere enters Ariel before: Then Alonfo with a frantick face, attended by Gonzalez. Sebastion and Anthonio in like manner attended by Adrian and Francisco: They all enter the circle vobis Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd: vobis Prospero offering, & speakes.

A solemn Ayre, and the best comforter, To an vnsetled fancy, Cure thy brains (Now vfeles) boile within thy skull: there stand For you are Spell-fluent.

Holy Gonzallo, Honourable man, Mine eyes ev'n fociable to the shew of thine Fall fellowly drops: The charme diffloes space, And as the morning feales vpon the night (Melting the darkenesse) to ther rising fences Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle Their clerter reason. O good Gonzallo My true preferrer, and a loyall Sir, To him thou followst; I will pay thy graces Home both in word, and deede: Most cruelly
Did thou Alonso, vse me, and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,
Thou art pinch'd for not now Sebastian. Fiehe, and bloud,
You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
Expelld remorse, and nature, whom, with Sebastian
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would heere have kill'd thy King: I do forgive thee,
Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderstanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them
That yet lookes on me, or would know me: Arieil,
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
I will difcase me, and my felfe present
As I was sometime Millaine: quickly Spirit,
Thou shalt ere long be free.
Arieil sings, and helps to attire him.
Where the Bee sakes, there sakes I,
In a Cowslips bell, I lie,
There I crouch when Ovvs doe doe crys,
On the Batts backe I fly ftreight
After Somner merily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Vnder the blissem that hangs on the Bow.

Pro. Why that's my dainty Arieil: I shall misse
Thee, but yet thou shalt have freedome: fo, fo, fo.
To the Kings ship, inuivable as thou art,
There shalt thou finde the Marriners asleep
Vnder the Hatches: the Mrater and the Boat-awaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I prethee.
Ar. I drinke the aire before me, and returne
Or ere your pulle twice beate.
Exit.
Gen. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide vs
Out of this fearfull Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King
The wronged Duke of Millaine, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living Prince
Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alo. Where thou bee't he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abufe me,
(As late I have bee'n) I not know: thy Pulse
Beats as of stehe, and blood: and since I saw thee,
Th'affection of my minde amends, with which
I feare a madneffe held me: this must craue
(And if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy Dukedome I refigne, and doe entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how hold Prospero
Be liuing, and be heere?

Pro. First, noble Frend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be meafur'd, or confin'd.
Gen. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'te not swear.

Pro. You doe yet taffe
Some subtelties o'th'fife, that will nor let you
Beleeue things certaine: Wellcome, my friends all,
But you, my brac of Lords, were I fo minded
I heere could plucke his Highneffe frowne vpon you
And iufifie you Traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Alo. The Diuell speakes in him:

Pro. No:

For you (moft wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankeft fault; all of them: and require
My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know
Thou must restore.

Alo. If thou beest Prospero
Give vs particulars of thy prefervation,
How thou haft met vs heere, whom three howres fince
Wrested vp this shore? where I haue loft
(HOW sharp the point of this remembrance is)
My deere Sone Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.
Alo. Improvable is the loffe, and patience
Sales, it is paft her cure,

Pro. I rather thinke
You have not fought her helpe, of whose soft grace
For the like loffe, I haue her foueraigne aid,
And raff my felfe content.

Alo. You the like loffe?
Pro. As great to me, as late, and supporterable
To make the deere loffe, haue I means much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I
Haue loft my daughter.

Alo. A daunger?
Oh heavens, that they were liuing both in Nalpes
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish
My felfe were muddled in that ooze bed
Where my sonne lies: when did you lofe your daughter?

Pro. In this last Tempeft. I perceiue these Lords
At this encounter doe so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce thinke
Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words
Are natural breath: but howlee'r you haue
Beene iufled from your fences, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of Millaine, who most strangely
Vpon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a break-fall, nor
Bestitting this first meeting: Welcome, Sir;
This Cell's my Court: heere haue I few attendants,
And Subieects none abroad: pray you lookes in:
My Dukedome since you have given me againe,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Prospero difcouers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing
at Chefe.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me faile.

For. No my dearest love,
I would not for the world. (wrangle,

Mir. Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should
And I would call it faire play.

Alo. If this proue
A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice loose.

S. A moft high miracle.

For. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
I have curred them without caufe.

Alo. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father, compasse thee about:
Arife, and say how thou canst heere.

Mir. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there heere?
How beauteous mankinde is? O brave new world

That

B 3
The Tempest.

That has such people in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee. (play?)

Allo. What is this Maid, with whom thou wast at
Your first acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddesse that hath feuer'd vs,
And brought vs thus together?

Ferd. Sir, she is mortall;
But by immortal providence, she's mine;
I chose her when I could not ask my Father
For his advice: nor thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Millaine,
Of whom, so often I have heard renowne,
But never saw before: of whom I have
Receiu'd a second life; and second Father
This Lady makes him to me.

Allo. I am hers.

But O, how odly will it found, that I
Must ask my child forgiueneffe?

Pro. There Sir flop,
Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with
A advertisment of this goodnesse.
Gen. I have very wept,
Or should have spake ere this: looke downe you gods
And on this couple drop a blessed crowne;
For it is you, that have chalke'd forth the way
Which brought vs hither.

Allo. I say Amen, Gonzalllo.

Gen. Was Millaine thrift from Millaine, that his Issue
Should become Kings of Naples? O rejoyce
Beyond a common joy, and set it downe
With gold on lafting Pillars: in one voyage
Did Claribell her husband finde at Tune
And Ferdinand her brother, found a wife,
Where he himselfe was loft: Prospero, his Duke, and
In a poore Ile: and all of vs, our iluces,
When no man was his owne.

Allo. Glue me your hands:
Let griefe and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wilth you joy.

Gen. Be it so, Amen.

Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswaine
amenable following.

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
I prophesi'd, if a Gallowes were on Land
This fellow could not drown: Now blasphemy,
That swearst Grace ore-board, not on oath on shore,
Haft thou no mouth by land?
What is the newes?

Bot. The beft newes is, that we have safely found
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glaftes since, we gav out split,
Is tye, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when
We drift put out to Sea.

Ar. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pro. My trickey Spirit.

Allo. These are not natural events, they strengthen
From strange to stranger: say, how came you hither?

Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'll advise to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,
And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,
Where, but euene now, with strange, and seuerall noyces
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chaineis,
And mo diversitie of sounds, all horrid.
We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty;
Where we, in all our trim, freely beheld

Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master
Caring to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dreame, were we diuided from them,
And were brought mosping hither.

Ar. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely (my diligence) thou shalt be free.

Allo. This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod,
And there is in this businesse, more then nature
Was euer conduitt: of some Oracle
Must reftiffe our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Leige,
Doe not infept your minde, with beating on
The strangenesse of this businesse, at pickt leisure
(Which shall be shortly fingle) I'll reufe you,
(Which to you shall feme probable) of euer
These happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
And thinner of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set Caliban, and his companions free:

Vntyl the Spell: How feres my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your Company
Some few oddie Ladies, that you remember not.

Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo in their faire Apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let
No man take care for himselfe; for all is
But fortune: Coragio Bully-Monfer Coreago.

Tri. If these be true spies which I beware in my head,
here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Sire, these be brave Spirits indeede:
How fine my Master is? I am afraid
He will chaffifie me.

Seb. Ha, ha:
What things are these, my Lord Anthony?

Will money buy em?

Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plaine Filth, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords,
Then faie if they be true: This mishapen knawe;
His Mother was a Witch, and one fo strong
That could controle the Muone; make flowes, and ebe,
And deale in her command, without her power:
These three haue rob'd me, and this demi-duell;
(For he's a baffard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these Fellowes, you
Muft know, and owne, this Thing of darkeneffe, I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch't to death.

Allo. Is not this Stephano, my drunken Butler?

Seb. He is drunkne now;

Where had he wine?

Allo. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?

How can't thou in this pickle?

Tri. I haue bin in such a pickle since I faw you last,
That I feare will never ouer of my bones:
I shall not feare fly-blowing.

Seb. Why how now Stephano?

Ste. O touch me not, I am not Stephano, but a Cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o'the Ile, Sirha?

Ste. I should haue bin a fore one then.

Allo. This is a strange thing as e're I look'd on.

Pro. He is as diquisition'd in his Manners
As in his shape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions: as you looke
To haue my pardons, trim it handomely.

Cal. I that I will: and he be wife hereafter,
And fecke for grace: what a thrice double Asse
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worship this dull foole?
Pro. Go to, away.
Alo. Hence, and beftow your luggage where you
Seb. Or foole it rather.
Pro. Sir, I invite your Highnesse, and your traine
To my poore Celle: where you shall take your reft
For this one night, which part of it, Ile wafte
With such difcourfe, as I not doubt, shall make it
Goe quicke away: The story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gon by
Since I came to this Ile: And in the morne
I'le bring you to your ship, and fo to Naples,

Where I have hope to see the nuptiall
Of these our deere-belong'd, folemnized,
And thence retire me to my Millaine, where
Every third thought shall be my graue.
Alo. I long
To heare the story of your life; which must
Take the care faringly.
Pro. I'le deliver all,
And promife you calme Seas, auspicious gales,
And faiie, fo expeditious, that shall catch
Your Royall fete farre off: My Ariel's chick
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: pleafe you draw neere.
Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE,
spoken by Prospero.

Now my Charmes are all oor-throwne,
And what strength I haue's mine owne.
Which is moft faint: now 'tis true
I must be beere confinde by you,
Or fent to Naples, Let me not
Since I haue my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare Iland, by your Spell,
But release me from my bands
With the helpe of your good bands:
Gentle break of yours, my Sails
Must fill, or else my proiect faires,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to incant,
And my ending is defpaire,
Vnlesse I be relieved by prayer
Which pierces fo, that it assaults
Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence set me free.

The Scene, an vn-inhabited Island

Names of the Actors.

Alonso, K. of Naples:
Sebastian his Brother.
Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine.
Antonio his brother, the usurping Duke of Millaine.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honest old Councillor.
Adrian, & Francisca, Lords.
Caliban, a salvauge and deformed flau.
Trinculo, a Leter.
Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Maffer of a Ship.
Boate-Swaine.
Morriners.
Miranda, daughter to Prospero.
Ariel, an ayrie Spirit.
Iris
Ceres
Iuno
Nymphpes
Reapers

FINIS.
THE

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Ae inus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine: Protheus, and Speed.

Valentine.

Eafe to perfwade, my louing Protheus;
Home-keeping-youth, haue ever homely wits,
Wer't not affection chaines thy tender days
To the sweete glances of thy honou'red Loue,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (lying dully fuggardiz'd at home)
Weare out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse.
But since thou lou'dst; love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to loue begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine ad ew,
Thinkes on thy Protheus, when thou (haply) fees
Some rare note-worthy object in thy trauaile,
With me partaker in thy happinelle,
When thou do'nt meet good hap; and in thy danger,
(If euer danger doe environ thee)
Command thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beaded-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a loue-book pray for my successe?

Pro. Upon some booke I love, I'le pray for thee.
Val. That's on some Shallow Storie of deepse loue,
How yong Laender croft the Hellef pont.
Pro. That's a deepse Storie, of a deepse loue,
For he was more then ouer-foches in loue.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are ouer-foches in loue,
And yet you neuer from me the Hellef pont.

Pro. Ouer the Bootees? may I give me not the Boots.

Val. No, I will not; for it boats thee not.

Pro. What?

(Grone:)

Val. To be in loue; where scorne is bought with
Coy looks, with hart-fore fighes; one fading moments
With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights; (mirth,
If hapy won, perhaps a haplesse gaine)
If lof, why then a griesious labour won;
How euer: but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit, by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumference, you call me foole.

Val. So, by your circumference, I feare you'll prowe.

Pro. 'Tis Loue you caull at, I am not Loue.

Louve is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a foole,
Me thinkes should not be chronicled for wife.

Pro. Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest Bud,
The eating Canker dwells; so eating Loue
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And Writers say; as the most forward Bud

Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Even fo by Loue, the yong, and tender wit
It turn'd to folly, blatifing in the Bud,
Loosing his verdue, even in the prime,
And all the faire effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waffe I time to counselle thee
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my Father at the Road
Expects my comming, there to fee me ship'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee Valentine.

Val. Sweet Protheus, no: Now let vs take our leve:
To Millaine let me earhe from thee by Letters
Of thy successe in loue; and what newes elfe
Betidest here in abstinence of thy Friend:
And I likewise will vithe thee with mine.

Pro. All happinesse bechance to thee in Millaine.

Val. As much to you at home: and to farewell. Exit.

Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Loue;
He leaves his friends, to dignifie them more;
I love my selfe, my friends, and all for loue:
Thou Julia thou haft metamorphiz'd me:
Made me neeglect my Studies, looke my time;
Wit with good counselle; fet the world at nought;
Made Wit with musing, weake; but hard with thought.

Sp. Sir Protheus: I loue you: loue you my Master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embarme for Millaine.

Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already,
And I have plaid the Sheepe in loosing him.

Pro. Indeede a Sheepe doth very oft stray,
And if the Shepheard be awhile away,

Sp. You conclude that my Master is a Shepheard then,

And I Sheepe?

Pro. I doe.

Sp. Why then my horses are his horses, whether I
Wake or sleepe.

Pro. A sily answer, and fitting well a Sheepe.

Sp. This proues me full a Sheepe.

Pro. True: and thy Master a Shepheard.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumsance.

Pro. It shall goe hard but lie proue it by another.

Sp. The Shepheard seckes the Sheepe, and not the
Sheepe the Shepheard; but I feek my Master, and my
Master seckes not me: therefore I am no Sheepe.

Pro. The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shepheard,
The Shepheard for fodore followes not the Sheepe: thou
for wages follows thy Master, thy Master for wages
followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe.

Sp. Such another proue will make me cry bâ.

Pro. But do'th thou heare; gau'th thou my Letter
to Julia?

Sp. I
Sp. I Sir: I (a loft-Mutton) gave your Letter to her (a lac’d-Mutton) and she (a lac’d-Mutton) gave mee (a loft-Mutton) nothing for my labour.
Pro. Here’s too small a Pasture for such store of Muttons.
Sp. If the ground be over-charg’d, you were best Slick her.
Pro. Nay, in that you are astray: ‘twere best pound you.
Sp. Nay Sir, leaft then a pound shall servre me for carrying your Letter.
Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a Pinfold.
Sp. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over.
’Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lower
Pro. But what said she?
Sp. I.
Pro. No, no, why that’s noddy.
Sp. You mistooke Sir: I say she did nod;
And you ask me if she did nod, and I say I.
Pro. And that set together is noddy.
Sp. Now you have taken the paines to set it together, take it for your pains.
Pro. Bewreth me, but you have a quike wit.
Sp. And yet it cannot over-take your flow parfe.
Pro. Well Sir: here is for your pains: what said she?
Sp. Truly Sir, I think you’ll hardly win her.
Pro. Why? couldn’t thou perceive so much from her?
Sp. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her;
No, not so much as a ducket for delivering your letter:
And being so hard to me, that brought your minde;
I fear she’ll prove as hard to you in telling your minde.
Gibe her no token but stones, for she’s as hard as steel.
Pro. What said she, nothing?
Sp. No, not so much as take this for thy pains: (me);
To telleth your bounty, I thank you, you have ceftern’d
In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your selfe; And for Sir, I pleadge you to my Master.
Pro. Go, go, be gone, to faue your Ship from wrack,
Which cannot perift having thee aborde,
Being deat’t to a drier death on shore:
I must goe send some better Meffenger,
I fear my Iulia would not daigne my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless poft.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul. But say Lucetta (now we are alone)
Would’st thou then confafle me to fall in love?
Luc. I Madam, so you stumble not vnheedfully.
Iul. Of all the fairest, fairest of Gentlemen,
That euerday with par’le encounter me,

In thy opinion which is worthiefi love?

Lu. Pleaf’e you repeat their names, Ie shew my minde,
According to my shalloy simple skill.
Iul. What thinkft thou of the faire Sir Eglamoure?
Iul. As of a Knight, well-spoken, neat, and fine;
But were I you, he neuer should be mine.
Iul. What think’t thou of the rich Mercatio?
Iul. Well of his wealth; but of himselfe, fo, fo.
Iul. What think’t thou of the gentle Proteus?
Iul. Lord, Lord, to fee what folly reignes in vs.
Iul. How now! what means this passion at his name?
Lu. Pardon dear Madam, ’tis a paffing shame,
That I (vnworthy body as I am)
Should censure thus on lovely Gentlemen.
Iul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?
Iul. Then thus: of many good, I thinke him beft.
Iul. Your reason?
Iul. I have no other but a womens reason:
I think him fo, because I thinke him fo.
Iul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?
Iul. I: if you thought your love not cast away.
Iul. Why he, of all the rest, hath neuer mould me?
Iul. Yet he, of all the rest, I thinke beft loves ye.
Iul. His little speaking, fheues his love but small.
Iul. Fire that’s clofett kept, burns most of all.
Iul. They do not love, that doe not flw their love.
Iul. Oh, they love leafft, that let men know their love.
Iul. I would I knew his minde.
Iul. Peruse this paper Madam.
Iul. To Iulia: say, from whom?
Iul. That the Contents will shew.
Iul. Say, say, who gave it thee?
Iul. Sir Proteus page: & fent I think from Proteus;
He would have given it you, but I being in the way,
Did in your name receiue it: pardon the fault I pray.
Iul. Now (by my modesty) a goody Broker:
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper, and confpire against my youth?
Now truft me, ’tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place:
There: take the paper: fee it be return’d,
Or euer returne no more into my fight.

Iul. To plead for love, deferues more fece, then hate.
Iul. Will ye be gon?
Iul. That you may ruminate.
Iul. And yet I would I had one-look’d the Letter;
It were a shame to call her backe againe,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chide her.
What knave is she, that knowes I am a Maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since Maides, in modesty, fay no, to that,
Which they would have the proflerer confirme, I.
Fie, fie: how way-ward is this foolish love;
That (like a taffle Babe) will scrath the Nurse,
And preffently, all humbled ifu the Rod?
How churlifhly, I chide Lucetta hence,
When willingly, I would have had her here?
How angrily I taught my brow to frowne,
When inward joy enforc’d my heart to smile?
My penance is, to call Lucetta backe,
And ask remifion, for my folly paft.
What hoe: Lucetta.

Iul. What would your Ladyship?
Iul. Is’t neere dinner time?
Iul. I would it were,
That you might kill your stomacke on your meat, And
And not vpon your Maid.
Is. What is't that you Took vp so gingerly?
Lu. Nothing.
Is. Why didst thou truspe then?
Lu. To take a paper vp, that I let fall.
Is. And is that paper nothing?
Lu. Nothing concerning me.
Is. Then let it lye, for those that it concerns.
Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns,
Vnleffe it haus a falfe Interpreter.
Is. Some loue of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.
Lu. That I might fing it (Madam) to a tune:
Give me a Note, your Ladisship can fet
Is. As little by such toyes, as may be possible:
Beft fing it to the tune of Light O Lou.
Lu. It is too heauy for so light a tune.
Is. Heauy? belike it hath some burden then?
Lu. I: and melobious were it, would you fing it,
Is. And why not you?
Lu. I cannot reach it so high.
Is. Let’s fee your tune:
How now Minion?
Lu. Keep your tune there full; so you will fing it out:
And yet me thinkes I do not like this tune.
Is. You do not?
Lu. No (Madam) tis too sharpe.
Is. You (Minion) are too fauce.
Lu. Nay, now you are too flat;
And marre the concord, with too sharpe a defciant:
There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.
Is. The meane is drouned with you varuely base.
Lu. Indeede I bid the base for Protesus,
Is. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;
Here is a coile with protafation:
Goe, get you gone: and let the papers lye:
You would be finging them, to anger me.
Is. She makes it sharpe, but the would be best pleas’d
To be fo angred with another Letter.
Lu. Now, I would I were so angred with the fame:
Oh hatefull hands, to teare such loosing words;
Injurious Wafpes, to feede on such sweet hony,
And kill the Bees that yeelde it, with your fings;
Ille kiffe each feuerall paper, for amends:
Looke, here is writ, kinde Iulia: vnkinde Iulia,
As in reuenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the brusing-flones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ, Loue wounded Protesus.
Poores wounded name: my bofome, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal’d;
And thus I fearch it with a fouveraigne kiffe.
But twice, or thrice, was Protesus written downe:
Be calm(e) (good winde) blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter, in the Letter,
Except mine own name: That, some whirle-winde barea
Vnto a ragged, fearsfull, hanging Rocke,
And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:
Poores forlorn Protesus, paffionate Protesus:
To the sweet Iulia: that ile teare away:
And yet I will not, fith so prettily
He couples it, to his complaining Names;
Thus will I fold them, one vpon another;
Now kiffe, embracce, contend, doe what you will.
Lu. Madam: dinner is ready: and your father flaes.

Is. Well, let us goe.
Lu. What, shall these papers lye, like Tel-tales here?
Is. If you respect them; best to take them vp.
Lu. Nay, I was taken vp, for laying them downe.
Yet here they shall not lye, for catching cold.
Is. I fee you have a months minde to them.
Lu. I (Madam) you may lay what lights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I winke.
Is. Come, come, wilt pleafe you goe.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Pantbino. Probesus.

Ant. Tell me Pantbino, what sad taleke was that,
Wherewith my brothre held you in the Cloyffe?
Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew Protesus, your Sonne.
Ant. Why? what of him?
Pan. He wondred that your Lordship
Would suffer him, to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation
Put forth their Sonnes, to seeke prefferment out.
Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover Islands farre away:
Some, to the audious Univercieties;
For any, or for all these exercizes,
He said, that Protesus, your Sonne, was meet;
And did request me, to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great imppachement to his age,
In hauing knowne no trauaile in his youth.
Ant. Nor need it thou much importune me to that
Whereon, this month I haue bin hauing.
I have consider’d well, his losse of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tryed, and tattard in the world:
Experience is by industrie adue’d,
And perfected by the wift courfe of time:
Then tell me, whether were I best to fend him?
Pan. I thinkes your Lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the Emperour in his royall Court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship fent him
There shall he practice Tilts, and Turnaments;
Heare sweet discourse, converse with Noble-men,
And be in eye of every Exercize
Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth.
Ant. I like thy conuails: well haft thou aduis’d
And that thou maist perceiue how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make knowne;
Even with the speedfull expeditition,
I will dispatch him to the Emperors Court.
Pan. To morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonfo,
With other Gentlemen of good effecme
Are iouring, to salute the Emperour,
And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company; with them shall Protesus go:
And in good time: now will we breake with him.
Pro. Sweet Loue, sweet lines, sweet life,
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for loue, her honors paune;

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O that our Fathers would applaud our loyes
To feale our happinesse with their confents.
Pro. Oh heavenly Iulia.
Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?
Pro. May's please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine;
Deliv'rd to a friend, that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me see what newes.
Pro. There is no newes (my Lord) but he writes
How happily he lives, how well-belou'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his with?
Pro. As one relying on your Lordships will,
And not depending on his friendly with.
Ant. My will is something forted with his wish:
Mule not that I thus fodorally proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end:
I am refolvd, that thou shalt fpend some time
With Valentine, in the Emperors Court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition than falt hauve from me,
To morrow be in readiness to goe,
Excufe it not: for I am peremptory.
Pro. My Lord I cannot be fo foome provided,
Please you deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look what thou want'ft fhall be fent after thee:
No more of stay: to morrow thou muft goe;
Come on Pamthoe; you fhall be imployd,
To haften on his Expedition.
Pro. Thus have I fhond the fire, for fear of burning,
And drunken me in the fea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to fhew my Father Iulias Letter,
Leaff he should take exceptions to my love,
And with the vantage of mine owne excufe
Hath he excepted molt againft my loue.
Oh, how this fhpring of loue refemblith
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now fhewes all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.
Pan. Sir Protheus, your Fathers call's for you,
He is in haff, therefore I pray you go.
Pro. Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it anfwer's no.

Actus secundus: Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Silvia.

Speed. Sir, your Gloue.
Valen. Not mine: my Glouses are on.
Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.
Val. Ha? Let me fee: I, gie it me, it's mine:
Sweet Ornament, that decks a thing divine,
Ah Silvia, Silvia.
Speed. Madam Silvia: Madam Silvia.
Val. How now Silvia?
Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir.
Val. Why Sir, who bad you call her?
Speed. Your worship Sir, or else I mislike.
Val. Well, you'll flill be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was left chidden for being too slow.

Val. Goe to, Sir, tell me: do you know Madam Silvia?
Speed. Shee that your worship loyes?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in loue?
Speed. Marry by thefe special markes: first, you haue
learn'd (like Sir Protheus) to wreath your Armes like a
Male-content: to reflih a Loue-fong, like a Robin-red-
braueth: to walke alone like one that had the pelifence:
to figh, like a Schoole-boy that had lovd his A. B. C. to
weepe like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam:
to falt, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that
dares robbing: to speake puiling, like a beggar at Hal-
low-Maffe: You were wont, when you laughed, to crow
like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the
Lions: when you falte, it was prefently after dinner:
when you look'd faidly, it was for want of money: And
now you are Metamorphis'd with a Miftris, that when I
looke on you, I can hardly thynke you my Mafter.
Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?
Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.
Val. Without me? they cannot.
Speed. Without you? nay, that's certaine: for with-
out you were fo simple, none elfe would: but you are
fo without these follies, that these follies are within you,
and shine through you like the water in an Vrinnel: that
not an eye that fees you, but is a Phyfician to comment
on your Malady.
Val. But tell me: do'th thou know my Lady Silvia?
Speed. Shee that you gaze on fo, as shee fits at fupper?
Val. Haft thou obferu'd that? even fhe I meane.
Speed. Why Sir, I know her not.
Val. Do'th thou know her by her gazing on her, and
yet know'ft her not?
Speed. If she not hard-fauour'd, Sir?
Val. Not fo faire (boy) as well fauour'd.
Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.
Oal. What doth thou know?
Speed. That thee is not fo faire, as (of you) well-fau-
our'd?
Val. I meane that her beauty is exquifite,
But her fauour infinite.
Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the oth-
er out of all count.
Val. How painted? and how out of count?
Speed. Marry Sir, fo painted to make her faire, that no
man counts of her beauty.
Val. How efteem't thou me? I account of her beauty.
Speed. You neuer saw her fince fhe was deform'd.
Oal. How long hath the beene deform'd?
Speed. Ever fince you lou'd her.
Val. I haue lou'd her euer fince I faw her,
And flill I fee her beaufull.
Speed. If you love her, you cannot fee her.
Oal. Why?
Speed. Because Loue is blindes: O that you had mine
eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont
to haue, when you childe at Sir Protheus, for going un-
garter'd.
Val. What should I fee then?
Speed. Your owne prefent folly, and her paffing de-
formite: for hee beeing in loue, could not fee to garter
his hofe; and you, beeing in loue, cannot fee to put on
your hofe.
Val. Belike (boy) then you are in loue, for half mor-
you could not fee to wipe my shoes.
Speed. True Sir: I was in loue with my bed, I thanke
you, you swing'd me for my loue, which makes mee the
bolder
Val. Why the hath not wrat to me?
Speed. What need the,
When thee made you write to your selfe?
Why, do you not perceiue the left?
Val. No, beleue me.
Speed. No beleuing you indeed sir:
But did you perceiue her earneck?
Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.
Speed. Why she hath given you a Letter.
Val. That's the Letter I write to her friend.
Speed. And y letter hath the deliver'd, & there an end.
Val. I would it were no wofe.
Speed. ile warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her: and she in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not againe reply,
Or fearing els some meffeger, y might her mind difcouer
Her self hath taught her Loue himfelf, to write vnto her
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it. (louer.
Why make you fir, 'tis dinner time.
Val. I have dyn'd.
Speed. I, but hearken fir: though the Cameleon Loue
can feed on the syre, I am one that am nourifh'd by my
viouralties; and would unfe haue meate: oh bee not like your
Miffres, be mouted, be mouted.

\[\text{Exeunt.}\]

Scena Tertia.

Enter Launce, Pantbion.

Launce. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I haue done
weeping: all the kinde of the Launce, haue this very
fault: I haue receu'd my proportion, like the prodigious
fone,
The two Gentlemen of Verona. 25

Sonne, and am going with Sir Protheus to the Imperialls Court: I thinke Crab my dog, be the soarest natured dogge that liues: My Mother weeping: my Father wailing: my Sitter crying: our Maid howling: our Catte wringing her hands, and all our houfe in a great perplexitie, yet did not this cruel-heartted Currie shedde one teare: he is a fHONE, a very pibble stone, and has no more pity in him then a dogge: a few would have wept to have feene our parting: why my Grandam hauing no eyes, looke you, wept her selfs blinde at my parting: nay, He show you the manner of it. This fHOE is my fa- ther: no, this left fHOE is my father; no, no, this left fHOE is my mother: nay, that cannot bee so nyther: yes; it is fo, it is fo: it hath the worser fole: this fHOE with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my fa- ther: a veng'ance on't, there's: Now sir, this faffe is my fa- ther: for, looke you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan our maid: I am the dogge: no, the dogge is himselfe, and I am the dogge: oh, the dogge is me, and I am my faffe: I; fo, fo: now come I to my Father: Father, your blesing: now should not the fHOE fpeeke a word for weeping: now fhould I kiffe my Father: well, hee weepes on: Now come I to my Mother: Oh that he could fpeeke now, like a would-woman: well, I kiffe her: why there's: here's my mothers breath vp and downe: Now come I to my fitter: marke the moane the makes: now the dogge all this while sheds not a teare: nor fpeeke a word: but fee how I lay the duft with my teares.

Panth. Launce, away, away: a Board: thy Mafter is ship'd, and thou art to putt after with oares: what's the matter? why weep'ft thou man? away afe, you'll loofe the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tide were loft, for it is the vnkindeft Tide, that ever any man take.

Panth. What's the vnkindeft tide?

Laun. Why, he that's tide here, Crab my dog.

Panth. Tut, man: I mean thoul't loofe the flood, and in loofing the flood, loofe thy voyage, and in loofing thy voyage, loofe thy Mafter, and in loofing thy Mafter, loofe thy seruice, and in loofing thy seruice: why doft thou stopp my mouth?

Laun. For feare thou shouldest loofe thy tongue.

Panth. Where should I loofe my tongue?

Laun. In thy Tale.

Panth. In thy Tale.

Laun. Loofe the Tide, and the voyage, and the Ma- ster, and the Seruice, and the tide: why man, if the Riu- er were drée, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the winde were downe, I could drive the boate with my fighes.

Panth. Come: come away man, I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir: call me what thou dar'ft.

Panth. Wilt thou goe?

Laun. Well, I will goe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Protheus.

Sil. Servant.

Val. Mistres.

Spec. Mafter, Sir Thurio frownes on you.

Val. I Boy, it's for loue.

Spec. Not of you.

Val. Of my Miftresse then.

Spec. 'Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Servant, you are faid.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I feeme fo.

Thu. Seeme you that you are not?

Val. Ha'ly I doe.

Thu. So doe Counterfits.

Val. So doe you.

Thu. What feeme I that I am not?

Val. Wife.

Thu. What infance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quoa you my folly?

Val. I quoa it in your Ierkin.

Thu. My Ierkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, Ie double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio, do you change colour?

Val. Glie he leaves, Madam, he is a kind of Camelion.

Thu. That hath more minde to feed on your bloud, then live in your ayr.

Val. You have faid Sir.

Thu. I Sir, and done too for this time.

Val. I know it wel Sir, you alwaies end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemé & quickly shut off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the gier.

Sil. Who is that Servant?

Val. Your felfe (sweet Lady) for you gave the fire, Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your Ladifhips lookes, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Sil. I know it wel Sir: you have an Exchequer of And I thinke, no other treasure to glue your followers: For it appears by their bare Lineries That they lie by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: Here comes my father.

Duk. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard befet.

Sil. Valentine, your father is in good health, What faie you to a Letter from your friends Of much good newes?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankfull, To any happy meffenger from thence.

Duk. Know ye, Don Antonio, your Countriman?

Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman To be of worth, and worthy effimation, And not without deferst so well reputed.

Duk. Hath he not a Sonne?

Val. I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deserues The honor, and regard of such a father.

Duk. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as my felle: for from our Infancie We have conuerst, and spent our howres together, And though my felle have beene an idle Trevant, Omitting the sweet benefite of time To cloath mine age with Angel-like perfection: Yet hath Sir Protheus (for that's his name) Made me, and faire advantage of his daies: His yeares but yong, but his experience old: His head vn-mellowed, but his Judgement ripe; And in a word (for far behinde his worth Comes all the praiers that I now bellow.)

C

D

He
He is complest in feature, and in minde,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.

Duk. Behew me sir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Emperors loue,
As meet to be an Emperors Councillor:
Well, Sir : this Gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And here he meanes to spend his time a while,
I think 'tis now vn-welcome newes to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had beene he.
Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth :
Siluia, I speake to you, and you Sir Thurio,
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it,
I will send him hither to you prefently.

Val. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladisship
Had come along with me, but that his Mistrefle
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Chriftall lookes.

Sil. Be-like that now the hath enfranchis'd them
Vpon some other pawne for fealty.

Val. Nay fure, I think he holds them prisoners stil.
Sil. Nay then he should be blind, and being blind
How could he fee his way to feeke out you ?

Val. Why Lady, Loue hath twenty paire of eyes.
Thurio. They say that Loue hath not an eye at all.
Val. To fee such Louers, Thurio, as your selfe,
Vpon a homely object, Loue can wink.

Sil. Haue done, done haue : here comes gentleman.
Val. Welcome, dear Protheus : Mistrefle, I beseech you
Confirme his welcome, with some speciall favor.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,
If this he be you oft haue wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistrefle, it is : sweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-ferrant to your Ladisship.

Sil. Too low a Mistreffe for fo high a ferrant.

Pro. Not fo, sweet Lady, but too meane a ferrant
To have a looke of such a worthy a Mistreffe.

Val. Leave off discourse of disabilities :
Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Servant.

Pro. My dutie will I boatt of, nothing else.

Sil. And dutie neuer yet did want his medd.
Servant. You are welcome to a wortheiffer Mistreffe.

Pro. Ie die in on him that failes so but your selfe.
Sil. That you are welcome ?
Pro. That you are wortheff.

Thurio. Madam, my Lord your father wold speak with
Sil. I wait vpon his pleasare : Come Sir Thurio
Goe with me : once more, new Servant welcome ;
Ile leaue you to confer of hime affairs,
When you haue done, we looke too heere from you.

Pro. Wee'll both attend vpon your Ladiship.

Val. Now tell me : how do al from whence you came ?
Pro. Your frends are wel, & haue the much medemned.
Val. And how doe yours ?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your Lady? & how thrives your loue ?
Pro. My tales of Loue were wont to weary you,
I know you loy not in a Loue-discourse,

Val. I Protheus, but that life is alter'd now,
I haue done penance for contemning Loue,
Whose high emperious thoughts have punitif'd me
With bitter fauls, with penitential grones,
With nightly tears, and daily hart-fore fighes,
For in revenge of my contempt of loue,
Loue hath chas'd sleepe from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.
O gentle Protheus, Loue's a mighty Lord,
And hath fo humbled me, as I confesse
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his Service, no such joy on earth :
Now, no discourfe, except it be of loue:
Now can I breake my faits, dine, sup, and sleepe,
Vpon the very naked name of Loue.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye :
Was this the Idoll, that you worship fo?

Val. Even She ; and is she not a heavenly Saint ?

Pro. No ; but she is an earthly Paraigon.

Val. Call her diuine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me: for Loue delights in praiers.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills,
And I must minilter the like to you.

Val. Then speake the truth by her; if not diuine,
Yet let her be a principalitie,
Souveraine to all the Creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my Mistreffe.

Val. Sweet : except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my Loue.

Pro. Haue I not reason to prefer mine owne?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her to:
Shes shall be dignified with this high honour,
To heare my Ladies traine, left the safe earth
Should from her vertue chance to steale a kiffe,
And of fo great a favor growing proud,
Difdain to roome the Sommer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlasting.

Pro. Why Valentine, what Bradafime is this?

Val. Pardon me (Protheus) all I can is nothing,
To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing;
Shes is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,
And I as rich in hauing such a Jewell
As twenty Seases, if all their fund were pearl,
The water, Neftor, and the Rocks pure gold.
Forgive me that I doe not dreame on thee,
Because thou fees me as I doe upon my loue:
My foolish Rivall that her Father likes
(Onely for his possessions are so huge)
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For Loue (thou know'st it is full of ialousies.)

Pro. But she loues you?

Val. I, and we are betroathed: may more, our mariage
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determinded of: how I must clime her window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happiness.

Good Protheus goe with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsaille.

Pro. Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth:
I must vnto the Road, to dif-embarque
Some necessarie, that I needs must vse,
And then Ie prefently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.

Enter. Even as one heaste, another heaste expels,
Or as one naile, by strength driveth out another.
So the remembrance of my former Loue
Is by a newer object quite forgotten,
It is mine, or Valentine praires?
Her true perfection, or my falfe transgression?
That makes me resolusse, to reason thus?
Shes is faire: and fo is Julia that I love,
(That I did loue, for now my loue is thaw’d,
Which like a waxen Image ’gainst a fire
Beares no impression of the thing it was.)
Me thinkes my zealde to Valentine is cold,
And that I loue him not as I was wont:
O, but I love his Lady too-too much,
And that’s the reason I love him so little.
How shall I doate on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
’Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazed my reason’s light:
But when I looke on her perfection,
There is no reason, but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring loue, I will,
If not, to compass her Ile vfe my skill.

Exeunt.

Scene Quinta.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Launce, by mine honesty welcome to Padua.
Laun. Forswearing not thy selle, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is never vndone till he be hang’d, nor neuer welcome to a place, till some certaine hot be paid, and the Hoifehe say welcome.
Speed. Come-on you mad-cap : Ile to the Ale-houfe with you prefently ; where, for one shot of fие pence, thou shalt haue fие thousand welcomes : But sirha, how did thy Master part with Madam Iulia?
Laun. Marry after they cloas’d in earneft, they parted very fairely in left.
Spec. But shall the marry him?
Laun. No.
Spec. How then? Shall he marry her?
Laun. No, neither.
Spec. What are they broken?
Laun. No ; they are both as whole as a fih.
Spec. Why then, how stands the matter with them?
Laun. Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.
Spec. What an affe art thou, I understand thee not.
Laun. What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not?
My affe vnderstands me?
Spec. What thou faid?
Laun. I, and what I do too : looke thee, Ile but leane, and my affe vnderstands me.
Spec. It stands under thee indeed.
Laun. Why, stand-stander and vnder-stander is all one.
Spec. But tell me true, wilt thou be a match?
Laun. Ask me thy dogge, if he say I, it will ; if hee fay no, it will ; if hee makes his taille, and fay nothing it will.
Spec. The conclusion is then, that it will.
Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.
Spec. ’Tis well that I get it fo : but Launce, how faid thou that thy master is become a notable Louer?
Laun. I never knew him otherwife.
Spec. Then how?
Laun. A notable Lubber : as thou reporfted him to bee.

Spec. Why, thou whorfon Afe, thou miftak’t me,
Laun. Why Foller, I meant not thee, I meant thy Master.
Spec. I tell thee, my Master is become a hot Louer.
Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne himselfe in Loue. If thou wilt goe with me to the Alehoufe : if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Chrifian.
Spec. Why?
Laun. Because thou haft not so much charity in thee as to goe to the Ale with a Chrifian : Wilt thou goe?
Spec. At thy lervice.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Protheus filius.

Pro. To leave my Iulia, shall I be forsworne?
To loue faine Silvia, shall I be forsworne?
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworne.
And ev’n that Powre which gave me first my oath
Prouokes me to this three-fold perjury.
Loue bad mee fweare, and Loue bids mee for-fweare ;
Of fweet-fuggeting Loue, if thou haft fin’d,
Teach me (thy tempted fubiekt) to excufe it.
At firft I did adore a twinkling Starre,
But now I worship a celestial Sunne :
Vn-heedful vows may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit, that wants refolued will,
To leerne his wit, t’exchange the bad for better ;
Fie, fie, vnreuerend tongue, to call her bad,
Whofe fouveraignty fo oft thou haft preferrd,
With twenty thoufand foule-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to loue ; and yet I doe : But there I leave to loue, where I should loue.
Iulia I loole, and Valentine I loole,
If I keepe them, I needs must loofe my felle:
If I loofe them, thus finde I by their loofe,
For Valentine, my felle : for Iulia, Silvia.
I to my felle am deerer then a friend,
For Loue is still moft precious in it felle,
And Silvia (witneffe heaven that made her faire)
Shewes Iulia but a fwarthy Ehiopio.
I will forget that Iulia is alie,
Remembring that my Loue to her is dead.
And Valentine Ile hold an Enemic,
Ayming at Silvia as a fweeter friend.
I cannot now proue confiant to my felle,
Without some treachery vs’d to Valentine.
This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder
To clime celestial Silvia’s chamber window,
My felle in confafle his competitor.
Now prefently Ile glue her father notice
Of their diuing and pretended flight :
Who (all inrag’d) will banish Valentine:
For Thuirio he intends toall wed his daughter,
But Valentine being gon, Ile quickly croffe.
By fome fleir trickes, blunt Thuirio’s dill proceeding.
Loue tend me wings, to make my purpose swift
As thou haft lent me wit, to plot this drift.

Exit.

C2

Scena
Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul. Cousinle, Lucetta, gentle girls affit me,
And eu'n in kindle loue, I doe coniure thee,
Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly Charact'rd, and engra'ed,
To leffon me, and tell me some good means
How with my honour I may vndertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Also, the way is wearisome and long.

Iul. A true-denot'd Pilgrimage is not weary
To measure Kingdomes with his feeble steps,
Much lefle shall the that hath Loues wings to flye,
And when the flight is made to one fo deere,
Of such divine perfection as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbears, till Proteus make returne.

Iul. Oh, know'ft thou, his looks are my foules food?
Pitty the heart that I have pined in,
By longing for that food fo long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of Loue,
Thou wouldst as soone goe kindle fire with snow
As feke to quench the fire of Loue with words.

Luc. I doe not feke to quench your Loues hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extreme rage,
Left it should burne above the bounds of reason.

Iul. The more thou damft it vp, the more it burnes :
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'st) being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage :
But when his faire course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musicke with thenameld stones,
Ouing a gentle knife to every fledge
He over-taketh in his pilgrimage.
And so by many winking noodes he straies
With willing sport to the wilde Ocean.
Then let me grant, and hinder not my course :
Ile be as patient as a gentle straine,
And make a passtime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my Loue,
And there Ile reft, as after much turmoil
A blessed soule doth rest in Elivium.

Luc. But in what habit will you goe along?

Iul. Not like a woman, for I will prevent
The loafe encounters of lascivious men :
Gente Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may becomme some well reputed Page.

Iul. Why then your Ladiship must cut your haire.

Luc. No girl, Ile knit it vp in silken strings,
With twentie od-conneted true-love knots :
To be fantasque, may become a youth
Of greater time then I shall shew to be. (ches?)

Luc. What fashion (Madam) shall I make your bree-

Iul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compasse will you weare your Farthingale?

Luc. You must needs have this with a cod-pcece (Ma-

Iul. Out, out, (Lucetta) that wilfe illfaund. (dam)

Luc. A round hofe (Madam) now's not worth a pin

Vnleffe you have a cod-pcece to tick pins on.

Iul. Lucetta, as thou lou'ft me let me haue
What thou thinke'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For vndertaking so vnfaid a journey ?

I fear me it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you thinke fo, then stay at home, and go not.

Iul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dreame on Infamy, but go :
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's difpleas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me he will scarce be pleas'd with all.

Iul. That is the least (Lucetta) of my feare:
A thousand oates, an Ocean of his tears,
And inftances of infinite of Loue,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are ferman to deceitfull men.

Iul. Bafe men, that vfe them to fo bafe effect;
But true starres did gouerne Proteus birth,
His words are bonds, his oates are oracles,
His loue fincer, his thoughts immaculate,
His teares, pure meffengers, fent from his heart,
His heart, as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heauen he prove fo when you come to him.

Iul. Now, as thou lou'ft me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth;
Onely deferve my loue, by loving him,
And presently goe with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I fland in need of,
To furnih me vpon my longing journey:
All that is mine I leafe at thy difpofe,
My goods, my Lands, my reputation,
Onely, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence :
Come; anfwere not: but to it presently,
I am impatient of my tarriance.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Proteus, Valentine, Launce, Speed.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave (I pray) a while,
We have some secrets to confer about.
Now tell me Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I wold discouer,
The Law of friendship bids me to conceale,
But when I call to minde your gracious favours
Done to me (vnderlining as I am)
My dutie pricks me on to vitter that
Which elie, no worldly good shold draw from me:
Know (worthy Prince) Sir Valentine my friend
This night intends to reale away your daughter:
My selfe am one made priuy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bellow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates,
And shold the thus be floine away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus (for my duties fake) I rather choze
To crose my friend in his intended drift,
Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
A pack of forrowes, which would preffe you downe
(Being unprevented) to your timelesse grace.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs, my selfe have ofteene,
Hapy when they have iudg'd me faft asleepe,
And oftmets have purposed to forbid

Sir
Sir Valentine her companie, and my Court.
But fearing left my jealous ayme might erre,
And so (vnworthily) disgrace the man
(A raffneffe that I ever yet have thun’d)
I gave him gentle lookes, thereby to finde
That which thy selfe haft now disclos’d to me.
And that thou maist perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is foonie fuggeted,
I nightly lodge her in an upper Tower,
The key whereo, my felfe haue ever kept:
And thence she cannot be conuay’d away.
Pro. Know (noble Lord) they haue deu’d a meane
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:
For which, the youthful Lauer now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently.
Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it fo cunningly
That my discouery be not aimed at:
For, loue of you, not hate vnto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.
Duke. Upon mine Honor, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.
Pro. Adiew, my Lord, Sir Valentine is comming.
Duk. Sir Valentine, whether away so fast?
Val. Pleaf the your Grace, there is a Messenger
That stayes to bear my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.
Duk. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenoure of them doth but signifie
My health, and happy being at your Court.
Duk. Nay then no matter: stay with me a while,
I am to breake with thee of some affairs
That touch me neere: wherein thou must be secret.
"Thou not vnown to thee, that I haue taught
To match my friend Sir Thurie, to my daughter.
Val. I know it well (my Lord) and sure the Match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Beseeing such an one, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fascie him?
Duk. No, trufl me, She is pesuifh, fallen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, flabberne, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that she is my childe,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers
(Vpon aduice) hath drawne my loue from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should haue beene cherifh’d by her child-like dutie,
I now am full resolvd to take a wife,
And turne her out, to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:
For me, and my poiffionall eftemee not.
Val. What would your Grace haue me to do in this?
Duk. There is a Lady in Verona here
Whom I affect: but she is nice, and coy,
And naught eftemee my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I have thee to my Tutor
(For long ageone I haue forgot to court);
Besides the fashion of the time is chang’d)
How, and which way I may beftow my selfe.
To be regarded in her fun-bright eye.
Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words,
Dumbe Jewsels often in their silent kinde
More then quicke words, doe moue a womans minde.
Duk. But she did fcore a prefent that I fent her,
Val. A woman somtime fcorne what beft conteins her.
Send her another: never give her ore.
For fcorne at firft, makes after-loue the more.
If she doe frowne, ’tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more loue in you.
If she doe chide, ’tis not to have you gone,
For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, what euer the doth fay,
For, get you gon, she doth not meane away.
Flatter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces:
Though nere fo blacke, fay they have Angels faces,
That man that hath a tongue, I fay is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Duk. But she I meanes, is promis’d by her friends
Vnto a youthful Gentleman of worth,
And kept feuerely from refort of men,
That no man hath accessie by day to her.
Val. Why then I would refort to her by night.
Duk. I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept fafe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.
Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?
Duk. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built fo sheluing, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazzard of his life.
Val. Why then a Ladder quainty made of Cords
To caft vp, with a pare of anchoring hookes,
Would ferue to scale another Hero’s towre,
So bold Leander would adventure it.
Duk. Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood
Aduife me, where I may haue such a Ladder.
Val. Where would you vfe it? pray fir, tell me that.
Duk. This very night; for Loue is like a child.
That longs for every thing that he can come by.
Val. By feeuau a clock, Ie get you such a Ladder.
Duk. But harke thee: I will goe to her alone,
How shall I beft coune the Ladder thither?
Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it
Vnder a cloake, that is of any length.
Duk. A cloake as long as thine will ferue the turne?
Val. I my good Lord.
Duk. Then let me fee thy cloake,
Ie get me one of such another length.
Val. Why any cloake will ferue the turne (my Lord)
Duk. How shall I fashion me to weare a cloake?
I pray thee let me feele thy cloake vpon me.
What Letter is this fame? what’s here? to Silvia?
And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,
Ie be fo bold to breake the feale for once.

My thoughts do barbour with my Silvia nightly,
And flaus they are to me, that send them flying.
Oh, could their Mafter come, and goe as lightly,
Himselfe would lodge, where (fencles) they are lying.
My Herald Thoughts, in thy pure bayonne refh-them,
While I (thear King) that thither them impornt
Doe curfe the grace, that with fuch grace hath blest them,
Because my felfe doe want my feruants fortune.
I curfe my felfe, for they are fent by me,
That theyould barring where their Lord should be.

What’s here? Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.
’Tis fo: and heere’s the Ladder for the purpose.
Why Phaeton (for thou art Merope’s fonne)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly Car?
And with thy daring folly burne the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Goe bafe Intruder, over-weening Slawe,
Befow thy fawning fames on equal mates,
And thinke my patience, (more than thy defert)
Is pruingle for thy departure hence,
Thak me for this, more then for all the fasures
Which (all too much) I have bestowed on thee,
But if thou linger in my Terrifies
Longer then twisfted expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royall Court,
By heaven, my wrath shall farre exceed the loue
I ever bore my daughter, or thy felp.
Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse,
But as thou loue'ft thy life, make speed from hence.

Val. And why not death, rather then liuing torment?
To die, is to be banifhed from my felp,
And Silvia is my felp : banif'd from her
Ife felp from felp. A deadly banifhment:
What light, is light, if Silvia be not feene?
What light is light, if Silvia be not by?
Vnleft be it to thinke that fhe is by
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no musicke in the Nightingale.
Vnleft I looke on Silvia in the day.
There is no day for me to looke vpon.
Shes my enemie, and I leaxe to be;
If I be not by her faire influence
Forder'd, illumin'd, cherife'd, kept alue,
I fife not death, to fife his deadly doome,
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
But fife I hence, I fife away from life.

Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and feekce him out
Lau. So-hough, Sea hough---------

Pro. What fceft thou?

Lau. Him we goo to finde,
There's not a hairre on his head, but tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?
Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his Spirit?
Val. Neither,
Pro. What then?

Lau. Nothing.

Pro. Can nothing feake? Matter, shall I strike?
Pro. I lookould lift thoue strike?
Lau. Nothing.

Pro. Villaine, forbear.


Pro. Sirha, I fay forbear: friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My cares are fpent, & cannot hear good newes,
So much of bad already hath poffeat them.

Pro. Then in dumbe silence will I bury mine,
For they are harff, vn-tuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Val. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine indeed, for sacred Silvia,
Hath thee forworne me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia haue forworne me.
What is your newes?

Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation,} you are vanifhed.

Pro. That thou art vanifhed: oh that's the newes,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend,

Val. Oh, I haue fed vpon this woe already,
And now exceffe of it will make me forfake.

Doth Silvia know that I am vanifhed?

Pro. I, I: and she hath offered to the doome

(Which vn-reverf stands in effeclual force)

A Sea of melting pears, which fome call teares;
Thofe at her fathers charifh feete the tendered,
With them upon her knees, her humble felfe,
Wringing her har. is, whose whiteenes to become them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp,
Sad fighes, deep groanes, nor fluer-shedding teares
Could penetrat her vncompafionate Sire;
But Valentine, if he be tame, muft die.
Before her defecion chaft'd him fo,
When fhe for thy repafe was fuppliant,
That to clofe prifon he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more: vns the next word that thou speakeft
Haue fome malignant power vpon my life:
If fo: I pray thee breath it in mine ear,
As ending Antheme of my endleffe dolor.

Pro. Cesio to lament for that thou canft not helpe,
And fudy helpe for that which thou lament'ft.
Tyme is the Nurfe, and breeder of all good
Here, if thou fay, thou canft not fee thy loue:
Before, thy faying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a louer faffe, walke hence with that
And manage it, againft defpairing thoughts:
Thy leters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, fhall be deliver'd
Even in the milke-white bosome of thy Loue.
The time now ferues not to expoftulate,
Come, Ile conuey thee through the City-gate.
And ere I part with thee, confenter at large
Of all that may concerne thy Loue-affaires:
As thou loue't Silvia (though not for thy felfe)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee Launce, and if thou feeft my Boy
Bid him make haife, and meet me at the North-gate.


Val. Oh my deere Silvia; haplesse Valentine.

Launce. I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I haue
the wit to thinke my Mafter is a kinde of a knaue:
but that's all one, if he be but one knaue: He flues not now
that knowes me to be in loue, yet I am in loue, but a
Tume of Horfe shall not plucke that from me: nor who
I loue: and yet I haue a woman; but what woman,
I will not tell my felp: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis
not a maid: for shee hath had Goffips: yet 'tis a maid,
for she is her Masters maid, and ferues for wages.
She hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell,
which is much in a bare Christian: Heere is the Cate-log of her
Condition: Improvd. Shee can fetch and carry: why
a horfe can doe no more; nay, a horfe cannot fetch, but
onely carry, therefore is shee better then a Jade. Item.
Shee can milke, looke you, a sweet vertue in a maid with
clean hands.

Speed. How now Signior Launce? what newes with
your Mafterhip?

La. With my Mafterhip? why, it is at Sea:
Sp. Well, your old vice still: misfake the word: what
newes then in your paper?

La. The black'ft newes that euer thou heard'ft.

Sp. Why man? how blacke?

La. Why, as blacke as Ink.

Sp. Let me read them?

La. Fie on thee fool-head, thou canst not read.

Sp. Thou lyest: I can.

La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?

Sp. Marry,
Sp. Marry, the son of my Grand-father.
La. Oh illiterate loyterer; it was the sone of thy
Grand-mother: this proues that thou canst not read.
Sp. Come fool, come: try me in thy paper.
La. There: and S. Nicholas be thy speed.
Sp. Inprinse she can milke.
La. I that she can.
Sp. Item, she brewes good Ale.
La. And thereof comes the prouerbe: (Blushing of
your hearts, you brew good Ale.)
Sp. Item, she can fewe.
La. That's as much as to say (Can she so?)
Sp. Item, she can knit.
La. What needes a man care for a stocke with a wench,
When she can knit him a stocke?
Sp. Item, she can wash and scoure.
La. A speciall vertue: for then shee needes not be
wash'd, and cowrd.
Sp. Item, she can spin.
La. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she
can spin for her living.
Sp. Item, she hath many namelesse vertues.
La. That's as much as to say Bajfard-vertues: that
indeed know not their fathers; and therefore have no
names.
Sp. Here follow her vices.
La. Close at the heele of her vertues.
Sp. Item, she is not to be fatting in respect of her
breath.
La. Well: that fault may be mended with a break-
faft: read on.
Sp. Item, the hath a sweet mouth.
La. That makes amends for her foure breath.
Sp. Item, she doth talke in her sleepe.
La. It's no matter for that: so she sleepe not in her
talke.
Sp. Item, she is slow in words.
La. Oh villaines, that set this downe among her vices;
To be slow in words, is a womanes onely vertue.
I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue.
Sp. Item, she is proud.
La. Out with that too:
It was Eues legacie, and cannot be t'ane from her.
Sp. Item, she hath no teeth.
La. I care not for that neither: because I love crufts.
Sp. Item, she is curst.
La. Well: the beft is, the hath no teeth to bite.
Sp. Item, she will often praise her liquor.
La. If her liquor be good, the shall: if she will not,
I will: for good things should be praised.
Sp. Item, she is too liberal.
La. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ downe
she is flow of: of her purse, she shall not, for that ile
keeps shut: Now, of another thing shee may, and that
cannot I helpe. Well, proceede.
Sp. Item, shee hath more haires then wit, and more
faults then haires, and more wealth then faults.
La. Stop there: He haue her: she was mine, and not
mine, twice or thrice in that last Article: rehearse that
once more.
Sp. Item, she hath more haires then wit,
La. More haires then wit: it may be ile proue it: The
courer of the falt, hides the falt, and therefore it is more
then the falt; the haire that courers the wit, is more
then the wit; for the greater hides the leFFE: What's
next?

Sp. And more faults then haires.
La. That's monstrous: oh that that were out.
Sp. And more wealth then faults.
La. Why that word makes the faults gracious:
Well, ile haue her: and if it be a match, as nothing
is impossible.
Sp. What then?
La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Master flaes
for thee at the North gate.
Sp. For me?
La. For thee? I, who art thou? he hath fluid for a bet-
ter man then thee.
Sp. And must I goe to him?
La. Thou must run to him; for thou haft fluid so long,
that going will scarce se the turne.
Sp. Why didn't not tell me sooner? 'pox of your loye
Letters.
La. Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letter;
An unmannerly swaye, that will thrust himselfe into se-
crets: Ile after, to rejoyce in the boyes correctio. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Probus.

Du. Sir Thurio, feare not, but that she will loue you
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.
Ts. Since his exile she hath defpis'd me moost,
Forsworne my company, and raill'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.
Du. This weakness impreffe of Love, is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hours heat
Dissolves to water, and doth loose his forme,
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.
How now sir Probus, is your countriman
(According to our Proclamation) gon?
Pro. Gon, my good Lord,
Du. My daughter takes his going grievously?
Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that grieve.
Du. So I beleue: but Thurio thinkest not so:
Probus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou haft showe some figue of good defert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer then I proue loyal to your Grace,
Let me not live, to looke upon your Grace.
Du. Thou knowest how willingly, I would eect
The match betweene sir Thurio, and my daughter?
Pro. I doe my Lord.
Du. And also, I thinke, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes against my will?
Pro. She did my Lord, when Valentine was here.
Du. I, and percurcis, the perfusers so:
What might we doe to make the girle forget
The love of Valentine, and loue sir Thurio?
Pro. The best way is, to flander Valentine,
With falshood, cowardize, and poore discent:
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.
Du. I, but she'll thinke, that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. I, if his enemy deliver it.
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one, whom the efteemeth as his friend.
Du. Then you must vndertake to flander him.

Pro.
And For Where And You Because By Your 'Tis Will Tune With That Moift You By You 'Tis. Du. And Proverbs, we dare trust you in this kind, Because we know (on Valentine's report) You are already lowe firm votes, And cannot soone revolt, and change your minde. Upon this warrant, shall you have access, Where you, with Sibilla, may conferre at large. For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy, And (for your friends false) will be glad of you; Where you may temper her, by your perfwasion, To hate you. Valentine, and love you friend. Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect; But you fr Valentine, are not sharpe enough: You must lay Lime, to tangle her desiers By walefull Sonnets, whose compos'd Rimes Should be full fraught with servicable vowes. Du. I, much is the force of heaven-bred Poepie. Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty You sacrifice your tears, your sighes, your heart: Write till your inake be dry; and with your tears Molt it against: and frame some feeling line, That may discouer such intickety:
For Orpheus Lute, was frung with Poets finewes, Whose golden touch could soften Steel and stones; Make Tygers tame; and huge Leathanats Forsake unfounded deepes, to dance on Sands. After your dire-lamenting Elegies, Visit by night your Ladies chamber-window With some sweet Confort; To their Instruments Tune a deploring dumpe: the nights dead filence Will well become such sweet complaining grievance: This, or else nothing, will inherit her. Du. This discipline, flowes thou haft bin in loue. Tb. And thy advice, this night, ile put in practise; Therefore, sweet Proverbs, my direction-giver,
Let vs into the City prettily To fort some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Musick.e. I have a Sonnet, that will ferue the turne To gluce the on-set to thy good aquelle. Du. About it Gentlemen. Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, till after Supper, And afterward determine our proceedings. Du. Even now about it, I will pardon you. Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-leaves.

1. Out-l. Fellowes, stand fast: I see a passenger.

2. Out. If there be ten, shrynke not, but down with'em.
3. Out. Stand firr, and throw vs that you have about ye.

Sp. Sir we are undone: these are the Villaines That all the Trauilers doe fear so much.

Val. My friends.
1. Out. That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.
2. Out. Peace; we'll hear him.
3. Out. I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to loose;
A man I am, cro'st'd with aduerfitie:
My riches, are thefpoore habilliments,
Of which, if you should here disfavor me,
You take the sum and substance that I haue.

2. Out. Whether trauell you?

Val. To Verona.
1. Out. Whence came you?

Val. From Milaines.

3. Out. Have you long sojourn'd there? (fain, Val. Some sixteene moneths, and longer might have
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1. Out. What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.
2. Out. For what offence?

Val. For that which now torment you to rehearse;
I kil'd a man, whose deatd I much repent,
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1. Out. Why were repent it, if it were done so;
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doome.

2. Out. Have you the Tongues?

Val. My youthfull trauaille, therein made me happy,
Or else I often had beene often miserable.

3. Out. By the bare calipe of Robin Hoods fat Fryer,
This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.

1. Out. We'll have him: Sirs, a word.

Sp. Matter, be one of them:
It's an honourable kind of theequery.

Val. Peace villains.

2. Out. Tell vs this: have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3. Out. Know then, that some of vs are Gentlemen, Such as the fury of vngouern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awfull men.
My selfe was from Verona banished,
For praefiring to steal away a Lady,
And heire and Neece, alide vnto the Duke.

2. Out. And I from Mantua, for a Gentleman, Who, in my moode, I stab'd vnto the heart.

1. Out. And I, for fuch like petty crimes as thefe.
But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse lyes;
And partly feeling you are beautifull
With goodly shape; and by your owne report,
A Linguist, and a man of fuch perfection,
As we doe in our quality much want.

2. Out. Indeed becaufe you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, shewe the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our Generall?
To make a vertue of necessitie,
And lye as we doe in this wilderness?

3. Out. What saith thou? wilt thou be of our comfort?
Say l, and be the captain of vs all:
We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King.

I. Out.
The two Gentlemen of Verona.

Enter Proteus, Thurio, Iulia, Hof, Mufitian, Silua.

Pro. Already have I bin falls to Valentine, And now I must be as vnui to Thurio, Under the colour of commending him, I have acceffe my owne loue to prefer. But Silvia is too faire, too true, too holy, To be corrupted with my worthless guifts; When I protest true loyalty to her, She twits me with my falfehood to my friend; Then to her beauty I commend my vows, She bids me thinke how I haue bin farworne In breaking faith with Iulia, whom I lou’d. And notwithstanding all her fadaine quips, The leffe whereof would guell a lovers hope: Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she spurnes my loue, The more it growes, and faweth on her fill; But here comes Thurio; now must we to her window, And giue some evening Mufique to her ear.

Th. How now, sir Proteus, are you crept before vs?

Pro. I gentle Thurio, for you know that loue Will crepe in fenices, where it cannot goe.

Th. I, but I hope, Sir, that you loue not here.

Pro. Sir, but I doe: or else I would be hence.

Th. Who, Silvia?

Pro. I, Silvia, for your fake.

Th. I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentleman Let’s tune: and too it luftily a while.

Ho. Now, my yong guest; me thinks your’ allycholly; I pray you why is it?

Iu. Marry (mine Hof) because I cannot be merry.

Ho. Come, we’l haue you merry: ilie bring you where you full hear Mufique, and see the Gentleman that you ask’d for.

Iu. But shall I hear him speake.

Ho. I that you full.

Iu. That will be Mufique.

Ho. Harke, harke.

Iu. Is he among these?

Ho. I: but peace, let’s heare’em.

And being help’d, inhabits there.
Then to Iulia, let us fling,
That Iulia is exellent;
She excels each mortal thing,
Vpon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let us Garlands bring.

Ho. How now! are you fadder then you were before; How doe you, man? the Musicke likes you not. 

Iu. You mistake: the Mufitian likes me not.

Ho. Why, my pretty youth?

Iu. He plaies fals (father.)

Ho. How, out of tune on the strings.

Iu. Not fo: but yet.

So fals he that he grieues my very heart-strings.

Ho. You have a quicke ear.

Iu. I, I would I were despte: it makes me have a flow.

Ho. I perceive you delight not in Mufique.

Iu. Not a whit, when it lars fo.

Ho. Harke, what fine change is in the Musique.

Iu. I: that change is the fitp.

Ho. You would haue them alwaies play but one thing.

Iu. I would alwaies have one play but one thing.

But Hof, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on, Often refert vnto this Gentlewoman?

Ho. I tell you what Launce his man told me,
He lou’d her out of all nickle.

Iu. Where is Launce?

Ho. Gone to seeke his dog, which to morrow, by his Masters command, hee must carry for a prent to his Lady.

Iu. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you, I will fo pleade, That you shall lay, my cunning drift excels.

Th. Where meete we?

Iu. At Saint Gregoryes well.

Th. Farewell.

Pro. Madam: good eu’n to your Ladieship.

Sil. I thanke you for your Mufique (Gentlemen) Who is that that speake?

Iu. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth, You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, (gentle Lady) and your Seruant.

Sil. What’s your will?

Pro. That I may compasse yours.

Sil. You have your wish: my will is even this,
That pretently you hie you home to bed:
Thou subtle, perier’d, falfe, difloyall man:
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hasn’t deceiued so many with thy vows?
Returne, returne and make thy loue amends:
For me (by this pale queene of night I faieare) I am fo farre from granting thy request,
That I defie thee, for thy wrongfull fuite;
And by and by intend to chide my felse,
Euen for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant (fweet love) that I did loue a Lady,
But she is dead.

Iu. Twent fals’ if I should speake it;
For I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that the be: yet Valentine thy friend
Suuines; to whom (thy fals’ art witnesse).
I am betroth’d; and art thou not afham’d
To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

Pro.
Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.
Sil. And so suppose am I; for in her grave
Aff励 thyselfe, my louse is buried.

Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy Ladies grave and call her hence,
Or at the least, in here, repulpiter thine.

Jul. He heard not that.

Pro. Madam: if your heart be so obdurate;
Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my love,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that ile speake, to that ile figh and weep:
For since the substance of your perfect selfe
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow, will I make true love.

Jul. If were a substance you would sure deceiue it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your Idoll Sir;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadowes, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and ile send it:
And so, good night.

Pro. As wretches have one night
That wait for execution in the morne.

Jul. How, will you goe?
Ho. By my halidome, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where hes Sir Eglamour?
Ho. Marry, at my house:
There I think 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so: but it hath bin the longest night
That ere I watch'd, and the most heauie.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Eglamour, Silvia.

Eg. This is the house that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her minde:
Ther's some great matter she'd employe me in.

Madam, Madam.

Sil. Who calls?
Eg. Your servant, and your friend:
One that attends your Ladihship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morowe.
Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your selfe:
According to your Ladiships imployn,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. Oh Eglamore, thou art a Gentleman:
Think not I flatter (for I swear I do not)
Valiant, wise, remore-full, well accomplish'd,
Thou art not ignorant what deere good will
I beare vnto the banish'd Valentine:
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vaine Tivio (whom my very soule abhor'd).

Thy selfe haft lou'd, and I haue heard thee say
No grieve did ever come so neere thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-loue dye,
Vpon whose Graue thou vow'dt pure chasteitie:
Sir Eglamour: I would to Valentine
To Mantua, where I heare, he makes abroad;
And for the wares are dangerous to passe,
I doe defere thy worthy company,

Vpon whose faith and honor, I repose,
Vrge not my fathers anger (Eglamour)
But thinke vpon my grieve (a Ladies grieve)
And on the lattice of my flying hence,
To keepe me from a moft vnholie match,
Which heauen and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I doe defere thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of lands,
To beare me company, and goe with me:
If not, to hide what I have fai'd to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances,
Which, since I know they vertuously are plac'd,
I glue consent to goe along with you,
Wrecking as little what betideth me,
As much, I wish all good beforentune you.
When will you goe?

Sil. This evening coming.

Eg. Where shall I meete you?

Sil. At Frier Patricke cell,
Where I intend holy Confession.

Eg. I will not faile your Ladishhip:
Good morowe (gentle Lady.)

Sil. Good morowe, kinde Sir Eglamoure.

Escuent.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Launce, Protheus, Julia, Silvia.

Lau. When a mans seruant shall play the Curre with him (lookes you) it goes hard: one that I brought vp of a puppy: one that I 'su'd from drowning, when three or foure of his blinde brothers and sistors went to it: I have taught him (even as one would say precisly, thus I would teach a dog) I was sent to deliver him, as a present to Miitris Silvia, from my Master; and I came no sooner into the dyning-chamber, but he steps me to her Trencher, and steales her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule thing, when a Curr cannot keepe himselfe in all companies: I would have (as one should say) one that takes vp on him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault vpon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd for't: sure as I bleue he had sufer'd for't: you shall judge: Hee triumphs me himselfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-like-dogs, vnder the Dukes table: hee had not bin there (blefe the markes) a pissing while, but all the chamber smeith him: out with the dog (faies one) what cur is that (faies another) whip him out (faies the third) hang him vp (faies the Duke.) I havin bin acquainted with the smoll before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend (quoit 1) you meaning to whip the dog: I marry doe I (quoit he) you doe him the more wrong (quoit I) twas I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more aodie, but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters would doe this for his Seruant? nay, Ile be swore I have fat in the stockes, for puddings he hath stolne, otherwise he had bin executed: I haue found on the Pillorie for Geese he hath kil'd, otherwise he had suffred for't: thou thinke it not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you feru'd me, when I tooke my leve of Madam Silvia: did not
not I bid thee still marke me, and doe as I do; when did'ft thou see me heau e'p my leg, and make water against a Gentlewoman's farthingale? did'ft thou euer see me doe such a tricke?

Pro. Sebastian is thy name: I like thee well, And will employ thee in some seruice prently. In what you please, lie doe what I can. I hope thou wilt.

How now you whor-foon peasant, Where have you bin these two dayes louting here? Mary Sir, I carried Milthia Silvia the dogge you bad me. And what faires she to my little Jewell? Mary, the faires your dog was a cur, and tels you currius thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receu'd my dog? No indeede did she not:

Here have I brought him backe againe. What didst thou offer her this from me? I Sir, the other Squirl was ftonle from me By the Hangmans boyes in the market place, And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog. As big as ten of yours, & therefore the guilt the greater. Go, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe, Or nere returne againe into my fight.

Away, I say: staye thou to vexe me here; A Slave, that fill an end, turns me to shame: But I have entertained thee, Partly that I have neede of such a youth, That can with some discretion doe my businesse: For 'tis no trifling to yond foolish Lovet; But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behauiour, Which (if my Augury declare me not) Witness good bringing vp, fortune, and truth: Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee. Go presently, and take this Ring with thee, Deliver it to Madam Silvia; She lou'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Iul. It seemes you lou'd not her, not leaue her token: She is dead belike?


Pro. Why do'ft thou cry alas? Iul. I cannot chuse but pitty her. Pro. Wherefore shoul'd'ft thou pitty her? Iul. Because, me thinke that she lou'd you as well As you doe loue your Lady Silvia; She dreames on him, that has forgot her loue, You doate on her, that cares not for your loue. 'Tis pitty Loue, shoulde be so contrary: And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.

Pro. Well: give her that Ring, and therewithall. This Letter: that's her chamber: Tell my Lady, I chaine the promise for her heavenly Picture: Your message done, hye home vnto my chamber, Where thou shalt finde me faid, and solitarie. Iul. How many women would doe such a message? Alas poor Proteus, thou haft entertaine'd A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs; Alas, poor foole, why doe I pity him? That with his heart despiaste me? Because he loves her, he despiseth me, Because I love him, I must pitty him. This Ring I gave him, when he parted from me, To binde him to remember my good will: And now am I (unhappy Meffenger)

To plead for that, which I would not obtaine; To carry that, which I would have refus'd; To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd. I am my Masters true confirmed Loue, But cannot be true seruant to my Master, Ynifie I proue false traitor to my selfe. Yet will I woe for him, but yet fo coldly, As (heauen it knowes) I would not have him speed. Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my meane To bring me where to speake with Madam Silvia. What would you with her, if that I be the? If you be fie, I doe intreat your patience To hear me speake the messafe I am fent on. From whom?

From my Master, Sir Proteus, Madam. Oh: he fends you for a Picture?

Iul. I, Madam. Virfala, bring my Picture there,

Goe, give your Master this: tell him from me, One Iulia, that his changing thoughts forget Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow. Madam, please you perufe this Letter; Pardon me (Madam) I haue vnadauid Deliuer'd you a paper that I should not; This is the Letter to your Ladifhip.

Iul. I pray thee let me looke on that againe. Iul. It may not be: good Madam pardon me. There, hold: I will not looke vpon your Masters lines:

I know they are flut with protetations, And full of new-found oashes, which he will brake As easily as I doe teare his paper. Madam, he fends you your Ladifhip this Ring. The more shame for him, that he fends it me; For I haue heard him say a thousand times,

His Iulia gave it him, at his departure: Though his faile finger haue prophan'd the Ring, Mine shall not doe his Iulia so much wrong. Iul. She thanks you. What fai'th thou?

Iul. I thanke you Madam, that you tender her: Poore Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much. Do'ft thou know her? Almoft as well as I doe know my selfe. To thinke vpon her woes, I doe protest That I haue wept a hundred feuerall times. Belse she thinks that Proteus hath forfook her? Iul. I thinke she doth: and that's her caufe of sorrow. Is she not paffing faire?

Iul. She hath bin faier (Madam) then she is, When she did thinke my Master lou'd her well; She, in my judgement, was as faire as you. But since she did negled her looking-glaife, And threw her Sun-expelling Mauque away, The syre hath star'd the robes in her cheekes, And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face, That now she is become as blacke as I. How tall was she?

About my fature: for at Pentecofst, When all our Pageants of delight were plaid, Our youth got me to play the womans part, And I was trim'd in Madam Iulias gowne, Which serv'd me as fit, by all mens judgements, As if the garment had bin made for me: Therefore I know she is about my height, And at that time I made her wepe a good,
For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam) 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus perjury, and vindictive flight;
Which I so wisely acted with my tears:
That my poor Mithras moaned therewith,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.
SIl. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas (poore Lady) defolate, and left;
I weep my felle to thinke upon thy words:
Here youth: there is my purle; I give thee this (well.
For thy sweet Mithras fake, because thou lou'th her.
Fare-
IsIl. And the shall thank thee for't, if ere you know
A vertuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautifull. (her.
I hope my Masters fuit will be but cold,
Since she repecte my Mithras love so much.
Alas, how loue can trie with it self:
Here is her Picture: let me fee, I thinke
If I had such a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as lonely, as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter fatter'd her a little,
Vaine felle I flatter with my felle too much.
Her haire is Alburn, mine is perfect Yellow;
If that be all the difference in his loue,
Ile get me fuch a coulourd Perrywig:
Her eyes are grey as glaffe, and fo are mine:
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
What shoulde it be that he repecte in her,
But I can make repectue in my felle?
If this fond Loue, were not a blinded god.
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp,
For 'tis thy rual: 0 thou fencefele forme,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, loud, and ador'd;
And were there fence in thy Idolaty,
My fubfiance should be stature in thy head.
Ile vie thee kindly, for thy Mithras fake
That vs'd me so: or else by love, I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your vaine looking eyes,
To make my Master out of loue with thee. Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Eglamoure, Siluia.

Egl. The Sun begins to build the western skie,
And now it is about the very houre
That Silvia, at Fryer Patriks Cell should meet me,
She will not falie; for Louers brakte not houres,
Vaine felle it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes: Lady a happy evening.
SIl. Amen, Amen: goe on (good Eglamoure)
Out at the Pofferne by the Abbey wall;
I feare I am attended by some Spies.
Egl. Fear not: the Forrest is not three leagues off,
If we reconer that, we are fure enough. Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, Julia, Duke.

Th. Sir Protheus, what fayes Siluia to my fuit?

Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your perfon.
Th. What? that my leg is too long?
Pro. No, it is not too little. (der.
Th. Ie weare a Boote, to make it somewhat roun-
Pro. But love will not be spur'd to what it loathes.
Th. What fayes she to my face?
Pro. She fayes it is a faire one.
Th. Nay then the wanton lies: my face is blacke.
Pro. But Pearles are faire; and the old faying is,
Blacke men are Pearles, in beauetous Ladies eyes.
Th. 'Tis true, such Pearles as put out Ladies eyes,
For I had rather winke, then looke on them.
Th. How likes she my difcource?
Pro. II, when you talk of war.
Th. But well, when I difcource of love and peace.
IsIl. But better in deed, when you hold you peace.
Th. What fayes she to my valour?
Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.
IsIl. She needs not, when she knowes it cowardize.
Th. What fayes she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriu'd.
IsIl. True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.
Th. Confiders the my Poffeffions?
Pro. Oh, I and pities them.
Th. Wherefore?
IsIl. That such an Affe should owe them.
Pro. That they are out by Leafe.
IsIl. Here comes the Duke.
Du. How now Sir Protheus; how now Thurio?
Which of you faw Eglamoure of late?
Th. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Du. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Du. Why then
She's fled vnfo that pechant, Valentine;
And Eglamoure is in her Company:
'Tis true: for Fryer Laurence met them both
As he, in penance wander'd through the Forrest:
Him he knew well: and guefed that it was she,
But being mask'd, he was not fure of it.
Besides he did intend Confession
At Patrick's Cell this even, and there she was not.
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence;
Therefore I pray you stand, not to difcource,
But mount you presently, and meete with me
Upon the rising of the Mountaine foot:
That leads toward Mantua, whether they are fied:
Difpatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me.
Th. Why this it is, to be a peeuish Girle,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
Ile after; more to be reueng'd on Eglamoure,
Then for the love of rellke Silvia.
Pro. And I will follow, more for Siluas love
Then hate of Eglamoure that goes with her.
IsIl. And I will follow, more to crosse that loue
Then hate for Silvia, that is gone for loue.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Siluia, Out-leaves.

I. Out. Come, come be patient:

We
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

We must bring you to our Captain.
Sil. A thousand more mischances then this one
Haue learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.
2 Out. Come, bring her away.
1 Out. Where is the Gentleman that was with her?
3 Out. Being nimbly footed, he hath out-run vs.
But Moore and Valerius follow him:
Goe thou with her to the Weth end of the wood,
The house is Captaine: We'll follow him that's fled,
The Thicket is befed, he cannot scape.
1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our Captains cause.
Fear not: he beares an honourable minde,
And will not vfe a woman lawlesly.
Sil. O Valentine: this I endure for thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Proteus, Silvia, Julia, Duke, Thurio,
Out-leaves.

Val. Why vfe doth breed a habit in a man?
This shadowy desart, vn-frequented woods
I better brooke than flourishing peopled Townes:
Here can I fit alone, vnsene of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes
Tune my diffretes, and record my woes.
O thou that doft inhabit in my brest,
Lease not the Mansion so long Tenant-leas,
Left growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was,
Repare me, with thy presence, Silvia:
Thou gentle Nymph, cheri thy for-lome swaine.
What hallowing, and what stair is this to day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
Have some vnhappy passenger in chace;
They love me well: yet I haue much to doe
To keepe them from vncontented out.
Withdraw thee Valentine: who's this comes here?
Pro. Madam, this servise I haue done for you
(Though you respect not aught your fervant doth)
To hazard life, and reskew you from him,
That would have forc'd your honour, and your love,
Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one faire looke:
(A smaller boone then this I cannot beg,
And leffe then this, I am sure you cannot gue.)
Val. How like a dreame is this? I see, and heare:
Loue, lend me patience to forbear a while.
Sil. O miserable, vnhappy that I am.
Pro. Vnhappy were you (Madam) ere I came:
But by my coming, I haue made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most vnhappy.
Jul. And me, when he approcheth to your presence.
Sil. Had I been ceazed by a hungery Lion,
I would haue bene a break-faft to the Beaf,
Rather then haue fall'ss Proteus reskew me:
Oh heaven be judge how I loue Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soule,
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe deteeth fall'ss periu'd Proteus:
Therefore be gone, Solicite me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, flood it next to death
Would I not vndergoe, for other calme looke:
Oh 'tis the curse in Loue, and still approvd

When women cannot loue, where they're belou'd.
Sil. When Proteus cannot loue, where he's belou'd:
Read ouer Iulia's heart, (thy first belou Loue)
For whose deare sake, thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths,
Defended into periury, to loue me,
Thou haft no faith left now, vntill thou'dt two,
And that's farre worse then none: better haue none
Then Iouall faith, which is too much by one:
Thou Counterfeits, to thy true friend.
Pro. In Loue,
Who respect's friend?
Sil. All men but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of mowing words
Can no way change you to a milder forme;
Ile woe you like a Soulardier, at armes end,
And loue you 'gainst the nature of Loue: force ye.
Sil. Oh heauen.
Pro. Ile force thee yeeld to my desire.
Val. Ruffian: let goe that rude vnquiull touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion.
Pro. Valentine.

Val. Thou comon friend, that's without faith or loue,
For such is a friend now: treacherous man,
Thou hast beguill'd my hopes: nought but mine eye
Could have perfuaded me: now I dare not say
I haue one friend alioe: thou wouldest disprove me:
Who should be trusted, when ones right hand
Is periured to the boforme? Proteus
I am sorry I must never trueth thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake:
The private wound is deepest: oh time, most accurft:
'Mongt all foes that a friend should be the worst?
Pro. My flame and guilt confounds me:
Forgive me Valentine: if heartly sorrow
Be a sufficient Ranomse for offence,
I tender heere: I doe as truely suffer,
As ere I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:
And once againe, I doe receive thee honest;
Who by Repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heauen, nor earth: for thee are pleas'd:
By Penitence the Eternalls wrath's appeas'd:
And that my loue may appease plaine and free,
All that was mine, in Silvia, I give thee.
Jul. Oh me vnhappy.
Pro. Looke to the Boy.

Val. Why, Boy?

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliuer a ring
to Madam Silvia: (out of my negleet) was newer done.

Pro. Where is that ring? boy?
Jul. Heere 'tis: this is it.
Pro. How? let me see.
Why this is the ring I gave to Iulia.
Jul. Oh, cry you mercy sir, I haue mistooke:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.
Pro. But how can't thou by this ring? at my depart
I gave this vnto Iulia.
Jul. And Iulia her selfe did give it me,
And Iulia her selfe hath brought it hither.
Pro. How? Iulia?
Jul. Behold her, that gaue ayme to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
How of haft thou with periury cleat the rootes?
Oh Proteus, let this habit make thee blush.

Be
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Be thou ashamed that I have tooke upon me,
Such an immodeft rayment; if shame lieue
In a disguife of love?
It is the leffer blot modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, then men their minds.

Pro. Then men their minds? 'tis true; oh heaven, were man
But Contant, he were perfect; that one error
Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th'ins;
Inconstancy flipt-off, ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spee
More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?
Val. Come, come: a band from either:
Let me be bleft to make this happy clofe:
'Twere pitty two fuch friends should be long foes.

Pro. Beare witnes (heaven) I have my wish for ever.
Val. And I mine.

Val. Forbear, forbears I say: It is my Lord the Duke.
Your Grace is welcome to a man difgrac'd,
Banifhed Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine?
Thu. Yonder is Silvia: and Silvia's mine.
Val. Tburis give backs; or else embrace thy death:
Come not within the meare of my wrath:
Doe not name Silvia thine: if once againe,
Verona shall not hold thee: heere the stands,
Take but poiffeon of her, with a Touch:
I dare thee, but to breath vpon my Loue.
Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His Body, for a Girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and bas art thou
To make fuch meane for her, as thou haft done,
And leave her on fuch flight conditions.

Now, by the honor of my Anceftry,
I doe applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And thinkes thee worthy of an Emprefs love:
Know then, I heare forget all former greffes,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,
Plead a new fate in thy vn-Rival'd merit,
To which I thus submitt Sir Valentine,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd.
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou haft deferued her.

Val. I thank your Grace, f gift hath made me happy:
I now befeech you (for your daughters sake)
To grant one Bone that I shall aske of you.
Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.
Val. Thefe banifhed men, that I have kept withall,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile:
They are reformed, ciuill, full of good,
And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)
Duke. Thou haft presuaded, I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their defects.
Come, let us goe, we will include all larres,
With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold
With our daffeour, to make your Grace to smilie.
What thinkes you of this Page (my Lord?)
Duke. I think no Boy hath grace in him, he blusses.
Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.

Duke. What meanes you by that saying?
Val. Please you, Ile tell you, as we passe along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd:
Come Protheus, tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your Loues difcouered.
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One Feast, one house, one mutually happinesse.  Exeunt.

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to Silvia.
Valentine. 
Protheus. 
Antonio: father to Protheus.
Thurio: a foolish saturated to Valentine.

Eglamoure: Agent for Silvia in her escape.
Host: where Julia lodges.
Out-lawes with Valentine.
Speed: a Clownish servuant to Valentine.
Launce: the like to Protheus.
Pantibion: servuant to Antonio.
Julia: beloved of Protheus.
Silvia: beloved of Valentine.
Lucetta: waiting-woman to Julia.

FINIS.

THE
THE
Merry Wives of Windsor.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Euans, Master Page, Falstaffe, Bardolph, Nym, Pifoll, Anne Page, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, Simple.

Shallow.

Ir Hugh, persuade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if he be twenty Sir John Falstaffe; he shall not abuse Robert Shallow Esquire.

Slen. In the County of Gloucester, Justice of Peace and Shal. I (Cozen Slender) and Cuff-a-rum.

Slen. I, and Rate lorum too; and a Gentleman borne (Master Parson) who writes himselfe Armiger, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, Armiger.

Shal. I that I doe, and have done any time these three hundred yeeres.

Slen. All his succeffors (gone before him) hath don't: and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may: they may give the dozen white Lutes in their Coate.

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euans. The dozen white Lutes doe become an old Coate well: it agrees well paffant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifyes Lous.

Shal. The Lute is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old Coate.

Slen. I may quarter (Cos).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Euans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whitt.

Euans. Yes per-lady: if he ha'a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple con-jectures; but that is all one: if Sir John Falstaffe have committed disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make attone-ments and compenses betwene you.

Shal. The Counsell shall heare it, it is a Riot.

Euans. It is not meet the Counsell heare a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Counsell (looke you) shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your wise-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young againe, the sword should end it.

Euans. It is better that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another deuice in my praine, which peraduenture prings goot disserptions with it. There is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mrs. Anne Page? she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Euans. It is that fertly person for all the orid, as just as you will desire, and seven hundred pounds of Moneyes, and Gold, and Silver, is her Grand-fire vpon his death-bed, (Got deliver to a joyfull resurrection) give, when she is able to overtake seuenteen yeeres old. It were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage betwene Master Abraham, and Mrs. Anne Page.

Slen. Did her Grand-fire leave heare seven hundred pound?

Euans. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman, she has good gifts.

Euans. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilityes, is good gifts.

Shal. Wel, let vs see honest Mr. Page; is Falstaffe there?

Euans. Shall I tell you a ly? I doe despise a lyer, as I doe despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true: the Knight Sir John is there, and I beseech you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the dores for Mr. Page. What ha? Got-plesse your house heere.

M.Pa. Who's there?

Euans. Here is go'ts pleffing and your friend, and Ju-stice Shallow, and heere young Master Slender; that peraduenets shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

M.Pa. I am glad to see your Worships well: I thank you for your Venifone Master Shallow.

M.Pa. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good doe it your good heart: I wish'd your Venifon better, it was ill kill'd: how doth good Mrs. Falstaffe Page? and I thank you alwayes with my heart, la: with my heart.

M.Pa. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you: by yea, and no I doe.

M.Pa. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Shal. How do's your fellow Greyhound, Sir, I heard say he was out-run on Cohall.

M.Pa. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Shal. You'll not confesse: you'll not confesse.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dogge.


Shal. Sir: hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there be more fayled? he is good, and faire. Is Sir John Falstaffe heere? Is Sir John Falstaffe heere?

M.Pa. Sir, hee is within: and I would I could doe a good office be weene you.

Euans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speake.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me (Master Page.)

M.Pa. Sir, he doth in some fort confesse it.
Slen. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so (M. Page?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: believe me, Robert Shallow Esquire, faith he is wronged.

Mr. P. Here comes Sir John.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain me to the King?

Slen. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kis'd your Keepers daughter?

Slen. Tut, a pin; this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it strait, I have done all this:

That is now answer'd.

Slen. The Counsell shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsell: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eua. Pauca verba; (Sir John) good words.

Fal. Good words? good Cabidge; Slinger, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching Raffacula, Bardolf, Nym, and Piffell.

Bar. You Banberie Cheefe.

Slen. Va, it is no matter.

Piff. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say: pauce, pauce: Slice, that's my humor.

Slen. Where's Simple my man? can you tell Cozen?

Eua. Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderstand; there is three Vampires in this matter, as I vnderstand; that is, Master Page (fidelict Master Page,) & there is my selfe, (fidelict my selfe) and the three party is (lastly, and finally) mine Hoft of the Cater.

Ma. Pa. We three to hear it, & end it between them.

Eua. Ferry goo't, I will make a prieff of it in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke upon the caufe, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Piffell.

Piff. He heares with ears.

Eua. The Teuell and his Tam: what phrase is this? he heares with eare? why it is affectations.

Fal. Piffell, did you pickme M. Slender pursue?

Slen. I, by these gloues did hee, or I would I might never come in mine owne great chamber against else, of feauen grostes in mill-fixpences, and two Edward Shoebords. That cost me two shalling and two pence a peece of Yeald Miller: by these gloues.

Fal. Is this true, Piffell?

Eua. No, it is fallc, if it is a picke-purce.

Piff. Ha, thou mountaine Forreynner: Sir John, and Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of deniell in thy labras here; word of denial; froth, and scum thou liest.

Slen. By these gloues, then twas he.

Nym. Be aus'd fir, and passe good hoomours: I will say marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then hee in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an affe.

Fal. What say you Scarlet, and John?

Bar. Why sir, (for my part) I say the Gentleman had drunke himselfe out of his fue fentences.

Eua. It is his fue fences: fie, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being fap, sir, was (as they say) caheered: and so conclusions past the Car-eires.

Slen. I, you spake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter; Its here be drunke whilst I live againe, but in honesty, cuill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ie be drunke with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eua. So goe-udge me, that is a vertuous minde.

Fal. You heare all these matters deni'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

M. Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee'll drinke within.

Slen. Oh heaven: This is Mitrefresse Anne Page.

M. Page. How now Mitris Ford?

Fal. Mitris Ford, by my troth you are very wel met: by your leauge good Mitris.

M. Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot Venion pasty to dinner; Come gentle-

men, I hope we shall drinke downe all vnkindnesse.

Slen. I had rather then forty shillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets here: How now Simple, where have you bee? I must wait on my selfe, must I? you have not the booke of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to Alice Short-take vpon Altholomswaft, a fortnight a-fore Michaelmas.

Eua. Come Cos, come Coz, we play for you: a word with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is as twere a tender, a kind of tender, made a farre-off by Sir Hugh here; doe you vnderstand me?

Slen. I Sir, you shall finde me reasonable; if it be so, I shall doe that that is reason.

Slen. Nay, but vnderstand me.

Slen. So I doe Sir.

Eua. Glue ear to his motions; (Mr. Slenr.) I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen Shallow faies: I pray you pardon me, he's a Justice of Peace in his Coun-

try, simple though I stand here.

Eua. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Slen. I, there's the point Sir.

Eua. Marry is it: the very point of it, to Mi. An Page.

Slen. Why if it be so, I will marry her vpon any rea-

sonable demands.

Eua. But can you affeCtion the 'o-man, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for durers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therefore precisely, can you carry your good wil to y mail? Sh. Cozen Abraham Slenr, can you love her?

Slen. I hope Sir, I will do as it shall become one that would doe reason.

Eua. Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you must speake poissivle, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Slen. That you muft:

Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your request (Cozen) in any reason.

Slen. Nay conceive me, conceive mee, (sweet Coz): what I doe is to pleasure you (Coz) can you loue the maid?

Slen. I will marry her (Sir) at your request; but if there bee noe great lone in the beginning, yet Heauen may decreese it vpon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and haue more occasion to know one ano-

other: I hope vpon familiarity will grow more content; but if you marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely disdained, and difolutely.

Eua. It
Eu. It is a very dicetion-anwser ; save the fall is in
the'ord, disfollutely: the ort is (according to our
meaning) resolutely: his meaning is good.
Sc. I. I think my Cofen meant well.
Sl. I, or else I would I might be hang(d) (la.)
Sl. Here comes faire Miftris Anne: would I were
yong for your fake, Miftris Anne.
An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires
your worships company.
Sl. I will wait on him faire Miftris Anne.
Eu. Od's plesed-will: I will not be abfide at the grace.
An. Will ye plese your worship to come in, Sir?
Sl. No, I thank you forfooth, heartly: I am very well.
An. The dinner attends you, Sir.
Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forfooth : goe,
Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait upon my Cofen
Shalow: a Juxtie of peace sometime may be beholding
his friend, for a Man ; I keepe but three Men, and a
Boy yet, till my Mother be dead : but what though, yet
I live like a poore Gentleman borne.
An. I may not goe in without your worship: they
will not fit till you come.
Sl. P'faith, I eate nothing : I thank you as much as
though I did.
An. I pray you Sir walke in.
Sl. I had rather walke here (I thank you) I bruiz'd
my shin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dag-
ger with a Master of Fencce (three veneyes for a dish of
few'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell
of hot meate fince. Why doe your dogs barke so? be
there Beares ict' Towne?
An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talkd of.
Sl. I love the sport well, but I shall as Soone quarrell
at it, as any man in England : you are afraid if you see
the Beare loole, are you not?
An. I indeede Sir.
Sl. That's meate and drinke to me now : I have seene
Sackerfon loole, twenty times, and have taken him by the
Chaine : but (I warrant you) the women have so cride
and thret at it, that it paft : But women indeede, cannot
abide em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.
Sl. Ie eate nothing, I thank you Sir.
Ma. Pa. By cocke and pie, you shall not choofe, Sir:
come, come.
Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way.
Sl. Miftris Anne: your selfe shall goe firft.
An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.
Sl. Truly I will not goe firft: truly-la: I will not
doe you that wrong.
An. I pray you Sir.
Sl. Ie rather be vnmannere, then troublesome: you
doe your selfe wrong indeede-la.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Evans, and Simple.
Eu. Go your waies, and ask of Doctor Caius house,
which is the way; and there dwells one Miftris Quickly;
which is in the manner of his Nurce; or his dry-Nurce; or
his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Walker, and his Ringer.
Si. Well Sir.

Eu. Nay, it is better yet : give her this letter; for it is
a'oman that altogether acquainte with Miftris Anne
Page; and the Letter is to defire, and require her to fo-
icete your Masters desieres, to Miftris Anne Page: I pray
you be gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Pippins
and Cheefe to come.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, Hoft, Bardolfo, Nym, Pifflol, Page.
Ho. What fale my Bully Roike? speake schollerly, and
wisely.
Fal. Truely mine Hoft; I muft turne away some of my
followers.
Ho. Discard, (buly Hercules) carrosse; let them wag;
trot, trot.
Fal. I fit at ten pounds a weke.
Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (Cefar, Keifer and Phe-nar-
I will entertaine Bardolfo: he shall draw; he shall tap; said
I well (buly Hefer ?)
Fa. Doe fo (good mine Hoft).
Ho. I haue spoke: let him follow: let me see thee froth,
and liue: I am at a word: follow.
Fal. Bardolfo, follow him: a Taffier is a good trade:
an old Cloake, makes a new Jerkln : a wither'd Seru-
man, a frea Taffier: goe, aedew.
Ba. It is a life that I have defir'd: I will thrive.
Piffl. O bafe hungarian wight: wilt y r filgot wield.
Ni. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor cocioed?
Fal. I am glad I am fo acquit of this Tinderbox: his
Thefts were too open: his liching was like an vnskillfull
Singer, he kept not time.
Ni. The good humor is to steele at a minutes reft.
Piffl. Conasy : the wife it call: Steale? foh: a fico for
the phraze.
Fal. Well firs, I am almoft out at heelees.
Piffl. Why, then let Kibes entu.
Fal. There is no remody : I must conichath, I muft shift.
Piffl. Yong Raunus muft have foode.
Fal. Which of you know Ford of this Towne?
Piffl. I ken the wight: he is of fabbance good.
Fal. My honest Lad?, I will tell you what I am about.
Piffl. Two yards, and more.
Fal. No quips now Pifflol: (Indeede I am in the wafe
two yards about: but I am now about no wafe: I am a-
about thirft) briefly: I doe meane to make loue to Ford
wife : I spie entertainment in her : thee discourses : tee
carus : the gives the leere of inviutation : I can conclufe
the action of her familer fille, & the hardest voice of her
behavior (to be englislh'd rightly) is, I am Sir John Falstaff.
Piffl. He hath studied her will; and translated her will:
out of honeftly, into English.
Ni. The Anchor is deep: will that humor paffe?
Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her
husbands Purfe : he hath a legend of Angels.
Piffl. As many dicles entertaine: and to her Boy fay I.
Ni. The humor rifes : it is good: humor me the angels.
Fal. I have writte me here a letter to her: & here ano-
other to Pages wife, who even now gave mee good eyes
too; examin my parts with most judicious illiads: some-
times the beame of her view, guided my foote: some-
times my portly belly.
Pi. Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine.
Ni. I thanke thee for that humour.
Pa. O she did fo courte o're my extorions with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did seeme to searce me vp like a burning-glacie: here's another letter to her: She beares the Purfe too: She is a Region in Caius : all gold, and bountie: She is Cheaters to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to mee: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both: Go, bear thou this Letter to Miftris Page; and thou this to Miftris Ford: we will triewe (Lads) we will thrive.
Pi. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side weare Steele? then Lucifer take all.
Ni. I will run no base humor: here take the humor-
Letter; I will keep the hauor of reputation.
Pa. Hold Sirha, beare you thefe Letters tightly,
Saile like my Pinnafe to these golden shores.
Rogues, hence, auaunt, vanifh like halle-stones; goe,
Trudge; plod away lis' hoofe : feke shelter, packe: 
Falstaffe will learn the hauor of the age,
French-thrift, you Rogues, my felfe, and skirted Page.
Pi. Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for gourde, and 
Fullam holds: & high and low begles the rich & poore,
Teeter ile haue in pouch when thou shalt lacke,
Bafe Phrygian Turke.
Ni. I have opperations,
Which be hauors of reuenge.
Pi. Wilt thou reuenge? 
Ni. By Welkin, and her Star.
Pi. With wit, or Steele ?
Ni. With both the humors, I:
I will difcours the hauor of this Love to Ford.
Pi. And I to Page shall eke vnfold
How Falstaffe (varlet vile)
His Doue will proue; his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.
Ni. My humour shall not coole: I will incence Ford
to deale with poylon: I will poffiffe him with yelowne,
for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.
Pi. Thou art the Mars of Malecontents: I second thee: troope on. 

Scena Quarta.

Enter Miftris Quickly, Simple, John Rugby, Dofer, 
Caius, Fenton.
Qu. What, John Rugby, I pray thee goe to the Cafe-
ment, and fee if you can fee my Master; Master Dofer Caius comming: if he doe (1'faith) and finde any body in the houfe; here will be an old abuening of Gods pate-
tence, and the Kings English.
Ru. Ile goe watch.
Qu. Go, and we'll haue a poiffes for't oone at night,
in (faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honofit, 
willinge, kinde fellow, as ever fervant shall in houfe 
withall: and I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breed-
bate: his worft fault is, that he is gien to prayer; hee is 
something pecuifh that way: but no body but has his 
fault: but let that paffe. Peter Simple, you fay your 
name is?

Sr. I: for fault of a better.
Qu. And Mafter Blunder your Mafter?
Sr. I forfooth.
Qu. Do's he not wear a great round Beard, like a 
Glouers pairing-knife?
Sr. No forfooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a 
little yellow Beard: a Caine couleur Beard.
Qu. A lofty-fprighted man, is he not?
Sr. I forfooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any 
is betweene this and his head: he hath fought with a 
Warrene.
Qu. How say you: oh, I fhould remember him: do's 
he not hold vp his head (as it were?) and frut in his gate?
Sr. Yes indeede do's he.
Qu. Well, heauen fend Anne Page, no worse fortune: 
Tell Mafter Parfon Evans, I will doe what I can for your 
Mafter: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—
Ru. Out alas: here comes my Mafter.
Qu. We fhall all be fhent: Run in here, good young 
man: goe into this Clofet: he will not flay long: what 
John Rugby? John: what John I fay? goe John, goe en-
quire for my Mafter, I doubt he be not well, that hee 
comes not home: and done, done, adoune. &c.
Ca. Vat is you fying? I doe not like des-toyes: pray 
you goe and vetch me in my Clofet, vnbytetee verd; 
a Box, a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I fpeake? a greene-
a-Box.
Qu. I forfooth ile fetch it you:
I am glad hee went not in himselfe: if he had found the 
yong man he would haue bin horne-mad.
Ca. E's, e's, fe, fe, mai foy, il fayt for ehande, Le man voi a le 
Court la grand affaires.
Qu. Is it this Sir?
Ca. Ouay mette le au mon pocket,de-pheec quickly:
Vere is dat knaue Rugby?
Qu. What John Rugby, John ?
Ru. Here Sir.
Ca. You are John Rugby, and you are Inake Rugby:
Come, take-a-your Rapier, and come after my helle to 
the Court.
Ru. 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.
Ca. By my tron: I tarry too long: od's-me: que ay is 
voubic: dere is some Simples in my Clofet, dat I will not 
for the world I shall leave behinde.
Qu. Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, & be mad.
Ca. O Dioble, Dioble: vat is in my Clofet?
Villanie, La-roone: Rugby, my Rapier.
Qu. Good Mafter be content.
Ca. Wherefore shall I be content-a?
Qu. The yong man is an honofit man.
Ca. What shall de honofit man do in my Clofet: dere 
is no honofit man dat shall come in my Clofet.
Qu. I beseech you be not so fegmaticke: heare the 
truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from Parfon 
Hogh.
Ca. Vell.
Sr. I forfooth: to defire her to—
Qu. Peace, I pray you.
Ca. Peace-a-your tongue: fpeake-a-your Tale.
Sr. To defire this honofit Gentewoman (your Maid) 
to fpeake a good word to Miftris Anne Page, for my Ma-
fter in the way of Marriage.
Qu. This is all indeede-la: but ile nere put my finger 
in the fire, and neede not.
Ca. Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, ballow mee some 
paper: tarry you a littell-a-while.

Qu. I
Qu. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had bin throughly mowed, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy: but notwithstanding man, I doe yoe your Master what good I can: and the very yea, & the no is, f French Doctor my Master, (I may call him my Master, looke you, for I keepe his house; and i wash, ring, brew, bake, icowre, dresse meat and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my felfe.)

Simp. 'Tis a gread charge to come vnder one bodies hand.

Qu. Are you a-uid o' that? you shall finde it a gread charge: and to be vp early, and down late: but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear, I wold have no words of it) my Master himselfe is in love with Mistris Anne Page: but notwithstanding that I know Ans mind, that's neither heere nor there.

Caits. You, Jack 'Nape: glue-a this Letter to Sir Hugh, by gar it is a challenge: I will cut his truet in de Parke, and I will teach a scurry Jack-a-nape Priet to meddle, or make:—you may bee gon: it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two fones: by gar, he shall not have a fone to throw at his dogge.

Qu. Alas: he speakes but for his friend.

Caits. It is no matter'ar ver dat: do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for my felse? by gar, I will kill de Jack Prieft: and I have appointed mine Hoft of de Iarteer to measure our weapon: by gar, I wil my felse have Anne Page.

Qu. Sir, the maid looes you, and all shall bee well: We muft gue folkes leve to prate: what the good-ier.

Caits. Rugby, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turne your head out of my doe: follow my hecles, Rugby.

Qu. You shall have An-fooles head of your owne: No, I know Ans mind for that: neuer a woman in Wind-for knowes more of An's minde then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heauen.

Fenton. Who's with in there, hoa?

Qu. Who's there, I trow? Come nere the house I pray you.

Fen. How now (good woman) how doft thou ?

Qu. The better that it pleafe your good Worship to ask?

Fen. What newes? how do's pretty Mistris Anne ?

Qu. In truth Sir, and thee is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heauen for it.

Fen. Shall I doe any good thinkst thou? shall I not looke my fuit?

Qu. Troth Sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding (Master Fenton) Ile be sworne on a booke she looes you: have not your Worship a wart above your eye?

Fen. Yes marry haue I, what of that?

Qu. Wel, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another Nan: (but (I detest) an honest maid as ever broke bread: we had an howes talke of that ware: I shall neuer laugh but in that mands company: but (indeed) she is given too much to Allichoy and muting: but for you— well—goe too—

Fen. Well: I shall see her to day: hold, there's moeny for thee: Let me haue thy voice in my behalfe: if thou feest her before me, commend me—

Qu. Will I? I faith that wee will: And I will tell your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other woosers.

Qu. Well, fare-well, I am in great haste now.

Qu. Fare-well to your Worship: truely an honest Gentleman: but Anne loues him not: for I know Ans minde as well as another do's: out vpont: what haue I forgot.

Enter Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Master Page, Master Ford, Piffellt, Nim, Quickly, Hoft, Shallow.

Mifb. Page. What, hauet MPCd Louse-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and I am now a subiect for them: let me fee?

Aske me no reason why I love you, for though Louse-letters Reason for his precisian, be admitt him not for his Condition: you are not young, no more am I: goe to them, there's simpatico: you are merry, so am I: ha, ha, then there's more simpatico: you love juckes, and so do I: would you desire better simpatico? Let is justice thee (Mistris Page) at the leaf: if the Louse of Souldier can justice, I love thee: I will not lay pity mee, 'tis not a Souldier-like phrase: but I lay, love mee:

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night: or any kine of light, with all his mights: For thee to fight.

John Falstaff.

What a Herow of Iurie is this? O wicked, wicked world: One that is well-yege worne to peeces with age To show himselfe a young Gallant? What an unwaided Behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pickt (with The Deulls name) out of my conversation, that he dares In this manner assey me? why, her hath not beene thrice In my Company: what should I say to him? I was then Frugall of my mirth: (heauen forgive mee:) why Ie Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men: how shall I be reueng'd on him? for reueng'd I will be? as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Mif. Ford. Mistris Page, trueth me, I was going to your house.

Mif. Page. And trueth me, I was comming to you: you looke very ill.

Mif. Ford. Nay, Ile nere beleee that; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mif. Page. Faithe but you doe in my minde.

Mif. Ford. Well: I doe then: yet I lay, I could shew you to the contrary: O Mistris Page, give mee some counfaile.

Mif. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mif. Ford. O woman: if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mif. Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour: what is it? dispence with trifles: what is it?

Mif. Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment, or so: I could be knighted.

Mif. Page. What thou lieft? Sir Alice Ford? these Knights will hacke, and so thou shouldest not alter the article of thy Gentry.

Mif. Ford. Wee burne day-light: heere, read, read: perceiue how I might bee knighted, I shall thinke the worfe of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of mens liking: and yet hee would not sweare: praise

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prairie women's modesty: and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproves to all vncomelinfere, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keep pace together, then the hundred Psalms to the tune of Greenfeues: What tempest (I troo) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) afoare at Windsor?

How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust haue melted him in his owne greace: Did you euer hear the like?

Mif. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differeth: to thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twyn-brother of thy Let-ter; but let thine inheret first, for I profet mine neuer shall I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blanke-space for different names (fure more); and this are of the second edition: hee will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the preffe, when he would put vs two: I had rather be a Giantesse, and lye vnder Mount Pelion: Well; I will find you twentie lascious Turtles are one chaffe man.

Mif. Ford. Why is this the very fame: the very hand:

the very words: what doth he think of vs?

Mif. Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almost rea-die to wrangle with mine owne honesty: Ile entertaine my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall: for sure vnleehe hee know some straine in mee, that I know not my selfe, hee would neuer have bored me in this furie.

Mi. Ford. Booring, call you it? Ile bee sure to keep him abreast decke.

Mif. Page. So will I; if hee come vnder my hatches, Ile neuer to Sea againe: Let's bee reueng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting: give him a show of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee hath pawn'd his horses to mine Hoft of the Garter.

Mif. Ford. Nay, I will content to aick any villany against him, that may not fully the charinelle of our honesty: oh that my husband faw this Letter: it would glue euemall food to his leauche.

Mi. Page. Why look where he comes; and my good man too: hee's as farre from leauche, as I am from giv-ing him cause, and that (I hope) is an vnmeasurablie dis-tance.

Mi. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mi. Page. Let's consult together against this greati Knight: Come hither.

Ford. Well: I hope, it be not fo.

Pi. Hope is a curtall-dog in some affaires:

Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why fir, my wife is not young.

Pi. He woos both high and low, both rich & poor, both yong and old; one another (Ford) he loves the Gally-mawry (Ford) perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pi. With luer, burning hot: preuent:

Or goe thou like Sir Afton he, with, Ring-wood at thy heeles: O 0, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Pi. The horne I say: Farewell:

Take heed, have open eye, for theseus doe foot by night. Take heed, ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away sir Corporall Nim:

Beleeue it (Page) he speakes fonce.

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nim. And this is true: I like not the humor of lying: hee hath wronged mee in some humors: I should have borne the humour'd Letter to her: but I have a word: and it shall bite upon my necessitie: he loyes your wife; There's the short and the long: My name is Corporall Nim: I speak, and I auouch; 'ts is true: my name is Nim: and Falstaff loves your wife: adieu, I love not the humour of bread and cheese: adieu.

Page. The humour of it (quoth'a?) heere's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will fecke out Falstaff.

Page. I neuer heard such a drawling-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I doe finde it: well.

Page. I will not beleue such a Catalaen, though the Priest o'th Towne commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good semblible fellow: well.

Page. How now Peg?

Mif. Page. Whether goe you (George?) harke you.

Mif. Ford. How now (Sweet Frank) why art thou melancholy?

Nim. I am melancholy? I am not melancholy:

Get you home: goe.

Mif. Ford. Faith, thou haft some crochets in thy head, Now: will you goe, Mis's Page?

Mif. Page. Haue with you: you'll come to dinner George? Looke who comes yonder: shee shall bee our Meflenger to this paltire Knight.

Mif. Ford. Truth me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mif. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Qui. I forbaught: and I pray how do's good Miftref Anne?

Mif. Page. Go in with vs and seee: we haue an houres talke with you.

Page. How now Master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Doe you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em flaues: I do not thinke the Knight would offer it: But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wines, are a yoke of his discared men: ve-ry rogues, now they be out of ieruice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it neuer the beter for that,

Do's hee lyte at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if hee should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her loose to him: and what hee gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it lyte on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife: but I would bee loath to turne them together: a man may be too confi-dent: I would have nothing lyte on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Looke where my ranting-Hoft of the Garter comes: there is eyther liquor in his pate, or mony in his purfe, when hee looks to morrely: How now mine Hoft?


Shall. I follow, (mine Hoft) I follow: Good-euen, and twenty (good Master Page.) Master Page, wil you go with vs? we haue sport in hand.


Shall. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir Hugh the Welsh Priest, and Caius the French Doctor.

Ford. Good
Ford. Good mine Hoft o’th’Garter: a word with you.
Hoft. What faft thou, my Bully-Rooke?
Ssal. Will you goe with ve to behold it? My merry Hoft hath been the meafur of their weapons; and (I think) hath appointed them contrary places: for (belewe mee) I heare the Parfon is no foreman: harke, I will tell you what our sport shall be.
Hoft. Haft thou no fuit againft my Knight? my guest-Caualeire?
Ssal. None, I protest: but Ile gee you a pottle of burn’d facke, to give me recours to him, and tell him my name is Broome: onely for a left.
Hoft. My hand, (Bully:) thou shalt haue egressive and regreffe, (faid I well?) and thy name shall be Broome. It is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heires?
Ssal. Haue with you mine Hoft.
Page. I haue heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.
Ssal. Tut far: I could haue told you more: In these times you fland on diffance: your Paffes, Stoccad’s, and I know not what: ’tis the heart, (Master Page) ’tis heere, ’tis heere: I haue feene the time, with my long-fword, I would haue made you fowre tall felloues skippe like Rattes.
Hoft. Heere boyes, heere, heere: shall we wag?
Page. Haue with you: I had rather heare them fcold, then fight.
Ford. Though Page be a ferue fulle, and stands fo firmely on his wifes frailty; yet, I cannot put off my opinion fo eafily: she was in his company at Pages house: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will looke further in to it, and I have a difguife, to found Falstaffe: if I finde her honeft, I loole not my labor: if she be otherwife, ’tis labour well befrowned.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstaffe, Pifdell, Robin,Quickly, Bardolfte, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.
Pif. Why then the world’s mine Oyster, which I, with fword will open.
Fal. Not a penny: I haue beene content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grate vp- on my good friends for three Reprecess for you, and your Coach-fellow Nim: or elle you had look’d through the grate, like a Gemmy of Baboones: I am damnd in hell, for fweareing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when Mitreffe Brigit loft the handle of her fan, I took’t vpone mine hono- rous thou hadt it not.
Pif. Didnt thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?
Fal. Reason, you roague, reason: thinkft thou Ile en- danger my foule, gratis! at a word, hang none more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a short knife, and a thong, to your Mannor of Pick-fbatch: goe, you’ll not beare a Letter for mee you roague? you stand vpone your honor: why, (thou unconfinable bafenece) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the terms of my honor prelief: I, I, I my felfe fometimes, leaving the fear of heauen on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necellity, am faine to shuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-force your raggis; your Cat-a-Moun- taine-lookes, your red-lactice phrases, and your bold- beating-oathes, vnder the shelter of your honor? you will not doe it? you?
Pif. I doe relent: what would thou more of man?
Rob. Sir, here’s a woman would speake with you.
Fal. Let her approche.
Qui. Give your worship good morrow.
Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.
Qui. Not fo, and t please your worship.
Fal. Good moid then.
Qui. Ile be fwoone.
As my mother was the first houre I was borne.
Fal. I do beleue the fwerer; what with me?
Qui. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word, or two?
Fal. Two thousand (faire woman) and ile vouchfabe thee the hearing.
Qui. There is one Mitreffe Ford, (Sir) I pray come a little nearer this wales: I my felle dwell with M. Doctor Caina:
Fal. Well, on; Mitreffe Ford, you fay.
Qui. Your worship faires very true: I pray your wor- ship come a little nearer this wales.
Fal. I warrant thee, no bodie heares: mine owne people, mine owne people.
Qui. Are they fo? heauen-bless them, and make them his Seruants.
Fal. Well; Mitreffe Ford, what of her?
Qui. Why, Sir, thee’s a good-creature, Lord, Lord, your Worfhip’s a wanton: well, heauen forgive you, and all of vs, I pray——
Qui. Marry this is the short, and the long of it: you haue brought her into suc a Canaries, as ’tis wonder- ful: the beft Courter of them all (when the Couray lay at Windfor) could neuer haue brought her to suc a Canarie: yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gen- tlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, fmmelling fo sweetly, all Muske, and so ruffling, I warrant you, in filke and golde, and in fuch alligant terms, and in fuch wine and fuger of the beft, and the faireft, that would haue wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could neuer get an eye-winke of her: I had my felfe twentie Angels given me this morning, but I defie all Angels (in any fuch fort, as they fay) but in the way of honrefly: and I warrant you, they could neuer get her fo much as fippe on a cup with the proudef of them all, and yet there has beene Earles: nay, (which is more) Pentioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.
Fal. But what faires fice to mee? be briefe my good thee-Mercurie.
Qui. Marry, she hath receiued your Letter: for the which she thankes you a thousand times; and she gues you to notice, that her husband will be abience from his home, between ten and eleuen.
Fal. Ten, and eleuen.
Qui. I, forthoo: and then you may come and fee the picture (the fayes) that you wot of: Master Ford her hub- band will be from home: alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him: he’s a very jealoufe man; she leads a very frampold life with him, (good hart)
Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Woman
Woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

\textbf{Qu.} Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you to: and let mee tell you in your ear, she's as fentimental a cuissle modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miffle you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, who were bee the other: and shee bade me tell your worship, that her husband is fel-
dome from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I neuer knew a woman so doate upon a man; surely I think you have charmes, la: yes in truth.

\textbf{Fal.} Not I, I assure thee; letting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charmes.

\textbf{Qu.} Blessing on your heart for't.

\textbf{Fal.} But I pray thee tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Pages wife acquainted each other, how they love me?

\textbf{Qu.} That were a left inde: they have not so little grace I hope, that were a trickes indeed: But Mistresse Page would defire you to send her your little Page of all loves: her husband has a maruellous infectiō to the little Page: and truly Master Page is an honest man: neuer a wife in Windsor leads a better life then the do's: doe what shee will, say what she will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when she lift, rife when she lift, all is as she will: and truly she deferes it; for if there be a kinde woman in Windsor, she is one: you must fend her your Page, no remedie.

\textbf{Fal.} Why, I will.

\textbf{Qu.} Nay, but doe so then, and looke you, hee may come and goe between you both: and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one anotheres minde, and the Boy never needes to vnderstand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickednes: olde folkes you know, haue discretion, as they say, and know the world.

\textbf{Fal.} Farethee-well, command mee to them both: there's my purfe, I am yet thy debter: Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes driects mee.

\textbf{P.} This Pucke is one of Cupids Carriu's, Clap on more fitles, purfes: vp with your fights:

\textbf{Gue fince she is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.}

\textbf{Fal.} Saif thou so (old Locks) go thy wales: Ile make more of thy olde body then I have done: will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thank thee: let them say't groffly done, so it be fairely done, no matter.

\textbf{Bar.} Sir John, there's one Master Brooke below would faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke.

\textbf{Fal.} Brooke is his name?

\textbf{Bar.} I Sir.

\textbf{Fal.} Call him in: such Brookes are welcome to mee, that ore'fowes such liquor: ah ha, Mistrefte Ford and Mistrefte Page, haue I encompass'd you? goe to, 

\textbf{Ford.} Bleffe you Sir.

\textbf{Fal.} And you Sir: would you speake with me?

\textbf{Ford.} I make bold to preffe, with so little preparation vpon you.

\textbf{Fal.} You're welcome, what's your will? give vs leave to Speaker.

\textbf{Ford.} Sir, I am a Gentleman that haue spent much, my name is Brooke.

\textbf{Fal.} Good Master Brooke, I desire more acquaintance of you.

\textbf{Ford.} Good Sir John, I spee for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you vnderstand, I thinke my selfe in better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath something emboldned me to this unseason'd intrusion: for they say, if money doe preffe, a vaies doe yse open.

\textbf{Fal.} Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

\textbf{Ford.} Troch, and I have a bag of money heere troubles me: if you will helpe to bære it (Sir John) take all, or halfe, for eateing of the carriage.

\textbf{Fal.} Sir, I know not how I may defere to bee your Porter.

\textbf{Ford.} I will tell you Sir, if you will giue mee the hearing.

\textbf{Fal.} Speake (good Master Brooke) I shall be glad to be your Servant.

\textbf{Ford.} Sir, I hear you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you have been a man long knowne to me, though I had never so good means as desie, to make my selfe acquainted with you. I shall discouer a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but (good Sir John) as you have one eye vp on my fellows, as you heare them vsofold, turne another into the Register of your owne, that I may paire with a reprooff the easier, fith you your selfe know how easie it is to be such an offender.

\textbf{Fal.} Very well Sir, proceed.

\textbf{Ford.} There is a Gentlemen in this Towne, her husbands name is Ford.

\textbf{Fal.} Well Sir.

\textbf{Ford.} I have long lou'd her, and I protest to you, bestowed much on her: followed her with a doating obseruance: Ingratid opportunities to meete her: fee'd every flight occasion that could but nigardly give mee sight of her: not only bought many presents to giue her, but haue giuen largely to many, to know what thee would have giuen briefly, I haue purfu'd her, as Loue hath purfued mee, which hath bene on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, meede I am sure I have receiued none, vnlesse Experience be a lewelly, that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to say this.

"Loue like a shadow flies, when jubane Loue pursues, Pursuing that flies, and flying that pursues."

\textbf{Fal.} Have you receiued no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

\textbf{Ford.} Neuer.

\textbf{Fal.} Have you importu'd her to such a purpose?

\textbf{Ford.} Neuer.

\textbf{Fal.} Of what qualitie was your loue then?

\textbf{Ford.} Like a fair houfe, built on another mans ground, so that I have loft my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I erected it.

\textbf{Fal.} To what purpose have you vnfolded this to me?

\textbf{For.} When I have told you that, I have told you all: some fay, that though she appeares honest to mee, yet in other places thee enlargeth her mirth so farre, that there is threed confection made of her. Now (Sir John) here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admi-
tance, authenticke in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

\textbf{Fal.} O Sir.

\textbf{Ford.} Believe it, for you know it: there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I haue, onely giue
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

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give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Fords wife: vfe your Art of wooing; win her to confent to you: if any man may, you may as foon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enjoy? Me-thinks you prescribe to your felfe very preposterously.

Ford. O, vnderstand my drif; the dwells fo leanly on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my foule dares not prifent it felfe: fhe is too bright to be looke'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my defires had infatue and argument to commend themselves, I could drize her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too-too strongly embattaild against me: what fay you too', Sir John?

Fal. Mafter Broomes, I will first make bold with your money: next, give mee your hand: and laft, as I am a gentleman, you fhall, if you will, enjoy Fords wife.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I lay you fhall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir John) you fhall want none.

Fal. Want no Milisraffe Ford (Mafter Broomes) you fhall want none: 'I fhall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, even as you came in to me, her affi- fant, or goe-betweene, parted from me: I fay I fhall be with her betweene ten and eleuen: for at that time the jalous-really-knaue her husband will be in, to me at night, you fhall know how I fpeed.

Ford. By, Mafter, I am blest in your acquaintance: do you know Ford Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knaue) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore: They lay the jalous wittyly-knaue hath maffes of money, for the which his wife femees to me well-fauourd: I will fwe he as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffer, & ther's my harueft-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, Sir, that you might a-void him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanick-fait-butter rogue; I will stare him out of his wits: I will awe-him with my cud- gell: it fhall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horns: Mafter Broomes, thou fhal flant know, I will predominate o-uer the peanz, and thou shalt lye with his wife. Come to me foon at night: Ford's a knaue, and I will aggra- vate his fille: thou (Mafter Broomes) fhalt know him for lawsuit, and Cuckold. Come to me foon at night.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Rafcall is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who fakes this is imprudent jealoufie: my wife hath fent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made: would any man have thought this? fee the hell of haung a felfe woman: my bed fhall be afe, my Coffers ranfack'd, my reputation gaunse st, and I fhall not onely receve this villainous wrong, but fland under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does mee this wrong: Terms, names: Antaimous founds well: Lucifer, well: Barbafon, well: yet they are Diesa additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Diuell himfelf hath not fuch a name. Page is an Afte, a secure Afte; hee will truft his wife, hee will not be infeul: I will rather truft a Fleming with my buter, Parfon Hugh the Welv- man with my Cheefe, an Irish-man with my Aqua-viré-bottle, or a Theife to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her felfe. Then fhe plots, then fhe rumi-

uates, then fhee deuifes: and what they think in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee praif'd for my jealoufie: eleven o' clocke the howre, I will prevent this, deect my wife, bee reueng'd on Falstaffe, and laugh at Page. I will about it, better three houres too foonne, then a my- nute too late: fee, fee, fee: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoft.

Caius. Iacke Rugby.

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is the clocke, Jack.

Rug. 'Tis paft the howre (Sir) that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has faue his foule, that he is no-come: hee hath his Pible well, he is no- come: by gar, (Jack Rugby) he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. Sir: he is wife Sir: hee knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I will kill him: take your Rapier, (Iacke) I will tell you how I will kill him.


Caius. Villanie, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbears: hee's company.


Shal. 'Sause you Mr. Docto Caius.

Page. Now good Mr. Docto.

Slen. 'Give you good-morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tre, fowre, come for?

Hoft. To fee thee fight, to fee thee foeigne, to fee thee traverfe, to fee thee here, to fee thee there, to fee thee paft thy puncho, thy foock, thy reverfe, thy distance, thy montant: Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? ha Bully? what fakes my Eaclespius? my Galiem? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale; is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de Coward-Jack-Prieft of de vorld: he is not show his face.

Hoft. Thou art a Caftalian-king-Vrinall: Heitor of Greece (my Boy)

Caius. I pray you beare witneffe, that he mea fay, fixe or feuen, two tre howres for him, and hee is no-come.

Shal. He is the wifer man (M. Docto) hee is a curer of foules, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you goe ag'inft the haire of your professions: is it not true, Mafter Page?

Page. Mafter Shallow, you have your felfe beene a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins M. Page, though I now be old, and of the peace; if I see a fword out, my finger itcheth to make one: though wee are Judices, and Docters, and Church-men (M. Page) wee have some falt of our youth in vs, we are the fans of women (M. Page.)

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, (M. Page:) M. Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home: I am wifon of the peace: you have show'd your felfe a wife Physician, and Sir Hugh hath showne himfelfe a wife and patient Church- man: you must goe with me, M. Doctor.

Hoft. Par-


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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hoft.</th>
<th>Pardon, Guest-Justice; a Mounseur Mocke-water.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cai.</td>
<td>Mock-vater? vat is dat?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoft.</td>
<td>Mock-water, in our English tongue, is Valour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>(Bully.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cai.</td>
<td>By gar, then I haue as much Mock-vater as de</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Englishman: fourvy-Jack-dog-Priest: by gar, me</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>will cut his cares.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hoft.</td>
<td>He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cai.</td>
<td>Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoft.</td>
<td>That is, he will make thee amend.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cai.</td>
<td>By-gar, me doe looke he shall clapper-de-claw</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>me, for by-gar, me will have it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoft.</td>
<td>And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cai.</td>
<td>Me tanck you for dat.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hoft.</td>
<td>And moreover, (Bully) but first, Mr. Gheuet,</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>and M. Page, &amp; eke Cauileiro Slender, goe you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>through the Towne to Frogmore.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Page.</td>
<td>Sir Hugh is there, is he?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hoft.</td>
<td>He is there, see what humor he is in: and I</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>will bring the Doctor about by the Fields:</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>will it doe well?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shal.</td>
<td>We will doe it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All.</td>
<td>Adieu, good M. Doctor.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cai.</td>
<td>By-gar, me vill de Priest, for he speake for</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>a Jack-an-Ape to Anne Page.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoft.</td>
<td>Let him die: sheth thy impatience: throw cold</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>water on thy Choller: goe about the fields</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>with mee through Frogmore, I will bring thee</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>where Mrs. Anne Page is, at a Farm-house a</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Feasting: and thou shalt wooc he r: Cride-game,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>saied I well?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cai.</td>
<td>By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I louse</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>you: and I shall procure 'a you de good Guest</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen,</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>my patients.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoft.</td>
<td>For the which, I will be thy aduerary toward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anne Page</td>
<td>said I well?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cai.</td>
<td>By-gar, 'tis good: vell said.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoft.</td>
<td>Let vs wag then.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cai.</td>
<td>Come at my heelles, Jack Rugby.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Exeunt.**

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**Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.**

Enter Euan, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoft, Caius, Rugby.

Euan. I pray you now, good Mafter Slenders seruing-man, and friend Simple by your name; which way haue you look'd for Mafter Caius, that calls himselfe Doctor of Physicke.

Sim. Marry Sir, the pitte-ward, the Parke-ward: every way: olde Windsor way, and every way but the Towne-way.

Euan. I most fehemently desire you, you will also looke that way.

Sim. I will sir.

Euan. Pleffe my soule: how full of Chollors I am, and tremping of minde: I shall be glad if he have deceived me: how melancholy am I? I will knog his Venials a-bout his knaues c步步, when I have good opportunities for the same: Pleffe my soule: To shallow Rivers towhose falls: melodious Birds singe Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Roses: and a thousand fragrant popes. To shallow: 'Mercie on me, I haue a great disposition to cry.

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Melodius birds sing Madrigalls: —— When as I sat in Paven: and a thousand wagran Poves. To shallow, &c.

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Euan. Hee's welcome: To shallow Rivnes, to whose falls: Haue you proffer the right: what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Mafter, Mr. Shallow, and another Gentleman; from Frogmore; over the tile, this way.

Euan. Pray you give mee my gowne, or else keepe it in your armes.

Shal. How now Mafter Parfon? good morrow good SirHugh: keepe a Gamefter from the dice, and a good Student from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Sim. Ah Tweet Anne Page.

Page. 'Saue you, good Sir Hugh.

Euan. 'Pleffe you from his mercy-fake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word?

Doee you fludy them both, Mr. Parfon?

Page. And youthfull fill, in your doubelt and hofe, this raw-rumaticke day?

Euan. There is resons, and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr. Parfon.

Euan. Fery-well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moft reuerend Gentleman; who (be-like) hauing receiued wrong by some persone, is at moft odds with his owne gravitie and patience, that euer you saw.

Shal. I haue louted foure-score yeeres, and vpward: I never heard a man of his place, gravitie, and learning, so wide of his owne respect.

Sim. What is he?

Page. I thinkke you know him: M. Doctor Caius the renowned French Physician.

Euan. Got's-will, and his passion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a meffe of porrige.

Page. Why?

Euan. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen, and hee is a knaue besides: a cowardly knaue, as you would desires to be acquainted withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with him.

Sim. O sweet Anne Page.

Shal. It appeares so by his weapons: keepe them a-funder: here comes Doctor Caius.

Page. Nay good Mr. Parfon, keepe in your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hoft. Disarme them, and let them question: let them keepe their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Cai. I pray you let-a-mee speake a word with your care: wherefore will you not mee-t me?

Euan. Pray you vfe your patience in good time.

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward: de lack dog : John Ape.

Euan. Pray you let vs not be laughing-flockes to other mens humors: I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your Vrinal about your knaues Cogs-combe.

Cai. 'Diable: Jack Rugby: mine Hoft de Iarteer: haue I not stay for him, to kill him? haue I not at de place I did appoint?

Euan. As I am a Christians-soule, now looke you: this is the place appointed, Ile bee judgement by mine Hoft of the Garver.


Cai. I,
Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant.

Hof. Peace, I say : hear mine Hof of the Garter, Am I politicke? Am I subtle? Am I a Machiell? Shall I looke my Doctor? No, hee giues me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I looke my Parfon? my Priest? my Sir Hugh? No, he giues me the Proverbes, and the No-verbes. Give me thy hand (Celestiall) fo : Boyes of Art, I haue decied you both : I haue directed you to wrong places : your hearts are mighty, your skinnes are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the issue: Come, lay their fwords to pawn : Follow me, Lad peace, follow, follow.

Shal. Truf me, a mad Hof : follow Gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O sweet Anne Page:

Cai. Ha! do I perceiue dat? Haue you make-a-de-fot of ve, ha, ha?

Eua. This is well, he has made vs his vowing-flog: I desire you that we may be friends : and let vs knog our praines together to be reuenge on this fame Scall-feur-uy-cogging-companion the Hof of the Garter.

Cai. By gar, with all my heart: he promise to bring me where is Anne Page : by gar he deceiue me too.

Eua. Well, I will exile his noodles : pray you follow.

Scena Secunda.


Mift. Page. Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader : whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your mafters heelees?

Rob. I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarf.

M. Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now I fee you'll be a Ford.Well met miftres Page, whether you go.

M.Pa.Truly Sir, to fee your wife, is the at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as he may hang together for want of company : I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

M. Pa. Be sure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this prettie weather-cocke?

M. Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you cal your Knights name Rob.Sir John Falstaffe. (irrah)?

Ford. Sir John Falstaffe.

M. Pa.He,he,he, can never hit on's name; there is such a league betweene my Goodman, and he : is your Wife at Ford. Indeed she is. (home indeed)

M. Pa. By your leave Sir, I am scke till I fee her.

Ford.Has Page any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no vfe of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twenty mile as eafe, as a Canon will shoopt point-blanke twelue fcore : hee pecces out his wifes inclination : he giues her folly motion and advantage : and now she's going to my wife, & Falstaffe boy with her : A man may heare this shuwe fing in the winde ; and Falstaffe boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our resolued wifes share damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vallay of modiste from the fo-feeing Mift.Page, divulge Page himselfe for a secure and wilfull Action, and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry aime. The clocke giues me my Qi, and my assurance bids me search, there I shall finde Falstaffe: I shall be rather praid for this, then mock'd, for it is as positieve, as the earth is firme, that Falstaffe is there : I will go.

Shal. Page.&c. Well met Mr. Ford.

Ford. Truf me, a good knotte; I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my selfe Mr. Ford.

Slen. And to must I Sir,

We have appointed to dine with Miftres Anne,

And I would not breake with her for more mony

Then Ile speake of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match betweene An Page, and my coven Slenlder, and this day wee shall have our anfwer.

Slen. I hope I haue your good will Father Page.

Pag. You have Mr. Slender, I stand wholly for you,

But my wife (Mr Doctor) is for you altogether.

Cai. I be-gar, and de Maid is love-a-me: my nour-

a-Quickly tell me to mugh.

Hof. What say you to yong Mr. Fenton? He capers, he dances, he has eies of youth : he writes verfes, hee

speakes holliday, he finges April and May, he wil carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent I promize you. The Gentle-

man is of no hauing, hee kept companie with the Wilde

Prince, and Points : he is of too hight a Region, he know-

s too much: no, hee shall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my fubfance : if he take her, let him take her simly : the wealth I haue waits on my confent, and my confent goes not that way.

Ford. I beleech you heartily, some of you goe home

with me to dinner : be beside your cheere you shall haue

sport, I will shew you a monster: Mr. Doctor, you shall

go, so shal you Mr. Page, and you Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:

We shall haue the freer wolge at Mr. Pages.

Cai. Go home John Rugby, I come anon.

Hof. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight

Falstaffe, and drinke Canarie with him.

Ford. I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine ftir with

him, Ile make him dance. Will you goe, Gentles?

All. Haue with you, to see this Monster.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Mr. Ford, M. Page, Servants, Robin, Falstaffe, Ford, Page, Caius, Euan.


M. Page. Quickly, quickly : is the Buck-basket——


M. Page. Come, come, come.

Mift. Ford. Heere, let it downe.

M. Page. Glue your men the charge, we must be briefe,

M. Ford.Marry, as I told you before (John & Robert)

be ready here hard-by in the Brew-houfe, & when I fo-
dainely call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or
flaagging) take this basket on your shoulders : y done,

trudge with it in all halfe, and carry it among the Whit-

sters in Doutchet Mead, and there empty it in the muddie
ditch, close by the Thames fide.

M. Page. You will do it? (direction.)

M. Ford. I ha told them over and over, they lacke no

E
The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

M. Page. Here comes little Robin. (with you?)

M. Ford. What news now from Eyas-Muskett, what news?

Rob. My M. Sir John is come in at your backe doore

M. Ford. And requests your company.

M. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you bin true to vs

Rob. I, Ile be sworne: my Master knowes not of your being here: and hath threaten'd to put me into everlast'nng liberty, if I tell you of it: for he sweares he'll turne me away.

M. Page. Thou'rt a good boy: this secracy of thine shal be a Tailor to thee, and shal make thee a new doublet and hose. Ile go hide me.

M. Ford. Do I go tell thy Master, I am alone: Miftris Page, remember you my Quo.

M. Page. I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hide me.

M. Ford. Go too: then: we'll vfe this vnwholsome humidity, this griffel-wary Pumpon: we'll teach him to know Turtles from Eyeses.

Fal. Haste, I warrant thee, my heavenly Jewell? Why now let me die, for I haue li'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this blest hour.


Fal. Miftris Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Mift. Ford) now shall I fin in my wish: I would thy Husband were dead, Ile speake it before the best Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

M. Ford. I your Lady Sir John: Alas, I should see a pitifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France fiew me such another: I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou haft the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

M. Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir John:

My brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to fay so: thou wouldst make an absolute Courier, and the faire flutter of thy face, would gie an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-circled Farthingale. I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

M. Ford. Believe me, ther's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me looke thee? Let that pervers thee. Ther's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and fay thou art this and that, like a manie of thefe lipting-hauorhorne buds, that come like women in mens apparel, and smell like Bucklen-berry in simple time: I cannot, but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deferve it.

M. Ford. Do not betray me fir, I fear you love M. Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I love to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me, as the recke of a Lime-kill.

M. Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I looke you,

And you shall one day finde it.

Fal. Kepe in that minde, Ile defere it.

M. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you doe;

Or else I could not be in that minde.

Rob. Miftris Ford, Miftris Ford: heere's Miftris Page at the doore, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speake with you prefently.

Fal. She shall not see me, I will enconce mee behind the Arna.

M. Ford. Pray you do so, she's a very tating woman.

What's the matter? How now?

M. Page. O miftris Ford what have you done?

You're sham'd, y'are overthrown, y'are vndone for ever.

M. Ford. What's the matter, good miftris Page?

M. Page. O wealday, mift. Ford. having an honest man to your husband, to give him such caufe of fuplication.

M. Ford. What caufe of fuplication?

M. Page. What caufe of fuplication? Out vpon you:

How am I mifcooke in you?

M. Ford. Why (as) what's the matter?

M. Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman) with all the Officers in Windsor, to search for a Gentleman, that he fayes is here neer in the howse; by your content, to take an ill advantage of his ablenes; you are vndone.

M. Ford. 'Tis not fo, I hope.

M. Page. Pray heauen it be not fo, that you have such a man here: but 'is most certain your husband's comming, with half Windsor at his heele, to search for such a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your felle cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your fencies to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for ever.

M. Ford. What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my deere friend: and I feare not mine owne shame fo much, as his peril. I had rather then a thousand pound he were out of the howse.

M. Page. For shame, never stand (you had rather, and you had rather:) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke you of some conveys: in the howse you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you done? Meere, heere is a basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may crepe in heere, and throw bowle linnen vpon him, as if it were going to buckling: Or it is whiting time, fend him by your two men to Datchet-Meads.

M. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Fal. Let me fee't, let me fee't, O let me fee't:

Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counsell, Ile in.

M. Page. What Sir John Farnijaffe? Are thefe your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me crepe in heere: ile neere-

M. Page. Helpes to cover your master (Boy:) Call your men (Mift. Ford.) You dissembling Knight.

M. Ford. What John, Robert, John; Go, take vp these clotthes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-baffe? Look how you drumble? Carry them to the Landrefse in Datchett mead: quickly, come.

Ford. Pray you come here: if I suspect without caufe, Why then make sport at me, then let me be your left, I deferve it: How now? Whether beare you this?

Ser. To the Landrefse forbooth

M. Ford. Why, what have you to doe whether they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash my felle of thy buck: Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke, And of the seafon too; it shall appeare.

Gentlemen, I have dream'd to night, Ile tell you my dreame: heere, heere, heere be my keyes, ascend my Chambers, search, seek, finde out: Ile warrant wee'll vnkenneall the Fox. Let me stop this way first: fo, now vncape.

Page. Good master Ford, be contended:

You wrong your felle too much.

Ford. True (master Page) vp Gentlemen,

You shall fee sport anon:
Follow me Gentlemen.

Evan. This is a very fantasticall humors and jealouzies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no-the fashion of France:

It is not jealous in France.

Page. May follow him (Gentlemen) see the yffe of his search.

Mift. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mift. Ford. I know not which pleases me better,

That my husband is deceased, or Sir John.

Mift. Page. What a taking was hee in, when your husband ask who was in the basket?

Mift. Ford. I am halfe afraid he will have neede of washing: so throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

Mift. Page. Hang him dishonest raftall: I would all of the same traine, were in the same disfresse.

Mift. Ford. I thinke my husband hath some special sufpiration of Falstaffe being here: for I never saw him so gross in his jealouzie till now.

Mift. Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and wee will yet have more tricks with Falstaffe: his disolute diface will care loose this medicine.

Mift. Ford. Shall we send that foolifhion Carion, Mift.

Quickly to him, and exeuse his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mift. Page. We will do it: let him be sent for to morrow eight a clock to haue amends.

Ford. I cannot finde him: may be the knaue bragged of that he could not commaife.

Mift. Page. Heard you that?

Mift. Ford. You trie me well, M. Ford? Do you?

Ford. I, I do so.

Mift. Ford. Heauen make you better then your thoughts.

Mift. Amen.

Mift. Page. You do your felfe mighty wrong (M. Ford)

Ford. I, I: I must beare it.

En. If there be any pody in the house, & in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses: heauen forgive my sins at the day of judgement.

Caius. Be gar, nor too: there is no-bodies.

Page. Fy, fy, M. Ford, are you not afeem'd? What spirit, what diuell suggetts this imagination? I wold not haue your diftemper in this kind, for \( \frac{1}{2} \) of Whifdon caffe.

Ford. 'Tis my fault (M. Page) I suffer for it.

Evans. You suffer for a pad confidence: your wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among fieu thoufand, and fieve hundred too.

Cat. By gar, I fee 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promis you a dinner: come, come, walk in the Parke, I prays you pardon me: I wil hereafter make knowne to you why I have done this. Come wife, come Mi. Page, I prays you pardon me. Pray hardly pardon me.

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (trust me) we'll mock him: I do invite you to morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after we'll a Birding together, I have a fine Hawke for the bath. Shall it be fo?

Ford. Any thing.

En. If there is one, I shall make two in the Companie.

Cat. If there be one, or two, I shall make-a-thetur.

Ford. Pray you go, M. Page.

En. I prays you now remembrance to morrow on the fowle knaue, mine Host.

Cat. Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.

En. A fowle knaue, to hawe his gibes, and his mockeries.

Exeunt.
Anne. I mean (M. Slender) what wold you with me?

Sten. Truly, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my vnkle hath made motions: if it be my lucke, so; if not, happy man bee his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can: you may aske your father, heere he comes.

Page. Now Mr. Slender; love him daughter Anne.

Why how now? What does Mr. Fenton here?

You wrong me Sir, thus full to haunt my house.

I told you Sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fen. Nay Mr Page, be not impatient.


Page. She is no match for you.

Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good M. Fenton.

Come M. Shallow: Come sonne Slender, in;

Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M. Fenton.)

 Qui. Speake to Miftris Page.

Fen. Good Mift. Page, for that I love your daughter.

In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners,

I must advance the colours of my love,

And not retire. Let me have your good will.

An. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fooloe.

Mift. Page. I meane it not, I feake you a better husband.

Qui. That's my matter, M. Doctor.

An. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth,

And bow'd to death with Turnips.

Mift. Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good M. Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I finde her, so am I affected:

Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in,

Her father will be angry.


Qui. This is my doing now: Nay, saide I, will you cast away your childe on a Foole, and a Physitian:

Looke on M. Fenton, this is my doing.

Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night,

Give my sweet Nan this Ring: there's for thy paines.

Qui. Now heauen fend thee good fortune, a kinde heart he hath: a woman would run through fire & water for such a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Maister had Miftris Anne, or I would M. Slender had her: or (in sooth) I would M. Fenton had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for so I have promis'd, and Ile bee as good as my word, but specially for M. Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two Mistresses: what a beast am I to flacke it.

Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. Bardolfo I say.

Bar. Heere Sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a toft in't.

Haue I liu'd to be caried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offell? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be eu'r such another tricke, Ile haue my brains 'lane out and butter'd, and glue them to a dogge for a New-year's gift. The rogues flighted me into the riuer with as little remorse, as they would haue drown'd a blinde bitches Puppies, fifenee i'th litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kinde of alacrity in sinking: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I shold down. I haue beene drown'd, but that the shore was fliuey and shalow: a death that I abhorre: for the water fvelles a man; and what a thing should I have beene, when I had beene fwel'd? I shold have beene a Mountaine of Mummie.

Bar. Here's M. Quickly Sir to speake with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some Sacke to the Thames water: for my bellies as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls, for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in.

Bar. Come in woman.

Qui. By your leue: I cry you mercy?

Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away thefe Challices:

Go, brewe me a pottle of Sacke finelly.

Bard. With Eagles, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it selfe: Ile no Pullet-Sperms in my breweage. How now?

Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worship from M. Ford.

Fal. Mift. Ford? I have had Ford enough: I was thrown into the Ford; I haue my belly full of Ford.

Qui. Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her fault: she do's so take on with her men; they mistooke their erection.

(Surmise.)

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish Womans.

Qui. Well, she lamentes Sir for it, that it would yern your heart to see it: her husband goes this morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, betwixte eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly, she'll make you amends I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her so: and bidher think what a man is: Let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Betwixte nine and ten left thou?

Qui. Eight and nine Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not misse her.

Qui. Peace be with you Sir.

Fal. I mean Sir, I heare not of M. Broome: he sent me word to thay within: I like his money well.

Oh, heere be com's.

Ford. Bleffe you Sir.

Fal. Now M. Broome you come to know

What hath past betwixte me, and Fords wife.

Ford. That indeed (Sir John) is my businesse.

Fal. M. Broome I will not lye to you,

I was at her house the houre she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you Sir?

Fal. very ill-faurely M. Broome.

Ford. How so Sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No M. Broome) but the peaking Curnuto her husband (M. Broome) dwelling in a continual laruum of elouision, comes me in the infant of our encounter, after we had embrath, kist, proteted, & as it were) spake the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither prouoked and instigated by his distemper, and (forsooth) to fetch his house for his wives Loue.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

For. And did he search for you, & could not find you?

Fal. You shal hear. As good lucke would haue it, comes in one Mift. Page, giveth intelligence of Fords approch: and in her invention, and Fords wifes distraction, they conuey'd me into a bucke-basket.
Ford. A Buck-basket?
Fal. Yes: a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule Shirts and Smocks, Socks, foule Stockings, grease Napkins, that (Mater Brome) there was the rankeft compound of villonous smell, that ever offended no-still.
Ford. And how long lay you there?
Fal. Nay, you shall heare (Mater Brome) what I haue sufffered, to bring this woman to euill, for my good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of Fords knaues, his Hindees, were cald forth by their Mis-
stris, in the name of foule Cloathes to Datchet-lane: they tooke me on their shoulders: met the jealous knaue their Mater in the doore; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Bak-
et? I quak'd for feare leaff the Lunatique Knaue would have search'd it: but Fate (ordaining he should be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went hee, for a search, and away went I for foule Cloathes: But
mark the fujęell (Mater Brome) I sufffered the pangs of three feuerall deaths: Firstres, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten Bell-weather: Next to be compafs'd like a good Bilo in the circum-
ference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to be flop'd in like a strong diffillation with flinking Cloathes, that frettet in their owne greafe: think of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that, that am as subfieb to heat as butter; a man of contin-
nuall dissolation, and thaw: it was a miracle to fcape suffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe fte'd in greafe (like a Dutch-
dish) to be throwne into the Thames, and
coold, glowing-hot, in that ferge like a Horfe-
shoe; thinke of that; hiffing hot: thinke of that (Mater Brome).
Ford. 'Tis past eight already Sir.
Fal. Is it? I will then addrefs mee to my appoint-
ment: Come to mee at your conuenient leasure, and
you shall know how I fpeece: and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adieu: you shall haue her (Mater Brome) Mater Brome, you shall
cuckold Ford.
Ford. Hum: ha? Is this a vision? Is this a dream? doe I sleepe? Mater Ford awake, awake Mater Ford; there's a hole made in your beet coate (Mater Ford) this 'tis to be marred; this 'tis to haue Luyneen, and Buck-
baskets: Well, I will proclaime my liffe what I am: I will now take the Leacher: hee is at my house: hee cannot fcape me: 'tis impossible hee should: hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purse, nor into a Pepper-
Boxe: But leaft the Diuell that guides him, should
aide him, I will search impossible places: though
what I am, I cannot auide; yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: If I have hornes, to make one mad, let the prouerbe goo with me, Ile be home-
mad.

Exeunt.

Enter Miftis Page, Quickly, William, &c.
Mift. Pag. Is he at M.Ford already think'it thou?
Qui. Sure he is by this; or will be prufently; but truely he is very couragious mad, about his throwing into the water. Miftis Ford desires you to come fo-
dainely.
Mift. Pag. Ile be with her by and by: Ile but bring
you yong-man her to Schoole: looke where his Mater
comes; 'tis a playing day I feee: how now Sir Hugh, no Schoole to day?
Eua. No: Mater Slender is let the Boyes leau to play.
Qui. 'Blesse of his heart.
Mift. Pag. Sir Hugh, my husband faies my fonne pro-
fits nothing in the world at his Bookee: I pray you ask
him some queftions in his Accidence.
Eua. Come hither William; hold vp your head; come.
Mift. Pag. Come-on Sirha; hold vp your head; an-
swer your Mater, be not afraid.
Eua. William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?
Will. Two.
Qui. Truely, I thought ther had bin one Number
more, because they say od's-Nownes.
Eua. Peace, your tatlings. What is (Faire)William?
Will. Pulcher.
Qui. Pouleats? there are fairer things then Pouleats,
sure.
Eua. You are a very simplicitie o'man: I pray you
peace. What is (Lapis) William?
Will. A Stone.
Eua. And what is a Stone (William?)
Will. A Peeble.
Eua. No; it is Lapis: I pray you remembre in your
praine.
Will. Lapis.
Eua. That is a good William: what is he (William) that
do's lend Articles.
Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoune; and be
thus declined. Singulariter nominatio bin, bec, boe.
Eua. Nominatio big, bag, bag; pray you marke: gen-
tivio binus: Well: what is your Acaduative-cafe?
Will. Acaduative bine.
Eua. I pray you haue your remembrance (childe) Ac-
cuative bing, bang, bog.
Qui. Hang-bog, is litten for Bacon, I warrant you.
Eua. Leave your prables (o'man) What is the Fac-
tive cafe (William?)
Will. 0, Facuative, 0.
Eua. Remember William, Facuative, is caret.
Qui. And that's a good roote.
Eua. O' man, forbeare.
Mift. Pag. Peace,
Eua. What is your Genitivae cafe plural (William?)
Will. Genitiue cafe?
Eua. I.
Will. Genitiue horum, harum, horum.
Qui. 'Vengeance of Gynies cafe; fie on her; nouer
name her (childe) if she be a whore.
Eua. For shame o'man.
Qui. You doe ill to teach the childe fuch words: hee
 teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll doe fat
enough of themselues, and to call horum; fie vpon you.
Eua. 'Oman
Scena Secunda.


Fal. Mist. Ford, Your sorrow hath eaten vp my suffrance; I fee you are obsequious in your love, and I professe requital of a hairies breadth, not onely Mis. Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the ac temperment, complement, and ceremony of it: But are you sure of your husband now?

Mist. Ford. Hee's a birding (sweet Sir John.)


Mist. Page. How now (sweete heart) whose at home besides your selfe?

Mist. Ford. Why none but me owne people.

Mist. Page. Indeed?


Mist. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have now body here.

Mist. Ford. Why?

Mist. Page. Woman, your husband is in his old lines againe: he so takes on yonder with my husband, so raises against all married mankinde; so curtes all Eues daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffettes himselfe on the for sky: crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madneffe I ever yet beheld, seem'd but tame neffe, cialility, and patience to this dierfer he is in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not here.

Mist. Ford. Why, do's he talk of him?

Mist. Page. Of none but him, and sweares he was carried out the last time hee search'd for him, in a Basket: Proteests to my husband he is now here, & hath drawne him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his supposition: But I am glad the Knight is not here, now he shall see his owne foo lerie.

Mist. Ford. How neere is he Mistress Page?

Mist. Page. Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

Mist. Ford. I am vndone, the Knight is here.

Mist. Page. Why then you are vitrally sham'd, & hee's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better flame, then murther.

Mist. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I befoe him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Fal. No, Ile come no more i'th Basket: May I not go out ere he come?

Mist. Page. Alas: three of Mr. Ford's brothers watch the doore with Pistols, that none shall issue out: otherwise you might slip away ere hee came: But what make you haire?

Fal. What shall I do? Ile crepee vp into the chimney.

Mist. Ford. There they alwaies vs to discharge their Biring-peesces: crepee into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mist. Ford. He will secke there on my word: Neyther Preffe, Coffeer, Cheefe, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. Ile go out then.

Mist. Ford. If you goe out in your owne semblance, you die Sir John, vallae you go out disguis'd.

Mist. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mist. Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no women gowne bigge enough for him: otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchiefe, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, defiue something: any extremitie, rather then a mischiefe.

Mist. Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of Brain ford, have a gowne abowe.

Mist. Page. On my word it will serve him: thee's as big as he is, and there's her thum'd hat, and her muffler too: run vp Sir John.

Mist. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will looke some linnen for your head.

Mist. Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'll come dere you straight: put on the gowne the while.

Mist. Ford. I would my husband would meete him in this shpe: he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford; he sweares she's a witch, forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beate her.


Mist. Ford. But is my husband comming?

Mist. Page. In good sadnesse is he, and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mist. Ford. Wee'll try that: for Ile appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meete him at the doore with it, as they did last time.

Mist. Page. Nay, but hee'll be heere presently: let's go dere he him like the witch of Brainford.

Mist. Ford. Ile first direc't direc't my men, what they shall doe with the basket: Goe vp, Ile bring linnen for him straight.

Mist. Page. Hang him dishonest Varlet, We cannot misufe enough:

We'll leave a poore by which that we will doo, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too: We do not acte that often, left, and laugh, 'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the dragge.

Mist. Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your shoulders: your Master is hard at doore: if hee bid you set it downe, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

1 Ser. Come, come, take it vp.

2 Ser. Pray heauen it be not full of Knight againe.

1 Ser. I hope not, I had lieve as beare so much lead.

Ford. I, but if it proe true (Mist. Page) have you any way then to vnfoole me againe. Set downe the basket villain: some body call my wife: Youth in a basket: Oh you Panderly Rascals, there's a knot: a din, a packe, a conspiracie against me: Now shall the diew be sham'd. What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what hon est
neft cloathes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passeth M. Ford: you are not to goe loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

M. Ford. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a mad dogge.

Shall. Indeed M. Ford, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So say I too Sir, come hither Mistris Ford, Mistris Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the vertuous creature, that hath the jealous foole to her husband: I suspet without cause (Mistris) do I?  

M. Ford. Heauen be my witness you doe, if you suspet me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said Brazon-face, hold it out: Come forth sirrah.

Page. This passeth.

M. Ford. Are you not a shame'd, let the cloths alone.

Ford. I shall finde you anon.

Eua. 'Tis unreasonabell; will you take vp your wives clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket I say.

M. Ford. Why man, why? Ford. Mistris Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there againe, in my house I am sure he is: my Intelligencie is true, my jealousy is reasonable, pluck me out al the linnen.

M. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall dye a Fleas death.

Page. Heer's no man.

Shall. By my fidelity this is not well Mr. Ford: This wrongs you.

Euan. Mr. Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is jealously.

Ford. Well, hee's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your braine.

Ford. Help to search this house this time: if I find not what I seek for, I shew no colour for my extremity: Let me for ever be your Table-spore: Let them say of me, as jealous as I am, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wives Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more serch with me.

M. Ford. What how (Mistris Page,) come you and the old woman downe: my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old women that?

M. Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of Brainford.

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane: Haue I not forbid her my house. She comes of errands do's she? We are simple men, wee doe not know what's brought to passe vnder the profession of Fortune-telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th' Figure, & such dawry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I say.

M. Ford. Nay, good sweate husband, good Gentleman, let him attire the old woman.

M. Page. Come mother Prat, Come give me your hand.


M. Page. Are you not a sham'd?

I think you have kill'd the poore woman.

M. Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credite for you.

Ford. Hang her witch.

Eua. By yeas, and no, I think the o'man is a witch indeed: I like not when a o'man has a great pear'd; I spie a great pear'd vnder his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beseech you follow: fee but the issue of my jealoufie: If I cry out thus upon no traitre, neuer trust me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further:

Come Gentlemen.

M. Page. Trust me he beate him most pittifull.

Ford. Nay by th'Muffe that he did not: he beate him moat unpittifull, me thought.

M. Page. Ile haue the cudgel hallow'd, and hung the Altar, it hath done meritorious seruice.

Ford. What thinke you? May we with the warrant of woman-hood, and the wittnesse of a good conscience, pursue him with any further reuenge?

M. Page. The spirit of wantonnesse is sure fear'd out of him, if the dwell haue him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will neuer (I thinke) in the way of waffe, attempt vs againe.

M. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how wee haue seru'd him.

M. Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husbands brains: if they can find in their hearts, the poore vnuerous fat Knight shall by any further afflicted, wee two will still bee the minieters.

M. Ford. Ile warrant, they'll haue him publickely sham'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to the left, shou'd he not be publickely sham'd.

M. Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then shape it: I would not haue things coole.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hoft and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the Germaine desires to haue three of your horses: the Duke himselfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoft. What Duke should that be comes so secretely? I hear not of him in the Court: let mee speake with the Gentlemen they speake English?

Bar. Sir? Ile call him to you.

Hoft. They shall haue my horses, but Ile make them pay: Ile fauce them, they haue had my horses a week at commande: I haue turn'd away my other guests, they must come off, Ile fauce them, come.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, and Euan.

Eua. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a o'man as euer I did looke vpon.

Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an infant?

M. Page. Within a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what y wilt: I rather will suspet the Sunne with gold, Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor stand
(In him that was of late an Heretike)
As firme as faith.

Page. 'Ts well, 'ts well, no more:
Be not so extreme in submision, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: Let our wiues
Yet once againe (to make vs publick spoi't)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and disfigure him for it.

Ford. There is no better way then that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meete him in
the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll never come.

Eu. You say he has bin throwne in the Rivers: and
has bin gready peaten, as an old o'man: me-thinkes
there should be terrors in him, that he should not come:
Me-thinkes his flesh is punish'd; hee shall have no de-
fires.

Page. So thinke I too.

M. Ford. Deiue but how you'll ve him wh'he comes,
And let vs two deuile to bring him thether.

Mist. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the
Hunter (sometime a keeper heere in Windsor Forrest)
Doth all the winter time, at full midnight
Walk round about an Oake, with great rag'd-hornes,
And there he blussions the tree, and takes the cattle,
And make milch-kine yeeld blood, and shakes a chaine
In a moft hideous and dreadfull manner.

You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed Eid
Receiu'd, and did deliver to our age
This tale of Herne the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do feare
In depe of night to walke by this Herne Oake:
But what of this?

Mist. Ford. Marrj this is our deiue,
That Falstaff at that Oake shall meete with vs.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape, when you have brought him thether,
What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

Mist. Pa. That likewise hau'e we thought upon: & thus:

Nan Page (my daughter) and my little fonnes,
And three or foure more of their growth, wee'll dreffe
Like Vrchins. Upris, and Fairies, Greene and white,
With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a fodaine,
As Falstaffe, he, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a law-pit ruff at once
With some diffused song: Upon their flight
We two, in great amazement will flye.

Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinche the vncleane Knight;
And ask them why that house of Fairy Reuell,
In their so sacred pathes, he dares to tread
In shape profane.

Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the suppos'd Fairies pinch him, found,
And burne him with their Tapers.

Mist. Page. The truth being knowne,
We'll all present our fcelues; dif-horne the spirit,
And mocke him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be praftis'd well to this, or they'll neuer doo't.

Eua. I will teach the children their behaviours: and I
will be like a Tacke-an-Apes alfo, to burne the Knight
with my Taber.

Ford. That will be excellent,
Ile go buy them vizards.

Mist. Page. My Nan shall be the Queene of all the
Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That ilke will I go buy, and in that time
Shall M. Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton: go, send to Falstaffe straight.

Ford. Nay, Ile to him againe in name of Dromes,
Hie'll tell me all his purpose: sure he'll come.

Mist. Page. Fear not you that: Go get vs properties
And tricking for our Fayries.

Eua. Let vs about it,
It is admirable pleasures, and very honest knaueries.

Mist. Page. Go Mist. Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his minde:
Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with Nan Page:

That Slender (though well landed) is an IDEOT:
And he, my husband best of all affects:
The Doctor is well monied, and his friends
Potent at Court: he, none but he shall have her,
Though twenty thoufand worthier come to crave her.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Hoft, Simple, Falstaffe, Bardelfe, Euaus, Caill, Quickly.

Host. What wouldst thou have? (Boore) what? (thick
skin) speake, breathe, discourse: breefe, short, quicke,
snap.

Simp. Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir John Fal-
staffe from M. Slender.

Hoft. There's his Chamber, his Houfe, his Cattle,
his fanding-bed and truckle-bed: this painted about
with the story of the Prodigall, freth and new: go, knock
and call: hee'll speake like an Anthropophobic unto
thee: Knocke I say.

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone vp
into his chamber: Ile be fo bold as say Sir till she come
downe: I come to speake with her indeed.

Hoft. Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be rob'd:
Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir John's speake from thy
Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is then Hoft, thine
Ephesian call.

Fal. How now, mine Hoft?

Hoft. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar taries the coming
downe of thy fat-woman: Let her defend (Bully) let
her defend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, priua-
cy? Fie.

Fal. There was (mine Hoft) an old-fat-woman even
now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wife-woman of
Braingerd?

Fal. I marry was it (Muffel-shell) what would you
with her?

Simp. My Master (Sir) my master Slender, sent to her
feeing her go thorough the streets, to know (Sir) whe-
ter one Nan (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the
chaine, or no.

Fal. I speake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what fayes he, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry these fayes, that the very fame man that
beguil'd Master Slender of his Chaine, coson'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the Woman
her
her selfe, I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let vs know.
Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.)
Hofl. Conceale them, or thou diſt.
Sim. Why fir, they were nothing but about Miftris Anne Page, to know if it were my Maf ters fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.
Sim. What Sir?
Fal. To have her, or no: goe; say the woman told me fo.
Sim. May I be bold to say fo Sir?
Fal. I Sir: like who more bold.
Sim. I thanke your worship: I shall make my Maf ter glad with these tydings.
Hofl. Thou art clearly: thou art clearly (Sir John) was there a wife woman with thee?
Fal. I that there was (mine Hofl.) one that hath taught me more wis, than ever I learnt before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozenage: meere cozenage.
Hofl. Where be my horſes? speake well of them varletto.
Bar. Run away with the cozeners: for so soone as I came beyond Eaton, they threw me off; from behinde one of them, in a loth of myre; and set fpires, and away; like, three Germans-dielus; three Doctor Fauflaffes.
Hofl. They are gone but to meete the Duke (villaine) doe not say the were fled: Germans are honest men.

Euan. Where is mine Hofl?
Hofl. What is the matter Sir?
Euan. Haue a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tells mee there is three Cozen-Iermans, that has cozened all the Hofls of Readins, of Maidenbead; of Cole-brokes, of horſes and mony; I tell you for good will (looke you) you are wife, and full of gibes, and vloutning-flockes: and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well.

Cai. Ver's mine Hofl de Larterra?
Hofl. Here (Mater Doctor) in perplexitie, and doubt fulle dilemma.

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, that you make grand preparation for a Duke de lamanie: by my trot: der is no Duke that the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will: adieu.
Hofl. Huy and cry, (villaine) goe: affimte me Knight, I am vnforme: fly, run: huy, and cry (villaine) I am vnforme.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened, for I have bene cozened and beaten too: if it should come to the care of the Court, how I have bene transformed: and how my transformation hath bene warded, and cudgeld, they would melt mee out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor Eifhermens-boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as creft-faine as a dide-peare: I never prosper'd, since I forswore my selfe at Primero: well, if my windes were but long enough; I would repent: Now? Whence come you?

Qui. From the two parties forth.
Fal. The Disell take one partie, and his Dam the other: and so they shall be both beslowed; I have ful-

fer'd more for their fakes; more then the villainous in
confancy of mans disposition is able to bear.
Qui. And haue not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; spe-
cially one of them; Miftris Ford (good heart) is beaten blacke and blew, that you cannot fee a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell't thou mee of blakke, and blew? I was beaten my selfe into all the colours of the Rainebow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of Braineford, but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfiting the action of an old woman deliver'd me, the knave Conftable had set me ith Stocks, ith' common Stocks, for a Witch.

Qui. Sir: let me speake with you in your Chamber, you shall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a Letter will say somewhat: (good-hearts) what a-doe here is to bring you together? Sure, one of you do's not serue heauen well, that you are fo croff'd.

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber.

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Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Hofl.
Hofl. Master Fenton, talke not to me, my minde is heavy: I will glue over all.
Fen. Yet heare me speake: affimte me in my purpose, And (as I am a gentleman) lie gue thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your lusite.
Hofl. I will heare you (Master Fenton) and I will (at the leaft) kepe your councell.
Fen. From time to time, I haue acquainted you With the deare loue I beare to seire Anne Page, Who, mutually hath answer'd my affection,
(So farre forth, as her selfe might be her choosuer)
Euen to my wish; I haue a letter from her
Of such contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, fo larded with my matter,
That neither (fingly) can be manifest
Without the shew of both: fat Falstaffe
Hath a great Scene; the image of the left
Ile show you here at large (hark e good mine Hofl:)
To night at Hernes-Oke, luf twixt twelue and one,
Muft my sweet Nan preffent the Faerie-Queene:
The purpose why, is here: in which diguife
VWhile other lefts are something ranke on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to flip
Away with Slender, and with him, at Eaton
Immediately to Marry: She hath confessed: Now Sir,
Her Mother, (even strong against that match
And firme for Doctor Caius) hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffe her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the Deawy, where a Priſt attends
Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot
She seemingly obediente) likewife hath
Made promife to the Doctor: Now, thus it reft
Her Father meanes she shall be all in white;
And in that habite, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe,
She shall goe with him: her Mother hath intended
(The better to devote her to the Doctor;
For they must all be mask'd, and wizarded)

That
That quaint in green, the shall be loose en-roab'd,
With Ribonds-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Hoft. Which means she to deceive? Father, or Mother.

Fen. Both (my good Hoft) to go along with me:
And here it refis, that you'll procure the Vicar
To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve, and one,
And in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Hoft. Well, husband your deuice; Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lacke a Priest.

Fen. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Befides, Ile make a present recompence.

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**Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.**

*Enter Falstaff, Quickly, and Ford.*

**Fal.** Pre'thee no more pratling: go, Ile hold, this is the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odder numbers:
Away, go, they say there is Divinity in odder Numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death: away.

**Ro.** Ile procure you a chaine, and Ile do what I can to get you a pair of hornes.

**Fal.** Away I say, time wearies, hold vp your head & mince. How now M. Brooms? Master Brooms, the matter will be knowne to night, or sooner. Bee you in the Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you shall see wonders.

**Ford.** Went you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told me you had appointed?

**Fal.** I went to her (Master Brooms) as you see, like a poore-old-man, but I came from her (Master Brooms) like a poore-old-woman; for some knaue (Ford the husband) hath the finest mad dull of knaue in him (Master Brooms) that euer govern'd Frenche. I will tell you, he beate me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of Man (Master Brooms) I fear not Goliah with a Weavers beame, because I know alfo, life is a Shuttle; I am in haft, go along with mee, Ile tell you all (Master Brooms) since I pluckt Gecfe, plaid Trewant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you strange things of this knaue Ford, on whom to night I will be reuenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow, strange things in hand (M. Brooms) follow.

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**Scena Secunda.**

*Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.*

**Page.** Come, come: we'll couch in that Caste-ditch, till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember for Slender, my lord.

**Slen.** I forbode, I have spoke with her, & we have a ny-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; she cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

**Shal.** That's good too; But what needs either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath strooke ten 'clock.

**Page.** The night is darke, Light and Spirits will become it: Heauen profer our sport. No man means euill but the deuill, and we shall know him by his homs.

Lets away: follow me.

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**Scena Tertia.**

*Enter Mifs. Page, Mifs. Ford, Cains.*

**Mifs. Page.** Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deaneerie, and dispatch it quickly: go before into the Park: we two must go together.

**Cai.** I know vat I have to do, adieu.

**Mifs. Page.** Fare you well (Sir): my husband will not reioyce so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter. But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, then a great deal of heart-break.

**Mifs. Ford.** Where is Nen now? and her troop of Fairies? and the Welch-deuill Herne?

**Mifs. Page.** They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Hernes Oake, with obfcure Lights; which at the very instant of Falstaffs and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

**Mifs. Ford.** That cannot choose but amaze him.

**Mifs. Page.** If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaz'd, he will ever way be mock'd.

**Mifs. Ford.** We'll betray him finely.

**Mifs. Page.** Against such Lewdsters, and their lechery, Thofe that betray them, do no treachery.

**Mifs. Ford.** The houre drawes-on: to the Oake, to the Oake.

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**Scena Quarta.**

*Enter Evan and Fairies.*

**Evan.** Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you: Come, come, trib, trib.

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**Scena Quinta.**

*Enter Falstaff, March Page, Mistress Ford, Evan, Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Fenion, Cains, Piffall.*

**Fal.** The Windlor-bell hath strooke twelve: the Minute drawes-on: Now the hot-bloodied Gods affit me: Remember Ione, thou art a Bull for thy Europa, Lone set on thy homs. O powerful Lone, that in some respects makes a Beaft a Man; in som other, a Man a Beaft. You were also (Jupiter) a Swan, for the love of Leda: O omnipotent...
Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee;
Fairies vse Flowers for their charactere.
Away, disperfe: But till 'tis one a clocke,
Our Dance of Cufome, round about the Oke
Of Herne the Hunter, let vs not forget.
(Say. Pray you look hand in hand: you seldes in order
And twenty glow-wormes shall our Lanthornes bee
To guide our Measure round about the Tree.
But stay, I smelt a man of middle earth.
Fal. Heaven defend me from that Welsh Fairy,
Least he transforme me to a peece of Cheefe.
Pij. Wilde wormes, thou wart ore-look'd even in thy birth.

Q. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end:
If he be chaffe, the flame will backe defend
And turne him to no paine: but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted hart.
Pij. A triall, come.
Eua. Come: will this wood take fire?
Fal. Oh, oh, oh.
Q.ii. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire.
About him (Fairies) fing a scornfull rime,
And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The Song.
Job on fumesfull phantaffe: Fire on Luft, and Luxurie:
Luft is but a bloody fire, kindled with vnchaffe defire,
Fed in heart subjoes flames affire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villainie.
Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,
Till Candles, & Star-light, & Moone-shee be out.

Page. Nay do not fyer, I thinke we haue watcht you now: VWill none but Herne the Hunter serue your turne?

M. Page. I pray you come, hold vp the left no higher.
Now (good Sir John) how like you Windfor wiuies?
See you this husband? Do not these faire yoakes Become the Forrest better then the Towne?
Ford. Now Sir, whose a Cuckold now?
Mr Broome, Faltaffes a Knaue, a Cuckoldly knaue,
Here er his horses Master Broome:
And Master Broome, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford,
but his Buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Mr Broome, his horses are arrested for it, Mr Broome.

M. Ford. Sir John, we haue had ill lucke: wee could never meete: I will never take you for my Loue againe, but I will always count you my Deere.

Fal. I do begin to perceiue that I am made an Affe.
Ford. I, and an Ox too: both the prooves are extant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies:
I was three or foure times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the gulfinesse of my minde, the sodaine surprise of my powers, drove the grossenesse of the toppery into a receiu'd beleefe, in delight of the teeth of all time and reason, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jacke-a-Lent, when 'tis wpon ill imployment.

Euant. Sir John Faltaffes, serue Got, and leave your defires, and Fairies will not pinne you.
Ford. VWell said Fairy Hugh.

Euans. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford.
Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Haue I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri’de it, that it wants matter to prevent so groffe ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shal I have a Coxcombe of Prize? Tis time I was chosk’d with a piece of toasted Cheesfe.

Ew. Seece is not good to give putter; your belly is al purret.

Fal. Seele, and Putter? Haue I liu’d to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of luft and late-walking through the Realm.

Mifl. Page. Why Sir John, do you thinkse though wee would have thruf vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have gien our selues without scruple to hell, that ever the duell could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flex?

Mifl. Page. A putt man?

Page. Old, cold, wither’d, and of intolerable en-tralles?

Ford. And one that is as flenderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poorse as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Euan. And gien to Fornications, and to Tauerines, and Sacke, and Wine, and Methelgins, and to drinkings and fwearings? Fribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you have the hart of me, I am deseised: I am not able to anfwer the Welch Flannel, Ignorance it felle is a plummet ore me, vfe me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, we'll bring you to Windfor to one Mr Broome, that you have cizon’d of money, to whom you fhould have bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you have suffer’d, I thynke, to repay that money will be a bitting affifion.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou shalt eat a poft-fet to night at my house, wheer I will defire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her Mr Slender hath married her daughter.

Mifl. Page. Doctors doubt that;

If Anne Page be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctour Cains wife.

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father Page.

Page. Sonne? How now? How now Sonne,

Have you dispatch’d?

Slen. Dispatch’d? Ile make the beft in Gloftherfyr
know on’t: would I were hang’d is, elfe.

Page. Of what fonne?

Slen. I came yonder at Eaton to marry Miftris Anne Page, and she’s a great luberlary boy. If it had not bene i’th Church, I would have fing’d him; or bee should have fing’d me. If I did not thinkse it had bene Anne Page, would I might neuer firitre, and ‘tis a Post-maters Boy.

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

Slen. What neede you tell me that? I think fo, when I tooke a Boy for a Girle: if I had bene married to him, (for all he was in womans apparell) I would not have had him.

Page. Why this is your owne folly,

Did I not tell you how you should know my daughter,

By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and the criue budget, as Anne and I had appointed, and yet it was not Anne, but a Post-maters boy.

Mifl. Page. Good George be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn’d my daughter into white, and indee she is now with the Doctor at the Deannie, and there married.

Cai. Ver is Miftris Page: by gar I am cozoned, I ha married oon Garfoon; a boy; oon pefant, by gar. A boy, it is not An Page, by gar, I am cozoned. 

Mifl. Page. Vy why? did you take her in white?

Cai. I bee gar, and ‘tis a boy: be gar, Ie raffe all Windfor.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgivues me, here comes Mr Fenton.

How now Mr Fenton?

Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon

Page. Now Miftris:

How unhance you went not with Mr Slender?

Mifl. Page. Why went you not with Mr Doctor, maid?

Pen. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it, You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love: The truth is, she and I (long since contracted) Are now so sure that nothing can dis relie vs: Th’offence is holy, that the hath commited, And this deceit looses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or vnduteous title, Since therein she doth cuitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours

Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz’d, here is no remedie: In Loun, the heauen themselfes do guide the state, Money buyes Lands, and wines are told by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have tane a special stand to frike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc’d.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heauen giue thee joy, what cannot be efchew’d, must be embrac’d.

Fal. When night-dogges run, all forts of Deere are chace’d.

Mifl. Page. Well, I will muse no further: Mr Fenton, Heauen giue you many, many merry dayes: Good husband, let vs every one go home, And laugh this sport ore by a Countrie fire, Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so (Sir John)

To Master Broome, you yet shall hold your word, For he, to night, shall lye with Miftris Ford: 

Exeunt.
MEASURE,
For Measure.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke.

Escalus.

Efc. My Lord. (fold, Would I see me in this speech & discourse,

Duk. Of Government, the properties to vn-

Since I am put to know, that your owne Science

Exceedes (in that) the lifts of all advice

My strength can give you: Then no more remains

But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,

And let them worke: The nature of our People,

Our Cities Institutions, and the Terms

For Common Justice, y'are as pregnant in

As Art, and pradise, hath inriched any

That we remember: There is our Commission,

From which, we would not have you warpe; call hither,

I say, bid come before vs Ang.!

What figure of vs think you, he will beare.

For you must know, we haue with speciaall soule

Elected him our abfence to supply ;

Lent him our terror, dreft him with our loue,

And given his Deputation all the Organs

Of our owne powre: What think you of it?

Efc. If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergoe such ample grace, and honour,

It is Lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duk. Looke where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Graces will,

I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo:

There is a kinde of Character in thy life,

That to th'obferuer, doth thy history

Fully vnfold: Thy felfe, and thy belongings

Are not thine owne so proper, as to waife

Thy felfe upon thy vertues; they on thee:

Heauen doth with vs, as we, with Torches doe,

Not light them for themselves: For if our vertues

Did not goe forth of vs, twere all alike.

As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely torch'd,

But to fine iflifes: nor nature never lends

The smallest scruple of her excellence,

But like a thriftie goddesse, she determines

Her felse the glory of a creditour,

Both thanks, and vice; but I do bend my speech

To one that can my part in him aduertife;

Hold therefore Angelo:

In our remoue, be thou at full, our felfe:

Mortalitie and Mercie in Vienna

Lye in thy tongue, and heart: Old Escalus

Though firft in question, is thy secondary.

Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now good my Lord

Let there be some more teft, made of my mettle,

Before fo noble, and fo great a figure

Be stamp't upon it.

Duk. No more evasion:

We have with a leauen'd, and prepared choice

Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors:

Our hate from hence is of fo quicke condition,

That it prefers it felfe, and leaves vnqueshion'd

Matters of needfull value: We shall write to you

As time, and our concernings shall importune,

How it goes with vs, and doe looke to know

What doth befall you here. So fare you well:

To th' hopeful execution doe I leave you,

Of your Commissions.

Ang. Yet give leave (my Lord,)

That we may bring you something on the way.

Duk. My hate may not adimt it,

Nor neede you (on mine honor) have to doe

With any scruple: your scope is as mine owne,

So to inforce, or qualifie the Lawes

As to your soule seems good: Give me your hand,

It prierly away: I love the people,

But doe not like to fage me to their eyes:

Though it doe well, I doe not rellish well

Their lowd applaus, and Aues vehement:

Nor doe I thinke the man of safe diffcretion

That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The heauens give safety to your purposes.

Efc. Lead forth, and bring you backe in happy,

Duk. I thank you, fare you well.

Efc. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave

To haue free speech with you; and it concerns me

To looke into the bottome of my place:

A powre I haue, but of what strength and nature,

I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me: Let vs with-draw together,

And we may foone our satisfaction have

Touching that point.

Efc. Ile wait vpon your honor.

Exeunt.

Scena
Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.

Luc. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1. Gent. Heauen grant vs peace, but not the King of Hungary.


Luc. Thou conclude'st like the Sanidentious First, that went to sea with the ten Commandements, but scap'd one out of the Table.

2. Gent. Thou shalt not Steale?

Luc. I, that he rase'd.

1. Gent. Why? 'twas a commandement, to command the Captaine and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steale: There's not a Soul'dier of vs all, that in the thanksgiving before meate, do rallish the petition well, that prays for peace.

2. Gent. I never heard any Soul'dier dislike it.

Luc. I beleue thee: for I thinke thou never was't where Grace was said.

2. Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1. Gent. What? In meeter?

Luc. In any proportion; or in any language.


Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, despight of all controversy: as for example; Tho' thy selfe art a wicked villain, despight of all Grace.

1. Gent. Well: there went but a pair of sheeres betwenee vs.

Luc. I grant: as there may betwene the Lifts, and the Velvet. Thou art the Lift.

1. Gent. And thou the Velvet; thou art good velvet; thou're a three pild-piece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a Lyt west English Kerley, as be pild, as thou art pild, for a French Velvet. Do I speake feelingly now?

Luc. I thinke thou dost: and indeed with most painfull feeling of thy speach: I will, out of thine owne confession, learn to begin thy health; but whilest I live forget to drink after thee.

1. Gent. I thinke I have done my selfe wrong, have I not?

2. Gent. Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free. Enter Bavude.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes. I have purchas'd as many diseases under her Rooste, as come to

2. Gent. To what, I pray?

Luc. Judge.

2. Gent. To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

1. Gent. I, and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1. Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error, I am found.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so found, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impeachmen had a leaf of thee.

1. Gent. How now, which of your hips has the most profound Catica?

Bavud. Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2. Gent. Who's that I pray thee?

Bavud. Marry Sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.


Bavud. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested: saw him carried away: and which is more, within these three daies his head to be chop'd off.

Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bavud. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with childe.

Luc. Belieue me this may be: he promis'd to meete me two howres since, and he was ever precifie in promife keeping.

2. Gent. Besides you know, it draws somthing neere to the speech we had to such a purpoe.

1. Gent. But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Luc. Away: let's goe learne the truth of it.

Exit. Bavud. Thus, what with the war; what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poerty, I am Custom-shrunke. How now? what's the newes with you.

Enter Cloave.

Clu. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bavud. Well: what has he done?

Clu. A Woman.

Bavud. But what's his offence?

Clu. Grapling for Trowts, in a peculiar Riuer.

Bavud. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clu. No: but there's a woman with maid by him: you have not heard of the proclamation, haue you?

Bavud. What proclamation, man?

Clu. All howies in the Suburbs of Vienna must bee pluck'd downe.

Bavud. And what shall become of those in the Citie?

Clu. They shall stand for feed: they had gon down to, but that a wife Burguer put in for them.

Bavud. But shall all our houses of refort in the Suburbs be paid downe?

Clu. To the ground, Militia.

Bavud. Why there's a change indeed in the Commonwealth: what shall become of me?

Clu. Come: fear not you: good Counsellors lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you neede not change your Trade: He bee your Tapster full; courage, there will bee pity taken on you; you that haue wonne your eyes almost out in the servicie, you will bee considered.

Bavud. What's to doe here; Thomas Tapster? let's withdraw?

Clu. Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the Proosfit to prison: and there's Madam Juliet.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Proosfit; Claudio, Juliet, Officer, Lucio, & 2. Gent. Clu. Fellow, why do'th thou show me thus to th'world?

Bare me to prison, where I am committed.

Prz. I do it not in euill disposition,

But from Lord Angelo by speciall charge.

Clau. Thus can the demy-god (Authority)

Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by weight

The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will,

On whom it will not (foe) yet fill 'tis laft. (fraitst)

Luc. Why how now Claudio? whence comes this re-

Clau. From too much liberty, (my Lucio) Liberty

As surfeit is the father of much laft,

So every Scope by the immoderate vfe

Turnes to restraint: Our Natures doe pursue

Like
Measure for Measure.

Like Rats that rauyn downe their proper Bane,
A thirsty euill, and when we drinke, we die.

Luc. If I could speake so wisely vnder an arrest, I
would send for certaine of myCreditors; and yet, to say
the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedome, as
the mortality of imprisonement: what's thy offence,
Claudius?

Cla. What (but to speake of) would offend againe.

Luc. What, is't murder?

Cla. No.

Luc. Lecherie?

Cla. Call it so.

Pro. Away, Sir, you must goe.

Cla. One word, good friend:

Lucio, a word with you.

Luc. A hundred:

If they'll doe you any good: Is Lecherie so look'd after?

Cla. Thus stands it with me: upon a true contrace
I got possession of Iuliet as bed,

You know the Lady, she is fift my wife,
Saue that we doe the denunciation lacke
Of outward Order. This we came not to,

Onely for propagation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Lone
Till Time had made them for vs. But it chances
The theft of our most mutual entertainment
With Charafter too groffe, is writ on Iuliet.

Luc. With child, perhaps?

Cla. Unhappily, even so.

And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newnes,
Or whether that the body publique, be
A horfe whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who newly in the Seate, that it may know
He can command; lets it strait feel the spur:
Whether the 'Tirannye be in his place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it vp
I stagger in: But this new Governor
Awakes me all the inrolled penalties
Which haue (like vn-foowd' Armor) hung by th'wall
So long, that nineteen Zodiackes have gone round,
And none of them beene worne; and for a name
Now puts the drowne and neglected Aet.
Frehly on me: 'tis fully for a name.

Luc. I warrant it is: And thy head stands so tickle on
thy shoulders, that a milke-maid, if she be in love, may
figh it off: Send after the Duke, and appeale to him.

Cla. I haue done so, but hee's not to be found.

I pre'thee (Lucio) doe me this kinde service:
This day, my sister should the Cloyfer enter,
And there receive her approbation.

Acquant her with the danger of my state,
Implore her, in my voice, that shee make friends
To the stricte deputie: bid her falsely say him,
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and speechleffe dialect,
Such as mowe men: besides, she hath prosperous Art
When she will play with reason, and diffourne,
And well she can pervade.

Luc. I pray thee may; as well for the encouragement
of the like, which elle would stand vnder greuous im-
position: as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be
forbid shoule bee thus foolishly lost, at a game of ticke-
tacke: I lie to her.

Cla. I thankye you good friend Lucio.

Luc. Within two houres.

Cla. Come Officer, away.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duk. No: holy Father, throw away that thought,
Beleeue not that the drobling dart of Loue
Can pierce a compleat before: why, I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave, and wrinkled, then the aimes, and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speake of it?

Duk. My holy Sir, none better knowes then you
How I have euer lou'd the life removed
And held in idle price, to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and coft, wideleffe bravery keeps.
I haue deliuered to Lord Angelo
(A man of striection, and firme inffinence)
My absolute power, and place here in Uenna,
And he supposes me trauaild to Poland,
(For so I haue received it in the common care)
And so it is receiued: Now (pious Sir)
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duk. We haue stricte Statutes, and most bittng Laws,
(The needfull bits and curbes to headstrong weedes,)
Which for this fourteen yeares, we haue let slip,
Even like an ore-grown Lyon in a Cave
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Hauing bound vp the threatening twigs of birch,
Onely to sticke it in their childrens fight,
For terror, not to vfe: in the time the rod
More mock'd, then fear'd: so our Decrees,
Dead to inflication, to themelfues are dead,
And libertie, plucks Juflicie by the nofe;
The Baby beats the Nurfe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It refted in your Grace
To vnloose this tyde-vp Juflice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Then in Lord Angelo.

Duk. I doe fear: too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault, to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tiranny to strike and gall them,
For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done
When euill deedes have their permissive paffe,
And not the punishment: therefore indeede (my father)
I haue on Angelo impos'd the office,
Who may in th'ambusht of my name, strike home,
And yet, my nature neuer in the fight
To do in flander: And to behold his fway
I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,
Visit both Prince, and People: Therefore I pre'thee
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person beare
Like a true Friar: Moe reasons for this action
At our more leasure, shall I render you;
Onely, this one: Lord Angelo is preciue,
Stands at a guard with Enius: scarce confelles
That his blood flows: or that his appetite
Is more to breaad then stone: hence shall we see
If power change purpose: what our Seemers be.

Exit.
Scena Quinta.

Enter Isabella and Francisc a Nun.

Ifa. And have you Nun no farther priviledges? Nun. Are not these large enough? Ifa. Yea truely; I speake not as defiring more, But rather withing a more strict restraint Upon the Sifterlood, the Votarifs of Saint Clare. Lucio within.

Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place. Ifa. Who's that which calls? Nun. It is a mans voice: gentle Isabella May you; I may not; you are yet vnworthie: When you have vow'd, you must not speake with men, But in the presence of the Priory; Then if you speake, you must not show your face; Or if you show your face, you must not speake. He calls againe; I pray you anfwer me.

Ifa. Peace and prosperitie: who ist that calls? Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as those chekke-Rofes Proclame you are no leffe: can you so fpede me, As bring me to the sight of Isabella, A Notice of this place, and the faire Sifter To her vnhappy brother Claudio?

Ifa. Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me aske, The rather for I now must make you know I am that Isabella, and his Sifter. Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you; Not to be weary with you; he's in prifon. Ifa. Woe me; for what? Luc. For that, which if my felfe might be his Judge, He should receive his punishment, in thanks: He hath got his friend with childe. Ifa. Sir, make me not your faerie. Luc. 'Tis true: I would not, though 'tis my familiar fin, With Maid to beeme the Lapwing, and to left. Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins fo: I hold you as a thing en-skyd, and fainted, By your renommement, an immortal spirit And to be talk'd with in fincerity, As with a Saint.

Ifa. You doo blafhe me the good, in mocking me. Luc. Doe not beleue it: fweenes, and truth; tis thus, Your brother, and his lover haue embrac'd; As thofe that feed, grow full: as blossoming Time That from the feedens, the bare fallow brings To teeming foyon: even fo her plenteous wombe Exprefeth his full Tilth, and husbandry. Ifa. Some one with child by him? my cofen Juliet? Luc. Is she your cofen? Ifa. Adoptedly, as schoole-maids change their names By vaine, though apt affection. Luc. She it is.

Ifa. Oh, let him marry her. Luc. This is the point. The Duke is very strangely gone from hence; Bore many gentlemen (my felfe being one) In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learne, By thofe that know the very Nerues of State, His going-out, were of an infinite distance From his true meant device: vpon his place,

(And with full line of his authority) Gouernes Lord Angelo; A man, whose blood Is very flow-broth: one, who never feales The wanton flings, and motions of the fence; But doth rebate, and blunt his natural edge With profits of the minde: Studie, and falt
He (to giue fear to vfe, and libertie, Which have, for long, run-by the hideous law, As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an aft, Vnder whose heavy fentence, your brothers life Falls into forfeit: he arrefts him on it, And follows close the rigor of the Statute To make him an example: all hope is gone, Vnleffe you have the grace, by your faire praiere To soften Angelo: And that's my pitch of businesse 'Twixt you, and your poore brother.

Ifa. Doth he fo, Seeke his life?

Luc. Has cenfr'd him already, And as I heare, the Prouft hath a warrant For his execution.

Ifa. Alas: what poore Ablittle's in me, to doe him good. Luc. Affay the powre you haue. Ifa. My power? this, I doubt. Luc. Our doubts are traitors And makes vs looke the good we oft might win, By fearing to attempt: Goe to Lord Angelo And let him learne to know, when Maidens fee Men grace like gods: but when they weep and kneele, All their petitions, are as freely theirs As they themselves woule owth them. Ifa. Ile fee what I can doe. Luc. But speedily. Ifa. I will about it strait; No longer stayeing, but to give the Mother Notice of my affaire: I humbly thanke you: Commend me to your brother: soone at night Ile fend him certaine word of my fuccesse. Luc. I take my leaue of you. Ifa. Good sir, adieu.

Exeunt.

Acutus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and servants, Jaeke.

Ang. We must not make a fear-crow of the Law, Setting it vp to fear the Birds of prey, And let it keepe one shape, till custome make it Their pearch, and not their terror. Esc. I, but yet Let vs be keene, and rather cut a little Then fall, and bruife to death: alas, this gentleman Whom I would faue, had a moft noble father, Let but your honour know (Whom I beleue to be moft strait in vertue) That in the working of your owne affections, Had time coheard with Place, or place with willing, Or that the refolute acting of our blood Could haue attaind the effect of your owne purpose, Whether you had not sometime in your life Er'd in this point, which now you confufe him, And pul'd the Law vpno you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (Escalus)
Another thing to fall: I do not deny
The Iury passing on the Prifoners life
May in the worste-twelue haue a thief, or two
Guiliter then him they try; what's open made to Iustie.
That Iustice ceizes; What knowes the Lawes
That theues do passe on theuees? 'Tis very pregnant,
The Jiewell that we finde, we stooppe, and take',
Because we fee it; but what we do not fee,
We tread upon, and never thinke of it.
You may not fo extenuate his offence,
For I haue had such faults; but rather tell me
When I, that confute him, do fo offend;
Let mine owne Judgement pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he must dye.

Enter Proos.  

Efc. Be it as your wifedom will.
Ang. Where is the Proos?  

Pro. Here if it like your honour.
Ang. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd,
For that the vmt of his pilgrimage.

Efc. Well: heauen forgive him; and forgive vs all:
Some rife by foame, and fame by vertue fall:
Some run from brakes of Ice, and anfwere none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbou, Froth, Cleavens, Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people
in a Common-weale, that doe nothing but vs their
abuses in common houfes, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now Sir, what's your name? And what's the matter?

Elb. If he pleafe your honour, I am the poore Dukes
Confatable, and my name is Elbou; I do loane vpon Iustice
Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor,
two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they?
Are they not Malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what
they are: But precise villaines they are, that I am sure of,
and void of all prophanation in the world; that good
Christians ought to haue.

Efc. This comes off well: here's a wife Officer.
Ang. Go to: What quality are they? Elbou is
your name?

Why do't thou not speake Elbou?

Clo. He cannot Sir: he's out at Elbou.
Ang. What are you Sir?

Elb. He Sir: a Tapfer Sir: parcell Baud: one that
forces a bad woman: whose house Sir was (as they say)
pluckt downe in the Suborbs: and now she professes a
hot-houfe: which, I thinke is a very ill houfe too.

Efc. How know you that?

Elb. My wife Sir? whom I deteate before heauen, and
your honour.

Efc. How? thy wife?

Elb. I Sir: whom I thank heauen is an honest wo-

man.

Efc. Do't thou deteate her therefore?

Elb. I say Sir, I will deteate my felo also, as well as he,
that this house, if it be not a Bauds houfe, it is pitty of her
life, for it is a naughty houfe.

Efc. How do't thou know that, Confatable?

Elb. Marry Sir, by my wife, who, if she had bin a wo-
man Cardinaly giv'n, might haue bin accus'd in forni-
cation, adultery, and all uncleane lineffe there.

Efc. By the womans meanes?

Elb. I Sir, by Miftris Ouer-dons meanes: but as the spit
in his face, so he defide him.

Clo. Sir, if he pleafe your honor, this is not fo.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honora-
bles Sir, proue it.

Efc. Doe you heare how he mispaces?

Clo. Sir, she came in great with childe: and longing
(fauing your honors reuence) for twoe prewnys; sir,
we had but two in the houfe, which at that very diuert
and time every, as it were in a fruit dith (a dith of twoe
pence) those honours haue feene such dithes) they are not
China-ones, but very good dithes.

Efc. Go too: go too: no matter for the dith Sir.

Clo. No indeede Sir not of a pin; you are therein
in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this Miftris Elbou,
being (as I say) with childe, and being great belli'd, and
longing (as I say) for preeyns: and hauing but two in
the dith (as I say) Master Froth here, this very man, ha-
uing eaten the rest (as I say) & (as I say) paying for them
very honestly for, as you know Master Froth, I could not
not ye thee pence again.

Fro. No indeede.

Clo. Very well: you being then (if you be remem-
cribed) crackinge the bones of the foresaid prewyns.

Fro. I, fo I did indeede.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then (if you be remem-
bered) that such a one, and such a one, were past
cure of the thing you wot of, vnleffe they kept very good
diet, as I told you.

Fro. All this is true.

Clo. Why very well then.

Efc. Come: you are a tedious fool: to the purpofe:
what was done to Elbouws wife, that hee hath caufe to
complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Efc. No Sir, nor I meanes it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honors
lease: And I befeech you, looke into Master Froth here
Sir, a man of foure-foore pound a yeare: whose father
died at Hallowmas: Was't not at Hallowmas Master
Froth?

Fro. Alhallowmas-Bee.

Clo. Why very well: I hope here be truths: he Sir,
sitting (as I say) in a lower chaire, Sir, 'twas in the bunch
of Grapes, where indeede you have a delight to fit, haue
you not?

Fro. I haue so, because it is an open roome, and good
for winter.

Clo. Why very well then: I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will leat out a night in Rusias.

When nights are longest there: Ie take my leave,
And leue you to the hearing of the caufe;

Hoping youe finde good caufe to whip them all.  

Efc. I think no leffe: good morrow to your Lord-
ship. Now Sir, come on: What was done to Elbowes
wife; once more?

Clo. Once Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I befeech you Sir, ask him what this man did to
my wife.

Clo. I befeech your honor, ask me.

Efc. Well Sir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Clo. I befeech you Sir, looke in this Gentlemans face:
good Master Froth looke vp vn his honor; 'tis for a good
purpofe: doth your honor marke his face?
Efc. I fir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beeche you marke it well.

Efc. Well, I doe so.

Clo. Doth your honor see any harme in his face?

Efc. Why no

Clo. He be suspected upon a booke, his face is the worst thing about him: good then, if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth doe the Constable wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.

Efc. He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it?

Exeunt. Froth, and it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his Miftis is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person then any of vs all.

Efc. Varlet, thou lefte; thou lefte wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that thee was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

Efc. Which is the wiser here; lufice or Iniquitie? Is that the question?

Efc. O thou caitiffe; O thou varlet: O thou wicked Hanniball, I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think mee the poore Judges Officer: prove this, thou wicked Hanniball, or I have mine action of battre on thee.

Efc. If he tooke you a box 'oth'ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Efc. Marry I thanke your good worship for it: what is't your Worphips pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caitiffe?

Efc. Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldest discover, if thou couldst, let him continue in his course, till thou knowest what they are.

Efc. Marry I thanke your worship for it: Thou seest thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

Efc. Where were you borne, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, Sir.

Efc. Are you of fourscore pounds a yeare?

Froth. Yes, and I please you fir.

Efc. So? what trade are you of, fir?

Clo. A Tapfer, a poore widowes Tapfer.

Efc. Your Miftis name?

Clo. Miftis Ouer-don.

Efc. Hath she had any more then one husband?

Clo. Nine, fir: Ouer-don by the left.

Efc. Nine? come hether to me, Master Froth; Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with Tapsters; they will draw you Master Froth, and you will hang them: get you gone, and let me heare no more of you.

Fro. I thanke your worship: for mine owne part, I neuer come into any room in a Tap-houfe, but I am drawn in.

Efc. Well: no more of it Master Froth: farewell; Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapfer: what's your name

Mr. Tapfer?

Clo. Pompey.

Efc. What else?

Clo. Bram, Sir.

Efc. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beaflieft fence, you are Pompey the great; Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey: howsoever you colore it being a Tapfer, are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Efc. Truly Sir, I am a poore fellow that would live.

Efc. How would you live Pompey? by being a bawd? what doe you thinke of the trade Pompey? is it a lawfull trade?

Clo. If the Law would allow it, fir.

Efc. But the Law will not allow it Pompey; nor it shall not allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Do's your Worphip meane to geld and splay all the youth of the City?

Efc. No Pompey.

Clo. Truly Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then: if your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaues, you need not to feare the bawds.

Efc. There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading, and hanging.

Clo. If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeares together; you'll be glad to give out a Commission for moreheads: if this law hold in Vienna ten yeares, he rent the fairest house in it after three pence a Bay: if you like to fee this come to Page, say Pompey told you so.

Efc. Thank you good Pompey; and in requisitall of your prophese, harke you! I aduise you let me not finde you before me againe upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe Pompey, I shall beat you to your Tent, and proove a threed Cesar to you: in plaine dealing Pompey, I shall hauue you whipt: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thanke your Worphip for your good counsell; but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his Lade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. Exit.

Efc. Come hether to me, Master Elbow: come hither Master Confable: how long haue you bin in this place of Confable?

Efc. Seven yeere, and a halfe fir.

Efc. I thought by the readynesse in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say feaun yeares togethuer.

Efc. And a halfe fir.

Efc. alas, it hath beene great paines to you: they do wrong to put you to oft vpon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficent to serve it?

Clo. 'Faith fir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosten, they are glad to chose me for them; I do it for some peace of money, and gone through with all.

Efc. Lookes you bring mee in the names of some fixe or seuen, the most sufficent of your parish.

Efc. To your Worphips house fir?

Efc. To my house: fare you well: what's a clocke, thinke you?

Inf. Eleuen, Sir.

Efc. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Inf. I humbly thanke you.

Efc. It grieues me for the death of Claudia
But there's no remedie:

Inf. Lord Angelo is feuere.

Efc. It is but needfull.

Mercy is not it selfe, that oft looke's so,

Pardon is still the nurfe of second woe:

But yet, poore Claudia; there is no remedie.

Come Sir.
Measure for Measure.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouofi, Servant.

Sir. He's hearing of a Caule; he will come straight, I'll tell him of you, who I am. His pleasure, may he be well relent; alas He hath but as offended in a dreame, All Sees, all Ages smack of this vice, and he To die for't?

Enter Ang. 

Ang. Now, what's the matter Prouofi?

Pro. Pray you doe; I know His pleasure, may be he will relent; alas He hath but as offended in a dreame, All Sees, all Ages smack of this vice, and he To die for't?

Enter Ang. 

Ang. Go to; let that be mine, Doe you your office, or give vp your Place, And you shall well be spar'd.

Pro. I crave your Honours pardon: What shall be done Sir, with the groaning Juliet? Shee's very near her howre. 

Ang. Dispose of her To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Sir. Here is the fitter of the man condemn'd, Desires access to you. 

Ang. Hath he a Sister?

Pro. I your good Lord, a very virtuous maid, And be shortlie of a Sister-hood, If not alreadie. 

Ang. Well: let her be admitted, See you the Fornicatrefs be remou'd, Let her have needfull, but not launfh means, There shall be order for't. 

Enter Lucio and Ijabell. 

Pro. 'Saue your Honour. (will?)

Ang. Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your Ijab. I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour, Plead but your Honor hear me. 

Ang. Well: what's your suite. 

Ijab. There is a vice that most I doe abhorre, And most deffeire should meet the blow of Juflice; For which I would not plead, but that I muft, For which I muft not plead, but that I am At warre, twixt will, and will not. 

Ang. Well: the matter? 

Ijab. I have a brother is condemnd to die, I doe beteache you let it be his fault, And not my brother. 

Pro. Heaven give thee mouing graces. 

Ang. Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it, Why every fault's condemn'd ere it be done: Mine were the verie Cipher of a Funckhon To finde the faults, whose fine standers in record, And let goe by the Actor: 

Ijab. Oh luft, but feuer Law: I had a brother then; heauen keepe your honour. 

Luc. Gius't not ore fo: to him againe, entreat him, Kneele downe before him, hang vpon his gowne, You are too cold: if you should need a pin, 

You could not with more tame a tongue desire it: To him, I say. 

Ijab. Muit he needs die? 

Ang. Maiden, no remedie. 

Ijab. Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him, And neither heauen, nor man grieve at the mercy. 

Ang. I will not doe't. 

Ijab. But can you if you would? 

Ang. Look what I will not, that I cannot doe. 

Ijab. But might you doe't & do the world no wrong 

If to your heart were touch'd with that remorse, 

As mine is to him? 

Ang. Hee's fentenc'd, its too late. 

Luc. You are too cold. 

Ijab. Too late? why no: I that doe fpake a word May call it againe: well, beleue this No ceremony that to great ones longs, Not the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed fword, The Marshalls Trencheon, nor the Judges Robe Become them with one halfe so good a grace As mercie does: if he had bin as you, and you as he, You would have flipt like him, but he like you Would not have beene fo sterne. 

Ang. Pray you be gone. 

Ijab. I would to heauen I had your potencie, And you were Ijabell: should it then be thus? No: I would tell what 'twere to be a Judge, And what a prifoner. 

Luc. I, touch him: there's the vaine. 

Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law, And you but waife your words. 

Ijab. Alas, alas: Why all the foules that were, were forfeit once, And he that might the vantage baft hane tooke, Found out the remedie: how would you be, If he, which is the top of Judgement, should But judge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that, And mercie then will breathe within your lips Like man new made. 

Ang. Be you contented, (faire Maid) It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother, Were he my kinman, brother, or my fomme, It should be thus with him: he muft die to morrow. 

Ijab. To morrow? oh, that's fodaine, Spare him, spare him: 

Hec's not prepar'd for death: even for our kitches We kill the foule of le fon: shall we ferue heauen With leffe reperct then we doe minifter To our groffe-felues? good, good my Lord, bethink you; Who is it that hath di'd for this offence? 

There's many have committed it. 

Luc. I, well faid. 

Ang. The Law hath not bin dead, tho'ghe it hath fept Tho' many had not dar'd to doe that euiil If the firft, that did th' Ediff infringe Had anfwer'd for his deed: Now 'tis awake, Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet Lookes in a glasse that fhowes what future euiils Either now, or by remiffe, new concei'd, 

And so in progreffe to be hatc'd, and borne, Are now to have no succifue degrees, But here they liue to end. 

Ijab. Yet fhow some pittie. 

Ang. I fhow it moft of all, when I fhow Juflice; 

For then I pittie those I doe not know, Which a diſmis'd offence, would after gaule

And
And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong
Lies not to act another: Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

Ifab. So you must be ʃ y first that gives this sentence,
And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is tyrannous
To have a Giant strength: but it is tyrannous
To fee it like a Giant.

Luc. That's well said.

Ifab. Could great men thunder
As Isus himselfe do's, Isus would never be quiet,
For every pelting petty Officer
Would vfe his heauen for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,
Thou rather with thy sharp and fulphorous bolt
Splits the vn-wedgable and gareted Oke,
Then the soft Merrill: But man, proud man,
Dreft in a little briefe authoritie,
Moft ignorant of what he's most affur'd,
(His gladic Effence) like an angry Ape
Plies such fantastique tricks before high heauen,
As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,
Would all themfelves laugh mortall.

Luc. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceive

Pro. Pray heauen she win him.

Ifab. We cannot weare our brother with our selfe,
Great men may lefi with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the leffe fowle prophanation.

Luc. Thou'rt i'th right (Girle) more o'chat.

Ifab. That in the Captaine's but a chollerickc word
Which in the Soullier is flat blaphemie.

Luc. Art auis' o'chat? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings vpon me?

Ifab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in it selfe
That skines the vice o'th top: goo to your bosome,
Knoch there, and aske your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse
A natural guiltineſſe, fuch as is his,
Let it not found a thought vpon your tongue
Against my brothers life.

Ang. Shee speaks, and 'tis fuch fence
That my Sence breeds with it: fare you well.

Ifab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe.

Ang. I will bethinke me: come again to morrow.

Ifab. Hark, how Ie brieke you: good my Lord turn back.

Ang. How? brieke me?

If. I, with fuch gifts that heaven shall share with you.

Luc. You had mar'd all elfe.

Ifab. Not with bond Sickles of the tefted-gold,
Or Stones, whose rate are either rich, or poore
As fancie values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be vp at heauen, and enter there
Ere Sunne rife: prayers from preferred soules,
From failling Maides, whose minds are dedicat
To nothing temporall.

Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.

Luc. Goe to: 'tis well: away.

Ifab. Heauen keepe your honour safe.

Ang. Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croffe.

Ifab. At what hower to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship?

Ang. At any time fore-noone.

Ifab. 'Sue your Honour.

Ang. From thee: even from thy vertue.

What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who first moft? ha?
Not fie: nor doth fie tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flour,
Corrupted with vertuous feaſon: Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our Sence
Then womans lightneſſe? having waste ground enough,
Shall we defire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our euils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What doft thou? or what art thou Angel?
Doft thou defire her fowlly, for thofe things
That make her good? oh, let her brother liue:
Theceus for their robbery have authORITY,
When Judges faele themſelves: what, doe I love her,
That I defire to heare her speake againe?
And faeft vpon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints doft bait thy hooke: moft dangerous
Is that tempation, that doth good vs on
To finne, in louing vertue: never could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once fir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
Subdues me quite : Euer till now
When men were fond, I smild, and wondred how. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke and Prouof.

Duke. Haile to you, Prouof, fo I think you are.

Pro. I am the Prouof: what's your will, good Frier?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bleft order,
I come to visite the afflicted spirits
Here in the prifon: doe me the common right
To let me see them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minifter
To them accordingly.

Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull
Enter Juliet.

Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flames of her owne youth,
Hath bliftered her report: She is with childe,
And he that got it, fentence: a young man,
More fit to doe another fuch offence,
Then dye for this.

Duk. When muſt he dye?

Pro. As I do thinke to morrow.

I have proffered for you, try a while
And you shall be conducted

Duk. Repent you (faire one) of the sin you carry?

Iul. I doe; and hear the fame moft patiently.

Iul. Ile teach you how you fhall araign your conscience
And try your penitence, if it be found,
Or hollowly put on.

Iul. Ile gladly learn.

Duk. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Iul. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duk. So then it feemeth your moft offence full aſt
Was mutually committed.

Iul. Mutually.

Duk. Then was your sin of heauier kind then his.

Iul. I doe confesse it, and repent it (Father.)

Duk. "Tis
Measure for Measure. 69

Duke. 'Tis meet so (daughter) but least you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always toward our selves, not heaven,
Shewing we would not spare heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.

Ibid. I doe repent me, as it is an euil,
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There reft:
Your partner (as I hear) must die to morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him:
Grace goe with you, Benedicite.

Ibid. Must die to morrow? oh injurious Loue
That repents me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror.

Pro. 'Tis pitty of him.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

An. When I would pray, & think, I think, and pray
To feuerall subiects: heauen hath my empty words,
Whilst my Invention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on Iabell: heauen in my mouth,
As if I did but onely chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling euill
Of my conception: the state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read
Groome feared, and tedious: yea, my Gratia
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
Could I, with bootes, change for an idle plume
Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place, oh forme,
How often doth thou with thy caye, thy habit
Wrench awue from footsteps, and tye the wiser foules
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood,
Let's write good Angell on the Deuises horne
'Tis not the Deuils Craft: how now? who's there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. One Iabell, a Sister, desires acceffe to you.
Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heauen
Why doe's my blood thus muffer to my heart,
Making both it vnable for it selfe,
And dispoofefing all my other parts
Of necessary finnesse?
So play the foolish throng with one that swoundes,
Come all to help him, and fo stop the ayre
By which hee should renewe: and even fo
The generall subiect to a wel-wishit King
Quit all your owne parte, and in obfcondous fondnesse
Crowd to his presence, where their vn-taught loue
Muff needs appear offence: how now faire Maid.

Enter Iabellia.

Iab. I am come to know your pleasure. (me,
An. That you might know it, wold much better please
Then to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot liue.
Iab. Even so: heauen keepes your Honor.
Ang. Yet the man he live a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I: yet he muf't die.
Iab. Under your Sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Iab. When, I beseech you: that in his Repriene
(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted
That his foule sicken not.
Ang. Ha? fie, these filthy vices: It were as good

To pardon him, that hath from nature floor
A man already made, as to remit
Their fawie sweetnes, that doe coyne heauen Image
In stumps that are forbid: 'tis all as easie,
Falsely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in restrained meanes,
To make a filfe one

Iab. 'Tis let done so in heauen, but not in earth.
Ang. Say you so: then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the moft juft Law
Now took your brothers life, and to redeem him
Give vp your body to such sweet vnclennesse
As she that he hath staid?
Iab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body, then my soule.

Ang. I talke not of your soule: our compel'd fins
Stand more for number, then for accompt.

Iab. How say you?
Ang. Nay Ile not warrant that: for I can speake
Against the thing I say: Anwere to this,
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
 Pronounce a sentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charitie in finne,
To faue this Brothers life?
Iab. Pleafe you to doo't,
Ile take it as a perill to my soule,
It is no finne at all, but charitie.
Ang. Plea'd you to doo't, at perill of your soule
Were equall poize of finnes, and charitie.
Iab. That I do beg his life, if it be finne
Heauen let me heare it: you granting of my suit,
If that be fin, He make it my Mornes-prayer,
To have it added to the faultes of mine,
And nothing of your answere.

Ang. Nay, but heare me,
Your fence pursueth not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seeme so crafty; and that's not good.
Iab. Let be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus widisme wishes to appeare most bright,
When it doth taxe it selfe: As these blacke Masques
Proclaine an en-shield beauty ten times louder
Then beauty could displeased: But mark me,
To be receu'd plaice, Ile speake more grosses:
Your Brother is to dye.
Iab. So.
Ang. And his offence is so, as it appeares,
Accountant to the Law, upon that paine.
Iab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to faue his life
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loffe of question) that you, his Sister,
Finding your felle defir'd of such a person,
Whole creedit with the Judge, or owne great place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
Of the all-building-Law: and that there were
No earthly meane to faue him, but that either
You must lay downe the treasures of your body,
To this supposal, or else to let him suffer:
What would you doe?

Iab. As much for my poore Brother, as my selfe;
That is: were I under the tearmes of death,
Th'impression of keene whips, I'd ware as Rubies,
And firi my selfe to death, as to a bed,
That longing have bin fiche for, ere I'd yeeld
My body vp to shame.
Measure for Measure.

Ang. Then must your brother die.
I. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Then that a sister, by redeeming him
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the Sentence,
That you have flander'd so?
I. Ignominie in ranfome, and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawfull mercie,
Is nothing kin to fowle redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the Law a tyrant,
And rather prou'd the shedding of your brother
A merriment, then a vice.
I. Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft falls out
To have, what we would have,
We speake not what we meane;
I someting do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly loue.

Ang. We are all fraile.
I. Else let my brother die,
If not a fectar but onely he
Owe, and succede thy weaknesse.

Ang. Nay, women are fraile too.
I. I, as the glennes where they view themselves,
Which are as eare broke as they make formes:
Women? Helpe heaven; men their creation mare
In profiting by them: Nay, cal vs ten times fraile,
For we are soft, as our complixions are,
And credulous to falfe prints.

Ang. I thinke it well:
And from this testimonie of your owne sex
(Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
Then fults may flake our frames) let me be bold ;
I do arreft your words. Be that you are,
That is a woman; if you be more, you'r none.
If you be one (as you are well expreff
By all externall warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the deftin'd Luerie.

I. I have no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me entreate you speake the former language.

Ang. Plainlie conceife I loue you.
I. My brother did loue Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for't.

Ang. He shall not Isabella if you give me loue.
I. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
Which feastes a little fouler then it is,
To plucke on others.

Ang. Beleeue me on mine Honor,
My words expresse my purpofe.

I. Ha? Little honor, to be much beleued,
And most perfidious purpofe : Seeming,seeming,
I will proclaime thee Angelo, looke for't.
Signe me a prefent pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-frectchet throate Ile tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will beleue thee Isabella?
My vnfold name, th'auntereneffe of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'th State,
Will fo your acutation over-weigh,
That you shall flie in your owne reporr,
And smell of calumnie. I have begun,
And now I give my fenfull race, the reyne,
Fit thy confent to my sharp appetite,
Lay by all niceties, and prolixious blushes
That banish what they fere for: Redeeme thy brother,
By yelding vp thy bodie to my will,

Or else he must not oneie die the death,
But thy vnkindneffe shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance: Anwer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me molt,
Ile enue a Tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my fale, ore-weighs your true. Exit

I. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would beleue me? O perilous mouthes
That bear in them, one and the felifesame tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approfe,
Bidding the Law make curfes to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th'apppetite,
To follow as it draws. Ile to my brother,
Though he hath falne by promptrue of the blood,
Yet hath he in him fuche a minde of Honor,
That had he twentie heads to tender downe
On twentie bloodie blockes, he'ld yeeld them vp,
Before his fifter should her bodie floope
To fuch abhor'd pollution.
Then Isabella live chafte, and brother die;
"More then our Brother, is our Chaftitie.
Ile tell him yet of Angelo's requese,
And fit his minde to death, for his soules right. Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Prouept.
Du. So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?
Cla. The miferable have no other medicine
But only hope: I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reafon thus with life:
If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing
That none but foole would keep: a breath thou art,
Seraule to all the skye-influenfes,
That doft this habitation where thou keepft
Hourly afflilct: Mearely, thou art deaths foele,
For him thou labouref by thy flight to then,
And yet runft toward him fiftill. Thou art not noble,
For all th'accommodations that thou bearft,
Are nufht by basфeifie: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
For thou doft feare the soft and tender foreke
Of a poore worme: thy helt of reft is fleepy,
And that thou oft prouoakft, yet groffifie fearft
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy felyf,
For thou exifts on manie a thousand graines
That ifue out of dust. Happie thou art not,
For what thou halt not, till thou fhalt it to get,
And what thou haft forgetft. Thou art not cernine,
For thy complixion fliffes to strange effefts,
After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
For like an Affe, whose backe with Ingots bowes;
Thou bearft thy heauie riches but a journie,
And death unloads thee; Friend haft thou none.
For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
The meere effufion of thy proper loines
Do curfe the Govt, Sapego, and the Rheume
For ending thee no sooner. Thou art noyou, nor age
But as it were an after-dinners fleep
Dreaming on both, for all thy bleffe youth
Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes
Of palfied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich

Thou
Measure for Measure.

Thou haft neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beautie
To make thy riches pleasan: what's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid maw thousand deaths; yet death we fear
That makes these odds, all even.
Cla. I humbly thanke you.
To sue to live, I finde I seeke to die,
And seeking death, finde life: Let it come on.
Enter Isabella.

Pro. Who's there? Come in, the with deservers a welcome.
Duke. Decere fir, ere long Ile viit you again.
Cla. Most holy Sir, I thanke you.
Ifeb. My businesse is a word or two with Claudio.
Pro. And welcome: looke Signior, here's your fitter.
Duke. Proof, a word with you.
Pro. As manie as you please.
Duke. Bring them to heare me speake, where I may be conceal'd.
Cla. Now fitter, what's the comfort?
Ifeb. Why,
As all comforts are: most good, most good indeede,
Lord Angelo having affaires to heaven
Intends you for his swift Ambassadors,
Where you shall be an everlafting Leiger;
Therefore your best appointment make with speed,
To Morrow you fet on.
Cla. Is there no remedie?
Ifeb. None, but fuch remedie, as to faue a head
To cleare a heart in twaine:
Cla. But is there ane?
Ifeb. Yes brother, you may live;
There is a diuellish mercie in the ludge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Cla. Perpetuall durance?
Ifeb. I luft, perpetuall durance, a restraint
Through all the worlds validitie you had
To a determin'd scope.
Cla. But in what nature?
Ifeb. In such a one, as you consenting too't,
Would barke your honor from that trunke you bear,
And leaue you naked.
Cla. Let me know the point.
Ifeb. Oh, I do faere thee Claudio, and I quake,
Leaff thou a feauorous life shouldt entertaine,
And fixe or feuen winters more respect
Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar'ft thou die?
The fene of death is moft in apprehension,
And the poore Beetle that we tread vpon
In corporall fufferance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.
Cla. Why gueue you me this shame?
Think ye you can a resolution fetch
From fowrie tenderneffe? If I muft die,
I will encounter darkneffe as a bride,
And hugge it in mine armes.
Ifeb. There's gape my brother: there my fathers grave
Did vter forth a voice: Ye, thou muft die:
Thou art too noble, to fuffer a life
In base appliances. This outward fauned Deputer,
Whose felled vifage, and deliberate word
Nips youth i'th head, and folles doth emmew
As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a diuell:
His filth within being caft, he would appeare
A pond, as deep as hell.
Cla. The prenzee, Angelo?
Ifeb. Oh 'tis the cunning Liuerie of hell,
The damned bodie to inufile, and coure
In prenzee garde; doft thou thinke Claudio,
If I would yeeld him my virginitie
Thou might it be freed?
Cla. Oh heavenes, it cannot be.
Ifeb. Yes, he would giue the; from this rank offence
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhorre to name,
Or else thou diest to morrow.
Cla. Thou shalt not do't.
Ifeb. O, were it but my life,
I'de throw it downe for your deliuerance
As frankly as a pin.
Cla. Thankeas deere Isabella.
Ifeb. Be ready Claudio, for your death to morrow.
Cla. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th'nofe,
When he would force it? Sure it is no finne,
Or of the deadly feuen it is the leaff.
Ifeb. Which is the leaff?
Cla. If it were damnable, he being fo wife,
Why would he for the momenarie tricke
Be perdurable fin'he? Oh Isabella.
Ifeb. What fies my brother?
Cla. Death is a fearefull thing.
Ifeb. And shamed life,a hatefull.
Cla. I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obfruction, and to rot,
This fensible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clod; And the delighted spirit
To bath in fouvern floods, or to recide
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,
To be imprison'd in the viewleffe windes
And blowne with refleffe violence round about
The pendant world: or to be worse then worst
Of thofe, that lawleffe and incertaine thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horible.
The weareift, and moft loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, periury, and imprifonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradife
To what we feare of death.
Ifeb. Alas, alas.
Cla. Sweet Sifer, let me line.
What finne you do, to faue a brothers life,
Nature difpenfes with the deede fo farre,
That it becomes a vertue.
Ifeb. Oh you beast,
Oh faithleffe Coward, oh d.navigationController wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kinde of Inceft, to take life
From thine owne fifer's shame? What should I thinke,
Heauen shield my Mother plaide my Father faire:
For fuch a warped fip of wilderneffe
Nere ifu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, perifh: Might but my bending downe
Reproveth thee from thy fate, it should procede.
Ile pray a thoufand prayers for thy death,
No word to faue thee.
Cla. Nay heare me Isabella.
Ifeb. Oh fie, fie, fie:
Thy finn's not accidentall, but a Trade;

Mercie
Mercy to thee would prove it selfe a Bawd,
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

Cla. Oh hear me Iabella.

Duk. Vouchsafe a word, yong fitter, but one word.

Ia. What is your Will.

Duk. Might you disparity with your leyfure, I would by and by have some fpeech with you : the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your owne benefit.

Ia. I have no superfluous leyfure, my fayre must be stolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you a while.

Duk. Son, I haue ouer-heard what hath paft between you & your Angel. I haue never the purpose to corrupt her; onely he hath made an affay of her vertue, to praftice his judgement with the disposition of natures. She (having the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious denial, which is most glad to receive : I am Confessor to Angel, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare your selfe to death : do not satisfie your resolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you must die, goe to your knees, and make ready.

Cla. Let me ask my fitter pardon, I am fo out of loue with life, that I will fue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there : farewell : Postroft, a word with you.

Pro. What's your will (father?)

Duk. That now you are come, you will be gone: leave me a while with the Maid, my minde promifes with my habit, no loffe shall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time. 

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good : the goodness that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty best in goodness; but given being the foile of your complexion, shall keep the body, of it ever faire : the affault that Angel hath made to you, Fortune hath consu'd to my vnderstanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angel: how will you doe to content this Substitute, and to suade your Brother?

Ia. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my fonne should be unlawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke decreiu'd in Angel: if ever he returne, and I can speake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or discouer his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiffe: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accufation : he made triall of you onmale. Therefore faften your eare on my aduising, to the loue I haue in doing good ; a remedie prefents it felfe. I doe make my felfe beleuie that you may moft wrighteineusly do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from theangry Law; doe no faine to your owne gracious perfon, and much pleafe the absent Duke, if you in your entourage he shall euer returne to have hearing of this businesse.

Ia. Let me hear you speake farther: I have spirit to do any thing that appears not fowle in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Vertue is bold, and goodenes neuer fcarefull: Haue you not heard speake of Mariana the fitter of Frederike the great Soul'dier, who miscarried at Sea?

Ia. I have heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Shee should this Angel have married : was affianced to her oath, and the nuptiaal appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnize, her brother Frederike was wrackt at Sea, having in that perifhed fellell, the dowry of his fitter: but marke how heauily this befell to the poore Gentewoman, there she loft a noble and renowned brother, in his loue toward her, euer moft kinde and natural: with him the portion and finew of her fortune, her marriage dowry : with both, her combyuate-Husband, this weel-seeing Angel.

Ia. Can this be fo ? did Angel fo leaque her?

Duke. Left her in her teares, & drie not one of them with his comfort : swallowed his vowes whole, prettending in her, discoueries of disfonor : in few, befo' he drawers her owne lamentation, which she yet weares for his fake: and he, a marbe to her teares, is wathed with them, but releats not.

Ia. What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live ? But how out of this can fie auaile?

Duke. It is a ruptare that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not onely faues your brother, but keeps you from disfonor in doing it.

Ia. Shew me how (good Father.)

Duk. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her frift affection: his vnui't vnkindeness (that in all reafon shoule have quenched her loue) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violence and vnruely: Goe you to Angel, anfwere his requir- ing with a planable obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your felfe to this advantage; fit, that your fayre with him may not be long; that the time may haue all shadow, and fience in it: and the place anfwere to convenience: this being granted in coufe, and now follows: all who euer had this wronged maid to feed vp your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it felfe hereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is your brother faued, your honor vntainted, the poore Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy faled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doublenes of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofs. What thinke you of it?

Ia. The image of it gives me content already, and I tru't it will grow to a most prosperus perfection.

Duk. It lies much in your holding vp: hafte you spee-dily to Angel, if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promife of fatisfaction: I will presently to S. Luke: there at the moated-Grange resides this delect Mariana: at that place call vpon me, and dispatch with Angel, that it may be quickly.

Ia. I thank you for this content: fare youwell good father.

Enter Elbow, Cloume, Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drinkes brown & white bafard.

Duk. Oh heauens, what fuffe is heere.

Cloume. Twas neuer merry world promis of two furies the merrie was put downe, and the worser allow'd by order of Law; a fur'd gowne to keape him warme; and fure with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, flands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way sir: bleffe you good Father Frier.

Duk. And you good Brother Father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry
Duke. Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too Sir: for we haue found upon him Sir, a Strange Pick-lock, which we haue sent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd,
The euill that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but thinke
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloack a backe
From such a filthy vice: say to thy selfe,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drinke, I eate away my selfe, and live:
Canst thou beleue thy liuing is a life,
So flinkingely depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it do's flinke in some fort, Sir:
But yet Sir I would prowe.

Duke. Nay, if the duell haue given thee proofs for sin
Thou wilt prowe his. Take him to prison Officer:
Correccion, and Instruction must both worke.
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He muett before the Deputy Sir, he ha's given
him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-ma-
fter: if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him,
he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seeme to bee
From our faults, as faults from leeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His necke will come to your waft, a Cord sir.

Clo. I spy comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none of Pigmaliun Images newly made woman to bee had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extrading clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What saith thou to this Tune, Matter, and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th last raine? Ha? What saith thou Trot? Is the world as it was?

Man. Which is the vway? Is it sad, and few words or how? The tricke of it?


Luc. How doth my deere Morfell, thy Mistra? Procures the fill? Ha?

Clo. Troth sir, she hath eaten vp all her beefe, and she is her selfe in the tub.

Luc. Why 'tis good: It is the right of it: it must be so. Euer your fresh Whore, and your pouder'd Baud, an vnhuind conuenience, it must be so. Art going to prizon Pompey?

Clo. Yes faith sir.

Luc. Why 'tis not amisse Pompey: farewell: goo say I sent thee there: for debt Pompey? Or how? Elb. For being a baud, for being a baud.

Luc. Well then imprison him: If imprisonment be the dute of a baud, why 'tis his right. Baud is he double-fle, and of antiquity too: Baud borne. Farwell good Pompey: Commend me to the prizon Pompey, you will turne good husband now Pompey, you vwill kepe the house.

Clo. I hope Sir, your good Worship will be my baile?

Luc. No indeed you not Pompey, it is not the wear: I will pray (Pompey) to encreasse your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu truffie Pompey.

Blesse you Friar.

Duke. And you.

Luc. Do's Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your waisers sir, come.

Clo. You will not baile me then Sir?

Luc. Then Pompey, nor now: what newes abroad Fri-
er? What newes?

Elb. Come your waisers sir, come.

Luc. Go to kennell (Pompey) goe:

What newes Friar of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia: other some, he is in Rome: but where is he thinke you?

Luc. I know not where: but wherefoeuer, I wish him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantastical tricke of him to scate from the State, and vfrpe the beggerie he was never borne to: Lord Angelo Dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression too't.

Duke. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lenitie to Lecherie would doe no harme in him: Something too crabbed that way, Frier.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and fearing mutt cure it.

Luc. Yes in good folk, the vice is of a great kindred; it is vwell allied, but it is impossible to extirpe it quite, Frier, till eating and drinking be put downe. They say this Angelo was not made by Man and Woman, after this downe-right vway of Creation: is it true, thinke you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid spawnd him. Some, that he was begot betweene two Sea-maides. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his Vrine is congeall'd ice, that I know to bee true: and he is a motion generative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant sir, and speake space.

Luc. Why, what a ruttlesse thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is abfent have done this? Ere he vwould have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Baftards, he vwould have paid for the Nurfing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, he knew the servise, and that instructed him to mercye.

Duke. I never heard the abfent Duke much detected for Women, he was not enclined that vway.

Luc. Oh Sir, you are decieued.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his vfe was, to put a buckett in her Clack-dish; the Duke had Crochets in him. Hee would be drunke too, that let me informe you.


Luc. Sir, I was an inward of his: a shie fellow he was the Duke, and I beleue I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What (I pr thee) might be the cause?

Luc. No pardon. 'Tis a secret must bee lockt within-the teeth and the lippes: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subiect held the Duke to be vwife.

Duke. Wife? Why no question but he was.

Luc. A very superficia, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is Eunice in you, Folly, or misaking: The very fireame of his life, and the businesse he hath helmed, must vpon a warranted neede, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his owne bringings forth, and hee shall appear to the envious, a Scholler, a Statesman, and a Soldier: therefore you speake vskilfully: or, if your knowledge bee more, it is much darkned in your malice.

G. Luc.
Luc. Sir, I know him, and I love him.
Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, & knowledge with deare love.
Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.
Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speake. But if ever the Duke returne (as our prayers he may) let mee desire you to make your an-
swer before him : if it bee honest you haue spoke, you haue courage to maintaining it ; I am bound to call vppon
you, and I pray you your name?
Luc. Sir my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke.
Duke. He shall know you better Sir, if I may liue to report you.
Luc. I feare you not.
Duke. O, you hope the Duke will returne no more:
or you imagine me to vnhurtfull an oppoite : but indeed I can doe you little harme : You'll for-shewe this a-
gaine?
Luc. Ile be hang'd first : Thou art deceu'd in mee.
Friar. But no more of this : Canst thou tell if Claudio
die to morrow, or no?
Duke. Why should he die Sir?
Luc. Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunne-dish : I know the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this
volentur'd Agent will ue-people the Province with
Continence. Sparrowes must not build in his hou-
seues, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would
have darke deeds darkelie answer'd, hee would not
bring them to light : would hee were return'd. Marrie
this Claudio is condemn'd for vntrufing. Farwell good
Friar, I prethee pray for me : The Duke (I say to thee
againe) would eate Mutton on Fridays. He's now past
it, yet (and I say to thee) hee would mouth with a beg-
gar, though she smelt browne-bread and Garlickie : say
that I said so : Farewell.
Duke. No might, nor granteene in mortality
Can cenfure face: Back-reaching calamie
The whitest vertue strikes. What King so strong,
Can tie the gall vp in the flanderous tong?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Bawd.
Efc. Go, away with her to prifon.
Bawd. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor
is accounted a mercifull man : good my Lord.
Efc. Doubt not, and trebble admonition, and still for-
selte in the fame kind: This would make mercy sweare
and play the Tirant.
Pro. A Bawd of eleuen yeares continuance, may it plea-
se your Honor.
Bawd. My Lord, this is one Lucio's information a-
gainst mee, Midris Kate Keespe-doure was with childe
by him in the Duke's time, he promis'd her marriage : his
Childe is a yeare and a quarter olde come Philip and Ja-
cob: I haue kept it my selue: and see how hee goes about
to abufe mee.
Efc. That fellow is a fellow of much License : Let
him be call'd before vs. Away with her to prifon: Goe
too, no more words. Provost, my Brother Angelo
will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to morrow : Let him be
furnished with Divines, and have all charitable prepara-
tion. If my brother wroght by my pitie, it should
not be so with him.
Pro. So please you, this Friar hath beene with him,
and aduise him for th'entertainment of death.
Efc. Good'even, good Father.
Duke. Bliffe, and goodneffe on you.

Efc. Of whence are you?
Duke. Not of this Countrie, though my chance is now
To vfe it for my time : I am a brother
Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea,
In speciall businesse from his Holinesse.
Efc. What news abroad in the World?
Duke. None, but that there is so great a Feauer on
goodneffe, that the distillation of it must cure it. No-
uelie is only in request, and as it is as dangerous to be
aged in any kinde of course, as it is vertuous to be con-
stant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough
alioe to make Societies secure, but Security enough to
make Fellowships accurst: Much vpon this riddle runs
the widow'some of the world: This newes is old enough,
yet it is euerie daies newes. I pray you Sir, of what dis-
position was the Duke?
Efc. One, that aboue all other strifes,
Contended especially to know himselfe.
Duke. What pleasure was he given to?
Efc. Rather relying to fee another merry, then
merritie at anie thing which profefst to make him rejoic.
A Gentleman of all temperance. But leave wee him to
his events, with a prater they may prove prosperous, &
let me desire to know, how you finde Claudio prepar'd?
I am made to vnderstand, that you haue lent him visa-
tion.
Duke. He professes to haue receiued no finifter mea-
asure from his Judge, but most willingly humbles him-
selfe to the determination of Justice : yet had he framed
himselfe (by the instruction of his frailty) manie de-
ceuing promises of life, which I (by my good leisure)
have difcredited to him, and now is he refolue'd to die.
Efc. You have payd the heavens your Function, and
the prifoner the vere debt of your Calling. I have lau-
bour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extremeft shore
of my modellie, but my brother -Justice haue I found fo
fevere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeede
Justice.
Duke. If his owne life,
Aniwere the fairest of his proceeding,
It shall become him well : wherein if he chance to faile
he hath tentenc'd himselfe.
Efc. I am going to vift the prifoner, Fare you well.
Duke. Peace be with you.
He who the sword of Heauen will beare,
Should be as holy, as feuere:
Patterns in himselfe to know,
Grace to fand, and Virtue go:
More, nor leffe to others paying,
Then by faile-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel strikings,
Kils for fault of his owne liking:
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To vveade my vice, and let his grow.
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Though Angel on the outward side?
How may likenesse made in crimes,
Making praftise on the Times,
To draw with yde Spiders stringes
Most ponderous and subfantiall things?
Craft against vice, I must apply.
With Angel to night shall lye
His old betroathed (but defiled):
So diguise shall by th'diguised
Pay with falshood, falsxe exacting,
And performe an olde contrading.

Exit

Actus
**Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.**

**Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.**

**Song.**

- Take, oh take those lips away,
  that so sweetly were forsworn,
- And those eyes: the breaks of day
  lights that do mislead the Morn;
- But my kisses bring again, bring again,
  Thrills of love, but feel'd in vain, feel'd in vain.

**Enter Duke.**

- Mar. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away,
  Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
  I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could I
  You had not found me here so uncall.
  Let me excuse me, and believe me so.
  My mirth it must displea'd, but plea'd my woe.
  'Duk. 'Tis good; though Muffic oft hath such a charm
  To make bad, good; and good prove not to harm.
  I pray you tell me, hath any body enquiries for mee here
to day; much upon this time have I promis'd here to meete.

- Mar. You have not bin enquir'd after: I haue sat here all day.

**Enter Isabella.**

- Duk. I doe confantly believe you: the time is come
even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little, may be
  I will call upon you anone for some advantage to your felte.
- Mar. I am always bound to you.

**Enter Proust and CLOWNE.**

- Pro. Come hither sirrah; can you cut off a mans head?
  Clo. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can:
  But if he be a married man, he's his wives head,
  And I can never cut off a womans head.
- Pro. Come sir, leave me your snatches, and yeeld mee a
  direct antworth. To morrow morning are to die Claudio
  and Bernardine: hear is in our prifon a common
  executioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take
  it on you to assist him, it shall redeeme you from thy
  Gues: if not, you shall haue your full time of imprisonment,
  and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping;
  for you haue beene a notorious bawd.

- Clo. Sir, I haue beene an vnlawfull bawd, time out of
  minde, but yet I will bee content to be a lawfull hangman: I
  would bee glad to receive some informacion from my
  fellow partner.
- Pro. What haue, Abborfon? where's Abborfon there?
  Enter Abborfon.

- Abb. Do you call sir?
- Pro. Sirrah, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow
  in your execution: if you thinke it meet, compound with
  him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you, if not,
  vfe him for the prent, and difmisse him, hee cannot
  plead his estimation with you: he hath beene a Bawd.
- Abb. A Bawd Sir? fie vpon him, he will difcredit our
  mysterie.
- Pro. Goe too Sir, you waigh equallie: a feather will
turne the Scale.

**Exit.**

- Pro. Pray sir, by your good fauer: for surely sir, a
  good fauer you haue, but that you haue a hanging look:
  Doee you call sir, your occupation a Mysterie?

**Scena Secunda.**

**Exit Proust and CLOWNE.**

- Pro. Come hither sirrah; can you cut off a mans head?
  Clo. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can:
  But if he be a married man, he's his wives head,
  And I can never cut off a womans head.
- Pro. Come sir, leave me your snatches, and yeeld mee a
  direct antworth. To morrow morning are to die Claudio
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  mysterie.
- Pro. Goe too Sir, you waigh equallie: a feather will
turne the Scale.

**Exit.**

- Pro. Pray sir, by your good fauer: for surely sir, a
  good fauer you haue, but that you haue a hanging look:
  Doee you call sir, your occupation a Mysterie?
measure for measure.

abb. I sir, a misterie.
clo. painting sir, i have heard say, is a misterie; and your whores sir, being members of my occupation, v-ling painting, do proye mine occupation, a misterie; but what misterie there should be in hanging, if i should be hang’d, i cannot imagine.

abb. sir, it is a misterie.
clo. proofs.

abb. euerie true man’s apparel fits your theefe.
clo. if it be too little for your theefe, your true man thinkes it bigge enough. if it bee too bigge for your theefe, your theefe thinkes it little enough: so euerie true mans apparel fits your theefe.

enter proouf.

pro. are you agreed?
clo. sir, i will ferue him: for i do finde your hangman is a more penitent trade then your baud: he doth oftner ask forgiveness.

pro. you firrah, provide your blocke and your axe to morrow, foure a clocke.

abb. come on (baud) i will instruct thee in my trade: follow.

clo. i do desire to learne sir: and i hope, if you haue occasion to vs me for your owne turne, you shall finde me y’are. for truly sir, for your kindnesse, i owe you a good turne.

pro. call beth her barnardine and claudio: th’one has my pitie; not a lot the other. being a murtherer, though he were my brother.

enter claudio.

looke, here’s the warrant claudio, for thy death, ’tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow thou must be made immortall. where’s barnardine?

clo. as fast lock’d vp in sleep, as guiltiess labour, when it lies starkely in the travellers bones, he will not wake.

pro. who can do good on him?

well, go, prepare your felle. but harke, what noise? heavens giue your spirits comfort: by, and by, i hope it is some pardon, or repreu.

for the most gentle claudio. welcome father.

enter duke.

duke. the beer, and wholome spirits of the night, innelop you, good proouff: who call’d heere of late?

pro. none since the curphew rung.

duke. not ijabel?

pro. no.

duke. they will then er’t be long.

pro. what comfort is for claudio?

duke. there’s some in hope.

pro. it is a bitter deputie.

duke. not fo, not fo: his life is paralleld’

euen with the stroke and line of his great justice.

he doth with holie abstinence subdue

that in himselfe, which he s purpos on his powre

to qualify in others: were he meat’d with that

which he corrects, then were he tirannous,

but this being fo, he’s iuft. now are they come.

this is a gentle proouf, sildome when

the fleeted gaoler is the friend of men:

how now? what noise? that spirit’s poifft with haft,

that wounds th’vnfitting polterne with these strokes.

pro. there he must stay untill the officer

arife to let him in: he is call’d vp.

duke. haue you no countermand for claudio yet?

but he must die to morrow?

pro. none sir, none.

duke. as neere the dawning proouff, as it is,

you shall heare more ere morning.

pro. happily

you something know: yet i beleue there comes

no countermand: no such example haue we:

besides, upon the verie siege of justice,

lord angelo hath to the publike care

profeft the contrarie.

enter a messenger.

duke. this is his lords man.

pro. and here comes claudio’s pardon.

mef. my lord hath sent you this note,

and by mee this further charge;

that you wouer not from the smalllest article of it,

neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.

good morrow: for as i take it, it is almost day.

pro. i shall obey him.

duke. this is his pardon purchas’d by such fin,

for which the pardoner himselfe is in:

hence hath offence his quicke celerite,

when it is borne in high authority.

when vice makes mercie; mercie’s fo extended,

that for the faults loue, is th’offender friended.

now sir, what newes?

pro. i told you:

lord angelo (be-like) thinking me remisfe

in mine office, awakens mee.

with this vnwonted putting on, methinks strangely:

for he hath not w’d it before.

duke. pray you let’s heare.

the letter.

whatsoever you may heare to the contrary, let claudio be executed by foure of the clocks, and in the afternoone barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let mee haue claudion hand sent me by fire. let this be duly performed with a thought that more depends on it, than we must yet deliver.

thus faileth not to doe your office, as you will anfwere it at your peril.

what lay you to this sir?

duke. what is that barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoone?

pro. a bohemian borne: but here nust vp & bred,

one that is a prisioner nine yeeres old.

duke. how came it, that the absent duke had not either deliu’red him to his libertie, or executed him? i have heard it was euer his manner to do so.

pro. his friends still wrught: reproaches for him:

and indeed his fact till now in the government of lord angelo, came not to an vndoubtfull proouf.

duke. it is now apparant?

pro. most manifest, and not denied by himselfe.

duke. hath he borne himselfe penitently in prison?

how fumes he to be touch’d?

pro. a man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleepe, careless, wakelesse, and fearlesse of what’s past, present, or to come: insensible of mortality, and desperately mortall.

duke. he wants advice.

pro. he wil heare none: he hath euermore had the libery of the prision: give him leave to sleepe hence, he would not. drunke many times a day, if not many days entirely drunke. we have verie oft awak’d him, as if to carry him to execution, and there’d him a seeming warrant for it, i hath not moued him at all.

duke.
More of him anon: There is written in your brow Prosofo, honesty and constancie; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay my selfe in hazard: Claudie, whom here ye have warrant to accuse, is no greater forfeit to the Law, then Angelo who hath sentenc’d him.

To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but foure daies respite: for the which, you are to do me both a present, and a dangerous courtsey.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what?
Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alacke, how may I do it? Having the house limited, and an expresse command, vnder penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my cafe as Claudio’s, to croffe this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, If my instructuons may be your guide, Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, And his head borne to Angelo.
Pro. Angelo hath seen them both, And will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death’s a great disguiser, and you may add to it; Shave the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar’d before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you vpon this, more then thankes and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you v fortnue to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Pro. To him, and to his Substitutes.
Duke. You will thinke you have made no offence, if the Duke auouch the justice of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that?
Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty; yet since I see you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perfusion, can with safe attempt you, I will go further then I meant, to plucke all fears out of you. Looke you Sir, heere is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you know the Charrafter I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you?

Pro. I know them both.
Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke; you shall anon ouer-see it at your pleasure: where you shall finde within these two daies, he will be heere. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for hee this very day receiveth letters of strange tenor, perchance of the Duke’s death, perchance entering into some Maniefer, but by chance nothing of what is writ.Looke, th’unfolding Starres calles vp the Shepherd; but not your selfe into amasement, how these things should be; all difficulties are but easie when they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardines head: I will glue him a present shrift, and aduise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz’d, but this shall absolutely resolue you: Come away, it is almost cleere Dawne.

Enter Cloume.
Clo. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our house of profession: one would thinke it were mistres

Our homes owne houfe, for heere be manie of her olde Customers. First, here’s yong Mr. Rajb, he’s in for a commoditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine score and fourtie pounds, of which hee made five Markes ready money; marrie then, Garrow was not much in requist, for the olde Women vvere all dead. Then is there here one Mr. Caped, at the suit of Master Three-Pile the Mercer, for some four foure suites of Peach-colour’d Satten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then haue vve heere, yong Dianio, and yong Mr. Depeewoo, and Mr. Coppur: and Mr. Starre-Lackey the Purer and hanger man, and yong Drop-beere that kild Liquite Pudding, and Mr. Forbillig the Tilter, and braue Mr. Shottie the great Traveller, and wilde Half-Canne that flabb’d Pots, and I thinke fortiere more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords fake.

Enter Abborfan.
Abb. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hether.
Clo. Mr. Barnardine, you must rifie and be hang’d,
Mr. Barnardine.
Abb. What hooa Barnardine.
Barnardine within.
Bar. A pox o’your throats: who makes that noys there? What are you?
Clo. Your friends Sir, the Hangman:
You must be fo good Sir to rifie, and be put to death.
Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepe.
Abb. Tell him he must awake,
And that quickly too.
Clo. Pray Master Barnardine, awake till you are Executed, and sleepe afterwards.
Abb. Go in to him, and fetch him out.
Clo. He is comming Sir, he is comming: he heares his Straw ruffle.

Enter Barnardine.
Abb. Is the Axe upon the blocke, sirrah?
Clo. Verrie readie Sir.
Bar. How now Abborfon?
What’s the news with you?
Abb. Truly Sir, I would defire you to clap into your prayers: for looke you, the Warrants come.
Bar. You Rogue, I haue bin drinking all night,
I am not fitted for’t.
Clo. Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleepe the founder all the next day.

Enter Duke.
Abb. Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghostly Father: do we left now thinke you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how haifull you are to depart, I am come to aduise you,
Comfort you, and pray with you.
Bar. Praise not I: I have bin drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare mee, or they shall beat out my braines with billets: I will not content to die this day, that’s certaine.

Duke. Oh Sir, you must not die to day for anie mans perfusion.

Duke. But hear you:
Bar. Not a word: if you haue any thing to say to me, come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

Enter Prout.

Duke. Vnfit to live, or die: oh grauell heart.
G 3 After

Scena Tertia.
After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?
Duke. A creature vnpre-pard, vnmeet for death,
And to transport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable.

Pro. Here in the prison, Father,
There died this morning a crouell Feauer,
One Ragozine, a most notorious Pirate,
A man of Claudio's yeares : his head, and head
Iust of his colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, til he were wel enclin'd,
And satisifie the Deputie with the vifage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heav'n provides:
Dispatch it prentantly, the houre draws on
Prefnt by Angelo : See this be done,
And fent according to command, whiles I
Perfwade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Pro. This shall be done (good Father) prevently : But Barnardine must die this afternoon,
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To faue me from the danger that might come,
If he were knowne aliue?

Duke. Let this be done,
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio,
Ere twice the Sun hath made his journall greeting
To yond generation, you fhall finde
Your faetic manifest'd.

Pro. I am your free dependant. Exit.

Duke. Quicke, dispatch, and fend the head to Angelo
Now wil I write Letters to Angelo,
(The Prouofh he fhall bear them) whose contents
Shal witneffe to him I am neere at home : And that by great Injunctions I am bound
To enter publike : him Ile defire
To meet me at the confear'ed Fount,
A League below the Citie : and from thence,
By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme.
We fhall proceed with Angelo.

Enter Prouofh.

Pro. Here is the head, Ile carrie it my selfe.

Duke. Conuenient is it : Make a swift returne,
For I would commune with you of fuch things,
That want no ear but yours.

Pro. Ile make all speed.

Ifa. Pece hoa, be heere.

Duke. The tongue of Ifabell. She's come to know,
If yet her brothers pardon be come hither : But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,
To make her heauenly comforts of dispaire,
When it is leaft expected.

Enter Ifabell.

Ifa. Hoa, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.

Ifa. The better given me by fo holy a man,
Hath yet the Deputie fent my brothers pardon?

Duke. He hath releafed him, Ifabell, from the world,
His head is off, and fent to Angelo.

Ifa. Nay, but it is not fo.

Duke. It is no other,
Shew your wifedome daughter in your cufe patience.

Ifa. Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eyes.

Duke. You fhall not be admitted to his fight.

Ifa. Vnhappie Claudio, wretched Ifabell,
Inurious world, most damned Angelo.

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot,
Forbear it therefore, give your caufe to heav'n,
Marke what I fay, which you fhall finde
By every fillable a faithful verite.
The Duke comes home to morrow : may dreie your eyes,
One of our Counet, and his Confessor
Gives me this infance : Already he hath carried
Notice to Esclus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meete him at the gates,

There to give vp their powre: If you can pace your wife
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you fhall have your bosome on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, reuenges to your heart,
And general Honor.

Ifa. I am directed by you.

Duke. This Letter then to Friar Peter glue,
'Tis that he fent me of the Dukes returne :
Say, by this token, I defire his companie
At Montana's house to night. Her caufe, and yours
Ile perfect him withall, and he fhall bring you
Before the Duke ; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home. For my poore felfe,
I am combined by a sacred Vow,
And shall be abent. Wond you with this Letter : Command these fretting waters from your eies
With a light heart ; truft not my holie Order
If I pervert your coufe : whole heere?

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Good even ;
Frier, where's the Prouofh?

Duke. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh prettie Ifabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes fof red : thou muft be patient; I am faine to dine and fup with water and bran : I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would fett mee too't : but they fay the Duke will heere to Morrow.

By my troth Ifabell I lou' thy brother, if the olde fanatical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had lioed.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is maruells little beholding to your reports, but the beft is, he liues not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knoweft not the Duke fo wel as I do : he's a better woodman then thou talkeft him for.

Duke. Well : you fhall anfiwer this one day. Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay tarrie, Ie go along with thee,
I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already sir if they be true : if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once behore him for getting a Wench with childe.

Duke. Did you fuch a thing?

Luc. Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forfwear it,
They would eile have married me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir your company is fairer then honest, reft you well.

Lucio. By my troth Ie go with thee to the lanes end: if baudy talke offend you, we'el have very little of it: nay Friar, I am a kind of Burre, I fhal flick.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo & Esclus.

Es. Every Letter he hath writ, hath diftouche'd other.
Measure for Measure.

**Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.**

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Citizens at several doors.

Duk. My very worthy Colen, fairly met,
Our old, and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. & Efc. Happy returne be to your royall grace.

Duk. Many and harte thankings to you both:
We have made enquiry of you, and we heare
Such goodneffe of your Justice, that our foule
Cannot but yeeld you forth to publique thankes
Forerunning more requitall.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duk. Oh your defect speaks loud, & I should wrong it
To locke it in the words of courset before
When it deferves with characters of braffe
A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And rasure of oblivion : Glue we your hand
And let the Subject see, to make them know
That outward curreties would faine proclaine
Favour's that keeps within : Come &c. &c.
You must walke by vs, on our other hand:
And good supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Iabella.

Peter. Now is your time.

Speake loud, and kneele before him.

Ijab. Justice, O royall Duke, vaile your regard
Upon a wrong'd (I would faine haue paid a Maid)
Oh worthy Prince, d/downloads not your eye
By throwing it on any other obiect,
Till you have heard me, in my true complaint,
And give me justice, Justice, Justice, Justice.

Duk. Relate your wrongs;
In what, by what? &c. &c.
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you Justice,
Reuel your selfe to him.

Ijab. Oh worthy Duke,
You bid me seeke redemption of the dwell,
Hearre me your selfe : for that which I must speake
Muft either punish me, not being beleu'd,
Or wring redresse from you:
Hearre me : oh heare me, heere.

Ang. My Lord, her wits I heare me not firme :  
She hath bin a suitor to me, for her Brother
Cut off by courfe of Justice.

Ijab. By courfe of Justice.

Ang. And shee will speake most bitterly, and strange.

Ijab. Most.
Measure for Measure.

Iab. Most strange: but yet most truly will I speake,
That Angelo's forsworne, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murtherer, is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not strange? and strange?
Duke. Nay it is ten times strange?
Iab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Then this is all as true, as it is strange;
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th'end of reckoning.
Duke. Away with her: poor soule
She speaks this, in that incomrity of sense.
Iab. Oh Prince, I confute thee, as thou beleeu'lt
There is another comfort, then this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneffe: make not impossible
That which but feemes unlike, 'tis not impossible
But one, the wickedst caiffe on the ground
May seeme as fiae, as grave, as lufl, as abolute:
As Angelo, even so may Angelo
In all his dressings, carac'ts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villaine: Beleeue it, royall Prince
If he be left, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badneffe.
Duke. By mine honest
If she be mad, as I beleeue no other,
Her madneffe hath the oddest frame of fense,
Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,
As ere I heard in madneffe.
Iab. Oh gracious Duke
Harpe not on that; nor do not banifh reason
For inequality, but let your reason ferue
To make the truth appeare, where it feemes hid,
And hide the false faemes true.
Duke. Many that are not mad
Have sure more lacke of reason:
What would you say?
Iab. I am the Sibber of one Claudio,
Condemned upon the Act of Fornication
To loose his head, condemn'd by Angelo,
I, (in probation of a Sibberhood)
Was sent to by my Brother; one Lucio
As then the Messinger.
Luc. That's I, and like your Grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and deffer'd her,
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo,
For her poore Brothers pardon.
Iab. That's he indeede.
Duke. You were not bid to speake.
Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor with'd to hold my peace.
Duke. I wish you now then,
Pray you take note of it: and when you have
A busineffe for your selfe: pray heauen you then
Be perfect.
Luc. I warrant your honor.
Duke. The warrant's for your selfe: take heed to't.
Iab. This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale.
Luc. Right.
Duke. It may be right, but you are I'the wrong
To speake before your time: proceed,
Iab. I went
To this pernicious Califfe Deputie.
Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.
Iab: Pardon it,

The phrase is to the matter.
Iab. In briefe, to fet the needleffe proocesse by:
How I persuaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd, and how I replide
(For this was of much length) the wild conclusion
I now begin with griefe, and blame to vtter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaffe body
To his concupiscente intemperate luft
Release my brother; and after much debate ment
My sifterly remore, confutes mine honour,
And I did yeeld to him: But the next mornre betimes,
His purpose forsetting, he sends a warrant
For my poore brothers head.
Duke. This is most likely.
Iab. Oh that it were as like as it is true. (speak'st,
Duke. By heauen (fond wretch) I know not what thou
Or else thou art luborn'd against his honor
In hatefull praetic: first his Integritie
Stands without bliemish: next it imports no reason,
That with fuch vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himselfe: if he had so offended
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himselfe,
And not have cut him off: some one hath fet you on:
Confesse the truth, and say by whole advice
Thou can't heere to complaines.
Iab. And is this all?
Then oh you blessed Miniflers aboue
Keep me in patience, and with ripened time
Vnfold the euill, which is heere wrapt vp
In countenance: heaven shield your Grace from wo,
As I thus wrong'd, hence vnbleeued goo.
Duke. I know you'faine be gone: An Officer:
To prifon with her: Shall we thus permitt
A blasting and a scandals breath to fall,
On him to neere vs? This needs must be a praetic;
Who knew of your intent and comming hither?
Iab. One that I would were heere, Frier Loddwick.
Duke. A ghoftly Father, belike:
Who knows that Loddwick?
Luc. My Lord, I know him; 'tis a medling Fryer,
I do not like the man, he's been Lay my Lord,
For certaine words he speake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him foundly.
Duke. Words against mee? this 'a good Fryer belike
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our Substitute: Let this Fryer be found.
Luc. But yesternight my Lord, she and that Fryer
I saw them at the prifon: a fawcy Fryar,
A very scurvy fellow.
Peter. Blessed be your Royall Grace:
I have ftood by my Lord, and I have heard
Your royall care abus'd: first hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute,
Who is as free from touch, or foyle with her
As she from one vnget.
Duke. We did beleue no leffe.
Know you that Fryer Loddwick that the speaks of?
Peter. I know him for a man diuine and holy,
Not scruvy, nor a temporary medler
As he's reported by this Gentleman:
And on my truth, a man that never yet
Did (as he vouchers) mid-report your Grace.
Luc. My Lord, most villanoufly, beleue it.
Peter. Well: he in time may come to cleere himselfe;
But at this instant he is sicke, my Lord:

Of
Of a strange Feauor: vpon his meere request
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I thereto.
To speake as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false: And what he with his oath
And all probation will make vp full cleare
Whensoever he's consented. First for this woman,
Touitive this worthy Noble man.
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Hear shall you hear disproproued to her eyes,
Till the her selfe confesse it.
Duk. Good Frier, let's hear its:
Doe you not smit at this, Lord Angelo?
Oh heaven, the vanity of wretched fooues.
Give vs some fastes, Come cozen Angelo,
In this I'll be impartial: be you Judge
Of your owne Caufe: Is this the Witnes Frier?

Enter Mariana.

First, let her shew your face, and after, speake.

Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not shew my face
Vntill my husband bid me.
Duke. What, are you married?
Mar. No my Lord.
Duke. Are you a Maid?
Mar. No my Lord.
Duke. A Widow then?
Mar. Neither my Lord.
Duke. Why you are nothing then: neither Maid, Wi-
dow, nor Wife?

Mar. My Lord, she may be a Puncke: for many of
them, are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.
Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some caufe
to prattle for himselfe.
Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I do confesse I were married,
And I confesse besides, I am no Maid,
I have known my husband, yet my husband
Knowes not, that ever he knew me.
Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.
Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so to.
Luc. Well, my Lord.
Duke. This is no witnesse for Lord Angelo.
Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.

Shee that accuseth him of Fornication,
In selfe-fame manner, doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I've deposed he had in mine Armes
With all the effect of Loue.

Ang. Charges shee moe then me?

Mar. Not that I know.

Duk. No? you say your husband.

Mar. Why iuft, my Lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinkes he knowes, that he were not knowed my body,
But knowes, he thinkes, that he knowes Isabell.

Ang. This is a strange abuse: Let's see thy face.

Mar. My husband bids me, now I will vnmask.
This is that face, thou cruell Angelo
Which once thou favour'd, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which with a vowe contrat
Was fast beloc'd in thine: This is the body
That tooke away the match from Isabell,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her Imagin'd perfon.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Luc. Carnallie she faies.
She would sooner confesse, perchance publicly she'll be ashamed.

Enter Duke, Provost, Ifabella.

LUC. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Luc. This is the rascal : this is he I spoke of.

SFC. Why thou vnreuerend, and vnhaughty Fryer : Isn't not enough thou haft sborn'd these women, To accuse this worthy man? but in foule mouth, And in the witness of his provere, To call him villain; and then to glance from him, To th' Duke himselfe, to taxe him with Injustice? Take him hence; to th' racke with him: we'll towse you Joyn't by Joyn't, but we will know his purpose: What vnlt? Duke. Be not so hot: the Duke dare No more fret this finger of mine, then he Dare racke his owne: his Subieck am I not, Nor here Prouinciall: My butineffe in this State Made me a looker on here in Vienna, Where I have seen corruption Boyle and bubble, Till it one-run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults, But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes Stand like the forsites in a Barbers shop, As much in mocke, as marke.

SFC. Slander to th' State: Away with him to prifon.

ANG. What can you vouch against him Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell vs of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither goodman bald-pate, doe you know me?

Duke. I remember you Sir, by the sound of your voice, I met you at the Prifon, in the absence of the Duke.


Duke. Moft notably Sir.

Luc. Do you fo Sir: And was the Duke a flesh-monster, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must(Sir) change perfons with me, ere you make that my report: you indeed spoke fo of him, and much more, much worfe.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee by the nofe, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the Duke, as I love my selfe.

ANG. Hark! how the villaine would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Etc. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal: Away with him to prifon: Where is the Provost? Away with him to prifon: lay bolts enough vpon him: let him speak no more: away with thofe Gigletis too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay Sir, stay a while.

ANG. What, refifts he? helpe him Lucio.

Luc. Come Sir, come Sir, come Sir: fo, fo, why you bald-pated lying rafcall; you must be hooded mufit you? shew your knaes vifage with a poxe to you; shew your sheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: will't not off?

Duke. Thou art the first knaue, that ere mad'it a Duke.

First Provost let me byale thefe gentle three: Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you, Must haue a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may proue worfe then hanging.

Duke. What you haue spoke, I pardon: fit you downe, We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leave: Ha'ft thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha'ft Rely vpon it, till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

ANG. Oh, my dread Lord, I should be gullier then my guiltineffe, To thinke I can be vindicatable, When I perceiuie your grace, like powre divine, Hath look'd vpon my paffes. Then good Prince, No longer Sefion hold vpon my shame, But let my Triall, be mine owne Confufion: Immediate sentence then, and frequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither Mariana, Say: was't thou ere contracted to this woman?

ANG. I was my Lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instanty.

Doe you the office (Fryer) which confummate, Returne him here againe: goe with him Provost. Exit. Etc. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his diuinion, Then at the strageneffe of it.

Duke. Come hither Ifabella, Your Prince is now your Prince: As I was then Aduertizing, and holy to your busineffe, (Not changing heart with habit) I am still, Attourned at your feruice.

Ifabella. Oh give me pardon That I, your vassalle, have imploid, and pain'd Your vnowne Soueraignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd Ifabella: And now, deere Maide, be you as free to vs. Your Brothers death I know fits at your heart: And you may maruaile, why I obcure my selfe, Labouring to fase his life: and would not rather Make riche remontrance of my hidden powre, Then let him fo be loft: oh most kinde Maid, It was the swift celeritie of his death, Which I did thinke, with flower foot came on, That brain'd my purpose: but peace be with him, That life is better life past fearing death, Then that which liues to feare: make it your comfort, So
Measure for Measure.

So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Provost.

Ifab. I doe my Lord.

Duk. For this new-maried man, approaching here,
Whose faint imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honor : you must pardon
For Mariana's fake: But as he adiug'd your Brother,
Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred Chastity, and of promis-breach,
Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,
The very mercy of the Law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue.
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death:
Haste still paites hate, and leafrue, answers leafrue;
Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure:
Then Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.
We doe condemned thee to the very Blocke
Where Claudio stoo'd to death, and with like hate.
Away with him.

Mar. Oh my most gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mocke mee with a husband?
Duk. It is your husband mock't you with a husband,
Confenting to the fake-guard of your honor.
I thought your marriage fit: Else Imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And chooke your good to come: For his Poffeffions,
Although by conjufation they are ours;
We doe en-trate, and widow you with all,
To buy you a better husband.

Mar. Oh my deere Lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.
Duk. Neuer crave him, we are definittue.
Mar. Gentle my Liege.
Duk. You doe but loose your labour.
Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.

Mar. Oh my good Lord, sweet Ifabel, take my part,
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to doe you seruice.

Duk. Against all fence you doe importune her,
Should the kneele downe, in merce of this fact,
Her Brothers ghost, his pauned bed would breake,
And take her hence in horror.

Mar. Ifabel:
Sweet Ifabel, doe yet but kneele by me,
Hold vp your hands, lay nothing: I'll speake all.
They say best men are moulded out of faults,
And for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: So may my husband.
Oh Ifabel: will you not lend a knee?

Duk. He dies for Claudio's death.
Ifab. Most bounteous Sir.

Looke if it pleasue you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liu'd: I partly thinke,
A due sincerite governed his deede,
Till he did looke on me: Since it is so,
Let him not die: my Brother had but fufcie,
In that he did the thing for which he did.
For Angelo, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perif'd by the way: thoughts are no subiects
Intents, but merely thoughts.

Mar. Meereley my Lord.

Duk. Your suite's unprofitable: stand vp I say:
I haue bethought me of another fault.
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded

At an vnusuall hour.

Pro. It was commanded so.
Duk. Had you a special warrant for the deed?
Pro. No my good Lord: it was by private message.
Duk. For which I doe discharge you of your office,
Give vp your keyes.

Pro. Pardon me, noble Lord,
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not.
Yet did repent me more aduise,
For testimony whereof, one in the prison
That should by private order els haue dide,
I haue referu'd alue.
Duk. What's he?

Pro. His name is Barnardine.
Duk. I would thou hadst done fo by Claudio:
Goe fetch him hither, let me looke vpon him.

Eft. I am forry, one fo learned, and fo wife
As you, Lord Angelo, have fil appear'd,
Should flip fo groffelie, both in the heat of blood
And lacke of temper'd judgement afterward.
Ang. I am forrie, that fuch forrow I procure,
And fo deepr flicks it in my penitent heart,
That I craue death more willingly then mercy,
'Tis my deferring, and I doe entreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Provost, Claudio, Julietta.

Duk. Which is that Barnardine?
Pro. This my Lord.

Duk. There was a Friar told me of this man.
Sirha, thou art faid to haue a stoublome soule
That apprehends no further then this world,
And squar'ft thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee take this mercie to provide
For better times to come: Frier adjufe him,
I leave him to your hand. What mufelid fellow's that?

Pro. This is another prifoner that I fau'd,
Who should haue di'd when Claudio loft his head,
As like almoft to Claudio, as himselfe.

Duk. If he be like your brother, for his fake
Is he pardon'd, and for your louelie fake
Give me your hand, and lay you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:
By this Lord Angelo perceives he's faft,
Methinks I see a quickning in his eye:
Well Angelo, your eulf quits you well.
Looke that you love your wife: her worth, worth yours
I finde an apt remifion in my felfe:
And yet heres one in place I cannot pardon,
You firha, that knew me for a foule, a Coward,
One all of Luxurie, an affe, a mad man:
Wherein haue I fo defeu'd of you
That you extoll me thus:

Lac. 'Faith my Lord, I spoke it but according to the trick:
if you will hang me for it you may: but I had rather
it would please you, I might be whipt.

Duk. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclame it Provost round about the Citie,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow
(As I haue heard him fware himfelfe there's one whom he begot with child) let her appeare,
And he shall marry her: the nuptiall finifh'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lac. I beseech your Highneffe does not marry me to a Where: your Highneffe faid eu'n now I made you a Duke, good my Lord do not recompence me, in making me a Cuckold.

Duk. Vpon
Duke. Upon mine honor thou shalt marrie her.
Thy flanders I forgive, and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits: take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Luc. Marrying a punke my Lord, is pressling to death,
Whipping and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a Prince deserves it.
She Claudia that you wrong'd, looke you restore.
Joy to you Mariana, love her Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her vertue.
Thanks good friend, Escalus, for thy much goodness,
There's more behind that is more gratulate.
Thanks Proust for thy care, and secrecie,
We shall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragone for Claudio's,
Th'offence pardons it selfe. Deere Isabell,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing care incline;
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring vs to our Pallace, where we'll shew
What's yet behinde, that meete you all should know.

The Scene Vienna.
The names of all the Actors.

Angelo, the DFPutie.
Escalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a yong Gentleman.
Lucio, a fantastique.
2. Other like Gentlemen.
Proust.

Thomas.  
Peter.  
Elbow, a simple Constable.
Froth, a foolish Gentleman.
Clowne.
Abborjon, an Executioner.
Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.
Isabella, sister to Claudia.
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.
Juliet, beloued of Claudia.
Francisca, a Nun.
Mistris Quer-don, a Bawd.

FINIS.
Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Siracusa, Ilyas, and other attendants.

Marchant.

Proceed Solinus to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Siracusa, plead no more.
I am not partial to infringe our Laws;
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countrimen,
Who wanting gliders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,
Excludes all pity from our threatening lookes:
For since the mortal and intestine iarres
Twixt thy seditious Countrimen and vs,
It hath in solemn Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the Siracusans and our felues,
To admit no traffike to our aduerse townes:
Nay more, if any borne at Ephesus
Be seen at any Siracusan Mars and Fayres:
Againe, if any Siracusan borne
Come to the Bay of Ephesus, he dies:
His goods conficcate to the Dukes dippofo,
Vnleste a thousand markes be levied
To quit the penalty, and to ranfome him:
Thy subsance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount vnsto a hundred Markes,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.

Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My foes end likewise with the evening Sonne.
Duk. Well Siracusan; say in brieve the caufe
Why thou departedst from thy natiue home?
And for what caufe thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Mer. A heauer taske could not have beene impos'd,
Then I to speake my griefes vnspakesable:
Yet that the world may witnessse that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I vnder stand what my sorrow gues me leaue.
In Syracusa was I borne, and wedde
Vnto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me; had not our hap beene bad:
With her I liu'd in joy, our wealth increas'd
By prosperous voyages I often made.
To Epidamium, till my factors death,
And he great care of goods at randome left,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not fixe moneths olde,
Before her selfe (almost at fainting vnder

The pleasing punishment that women beare)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was:
There had she not beene long, but she became
A joyfull mother of two goodly sonnes:
And, which was strange, the one to like the other,
As could not be distinguis'd but by names.
That very howre, and in the selfe-sameIMAGE85 IN ERROR
A meane woman was delivered
Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike:
Tho' for, their parents were exceeding poore,
I bought, and brought vp to attend my fones.
My wife, not meanely proud of two fuch boyes,
Made daily motions for our home returne:
Vntill I agreed, alas, too soone wee came aboord.
A league from Epidamium had we fall'd
Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe
Gave any Tragickc Infance of our harme:
But longer did we not retaine much hope;
For what obscure light the heavens did grant,
Did but conuay unto our fearfull mindes
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
Which though my felse would gladly have imbrac'd,
Yet the incensant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she must come,
And pitious playnings of the prettie babes
That mourn'd for fasion, ignorant what to feare,
Forfeit me to feekte delays for them and me,
And this it was: (for other meanes was none)
The Sailors fought for safety by our boate,
And left the ship then sinking ripe to vs.
My wife, more careful for the latter borne,
Had fastned him vnto a small spare Maff,
Such as sea-faring men provide for stormes:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had beene like headfull of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Fastned our felues at eyther end the maff,
And floating straight, obedient to the frame,
Was carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sonne gazing upon the earth,
Disperst those vapours that offended vs,
And by the benefit of his wised light
The seas waxt calme, and we discovered.
Two shippes from farre, making amaine to vs:
Of Corinth that, of Epidamus this,
But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
Gather the seuell that by that went before.

Duk. Nay forward old man, doe not breake off so,
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

March. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily team'd them mercifull vs to ns.
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountered by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne vp,
Our helpefull ship was spilted in the midst;
So that in this vnust divorce of vs,
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
Her part, poore foule, seeming as burdened
With leffer weight, but not with leffer woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind,
And in our fight they three were taken vp
By Fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length another ship had fare'd on vs,
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gane healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
And would have sent the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their backs beene very lowe of gile;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus haue you heard me feuer'd from my blisse,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell fad stories of owne mishaps.

Duke. And for the fakke of them thou forrow'ft for,
Doe me the fav'our to dilate at full,
What haue befalne of them and they till now.

March. My yongest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eightene yeares became inquisitius.
After his brother; and importun't me
That his attendant, fo his cafe was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,
Might bear him company in the quest of him:
Whom whil'mt I laboured of a love to fee,
I hazarded the losse of whom I lou'd.
Five Sommers haue I spent in farthest Greece,
Roming cleane through the bounds of Asia,
And coafting homeward, came to Ephesus:
Hopeless to finde, yet loth to leave unloath'd
Or that, or any place that harbours men:
But here we must end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my timelie death,
Could all my travells warrant me they live.

Duke. Hopeless! 

Egean whom the fates haue marke't
To beare the extremiti of dire mishap:
Now trust me, were it not against our Laws,
Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would they may not diannull,
My soule shou'd fue as advocat for thee:
But though thou art adju'd to the death,
And pass'd sentence may not be recal'd
But to our honours great disparagement:
Yet will I fav'our thee in what I can;
Therefore Marchant, Ie limit thee this day
To feeke thy helpe by beneficall helpe,
Try all the friends thou haft in Ephesus,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the summe,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die;
Iayl's, take him to thy cuffle.

Taylor. I will my Lord

March. Hopelessly and helpeless doth Egean wand,
But to procrassinate his cufflest end.

This very day a Syracusan Marchant
Is apprehended for a murall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the towne,
Dies the wareke sunne set in the West:
There is your monie that I had to keepe.

Ant. Go beare it to the Centaur, where we hoff,
And stay there Dromio, till I come to thee;
Within this houre it will be dinner time,
Till that I eue view the manners of the towne,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then returne and sleepe within mine Inne,
For with long trauaille I am fittte and wareye.

Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goo indeed, haung fo good a mane.

Ant. A trustie villaine sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry feats:
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then go to my Inne and dine with me?

E. Mar. I am invit'd sir to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon, done at five a clocke,
Please you, Ile meete with you upon the Mart,
And afterward confort you till bed time:
My present businesse calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then: I will goo loose my selfe,
And wander vp and downe to view the Citie.

E. Mar. Sir, I commend you to your owne content.

Ant. He that commendes me to mine owne content,
Commends to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean seeskes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Insence, inquisitus) confounds himselfe:
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In quest of them (unhappie) loose my selfe.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanacke of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art return'd to foone.

E.Dro. Return'd so foone, rather approacht too late:
The Capon burnes, the Pig falls from the spit;
The clocke hath strucken twelve vpon the bell:
My Miftris made it one vpon my cheeke:
She is so hot because the meat is colde:
The meat is colde, because you come not home:
You come not home, because you have no stomacke:
You have no stomacke, having broke your fast:
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.

Ant. Stop in your winde sir, tell me this I pray?
Where haue you left the mony that I gave you.

E.Dro. Oh fixe pence that I had a wenfday left,
To pay the Sadler for my Miftris crupper:
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humor now:
Tell me, and dailly not, where is the mony?
We being strangers here, how dar'ft thou trust
So great a charge from thine owne cuffle.

E.Dro. I pray you left fir as you fit at dinner:
I from my Miftris come to you in post:
If I returne I shall be post indeed.

For
The Comedie of Errors.

For the will foure your fault vpon my pate:
Me thinkes your maw, like mine, should be your cooke,
And strike you home without a messeneger.

Ant. Come Dromio, come, these Iefts are out of season,
Refere them till a merrier houre then this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E.Dro. To me sir? why you gau no gold to me?

Ant. Come on sir knaue, have done your foolishnes,
And tell me how thou haft dispos'd thy charge.

E.Dro. My charge was but to fetch you fro the Mart
Home to your house, the Phoenix sir, to dinner;
My Miftris and her father stayes for you.

Ant. Now as I am a Christian answer me,
In what safe place you haue befoorth my monie;
Or I shall breake that merrie fconce of yours
That standes on tricks, when I am vndispos'd:
Where is the thousand Markes thou haft of me?

E.Dro. I have some markes of yours vpon my pate:
Some of my Miftris markes vpon my shoulders:
But not a thousand markes betweene you both.
If I shoulde pay your worship those againe,
Perchance you will not beare them patiently.

Ant. Thy Miftris markes? what Markes flau haft thou?

E.Dro. Your worship's wife, my Miftris at the Phoenix;
She that doth fitt till you come home to dinner:
And praiys that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus vnto my face
Being forbid? There take you that sir knaue.

E.Dro. What meanes you sir, for God fake hold your
Nay, and you will not sir, He take my heelees. (hands: 

Exeunt Dromio &p.

Ant. Vpon my life by some deuile or other,
The villainl is o're-wrought of all my monie.
They say this towne is full of cofenage:
As nimble fuglers that deceue theие:
Darke working Sorcers that change the minde:
Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the body:
Disguifed Chesters, prating Mountebankes;
And manie such like libeties of minne:
If it proue so, I will be gone the sooner:
Ille to the Centaur to goe seeke this flau,
I greatly fear my monie is not safe.

Exit.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholus Sreptus, with
Luciana her Sifter.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd,
That in such hafe I sent to feeke his Master?
Sure Luciana it is two a clocke.

Luc. Perhaps some Merchant hath inuited him,
And from the Mart he's somewhre gone to dinner:
Good Sifter let us dine, and neuer fret;
A man is Master of his libertie:
Time is their Master, and when they see time,
They'll goe or come; if so be, patience Sifter.

Adr. Why should their libertie then ours be more?

Luc. Because their businesse still lies out adore.

Adr. Looke when I ferue him so, he takes it thus.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bride of your will.

Adr. There's none but afts will be bridded so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is laft with woe:
There's nothing fituate vnder heauen eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in skie.
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowles
Are their males subiects, and at their controules:
Man more divine, the Master of all thefe,
Lord of the wide world, and wilde wartry feas,
Indued with intellectuall fence and foules,
Of more preeminence then fift and fowles,
Are masters to their females, and their Lords:
Then let your will attend on their accordes.

Adr. This feruitude makes you to keepe vnwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you wold bear some fway
Luc. Ere I lerne lone, Ie praficie to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home againe, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience vnnow'd, no maruel though the paffe,
They can be mecke, that have no other cause:
A wretched foule bruised with aduerfitie,
We bid be quiet when we hear it crie.

But were we burned with like weight of paine,
As much, or more, we shoold our felues complain:
So thou that haft no vnkinde mate to greeue thee,
With vrging helpelesse patience would releue me;
But if thou liue to see like right bereft,
This foolie-beg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to trie:
Heere comes your man, now is your husband nere.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardie master now at hand?

E.Dro. Nay, he's at too hands with mee, and that my
two eares can witneffe.

Adr. Say, didn't thou speake with him? knowft thou
his minde?

E.Dro. I, I, I, he told his minde vpon mine care,
Beftrew his hand, I scarce could vnderstand it.

Luc. Speake hee so doubtfully, thou couldst not fee
his meaning.

E.Dro. Nay, hee strooke so plainly, I could too well
feele his blowes; and withall so doubtfully, that I could
scarcely vnderstand them.

Adr. But say, I prethee, is he comming home?
It seemes he hath great care to pleafe his wife.

E.Dro. Why Mistrefse, sure my Master is borne mad.

Adr. Horne mad, thou villain?

E.Dro. I meane not Cuckold mad,
But sure he is farke mad:
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a hundred markes in gold:
'Tis dinner time quo'th I: my gold, quo'th he:
Your meat doth burne, quo'th I: my gold quo'th he:
Will you come, quo'th I: my gold, quo'th he:
Where is the thousand markes I gave thee villain?
The Piffes quo'th I, is burn'd: my gold, quo'th he:
My mistrefse, sir, quo'th I: hang vp thy Mistrefse:
I know not thy mistrefse, out on thy mistrefse.

Luc. Quoth who?

E.Dro. Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no house,
no wife, no mistrefse: so that my arrant due vnto
my tongue, I thank him: I bare home vpon my Shoulders
for in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go backe againe, thou slave, & fetch him home.

Dro. Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home?
For Gods sake send some other messeneger.

H 2

Adr. Backe
Vpon what bargaine do you give it me?

Ant. Because that I familiarie sometimes
Doe vse for my foole, and chat with you,
Your fauoneffe will left you my lore,
And make a Common of my ferious howres,
When the sunne shines,let foolish gnats make sport,
But crepe in cranies, when he hides his beams:
If you will left with me, know my aspeft,
And fashion your demeanor to my lookes,
Or I will beat this method in your fionce.

S.Dro. Sconce call you it? so you would leave batting,
I had rather haue it a head, and you vse these blows long,
I must get a fionce for my head, and Inconce it to,
or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders, but I pray sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Doft thou not know?

S.Dro. Nothing fir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S.Dro. I fir, and wherefore: for they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why first for flowing me, and then wherefore, for vringing it the second time to me.

S.Dro. Was there ever ane man thus beaten out of reason, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither time nor reason. Well sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thanke me sir, for what?

S.Dro. Marry sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. Ile make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say sir, is it dinner time?

S.Dro. No sir, I thinke the meat wants that I haue.

Ant. In good time fir: what’s that?

S.Dro. Baffing.

Ant. Well fir, then ‘twill be drie.

S.Dro. If it be fir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S.Dro. Left it make you chollaricke, and purchase me another drie baffing.

Ant. Well fir, leare to left in good time, there’s a time for all things.

S.Dro. I durft haue denied that before you vvere so chollaricke.

Ant. By what rule sir?

S.Dro. Marry sir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald pate of Father time himselfe.

Ant. Let’s heare it.

S.Dro. There’s no time for a man to recover his haire that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recouerie?

S.Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recouer the loft haire of another man.

Ant. Why, is Time such a niggard of haire, being (as it is) so plentiful an excrement?

S.Dro. Because it is a bleffing that hee be lowes on beasts, and what he hath flanted them in haire, hee hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there manie a man hath more haire then wit.

S.Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lofe his haire.

Ant. Why thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S.Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner loft; yet he looketh it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reason.

S.Dro. For two, and found ones to.
Ant. Nay not found I pray you.
S. Drio. Sure ones then.
Ant. Nay, not sure in a thing falling.
S. Drio. Certaine ones then.
Ant. Name them.
S. Drio. The one to save the money that he spends in trying: the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porrage.
Ant. You would all this time have prou'd, there is no time for all things.
S. Drio. Marry and did sir: namely, in no time to recover hair lost by Nature.
Ant. But your reason was not substantially, why there is no time to recover.
S. Drio. Thus I mean it: Time himselfe is bald, and therefore to the world's end, will have bald followers.
Ant. I knew twould be a bald conclusion: but soft, who waits vs yonder.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Addri. I, I, Antipholus, look strange and frowne,
Some other Mistris hath thysweet aspects:
I was not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou vn-vrg'd wouldst vow,
That neverd words were musick to thine ear,
That new obiect pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-favour'd in thy taffe,
Vnleffe I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or cur'd to thee.
How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thy felse?
Thy felle I call it, being strange to me:
That vnclappable Incorporate
Am better then thy deere felles better part.
Ah doe not tear away thy felse from me;
For know my loue: as eafe must thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take warning: the race that drop againe
Without addition or diminishing.
As take from me thy felle, and not me too,
How deerely would it touch thee to the quicke,
Shouldst thou but heare I were licencious?
And that this body consecrate to thee,
By Russian Luft should be contaminat?
Wouldst thou not spate at me, and spurne at me,
And hurt the name of husband in my face,
And tear the pain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
And from my felse hand cut the wedding ring,
And break it with a deep-eating vow?
I know thou canst, and therefore fee thou doe it.
I am poss'd with an adulterate blot,
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I doe digest the poison of thy felse,
Being frumpated by thy contagion:
Keeps then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
I live dispa'th, thou vnclappable.

Antip. Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange vnto your towne, as to your talke,
Who every word by all my wit being scan'd,
Wants wit in all, one word to vnderstand.

Luc. Fri brother, how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to vse my fifter thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. By Dromio? Drom. By me.
Addri. By thee, and this thou didst returne from him.
That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.
Ant. Did you confuerse fir with this gentlewoman:
What is the course and drift of your compact?
S. Drio. I sir? I neuer saw her till this time.
Ant. Villaine thou liest, for even her verie words,
Didst thou deliever to me on the Mart.
S. Drio. I neuer spake with her in all my life.
Ant. How can she thus then call vs by our names?
Vnleffe it be by inspiration.
Addri. How ill agrees it with your grauitie,
To counterfeit thus grossely with your flauze,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood;
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come I will fasten on this fleue of thine:
Thou art an Eme my husband, I a Vine:
Whose weaknesse married to thy stranger flate,
Makes me with thy strength to communicat:
If ought posseffe thee from me, it is drosse,
Vsurping Juic, Brier, or idle Muste,
Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
Infect thy sap, and liue on thy confusion.

Ant. To mee thee speakes, thee moves mee for her theame;
What was I married to her in my dreame?
Or fleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?
What error drues our eies and eares amisse?
Vntill I know this fure uncertainnient,
Ile entertaine the free'd fallacie.

Luc. Dromo, goo bid the seruants spred for dinner.
S. Drio. Oh for my beads, I crofte me for a finner.
This is the Fairies land, oh spight of spights,
We talks with Goblins, Owles and Sprights;
If we obey them not, this will infue:
They'll flounce our breath, or pinch vs backe and blew.

Luc. Why praft thou to thy felse, and answ't not?
Dromio, thou Dromio, thou falle, thou flog, thou frot.
S. Drio. I am transformed Mafter, am I not?
Ant. I thinke thou art in minde, and fo am I.
S. Drio. Nay Mafter, both in minde, and in my shape.
Ant. Thou haue thine owne forme.
S. Drio. No, I am an Ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Affe.
S. Drio. 'Tis true she rides me, and I long for graffe.
'Tis so, I am an Affe, elle it could never be,
But I shou'd know her as well as she knowes me.

Addri. Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,
To put the finger in the eie and weep;
Whil't man and Mafter laughes my woese to scorne:
Come fir to dinner, Dromo keepe the gate:
Husband Ile dine aboue with you to day,
And shuie you of a thousand idle prankses:
Sirra, if any askye you for your Mafter,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come flffer, Dromo play the Porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well aduised:
Knewne vnto thefe, and to my felle diignede:
Ie fay as they fay, and perferue fo.

Addri. And in this mist at all aduentures go.
S. Drio. Mafter, shal I be Porter at the gate?
Addri. I, and let none enter, leaff I breake your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine to late.
Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldsmith, and Balthasar the Merchant.

E. Anti. Good signior Angelo you must excuse vs all, My wife is frief with when I keepe not howres; Say that I lingered with you at your shop To see the making of her Carcanet, And that to morrow you will bring it home. But here's a villain that would face me downe He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him, And charg'd him with a thousand marke's in gold, And that I did denie my wife and hous; Thou drunke drenk thou, what didst thou meane by this? E. Dro. Say what you will sir, but I know not what I know, That you beat me at the Mart I have your hand to show; If y skin were parchmen, & y blows you gave were ink, Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I think. E. Anti. I thynke thou art an affe. E. Dro. Marry fo it doth appeare By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare, I should kicke being kicke, and being at that paffe, You would keepe from my hecles, and beware of an affe. E. Anti. Y'are said signior Balthasar, pray God our cheer May anwser my good will, and your good welcom here. Bal. I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom dear. E. Anti. Oh signior Balthasar, either at flesh or fiff, A table full of welcom, makes scarce one dainty dif. Bal. Good meat sir is somon that every chorle affords. Anti. And welcome more common, for that nothing but words. Bal. Small cheere and great welcom, makes a merrie feast.

Anti. I, to a niggardly Hoft, and more sparring guest, But though my cates be meane, take them in good part, Better cheere may you have, but not with better hart. But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in. E. Dro. Maud, Briget, Marian, Cifey, Gillian, Gim. S. Dro. Mone, Malthorfe, Capon, Coxcombe, Idolot, Patch, Either get thee from the doore, or sit downe at the hatch: Deft thou couneir for wenches, that y skin for such store, When one is one too many, goe get thee from the doore. E. Dro. What patch is made our Porter? my Master stayes in the street. S. Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, left hee catch cold on's feet. E. Anti. Who does within there? hoa, open the doore. S. Dro. Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore. Anti. Wherefore? for my dinner I have not din'd to day. S. Dro. Nor to day here you must not come againe when you may. Anti. What art thou that keep'st mee out from the howfe I owe? S. Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is Dromio. E. Dro. O villaine, thou hast flone both mine office and my name, The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame: If thou hadst bene Dromio to day in my place,

Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an affe.

Enter Luc. Luc. What a coile is there Dromio? who are those at the gate? E. Dro. Let my Master in Luc. Luc. Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your Master. E. Dro. Oh Lord I must laugh, haue at you with a Proverbe, Shall I set in my staffe. Luc. Haue at you with another, that's when? can you tell? S. Dro. If thy name be called Luc, Luc thou hast anwer'd him well. Anti. Do you heare you minion, you'll let vs in I hope? Luc. I thought to have askt you. S. Dro. And you said no. E. Dro. So come helpe, wel strooke, there was blow for blow. Anti. Thou baggage let me in. Luc. Can you tell for whose fake? E. Dro. Master, knocke the doore hard. Luc. Let him knocke till it ake. Anti. You'll cry for this minion, if I beat the doore downe. Luc. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the towne?

Enter Adriana.

Adr. Who is that at the doore that keeps all this noise? S. Dro. By your troth your towne is troubled with vnauly boles. Anti. Are you there Wife? you might have come before. Adr. Your wife sir knaue? goe get you from the doore. E. Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knaue wold goe fere.

Angelo. Heere is neither cheere sir, nor welcom, we would faie haue either. Bal. In debating which was best, wee shall part with neither. E. Dro. They stand at the doore, Master, bid them welcome hither. Anti. There is something in the winde, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would say so Master, if your garments were thin. Your cake here is warne within: you stand here in the cold. It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought and fold. Anti. Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate. S. Dro. Breake any breaking here, and Ile break your knaes pate. E. Dro. A man may breake a word with your sir, and words are but winde: I and breake it in your face, so he break it not behinde. S. Dro. It seemes thou want'st breaking, out upon thee hindes.

E. Dro. Here's too much out vpon thee, I pray thee let me in. S. Dro. I, when fowles haue no feathers, and fish haue no fin. Anti. Well, Ile breake in: go borrow me a crow. E. Dro. A crow without feather, Master meanes you fo; For
The Comedie of Errors.

For a fish without a finne, ther's a foule without aether,  
If a crow help vs in firm, we'll plucke a crow together.  
Ant. Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.

Balth. Have patience sir, oh let it not be so,  
Herein you warre against your reputation,  
And draw within the compass of usplect  
Th'vnuiolated honor of your wife.  
Once this your long experience of your widowedome,  
Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie,  
Plead on your part some cause to you unkowne ;  
And doubt not sir, but the will well excuse  
Why at this time the dores are made against you.  
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,  
And let vs to the Tyger all to dinner,  
And about euening come your selfe alone,  
To know the reason of this strange restraint:  
If by strong hand you offer to break in  
Now in the stirring passage of the day,  
A vulgar comment will be made of it;  
And that suppos'd by the common rowte  
Against your yet ungalled estimation,  
That may with foule intrusion enter in,  
And dwell upon your graue when you are dead;  
For flander lines upon sucession;  
For ever hows'd, where it gets possestion.

Ant. You have prevauld', I will depart in quiet,  
And in delight of mirth meanes to be merrie;  
I know a wench of excellent diffource,  
Prettie and wittie, wilde, and yet too gentle;  
There will we dine : this woman that I meanes  
My wife (but I protest without defect)  
Hath oftentimes vpbraided me withall:  
To her will we to dinner, get you home  
And fetch the chains, by this I know 'tis made,  
Bring it I praye you to the Portentine,  
For there's the house: That chaine will I befow  
(Being it for nothing but to spight my wife)  
Upon mine hostess there, good sir make hafte:  
Since mine owne dores refuse to entertaine me,  
Ile knocke elfe-where, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. Ile meet you at that place some houre hence.  
Ant. Do so, this left shal lett me some expence.  

Enter Iuliana, with Antipholus of Siracusa.

Iul. And may it be that you have quite forgot  
A husbands office? shall Antipholus  
Euen in the spring of Loue, thy Loue-springs rot?  
Shall loue in buildings grow so rinate?  
If you did wed my sifter for her wealth,  
Then for her wealths-fake vfe her with more kindnesse:  
Or if you like elfe-where doe it by stealth,  
Muffle your falce loue with some new of blindnesse:  
Let not my sifter read it in your eye:  
Be not thy tongue thy owne flames Orator:  
Looke sweet, spake faire, become diufolatie:  
Apparel vice like vertues harbenger:  
Bear a faire prefence, though your heart be tainted,  
Teach finne the carriage of a holy Saint,  
Be secret falce : what need she be acquainted?  
What simpke thieve bran's of his owne attaine?  
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,  
And let her read it in thy lookes at bord:  
Shame hath a bastard fame, well manag'd,  
Ill deeds is doubled with an ewill word:  
Alas poore women, take vs not beleene  
(Being compackt of credite) that you loue vs,

Though others have the arme, shew vs the sleeue:  
We in your motion turre, and you may moue vs.  
Then gentle brother get you in againe;  
Comfort my sifter, cheere her, call her wife;  
'Tis holy sport to be a little alone,  
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

S. Ant. Sweete Miftris, what your name is else I know not;  
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:  
Lefte in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,  
Then our earths wonder, more then earth divine.  
Teach me deer creature how to thinke and speake:  
Lay open to my earthis groffe conceit:  
Smothred in errors, feeble, shallow, weake,  
The fouled meaning of your words deceit:  
Against my foules pure truth, why labour you,  
To make it wander in an unkowne field?  
Are you a god? would you create me new?  
Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile yeeld.  
But if that I am I, then well I know,  
Your weeping sifter is no wife of mine,  
Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe:  
Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline:  
Oh traine me not sweet Mermaidie with thy note,  
To drowne me in thy sifter fluid of teares  
Sing Siren for thy selle, and I will dote:  
Spread ore the fluer waves thy golden haires;  
And as a bud Ile take thee, and there ile:  
And in that glorious supposision thinke,  
He gains by death, that hath such meanes to die:  
Let Loue, being light, be drowned if the finke.

Luc. What are you mad, that you do reason so?  
Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I do not know.  
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your ele.  
Ant. For gazing on your beams faire fun being by.  
Luc. Gaze when you should, and that will cleere your fight.  
Ant. As good to winke sweet loue, as looke on night.  
Luc. Why call you me loue? Call my sifter fo.  
Ant. Thy sifters sifler.  
Luc. That's my sifter.

Ant. No: it is thy selle, mine owne selle better part:  
Mine cies cleere cie, my deere hearts dearer heart;  
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hopes aime;  
My sole earths heaven, and my heauens claimes.

Luc. All this my sifter is, or else shou'd be.  
Ant. Call thy selle sifler sifler, for I am thee:  
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;  
Thou haue not husband yet, nor I no wife:  
Glue me thy hand.

Luc. Oh soft sir, hold you till:\nIle fetch my sifter to get her good will.  

Ant. Why now Dromio, where run'th thou so fast?  
S. Dro. Do you know me sir? Am I Dromio? Am I  
your man? Am I my selle?  
Ant. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art  
ythe selle.  
Dro. I am an asse, I am a womeans man, and besides  
ythe selle.  
Ant. What womeans man? and how besides thy  
selle?  
Dro. Marrie sir, besides my selle, I am due to a woman:\nOne that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will  
haue me.  

Ant. What
And markes Dromio, this peft Rubies, no warre to do a warrant, and weeke Ant. Poland Tiro. Ant, Tiro. Dro. Tiro. Anti. Anti. it. cleane whitenefle turne marriage. I cleane drudge 92 not not not againfl I know her, three Swart A her, very fhe in hard her, and mine claime fir, and the Harbour in her, had not, and of man about. I know her, and to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will barren a Poland Winter: If the lines till doomesday, she'll burne a weeke longer then the whole World.

Ant. What complexion is the of? Dros. Swart like my shoo, but her face nothing like to cleane kept: for why? she sweats a man may go o- uer-fooses in the grime of it.

Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dros. No fir, 'tis in graine, Nobs flood could not do it.

Ant. What's her name?

Dros. Neel Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. Then she beares some breoth? Dros. No longer from head to foot, then from Hippe to Hippe: she is spherially, like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.

Ant. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dros. Mercy fir in her buttockes, I found it out by the bogges.

Ant. Where Scotland?

Dros. I found it by the barrennesse, hard in the palme of the hand.

Ant. Where France?

Dros. In her forhead, arm'd and reuered, making warre against her heire.

Ant. Where England?

Dros. I look'd for the chalking Cliffs, but I could find no whitenesse in them. But I guessle, it flood in her chin by the falt rheume that ranne betwene France, and it.

Ant. Where Spaine?

Dros. Faith I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breth.

Ant. Where America, the Indies?

Dros. Oh fir, upon her nofe, all ere embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich At- pect to the hot breath of Spaine, who lent whole Arm- mades of Carted to be ballast at her nofe.

Ant. Where flood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dros. Oh fir, I did not looke to low. To conclude, this drudge or Dumber lad layd claime to mee, call'd mee Dromio, forsoe was affur'd to her, told me what priue marks I had about mee, as the marke of my shoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arm, that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if my brest had not beene made of faith, and my heart of fiele, she had transform'd me to a Curtull dog, & made me turne i' the wheele.

Ant. Go hee there prentely, pott to the rode, And if the winde blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this Towne to night. If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,

Where I will walke till thou returne to me: If euerie one knows vs, and we know none, 'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

Dros. As from a Beare a man would run for life, So flie I from her that would be my wife.

Ant. There's none but Witches do inhabite here, And therefore 'tis his time that I were hence: She that doth call me husband, even my foule Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire fitter Poffeft with such a gentle fueraigne grace, Of such enchanting preffence and discours, Hath almoft made me Traitor to my felfe: But left my felfe be guilty to felfe wrong, Ie flie mine cares against the Mermaids long.

Enter Angela with the Chaine.

Ang. My Antipholus.

Ant. I that's my name.

Ang. I know it well fir, loe here the chaine, I thought to have tane you at the Porpentine, The chaine vnfinish'd made me flay thus long.

Ant. What is your will that I fal do with this?

Ang. What please your felfe fir: I haue made it for you.

Ant. Made it for me fir, I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you haue: Go home with it, and please your Wife withall, And soone at supper time Ie visit you, And then receive my money for the chaine.

Ant. I pray you fir receive the money now, For feare you ne're see chaine, nor mony more. 

Ang. You are a merry man fir, fare you well. Exit.

Ant. What I should thinke of this, I cannot tell: But this I thinke, there's no man is fo vaine, That would refuse to faire an offer'd Chaine. I see a man heere needs not lieue by shifs, When in the streets he makes such Golden gifts: Ile to the Mart, and there for Dromio flay, If any ship put out, then fright away. Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mar. You know since Pentecost the fum is due, And since I haue not much importun'd you, Nor now I had not, but that I am bound To Paye, and want Golders for my voyage: Therefore make preuent satisfaction, Or Ile attach you by this Officer.

Gold. Even iuft the fum that I do owe to you, Is growing to me by Antiphobus, And in the infant that I met with you, He had of me a Chaine, at flue a clocke, I shall receive the money for the fame: Pleafeth you walke with me downe to his houfe, I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus Epef. Dromio from the Courtians.

Off. That labour may you fave: See where he comes.

Ant. While I go to the Goldsmiths houfe, go thou And
The Comedy of Errors.

And buy a ropes end, that will I bestow
Among my wife, and their confederates,
For locking me out of my dores by day:
But yet I see the Goldsmith; get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. I buy a thousand pound a yeare, I buy a rope.

Exit Dromio

Eph. Ant. A man is well holpe vp that trufts to you,
I promised your presence, and the Chaine,
But neither Chaine nor Goldsmith came to me:
Belike you thought our loue would last too long
If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not.

Gold. Sailing your merrie humor: here's the note
How much your Chaine weighs to the vmknot chareft,
The finenesse of the Gold, and chargefull fashion,
Which doth amount to three odd Ducks more
Then I stand debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you see him presently dicharg'd,
For he is bound to Sea, and stayes but for it.

Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present monie:
Besides I have some businesse in the towne,
Good Signor take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife
Disburfe the summe, on the receipt thereof,
Perchance I will be there as foone as you.

Gold. Then you will bring the Chaine to her your selfe.

Ant. No bear it with you, least I come not time e-nough.

Gold. Well sir, I will? Have you the Chaine about you?

Ant. And if I have not sir, I hope you have:
Or else you may returne without your money.

Gold. Nay come I pray you sir, give me the Chaine:
Both winde and tide stayes for this Gentleman,
And I too blame have him heere too long.

Ant. Good Lord, you vse this dalliance to excuse
Your brecch of promisse to the Perpentine,
I should chieflie you for not bringing it,
But like a foare, you first begin to bravelie.

Mar. The house stayes on, I pray you sir dispatch.

Gold. You heare how he importunes me, the Chaine.

Ant. Why give it to my wife, and fetch your mony.

Gold. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the Chaine, or send me by some token.

Ant. Fine, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me see it.

Mar. My businesse cannot Brooke this dalliance,
Good sir stay, who'll you answer me, or no:
If not, Ile leave him to the Officer.

Ant. I answer you? What shold I answer you.

Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.

Ant. I owe you none, till I receive the Chaine.

Gold. You know I gave it you halfe an hour since.

Ant. You gave me none, you wrong mee much to say so.

Gold. You wrong me more sir in denying it.
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mar. Well Officer, arrest him at my suite.

Off. I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to o-bey me.

Gold. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sume for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer.

Ant. Consent to pay thee that I never had:
Arrest me foolishe fellow if thou dar't.

Gold. Here is thy fee, arrest him Officer.
I would not spare my brother in this cafe,
If he should scorne me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you sir, you heare the suite.

Ant. I do obey thee, till I glue thee baile.
But sirrah, you shall buy this sport as deere,
As all the mettall in your shop will answer.

Gold. Sir, sir, I shall have Law in Ephesius,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio Sira, from the Bay.

Dro. Master, there's a Barke of Epidamnion,
That stays but till her Owner comes aboard,
And then sir she beares away. Our fraghtage sir,
I have consel'd aboard, and I have bought
The Oyle, the Baljamum, and Aqua-vite.
The ship is in her trim, the merrie winde
Blows faire from land: they pay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Master, and your selfe.

Ant. How now? a Madman? Why thou ppeesish sheep
What ship of Epidamnion stays for me.

S.Dro. A ship you rent me too, to hier wafte.

Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S.Dro. You sent me for a ropes end as foone,
You sent me to the Bay, sir, for a Barke.

Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your ears to lift me with more heede:
To Adrianna Villaine his thec straight
Gue his this key, and tell her in the Deske.
That's couer'd o're with Turkish Taplirie,
There is a purfe of Duckets, let her lend it:
Tell her, I am arrested in the streete,
And that shall baile me: hie thee slave, be gone,
On Officer to prifon, till it come.

S. Dromio. To Adrianna, that is where we din'd,
Where Dowfabelle did claime me for her husband,
She is too bigge I hope for me to compare,
Thither I must, although against my will:
For servants must their Masters minde fulfill.

Exit

Enter Adrianna and Luciana.

Adr. Ah Luciana, did he tempt thee no?
Might'thou perceiue auatersely in his eie,
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no:
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What obervation mad'st thou in this cafe?
Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.

Luc. First he deu'de you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant he did me none: the more my fpight
Luc. Then I wore he that he was a stranger heere.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forborne he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

With what perwifion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honest fuit might move.
First, he did praise my beautie, then my speech.

Adr. Did'tt speake him faire?

Luc. Have patience I befeech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still,
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deform'd, crooked, old, and eare.
Ill-facc'd, worse bodied, shapeless every where:
Vicious, vngentle, foolishe, blunt, vnkinde,
The Comedie of Errors.

Stigmaticall in making w orfe in minde.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No euill loft is wail’d, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah but I thinke him better then I say:
And yet would herein others eiles were worfe:
Farre from her neft the Laping cries away;
My heart prays for him, though my tongue doe curfe.

Enter S. Dromio.

S. D. Here goe: the deske, the purse, sweet now make hate.

Luc. How haft thou loft thy breath?
S. D. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy Master Dromio? Is he well?
S. D. No, he’s in Tartar limbo, worfe then hell:
A disell in an everlafting garment hath him;
On whose hard heart is button’d vp with steels;
A Feind, a Fairie, pittiflesse and ruffe;
A Wolfe, now worfe, a fellow all in buffe;
A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermaids
The paffages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,
One that before the Judgemt carries poore foules to hel.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter?

S. D. I doe not know the matter, hee is refted on the cafe.

Adr. What is he arrested? tell me at whole fuite?
S. D. I know not at whole fuite he is arrested well;
but is in a fuite of buffe which refted him, that can I tell,
will you fend him Miftris redemption, the monie in his deske.

Adr. Go fetch it Sifter: this I wonder at.

Thus he vnknowne to me shoule be in debt:
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

S. D. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:
A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring.

Adria. What, the chaine?

S. D. No no, the bell, ’ts time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one.

Adr. The houres come backe, that did I neuer here.

S. D. Oh yes, if any houre meeete a Seriaent, a turnes backe for verie feare.

Adri. As if time were in debt: how fondly do’ft thou reafon?

S. D. Time is a verie bankerout, and owes more then
he’s worth to feacon.
Nay, he’s a theefe too: haue you not heard men fay,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If I be in debt and theft, and a Seriaent in the way,
Hath he not reafon to turne backe an houre in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go Dromio, there’s the monie, bear it straignt,
And bring thy Master home immediately.
Come Sifter, I am preft downe with conceit:
Conceit, my comfort and my injurie.

Enter Antipholus Siracusa.

There’s not a man I meete but doth falue me
As if I were their well acquainted friend,
And euerie one doth call me by my name:
Some tender monie to me, some inuite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneffes;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.
Euen now a tailor cal’d me in his shop,

And shou’d me Silkes that he had bought for me,
And therewithall tooke meafure of my body.
Sure thefe are but imaginarie wiles,
And lapland Sorcerers inhabithe here.

Enter Dromio. Sir.

S. D. Master, here’s the gold you lent me for: what haue you got the picture of old Adam new apparel’d?

Ant. What gold is this? What Adam doth thou meanes?

S. D. Not that Adam that kept the Paradise: but that Adam that keeps the prison; hee that goes in the calues-skin, that was kill’d for theProdigall: hee that came behinde you fijr, like an eulll angel, and bid you forfake your libertie.

Ant. I vnderstand thee not.

S. D. No? why ’tis a plaine cafe: he that went like a Bafe-Viole in a cafe of leather; the man fijr, that when gentlemen are tired gives them a fob, and refes them: he fijr, that takes pittie on decaied men, and gives them futes of durance: he that fets vp his reft to doe more exploits with his Mace, then a Moris Pike.

Ant. What thou meane’t an officer?

S. D. I fijr, the Seriaent of the Band: he that brings any man to anfwer it that breaks his Band: one that thinks a man alwaies going to bed, and fale, God giue you good reft.

Ant. Well fijr, there reft in your foolerie:
Is there any fhips puts forth to night? may we be gone?

S. D. Why fijr, I brought you word an houre fince, that the Bark Expedition put forth to night, and then were you hindred by the Seriaent to tarry for the Bay Delay: Here are the angels that you fent for to deliever you.

Ant. The fellow is diftraft, and fo am I,
And here we wander in illufions:
Somewhat power deliever us from hence.

Enter a Curiozian.

Cur. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus:
I fee sir you have found the Gold-smith now:
Is that the chaine you promis’d me to day.

Ant. Satan advoue, I charge thee tempt me not.

S. D. Master, is this Miftris Satbant?

Ant. It is the duell.

S. D. Nay, she is worfe, she is the duelles dam:
And here she comes in the habitt of a light wenche, and thereof comes, that the wenches ray God dam me, That’s as much to fay, God make me a light wenche: It is written, they appear to men like angels of light, light is an eeffct of fire, and fire will burne: ergo, light wenches will burne, come not neere her.

Cur. Your man and you are manuallous merrie sir.
Will you goe with me, we’ll mend our dinner here?

S. D. Master, if do expect spoon-meate, or be speake a long spoon.

Ant. Why Dromio?

S. D. Marrie he must have a long spoon that must eate with the duell.

Ant. Avoid then fijr, what teif’t thou me of sup-Thought, as you are all a forcereffe:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gon.

Cur. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis’d,
And Ie be gone fijr, and not trouble you.

S. D. Some diuelles askte but the parings of ones naile,
The Comedie of Errors.

a ruth, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-
stone: but the more couetous, wold have a chaine: Ma-
ter be wife, and if you gie it her, the diuell will shake
her Chaine, and fright vs with it.

Cur. I pray you sir my Ring, or else the Chaine,
I hope you do not meane to cheate me so?

Ant. Aveant thou witch: Come Dromio let vs go.

S. Dro. File pride faies the Pea-cocke, Mistis that
you know.

Cur. Now out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Elfe would he neuer so demeane himselfe,
A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Duckets,
And for the same he promis'd me a Chaine,
Both one and other he denies me now:
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present infance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,
Of his owne doores being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doores against his way:
My way is now to his home to his house,
And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke,
He rufh’d into my house, and took perfurse
My Ring away. This course I fitte chooseth,
For fortie Duckets is too much to lose.

Enter Antipholus Ephe,s with a Tailor.

Ant. Fear me not man, I will not breaake away,
Ile gue thee ere I leave thee so much money
To warrant thee as I am refred for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to day,
And will not lightly truft the Meffenger,
That I should be attach’d in Epheus,
I tell you twill found harthly in her cares.

Enter Dromio Ephe, with a ropes end.

Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie,
How now sir? Have you that I lent you for?

E. Dro. Here’s that I warrant you will pay them all.

Ant. But where’s the Money?

E. Dro. Why sir, I gave the Monie for the Rope.

Ant. Fieu hundred Duckets villaines for a rope?

E. Dro. Ile fere you fir fneue hundred at the rate.

Ant. To what end did I bid thee his thee home?

E. Dro. To a ropes end fir, and to that end am I re-
turn’d.

Ant. And to that end fr, I will welcome you.

Offi. Good fir be patient.

E. Dro. Nay ‘tis for me to be patient, I am in adver-
sitie.

Offi. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perfwade him to hold his hands.

Ant. Thou whoreson fenfeleffe Villaine.

E. Dro. I would I were fenfeleffe firs, that I might
not feele thy blows.

Ant. Thou art fenfeible in nothing but blowes, and
so is an Affe.

E. Dro. I am an Affe indeede, you may proue it by
my long cares. I have ferued him from the hour of my
Natuitie to this instante, and have nothing at his hands
for my lervisse but blowes. When I am cold, he heates
me with beating: when I am warme, he coolles me with
beating: I am wak’d with it when I sleepe, rau’d with
it when I fit, driven out of doores with it when I goe
from home, welcom’d home with it when I returne, nay

I beare it on my shoulders, as a begger woots her brat:
and I thinke when he hath lam’d me, I shall begge with
it from doore to doore.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Couritzean, and a Schoole-
master, call’d Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yon-
der.

E. Dro. Mistis refiice finem, respect your end, or ra-
ther the prophesie like the Parrot, beware the ropes end.

Ant. Wilt thou full talke?

Beats Dro.

Curt. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Ant. His inciuitie confirmes no leffe :

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a Conjurier,
Establish him in his truoe fence againe,
And I will pleae you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fery, and how sharp he lookes.

Cur. Marke, how he trembles in his extaie.

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let mee feele your
pulle.

Ant. There is my hand, and let it feele your care.

Pinch. I charge thee Satran,hou’d within this man,
To yeeld posession to my holie prayers,
And to thy fte of darkneffe hee thee ftraight,
I conuire thee by all the Saints in heauen.

Ant. Peace dothing wizard, peace ; I am not mad.

Ant. Oh that thou were not, poore distressed Soule.

Ant. You Minion you, are thefe your Cufomers?

Did this Companion with the faffron face
Reuell and feaft it at my houfe to day,
Whil’t it upon me the guiltie doores were flut,
And I denied to enter in my houfe.

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din’d at home
Where would you had remain’d vntill this time,
Free from these flanders, and this open fham.

Ant. Din’d at home? Thou Villaine, what sayest
thou?

Dro. Sir goode to fay, you did not dine at home.

Ant. Were not my doores lockt vp, and I shut out?

Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you shut
out.

Ant. And did not the her felfe reuile me there?

Dro. Sem Fable, she her felfe reuile’d you there.

Ant. Did not her Kitchen maidre raile, taunt, and
fcorne me?

Dro. Certis she did, the kitchen vaffall scorn’d you.

Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. In verity you did, my bones beares witnoffe,
That fince haue felt the vigor of his rage.

Ant. Is’t good to foother him in these confratnies?

Pinch. It is no fham, the fellow finds his vaine,
And yeelding to him, humors wall his frenifie.

Ant. Thou haft fubborn’d the Goldsmith to arref
t mee.

Adr. Alas, I sent you Monie to redeeme you,
By Dromio heere, who came in haft for it.

Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might,
But durely Master not a ragge of Monie.

Ant. Went he not thou to her for a purfe of Duckets.

Adr. He came to me, and I deliuer’d it.

Lati. And I am witnoffe with her that she did:

Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare witnoffe,
That he was fent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistis, both Man and Master is pooffet,
I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,
They must be bound and laid in some darke room.
Ant. Say wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day,
And why dost thou deny the bagge of gold?
Adr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.
Dro. And gentle Mr I receiv’d no gold:
But I confess’d, that we were lock’d out.
Adr. Dissembling Villain, thou speake’st false in both
Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned packe,
To make a loathsome abject scorne of me:
But with these nails, Ie pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to binde him:
Hee shrines.

Adr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company, the fiend is strong within him
Luc. Aye me poor man, how pale and wan he looks.
Ant. What will you murther me, thou Tailor thou?
I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a rescue?

Off. Masters let him go: he is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go binde this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr. What will thou do, thou peevish Officer?
Haft thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displacie to himselfe?
Off. He is my prisoner, if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir’d of me.
Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee,
Bear me forthwith unto his Creditor,
And knowing how the debt grows I will pay it.
Good Master Doctor fee him safe convey’d
Home to my house, oh most vnhappy day.

Ant. Oh most vnhappy strumpet.

Dro. Master, I am here entred in bond for you.

Ant. Out on thee Villaine, wherefore dost thou mad mee?

Dro. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good
Masters, cry the diuell.

Luc. God helpe poore soules, how idely doe they talke.

Adr. Go beare him hence, follow you go with me:

Say now, whose suite is he arrest’d at?


Off. One Angelo a Goldsmith, do you know him?
Adr. I know the man: what is the summe he owes?
Off. Two hundred Duckets.
Adr. Say, how grows it due.
Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a Chaine for me, but had it not.

Carr. When as your husband all in rage to day

Came to my house, and tooke away my Ring,
The Ring I saw vpon his finger now,
Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.

Came Tailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus Siracusa with his Rapier drawne,
and Dromio Strac.

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loose againe.

Adr. And come with naked swords,
Let’s call more helpe to have them bound again.

Runne all out.

Off. Away, they’ll kill vs.

Exeunt one of as fast as may be, frighted.

S. Ant. I see these Witches are afraid of swords.
S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our stufue from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound abroad.

Dro. Faith stay heree this night, they will surely do
vs no harme: you say they speake vs faire, give vs gold:
I thinke they is such a gentle Nation, but for the Mountaine of mad felo that claims marriage of me,
I could finde in my heart to stay heree still, and turne Witch.

Ant. I will not stay to night for all the Towne,
Therefore away, to get our stufue abroad.


Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am sorry Sir that I have binded you,
But I protest he had the Chaine of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth denie it.

Mar. How is the man esteem’d here in the Cite?
Gold. Of very reverent reputation Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belou’d,
Second to none that lives here in the Cite:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mar. Speake softly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio againes.

Gold. 'Tis so: and that selle chaine about his necke,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.
Good Sir draw neere to me, Ie speake to him:
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this flame and trouble,
And not without some scandal to your selfe,
With circumstance and oaths, to doe to denie
This Chaine, which now you wear (fo openly.
Befide the charge, the flame, imprisonement,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for staying on our Controuersie,
Had hooft good, and put to sea to day;
This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. I thinke I had, I never did deny it.

Mar. Yes that you did fir, and forswore it too.

Ant. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Mar. These ears of mine thou knowst did hear thee:

Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pity thou liu’st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,
Ie prove mine honor, and mine honestie
Against thee presently, if thou dar’st stand:

Mar. I dare and do defie thee for a villain.

They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtisan, & others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God sake, he is mad,
Some get within him, take his sword away:

Bind Dromio too, and beare them to my house.

S. Dro. Runne master run, for Gods sake take a house,
This is some Priorie, in, or we are fooy’d.

Exeunt to the Priorie.

Enter
Enter Lady Abbess.

Ab. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence, 

Let us consider, that we may bind him fast, 

And bear him home for his recovery.

Gold. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mar. I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

Ab. How long hath this possession held the man.

Adr. This weeke he hath bene beaue, fower fad, 

And much different from the man he was: 

But till this afternoone his passion 

Ne’er brake into extremity of rage.

Ab. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea, 

Buried some dear friend, hath not else his eye 

Stay’d his affection in unlawful loue, 

A fine prevailing much in youthfull men, 

Who give their eies the liberty of gazing. 

Which of these sorrows is he subiect too?

Adr. To none of thefe, except it be the laft, 

Namely, some loue that drew him off from home.

Ab. You should for that heaue reprehended him.

Adr. Why so I did.

Ab. I but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modestie would let me.

Ab. Happily in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Ab. I, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copie of our Conference. 

In bed he slept not for my urging it, 

At board he fed not for my urging it: 

Alone, it was the subie& of my Theme: 

In company I often glanced it: 

Still did I tell him, it was vile and bad.

Ab. And thereof came it, that the man was mad.

The venome clamos of a lewful woman, 

Poisons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.

It feames his sleepe was hindered by thy railing, 

And thereof comes it that his head is light. 

Thou saist his meate was fawc’d with thy vpbraidings, 

Vnquiet meals make ill digestions, 

Thereof the raging fire of euuer bred, 

And what’s a Feauer, but a fit of madness?

Thou sayest his spirits were hindered by thy bralles.

Sweet recreation barr’d, what doth enuie 

But moodie and dull melancholy, 

Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse dispaire, 

And at her heales a huge infectious troops 

Of pale diltemperatures, and foes to life? 

In food, in sport, and life-prefering rest 

To be disturb’d, would mad or man, or beast: 

The confequence is then, thy leuals fit. 

Hath scar’d thy husband from the vfe of vits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly, 

When he demean’d himselfe, rough, rude, and wildely, 

Why beare you these rebukes, and answere not?

Adr. She did betray me to my owne reprooofe, 

Good people enter, and lay hold on him.

Ab. No, not a creature enters in my house. 

Adr. Then let your seruants bring my husband forth 

Ab. Neither: he tooke this place for sanctuary, 

And it shall priviledge him from your hands, 

Till I have brought him to his wits againe, 

Or loose my labour in affayling it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.

Duke. Long since thy husband sen’d me in my wars
And I to thee ingag’d a Princes word,
When thou diid make him Master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go some of you, knocke at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbeffe come to me:
I will determine this before I retire.

Enter a Messenger.
Oh Miftirs, Miftirs, shifc and faue your felfe,
My Mafter and his man are both brooke loofe,
Beaten the Maid’s a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whose beaue they have fin’d off with brands of fire,
And euer as it blaz’d, they threw on him
Great palles of puddled myre to quench the haire ;
My M’ preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Cizers nickes him like a foole :—
And sure (ynflee you fome prefent helpe)
Betwixt them they will kill the Conjuror.

Adr. Peace foole, thy Mafter and his man are here,
And that is falle thou doft report to vs.
Meff. Miftirs, vpon my life I tel you true,
I have no breath’d almoft fince I did fee it.
He cries for you, and vows if he can take you,
To fcruch your face, and to diſfigure you:

Cry within.

Hark, harke, I heare him Miftirs: fie, be gone.

Duke. Come stand by me, feare nothing: guard with
Halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband: witneffe you,
That he is borne about infufible,
Euen now we hou’d him in the Abbey heere.
And now he’s there, paft thought of humane reaon.

Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Ephesius.

E. Ant. Juflice moft gracious Duke, oh grant me let—
Euen for the fervice that long fince I did thee,
When I befriu thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepe feares to faue thy life; euen for the blood
That then I left for thee, now grant me juftice.

Mar. Juflice. Valeffe the fearc of death doth make me dote,
I fee my fonne Antipholus and Dromio.

E. Ant. Juflice (weet Prince) againft ? Womane there:
She whom thou gauft to me to be my wife;
That hath abufe and defhonore me,
Euen in the strength and height of injurie.
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That thee this day hath flamelife throwne on me.

Duke. Diſcouver how, and thou fhalt finde me juft.

E. Ant. This day (great Duke) fhew the doores
Upon mee,
While the with Harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A greeeuues fault: fay woman, diid thou fo?

Adr. No my good Lord. My felife, he, and my fifter,
To day did dine together: fo befall my foule,
As this is falle he burthen me withall.

Luc. Nerfe may I looke on day, nor fleepe on night,
But the tell to your Highneffe fimpie truth.

Gold. O periu’d woman! They are both forfoworne,
In this the Madman liufly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am aduifed what I fay,
Neither disturbed with the effect of Wines,
Nor headie-rath prouok’d with raging ire,
Albeit my wronges might make one wifer mad.

This woman lock’d me out this day from dinner;
That Goldsmith there, were he not pack’d with her,
Could witneffe it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promifing to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Ballbafer and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
I went to feke him. In the street I met him,
And in his company that Gentleman.
There did this periu’d Goldsmith swearfe me doun,
That I this day of him receiued the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I faw not. For the which,
He did arreft me with an Officer.
I did obey, and fent my Pefant home
For certaine Duckets: he with none return’d.
Then fairely I belpoke the Officer
To go in perfon with me to my house.
By th’ way, we met my wife, her fifter, and a rabble more
Of vile Confederates: Along with them
They brought one Finch, a hungry leane fac’d Villaine;
A meere Anatomic, a Mountebanke,
A threare barke Jurer, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-dye’d charpe looking-wretch;
A living dead man. This penurious flame,
Forfooke tooke on him as a Conjuror:
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no-face (as twere) out-facing me,
Cries out, I was poift. Then altogether
They fell vpon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a darke and dainke vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in funder,
I gain’d my freedome; and immediately
Ran hether to your Grace, whom I bleefche.
To give me ample fatisfacon
For thofe depee fames, and great indignities.

Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witneffe with him:
That he din’d not at home, but was lock’d out.

Duke. But had he fuch a Chaine of thee, or no?

Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,
These people paw the Chaine about his necke.

Mar. Besides, I will be sworn these cares of mine,
Hear you confudt you had the Chaine of him,
After you first forwore it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my fword on you:
And then you fied into this Abbey heere,
From whence I think you are come by Miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within these Abbey wails,
Nor ever did thou draw thy fword on me:
I never saw the Chaine, fo helpe me heav’n;
And this is falle you burthen me withall.

Duke. Why what an intricate imphech is this?
I think you all haue drunk of Circe cup:
If here you hou’d him, heere he would haue bin.
If he were mad, he would not pleade fo coldly:
You fay he din’d at home, the Goldsmith heere
Denies that faying. Sirra, what fay you?

E. Dro. Sir he din’d with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cur. He did, and from my finger fnaught that Ring.

E. Ant. ’Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw’lt thou him enter at the Abbey heere?

Curt. As fure (my Liege) as I do fee your Grace.

Duke. Why this is strange: Go call the Abbeffe hithe-

Then I thinke you are all mated, or farke mad.
The Comedie of Errors.

Exit one to the Abbefse.

Fa. Moft mighty Duke, vouchsafe me a word: Haply I fee a friend will faue my life, And pay the sum that may deliuere me.
Duke. Speake freely Siracufian what thou wilt, Fatb. Is not your name fir call'd Antipholus? And is not that your bondman Dromio?
E. Dra. Within this houre I was his bondman fir, But he thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords, Now am I Dromio, and his man, vnbound.
Fatb. I am sure you both of you remember me.
Dro. For lately we were bound as you are now. You are not Pinches patient, are you sir?
Faather. Why looke you strange on me? you know me well.
E.Ant. I neuer saw you in my life till now.
Fa.Oh! grieue hath chang'd me since you saw me left, And carfull houres with times deformed hand, Hauw written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, doth thou not know my voice?
Ant. Neither.
Fat. Dromio, nor thou?
Dro. No truft me fir, nor I.
Fa. I am sure thou dost?
E.Dromio. I fir, but I am sure I do not, and whatfoever a man denies, you are now bound to beleuie him.
Fatb. Not know my voice, oh times e tremity
Haft thou so crack'd and piptted my poore tongue In feven short yeares, that heere my onely fonne Knowes not my feeble key of wittan'd cares? Though now this gaine of mine be hid In sap-consuming Winters drieled snow, And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp: Yet hath my night of life some memorie: My waiting lampes some fading glimmer left: My dull deafe cares a little vice to heare: All these old witneses, I cannot erre.
Tell me, thou art my fonne Antipholus.
Ant. I neuer saw my Father in my life.
Fa. But feven yeares since, in Siracufa boy Thou know'lt we parted, but perhaps my fonne, Thou shame'tt to acknowledge me in miferie.
Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City, Can witnffe with me that it is not fo.
I ne're saw Siracufa in my life,
Duke. I tell thee Siracufian, twenty yeares Have I bin Patron to Antipholus, During which time, he ne're saw Siracufa: I fee thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbefse with Antipholus Siracufa, and Dromio Sir.

Abbefse. Moft mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

All gather to see them.

Adr. I fee two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of these men is genius to the other: And fo of thefe, which is the naturall man, And which the spirit? Who decipthes them?
S. Dromio. I Sir am Dromio, command him away.
E. Dro. I Sir am Dromio, pray let me stay.
S. Ant. Egeon art thou not? or else his ghost.
S. Drom. Oh my olde Mafter, who hath bound him heere?
Abb. Who euer bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gaune a husband by his libertie:
Speake olde Egeon, if thou be'th the man That had a wife once call'd Egeon,
That bore thee at a burthen two faire fonnes?
Oh if thou be'th the fame Egeon, speake:
And speake vnto the fame Egeon.
Duke. Why heere begins his Morning storie right:
These two Antipholus, these two so like,
And these two Dromio's, one in semblance:
Befides her virging of her wracke at sea,
These are the parents to these children, Which accidentally are met together.
Fa. If I dreame not, thou art Egeon,
If thou art she, tell me, where is that fonne
That floated with thee on the falls raffe.
Abb. By men of Epidamium, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, were all taken vp;
But by and by, rude Fishermen of Corinth,
By force tooke Dromio, and my fonne from them,
And me they left with peace of Epidamium.
What then became of them, I cannot tell:
I, to this fortune that you fee mee in.
Duke. Antipholus thou cam't from Corinth first.
S. Ant. No fir, nor I, I came from Siracufa.
Duke. Stay, ftrand apart, I know not which is which.
E. Ant. I came from Corinth my moft gracious Lord
E. Dro. And I with him.
E. Ant. Brought to this Town by that moft famous
Warrour, Duke Minaphon, your moft renowned Vnkle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?
S. Ant. I, gentle Miftris.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
E. Ant. No, I fay nay to that.
S. Ant. And fo do I, yet did the call me fo:
And this faire Gentlemowan her fitter heere
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leifure to make good,
If this be not a dreame I fee and heare.
Goldsmiths. That is the Chaine fir, which you had of mee.
S. Ant. I thinke it be fir, I denie it not.
E. Ant. And you fir for this Chaine arrested me.
Gold. I thinke I did fir, I deny it not.
Adr. I fent you monie fir to be your balle
By Dromio, but I thinke he brought it not.
E. Dro. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purfe of Duckets I receiued from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I fee we ill did meete each others man,
And I was tame for him, and he for me,
And thereupon thefe errors are arose.
E. Ant. These Duckets pawne I for my father heere.
Duke. It shall not neede, thy father hath his life.
Carl. Sir I mift haue that Diamond from you.
E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheere.
Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchsafe to take the paines
To go with vs into the Abbey heere,
And haue at large discoursed all our fortunes,
And all that are assembled in this place:
That by this sympathized one daies error
Have suffer'd wrong. Goe, keepe vs companie,
The Comedie of Errors.

And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirtie three yeares have I but gone in trouile
Of you my sonnes, and till this present houre
My heauie burthen are deliwered:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Nativity,
Go to a Goffips feast, and go with mee,
After so long greefe such Nativity.

Duke. With all my heart, Ile Goffip at this feast.

Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and two Brothers.

S.Dro. Must I fetch your stuff from shipbord?
E.Dro. What stuffe of mine haft thou imbarke?
S.Dro. Your goods that lay at hoff fir in the Centaur.
S.Ant. He speakes to me, I am your master Dromio.

Come go with vs, wee'l looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, reioyce with him.  Exit
S.Dro. There is a fat friend at your masters house,
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now shal be my sister, not my wife,
E.Dro. Me thinks you are my glasse, & not my brother:
I fee by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth,
Will you walke in to see their gosslipping?
S.Dro. Not I sir, you are my elder.
E.Dro. That's a question, how shall we trie it.
S.Dro. Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then,
lead thou firft.
E.Dro. Nay then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

Exeunt.

FINIS.
Much adoe about Nothing.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Leonato Governor of Messina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Niece, with a messenger.

Leonato.

Leon. I hear in this Letter, that Don Peter of Arragon, comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very neere by this; he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice it selfe, when the atchieuer brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that Don Peter hath bestowed much honor on a yong Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remember'd by Don Pedro, he hath borne him selfe beyond the promisse of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better bettred expectation, then you much expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an Vnkle heere in Messina, will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have alreadie delieverd him letters, and there appears much joy in him, even so much, that joy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a bag of bitterneffe.

Leon. Did he brake out into tears?

Mess. In great meafeur.

Leon. A kinde overflow of kindneffe, there are no faces truer, then thoses that are so wash'd, how much better is it to weep at joy, then to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montanto return'd from the warres, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none such in the armie of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for Neece?

Hero. My cousin meane Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O he's return'd, and as pleasent as ever he was.

Beat. He set vp his bills here in Messina, and challeng'd Cupid at the Flight: and my Vnckles foole reading the Challenge, suberib'd for Cupid, and challenge him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath hee kil'd and eaten in these warres? But how many hath he kil'd? for indeed, I proum'd to eate all of his killing.

Leon. Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but hee'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service Lady in these warres.

Beat. You had myty vicitall, and he hath holpe to ease it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomacke.

Mess. And a good fouldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good fouldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Mess. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, stuf with all honourable vertues.

Beat. It is so indeed, he is no leafe then a stuf man: but for the stuffing we, are all mortall.

Leon. You must not (Sir) mistake my Neece, there is a kind of merry war between Signior Benedick, & her: they never meet, but there's a skimish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our late conflicts, foure of his sute wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if he have wit enouogh to keep himself warme, let him beare it for a difference betweene himselfe and his horie: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reafonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Tis possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he weares his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your booke.

Beat. No, and he were, I would burne my study. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the diuell?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang vpon him like a disease: he is sooner caught then the pestilence, and the taker runs prentely mad. God helpe the noble Claudio, if hee have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thound pound ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Beat. Do good friend.

Leon. You'll ne're run mad Neece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balthasar, and John the beaftard.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid coff, and you encounter it.

Leon. Neuer came trouble to my house in the likenes of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remaine: but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and hapinesse takes his leaue.
Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I thinke this is your daughter.
Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me so.
Bened. Were you in doubt that you askt her?
Leonato. Signior Benedick, no, for then were you a childe.

Pedro. You have it full Benedick, we may ghesse by this, what you are, being a man, trueely the Lady fathers her selfe: be happy Lady, for you are like an honorable father.
Ben. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.
Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick, no body markest you.
Ben. What my deere Ladie Difdaine! are you yet liuing?
Beat. Is it possible Difdaine should die, while she hath such meete foode to feede it, as Signior Benedick! Cursue it, felse must convert to Difdaine, if you come in her presence.
Bene. Then is curetie a turne-coate, but it is certain I am loved of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I lose none.
Beat. A deere happiness to women, they would else haue beene troubled with a persious Sitter, I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather haue my Dog barke at a Crow, than a man fwere he loues me.
Bene. God keepe your Ladiship still in that minde, so some Gentleman or other shall scape a predefinite scratcht face.
Beat. Scratchinge could not make it worse, and 'twere such a face as yours were.
Bene. Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.
Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of your.
Ben. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuier, but keepe your way a Gods name, I have done.
Beat. You alwaies end with a Ladies tricke, I know you of old.
Pedro. This is the summe of all: Leonato, Signior Cia
dio, and signior Benedick, my deere friend Leonato, hath inuited you all, I tell him we shall stay here, at the least a moneth, and he heartily prays some occasion may de
taine vs longer: I dare fware he is no hypocrite, but praiseth from his heart.
Leon. If you fware, my Lord, you shall not be forworne, let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being re
c onciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all duete.
John. I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I thanke you.
Leon. Please it your grace leade on?
Pedro. Your hand Leonato, we will goe together.
Exeunt. Maner Benedicke and Claudio.
Claue. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of sign
ior Leonato?
Bene. I noted her not, but I lookt on her.
Claue. Is she not a modest yong Ladie?
Bene. Doest thou question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true judgement? or would you have me speake after my custome, as being a preessed tyrant to their sexe?
Claue. No, I pray thee speake in sober judgement.
Bene. Why yfaith me thinks thee's too low for a hie praise, too browne for a faire praise, and too little for a great praise, onely this commendation I can affoord her, that were thee other then she is, she were vnhandsome, and being no other, but as she is, I doe not like her.
Claue. Thou think'st I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truely how thou lik'ft her.
Bene. Would you bee her, that you enquier after her?
Claue. Can the world buie such a jewell?
Bene. Yes, and a cafe to put it into, but speake you this with a sad brow? Or doe you play the flowing jacke, to tell vs Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, in what key shall aman take you to goe in the long?
Claue. In mine eie, she is the sweetest Ladie that euer I lookt on.
Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her coffin, and she were not poiffet with a fire, shee is so much in beaute, as the First of Maiie doth the laft of December; but I hope you have no intent to turne husband, have you?
Claue. I would scarce trust my selfe, though I had fwearne the contrarie, if Hero would be my wife.
Bene. Ifst come to this, in faith hath not the world one man but he will weare his cap with fustipation? shall I never see a batcheller of three score again? goe to yfaith, and thou wilt needes thrust thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and figh away fundae: looke, don Pedro is returned to fseekke you.

Enter don Pedro, John the bafhard.
Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you follo
ewed not to Leonatoes?
Bened. I would your Grace would constringe mee to tell.
Pedro. I charge thee on thy alledgeance.
Ben. You heare, Count Claudio, I can be secret as a dumbe man, I would you thynke so (but on my allegeance, marke you this, on my allegeance) hee is in lour, With who? now that is your Grace part: marke how short his answere is, with Hero, Leonatoes short daughter.
Claue. If this were so, so were it vttred.
Bened. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so: but indeede, God forbid it should be so.
Claue. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwisse.
Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Ladie is verie well worthie.
Claue. You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.
Pedro. By my troth I speake my thought.
Bened. And in faith, my Lord, I spake mine.
Claue. I spake mine.
Bened. That I love her, I feele.
Pedro. That she is worthie, I know.
Bened. That I neither feele how shee should be lo
ued, nor know how shee should be worthie, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the flake.
Pedro. Thou waft euere an obstinate heretique in the de
fight of Beaaute.
Claue. And never could maintaine his part, but in the force of his wil.
Bene. That
Ben. That a woman conceived me, I thank her: that she brought me vp, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a rechaste winded in my head; or hang my bugle in an insinuous buldrice, all women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the wrong to misfruit any, I will doe my selfe the right to tryst none: and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the finer) I will line a Batchelor.

Pedro. I shall thee ere I die, looke pale with love.

Ben. With anger, with fickneffe, or with hunger, my Lord, not with love: prove that ever I looke more blood with love, then I will get againe with drinking, picke out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penne, and hang me vp at the doore of a brothel-houfe for the signe of blinde Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Ben. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, & shoot at me, and he that hit me, let him be clapt on the shouder, and cal'd Adam.

Pedro. Well, as time shall trie: In time the fause Bull doth bear the yoke.

Ben. The fause bull may, but if ever the fensible Benedicke bear it, plucke off the bulles hornes, and set them in my head, and let me be vildely painted, and in such great Letters as they write, here be good horfe to hire: let them signifie vnder my signe, here you may see Benedicke the married man.

Clau. If this shoulde ever happen, thou wolddst bee borne mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid haue not spent all his Quiner in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Ben. I looke for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the houres, in the meanentime, good Signior Benedicke, repair to Leonato, commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile him at supper, for indee he hath made great preparation.

Ben. I have almost matter enough in me for such an Embaffyge, and so I commit you.

Clau. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it.

Pedro. The fixt of July. Your loyning friend, Benedick.

Ben. Nay mocke not, mocke not; the body of your discourse is sometyme guarded with fragments, and the guardes are but slightely bafted on neither, ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leave you.

Clau. My Liege, your Highness now may doe mee good.

Pedro. My loue is thine to teach, teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learne Any hard Leson that may do thee good.

Clau. Hath Leonato any sonne my Lord?

Pedro. No childe but Hero, she's his onely heire.

Doft thou affect her Claudia?

Clau. O my Lord,

When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a fouldien eie, That lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand, Than to drive liking to the name of love: But now I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts I have left their places vacant: in their rooms, Come thronging soft and delicate deares, All prompting mee how faire yong Hero is, Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres.
late stood out against your brother, and he bath taken you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the faire weather that you make your selfe, it is needfull that you frame the season for your owne harueft.

Iohn. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a rose in his grace: and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, then to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be denied but I am a plane dealing villaine, I am troubled with a muffell, and enfranchise with a clog, therefore I have decreed, not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seeke not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no vfe of your discontent?
Iohn. I will make all vfe of it, for I vfe it onely.

Who comes here? what newes Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bor. I came yonder from a great supper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

Iohn. Will it serve for any Modell to build mischief on? What is hee for a foole that betrothes himselfe to vouquetiness?

Bor. Mary it is your brothers right hand.

Iohn. Who, the most exquisite Claudio?

Bor. Even he.

Iohn. A proper squier, and who, and who, and which,way lookes he?

Bor. Mary on Hero, the daughter and Heire of Leonato.

Iohn. A very forward March-chicke, how came you to this?

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking a mufy roome, comes me the Prince and Claudio, hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed vpon, that the Prince shoulde wooe Hero for himselfe, and having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.

Iohn. Come, come, let vs thither, this may prove food to my dipluseasure, that young start-vp hath all the glee of my overthrow: if I can croffe him any way, I bleffe my selfe every way, you are both sure, and will affift mee?

Con. To the death my Lord.
Iohn. Let us to the great supper, their cheere is the greater that I am subdued, would the Cooke were of my minde: shall we goe proue what is to be done?

Bor. Wee'll wait vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt.
Much adoe about Nothing.

Leonato. Cofin you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye vnkle,|I can see a Church
daylight.

Leon. The reuellers are entring brother, make good
rooms.

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudiu, and Benedick, and Balthasar,
or dumbe John, Markeurs with a drum.

Pedro. Lady, will you walke about with your friend?

Hero. So you walke softly, and looke sweetly, and say
nothing, I am yours for the walke, and especialy when I
walke away.

Pedro. With me in your company.

Hero. I may say so when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour, for God defend the
Lute should be like the cafe.

Pedro. My visor is Philemon roofe, within the houfe
is Loe.

Hero. Why then your visor should be thatcht.

Pedro. Speake low if you speake Loe.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Mar. So would not I for your owne sake, for I have
manie ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Mar. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Mar. God match me with a good dauncer.

Balt. Amen.

Mar. And God kepe him out of my sight when the
dance is done: anfwer Clarke.

Balt. No more words, the Clarke is anfwered.

Vpfula. I know you well enough, you are Signior An-
thonio.

Anth. At a word, I am not.

Vpfula. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Anth. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Vpfula. You could never doe him so ill well, vnlesse
you were the very man: here's his dry hand vp & down,
you are he, you are he.

Anth. At a word I am not.

Vpfula. Come, come, doe you thinke I doe not know
you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it felle? goe
to, mumme, you are he, grace will appear, and there's an
end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bened. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainfull, and that I had my good
wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signi-
or Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, beleue me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bened. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why he is the Princes fiewer, a very dull foole,
onely his gift is, in devising imposible flanders, none
but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is
not in his witte, but in his villainie, for hee both pleathf
men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and
beat him: I am sure he is in the Fleet, I would he had
boobed me.

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what
you say.

Beat. Do, do, he'll but breake a comparision or two
on me, which peradventure (not markt, or not laugh'd
at) strikes him into melancholy, and then there's a Par-
tridge wing fai'd, for the foole will eate no supper that
night. We must follow the Leaders.

Ben. In every good thing.

Bea. Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leave them
at the next turning.

Exeunt.

Musicke for the dance.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath
withdrawne her father to brake with him about it: the
Ladies follow her, and but one vihor remains.

Borachio. And that is Claudio, I know him by his bea-
ing.

John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Cla. You know me well, I am hee.

John. Signior, you are verie nere my Brother in his
loue, he is enamor'd on Hero, I pray you diffwade him
from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may doe the
part of an honest man in it.

Claudio. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him fweare his affection,

Bor. So did I too, and he swore he would marrie her
to night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

Exeunt Clau.

Cla. Thus anfwer I John name of Benedick,
But heare the ill newes with the cares of Claudio:
'Tis certaine fo, the Prince woes for himselfe:
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the Office and affaires of loue:
Therefore all hearts in loue vfe their owne tongues.
Let euerie eye negotiate for it self,
And truft no Agent: for beautie is a witch,
Against whose charmes, faith melteth into blood:
This is an accident of hourey proofe,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell therefore Hero.

Enter Benedick.

Ben. Count Claudio.

Cla. Yea, the fame.

Ben. Come, will you go with me?

Cla. Whither?

Ben. Even to the next Willow, about your own bu-
linefe, Count. What fashion will you ware the Gar-
land off? About your necke, like an Vflueres chaine? Or
vnder your arme, like a Lieutenants scarfe? You must
ware it one way, for the Prince hath got your Hero.

Cla. I will him joy of her.

Ben. Why that's spoken like an honest Drouer, so
they fel Bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince wold
have furned you thus?

Cla. I pray you leave me.

Ben. Ho now you strike like the blindman,'twas the
boy that stole your mantle, and you'll beat the poft.

Cla. If it will not be, Ile leave you.

Exeunt.

Ben. Alas poore hurt owle, now will he creep into
fedges: But that my Ladie Beatrice should know me, &
not know me: the Princes foole! Hah! It may be I goe
vnder that title, because I am merrie: yea but fo I am
apt to do my felwe wrong: I am not so reputed, it is the
baze (though bitter) disposition of Beatrices, that putt's
the world into her perfon, and so gives me out well, Ile
be revenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you see
him?

Ben.
Pedro. Troth my Lord, I have played the part of Lady
Fane, I found him here as melancholy as a Lodge in a
Warren, I told him, and I think, told him true, that your
grace had got the will of this young Lady, and I offered
him my company to a willow tree, either to make him
a garland, as being forlorn, or to binde him a rod, as be-
ing worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt, what's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a Schoole-boy, who
being ouer-loyed with finding a birds neft, shews it his
companion, and he ftailes it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a truft, a transgression? the
transgression is in the ftaeler.

Bene. Yet it had not beene amisse the rod had beene
made, and the garland too, for the garland he might have
worne himzelfe, and the rod hee might have beftowed on
you, who (as I take it) have fhone his birds neft.

Pedro. I will but teach them to finge, and restore them
to the owner.

Bene. If their finging answer your faying, by my faith
you fay honfely.

Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrell to you, the
Gentleman that daunto her, told her fhee is much
wrong'd by you.

Bene. O the muffle me the inudence of a block:
an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would have an-
swered her: my very viffer began to afume life, and fcold
with her: fhee told mee, not thinking I had beene my
felf, that I was the Princes lefser, and that I was duller
then a great thaw, hudding lef bene ielf, with fuch im-
porffible conceience vpon me, that I ftood like a man at
a marke, with a whole armyd flooting at me: fhee fpeakes
poynyards, and every word ftabbes: if her breath were
as terrible as terminations, there were no living neere
her, she would infect to the north starre: I would not
marry her, though the were indowed with all that Adam
had left him before he transgref, the would have made
Hercules haue turned fpit, yea, and haue cleft his club to
make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you fhall finde
her the infernal Ate in good apparell. I would to God
some fcholler would conurf her; for certainly while the
she is heere, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a fanta-
cy, and all men vpoone purpoft, becaufe they would goe
fither, fo indeed all difquiet, horror, and perturbation
followes her.

Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.

Pedro. Lookhe heere she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command mee any service
to the worlds end? I will goe on the flightefl arrond now
to the Antypodes that you can define to fende me on: I
will fetch you a tooth-pickker now from the furtheft inch
of Aia: bring you the length of Prefer John foot; fetch
you a hayre off the great Chams beard: doe you any em-
baffage to the Pigmies, rather then hould three words
conference, with this Harpy: you have no employment
for me?

Pedro. None, but to defire your good company.

Bene. O God fir, heeres a difh I loue not, I cannot in-
due this Lady tongue.

Pedro. Come Lady, come, you have loft the heart of
Signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed my Lord, hee lent it me a while, and I
gave him vie for it, a double heart for a flinge one, marry
once before he wonne it of mee, with falfe dice, therefore
your Grace may well lay I have loft it.
married, they would take themsevles madde.

Prince. Counte Claudio, when meane you to goe to Church ?

Clau. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches, till Loue haue all his rites.

Leonata. Not till monady, my deare sonne, which is hence a luft feuen night, and a time too briefe too, to have all things answr minde.

Prince. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing, but I warrant thee Claudio, the time shall not goe dully by vs, I will in the interim, vndertake one of Hercules labors, which is, to bring Signior Benedicke and the Lady Beatrice into a mountaine of affecion, th'other, I would faue haue it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall gue you direction.

Leonata. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost mee ten nights watchings.

Clau. And I my Lord.

Prin. And you to gentle Hero ?

Hero. I will doe any modest office, my Lord, to helpe my cozen to a good husband.

Prin. And Benedicke is not the vnhopefull lest husband that I know : thus farre can I praffle him, hee is of a noble straine, of approved valoure, and confirm'd honestly, I will teach you how to humour your cozen, that shee shall fall in love with Benedicke, and I, with your two helpers, wil praffe on Benedicke, that in despit of his quicke wit, and his quessif fomanke, shee shall fall in love with Beatrice : if wee can doe this, Cupid is no longer an Archer, his glory shall be ours, for wee are the onely louegods, goe in with mee, and I will tell you my drift. Exit. Enter John and Borachio.

Iob. It is so, the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea my Lord, but I can crose it.

Iohn. Any barre, any crose, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am sicke in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affecion, ranges evenly with mine, how canst thou crose this marriage ?

Bor. Not honestly my Lord, but so cortently, that no dishonesty shall appeare in me.

Iohn. Show me briefly how.

Bor. I think I told your Lordship a yeare since, how much I am in the favoure of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

Iobn. I remember.

Bor. I can at any unfeasible instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Ladies chamber window.

Iobn. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage ?

Bor. The poynon of that lies in you to temper, goe you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that hee hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned Claudio, whose estimation you mightly hold vp, to a contaminated flate, such a one as Hero.

Iobn. What proofe shall I make of that ?

Bor. Proofe enough, to misplace the Prince, to vexe Claudio, to vndoe Hero, and kill Leonato, looke you for any other issue.

Iobn. Onely to defpitig them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bor. Goe then, finde me a meete howre, to draw on Pedro and the Count Claudio alone, tell them that you know that Hero loves me, intend a kinde of zeale both to the Prince and Claudio (as in a loue of your brothers honor who hath made this match ) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to be cofen'd with the semblance of a maid, that you have discouer'd thus: they will fearefully belieue this without triall: offer them insances which shall bear no leffe likelihood , than to see mee at her chamber window, haere me call Margaret, Hero : haere Margaret terme me Claudio, and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding , for in the meane time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be abstent, and there shall appeare such seeming truths of Heroes disloyaltie, that hauleous shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

Iobn. Grow this to what aduerse issue it can, I will put it in prafite : be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducates.

Bor. Be thou constant in the accusat, and my cunning shall not shame me.

Iobn. I will prefentlie goe learne their day of marriage.

Enter Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. Yea my Lord already fir.

Bene. I know that, but I would haue thee hence, and heere againe. I doe much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man is a foole, when hee dedicates his behaouour to loue, will after haue bought taught at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his owne icorne, by fallinge in loue, & such a man is Claudio, I have known when there was no mufico with him but the drum and the fife, and now had hee rather haue the taber and the pipe : I haue knowne when he would haue walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake caruing the fashion of a new dublet: he was wont to speake plainely, & to the purpole (like an honets man & a fouldier) and now is he turn'd orthography, his words are a very fantasticall banquet, luft so many strange diithes : may I be so converted, & see with these eyes ? I cannot tell, I thinke not : I will not bee sworne, but loue may transforme me to an oyster, but Ie take my oyle on it, till hee haue made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a foole: one woman is faire, yet I am well : another is wife, yet I am well: another vertuous, yet I am well : but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace : rich fhee shall be, that's certaine : wife, or Ie none : vertuous, or Ie never cheape her : faire, or Ie never looke on her : milde, or come not neere me : Noble, or not for an Angell : of good discours: an excellent Musitian, and her haire shal be of what colour it please God, hah ! the Prince and Monfieur Loue, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Iacke Wilfon.

Prin. Come, shall we hear this muficke ?

Claud. Yea my good Lord: how still the evening is, As hauht on purpose to grace harmonie.

Prin. See you where Benedicke hath hid himselfe ?

Claud. O very well my Lord: the muficke ended, We'll fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.

Prin. Come Balthazar, wee'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my Lord, taxe not fo bad a voyce, To flander muficke any more then once.

Prin. It is the witnesse fill of excellency,
To slander Muficke any more then once.

Prince. It is the winnesstill of excellencie,
To put a strange face on his owne perfection,
I pray thee sing, and let me woe no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing,
Since many a woer doth commence his fault,
To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he woees,
Yet will he sweare he loves.

Prince. Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Doe it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
Theres not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Prince. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Note notes forlooch, and nothing.

Bene. Now diuine aire, now is his soule rauifh'd,
is it not strange that sheepe's guts should hale soules out of mens bodies? well, a horse for my money when all's done.

The Song.

Sigh no more Ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers euer,
One foote in Sea, and one on flore,
To one thing constant euer,
Then sigh not so, but let them goue,
And be you blithe and bonnie,
Converting all your sounds of woe,
Into boy moy nyly.

Sigh no more ditties, sigh no more,
Of damps so doll and heauey,
The fraud of men were euer fo,
Since summer first was leauy,
Then sigh not so, &c.

Prince. By my troth a good song.

Balth. And an ill finger, my Lord.

Prince. Ha, no, no faith, thou singst well enough for a flute.

Ben. And he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voyce bode no milcliefe, I had as liefe have heard the night-rauen, come what plague could have come after it.

Prince. Yea marry, doft thou heare Balthasar? I pray thee get vs some excellent mufick: for to morrow night we would have it at the Lady Heroes chamber window.

Balth. The beft I can, my Lord. Exit Balthasar.

Prince. Do fo, farewell. Come hither Leonato, what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece Beatrice was in love with Signor Benedick?

Cla. O I, stalke on, stalke on, the foule fitst. I did neuer thinke that Lady would have loued any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither, but most wonderful, that she shoulde doe Signior Benedick, whom thee hath in all outward behaувions feemed euer to abhorre.

Bene. Is't possible? sees the winde in that corner?

Leo. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but that she loves him with an iraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be the doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of passion, came so neere the life of passion as she discoveres it.

Prince. Why what effects of passion shewes she?

Claud. Bate the hooke well, this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects my Lord? shee will fit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did indeed.

Prin. How, how I pray you, you amaze me, I would have thought her spirit had beene inuincible against all affaults of affection.

Leo. I would have sworne it had, my Lord, especially against Benedick.

Bene. I should thinke this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speakes it: knauery cannot fure hide himselfe in such reuerence.

Claud. He hath taken that infection, hold it vp.

Prince. Hath shee made her affection known to Benedick?

Leonato. No, and sweares shee neuer will, that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter faies: shall I, faies she, that have so oft encountered him with fceorne, write to him that I loue him?

Leo. This faies shee now when shee is beginning to write to him, for shee'll be vp twenty times a night, and there will shee fit in her Imoekke, till shee hauet a sheet of paper: my daughter tells vs all.

Claud. Now you talke of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty left your daughter told vs.

Leon. O when she had writ it, & was reading it ouer, the found Benedick and Beatrice betweene the sheete.

Claud. That.

Leon. O thee theer the letter into a thousand halfeence, railed at her self, that she should be so immodest to write, to one that shee knew would flout her: I meafeure him, faies shee, by my owne spirit, for I shoulde flout him if hee writ to mee, yes though I loue him, I shoulde.

Claud. Then downe upon her knees shee falls, weepes, fobs, bestes her heart, tears her hayre, prays, curse, O sweet Benedick, God give me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter faies so, and the extasie hath so much ouerborne her, that my daughter is fomtime afraid she will doe a desperate out-rage to her selfe, it is very true.

Prince. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poore Lady worfe.

Prin. And he should, it were an almes to hang him, shee's an excellent sweet Lady, and out of all suffocation, she is vertuous.

Claudio. And she is exceeding wife.

Prince. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my Lord, wisedome and bold combating in to tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victorie, I am forry for her, as I have iuft caufe, being her Vnkle, and her Guardian.

Prince. I would shee had bestowed this dotage on mee, I would have daft all other respects, and made her half my selfe: I pray you tell Benedick of it, and heare what he will say.

Leon. Were it good thinke you?

Claud. Hero thinkest surely the will die, for shee faies she will die, if thee loue her not, and thee will die ere thee make her loue knowne, and shee will die if thee woe her, rather then thee will bathe one breath of her accustomed croffeene.

Prin. She doth well, if she should make tender of her loun,
loue, 'tis very possibile he'll fcorne it, for the man (as you know all) hath a contemptible spirit.

Clau. He is a very proper man.

Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Clau. 'Fore God, and in my minde very wife.

Prin. He doth indeed shew some sparkes that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Prin. As Heçtor, I affure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may fee hee is wise, for either hee ayudes them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a Christian-like fear.

Leon. If hee doe feare God, a must necethrilie keepe peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a quarrell with fraire and trembling.

Prin. And to will he doe, for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large intellects hee will make: well, I am sorry for your niece, shee will see Benedick, and tell him of her love.

Claud. Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out with good couenell.

Leon. Nay that's impossible, she may weare her heart out first.

Prin. Well, we will heare further of it by your daughteur, let it coole the while, I loue Benedick well, and I could with him would modestly examine himselfe, to fee how much he is unworthy to have so good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.

Claud. If hee doe not doat on her vs this, I will never truft my expectation.

Prin. Let there be the same Net spread for her, and that muft your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another dotage, and no such matter, that's the Scene: I would fee, which will be meerely a dume show: let vs send her to call him into dinner.

Bene. This can be no tricke, the conference was sadly borne, they haue the truth of this from Hero, they feeme to pittie the Lady: it feeme her affections have the full bent: loue me? why it must be required: I heare how I am cenfur'd, they say I will heare my ferte proudly, if I perceive the love come from her: they fay too, that she will rather die than give any signe of affection: I did never thinke to marry, I moue not feeme proud, happy are they that heare their detractions, and can put them to mending: they fay the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can heare them witnesse: and vertuous, tis so, I cannot reprocue it, and wife, but for louing me, by my troth it is no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in loue with her, I may chance have some odd quirkes and remnants of witte broken on mee, because I haue raile so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loues the meat in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips and sentences, and thefe paper bullets of the braine awe a man from the careere of his humoure? No, the world must be peopled. When I faid I would die a batcheler, I did not thinke I should live till I were married, here comes Beatrice: by this day, hoo's a faire Lady, I doe fpece some markes of loue in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my wil I am fent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Faire Beatrice, I thanke you for your paines.

Beat. I tooke no more paines for those thanke, then you take paines to thanke me, if it had been painefull, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleafure then in the message.

Beat. Yea inut so much as you may take upon a kniues point, and chawke a daw withall: you haue no fomescke fignior, fare you well.

Exit.

Bene. Ha, againft my will I am fent to bid you come into dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I tooke no more paines for those thanke then you tooke paines to thanke me, that's as much as to fay, any paines that I take for you is as easie as thankes: if I do not take pitty of her I am a villain, if I doe not loue her I am a lew, I will goo get her picture.

Exit.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Virfula.

Hero. Good Margaret runne thee to the parlour, There fhall thou finde my Cobin Beatrice, Proposing with the Prince and Claudio,

Whiper her eare, and tell her I and Virfula,

Walke in the Orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her, fay that thou ouer-heareft vs,

And bid her fteale into the pleached bower,

Where hony-fuckles ripened by the funne,

Forbidden the funne to entere: like fauerites,

Made proud by Princes, that advance their pride,

Against that power that bred it, there will she hide her,

To liften our purpofe, this is thy office,

Beat me ther in it, and leave vs alone.

Marg. Ile make her come I warrant you presently.

Hero. Now Virfula, when Beatrice doth come,

As we do trace this alley vp and downe,

Our talke muft onely be of Benedick,

When I doe name him, let it be thy part,

To praizie him more then euer man did merit,

My talke to thee must be how Benedick

Is fike in loue with Beatrice: of this matter,

Is little Cupids crafty arrow made,

That onely wounds by heare-fay: now begin,

Enter Beatrice.

For looke where Beatrice like a Lapwing runs Clofe by the ground, to heare our conference.

Virf. The pleafants' angling is to fee the fifth

Cut with her golden ores the fluer freame,

And greedily dewoure the treacherous bate:

So angle we for Beatrice, who euen now,

Is couched in the wood-binne curtaine,

Fear not my part of the Dialogue.

Her. Then go we neare her that her cure looche nothing,

Of the fafe sweecte bate that we lay for it:

No truely Virfula, she is too disdainfull,

I know her spirits are so coy and wilde,

As Haggers of the rocke.

Virfula. But are you sure,

That Benedickloues Beatrice fo intirely?

Her. So fies the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.

Virf. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Her. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it,

But I perfwaded them, if they lou'd Benedick,
To him wrathe with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Ver. Why did you go, doth not the Gentleman
Delire as full as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall cough upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know he doth desire,
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But Nature neuer fram'd a woman's heart,
Of powder stuffe then that of Beatrice:
Disdain and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,
Mild-prising what they looke on, and her wit
Values it selfe so highly, that to her
All matter else seems wakke: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
Shee is so selfe indeared.

Ver. Sure I thinkke so,
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, left shee make sport at it.

Hero. Why you speake truth, I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely form'd.
But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,
She would weare the gentleman should be his fitter:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an antick,
Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:
If low, an agot very wildie cut:
If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:
If silent, why a blocke mouded with none.
So turnes she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to Truth and Vernee, that
Which amplement and merit purchase.

Ver. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, not to be so odde, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.
But who dare tell her so? if I should speake,
She would mocke me into ayre, O shee would laugh me
Out of my selfe, press me to death with wit,
Therefore let Benedick like courser fire,
Consumed away in ligbes, waste inwardly:
It were a better death, to die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Ver. Yet tell her of it, heare what shee will say.

Hero. No, rather I will goe to Benedike,
And counsel him to fight against his passion,
And truly diee! on some honest flanders,
To shaine my cofin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impollon liking.

Ver. O doe not doe your cofin such a wrong,
She cannot be so much without true judgement,
Having to swift and excellent a wit
As he is pride to haue, as to refuse
So rare a Gentleman as sigior Benedick.

Hero. He is the onely man of Italy,
Always excepted, my deare Claudio.

Ver. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes forsooke in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

Ver. His excellence did earne it ere he had it:
When are you married Madame?

Hero. Why euerie day to morrow, come goe in,
Ile shew thee some attires, and haue thy counsell,
Which is the best to furnish me to morrow.

Ver. Shee's tane I warrant you,
We haue caught her Madame?

Hero. If it prowe fo, then living goes by hape,
Prin. Indeed that tells a heavie tale for him: conclude, he is in love.
Cla. Nay, but I know who loves him.
Prince. That would I know too, I warrant one that knows him not.
Cla. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despight of all, dies for him.
Prin. Shee shall be buried with her face upwards.
Bene. Yet this is no charm for the tooth-ake, old fignior, walke aside with mee, I have studied eight or nine wise words to speake to you, which these hobby-horses must not heare.
Prin. For my life to breake with him about Beatrice.
Cla. "Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two Bears will not bite one another when they meete.

Enter John the Bagad.
Baft. My Lord and brother, God faue you.
Prin. Good den brother.
Baft. If your leisure seru'd, I would speake with you.
Prince. In private?
Baft. If it please you, yet Count Claudio may heare, for what I would speake of concernes him.
Prin. What's the matter?
Bafta. Means you your Lordship to be married to morrow?
Prin. You know he do.
Baft. I know not that when he knowes what I know.
Cla. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.
Baft. You may thinke I love you not, let that appeare hereafter, and ayme better at me by that I now will manifest, for my brother (I thinke, he holds you well, and in deareness of heart) hath holpe to effect your ensuing marriage: surely fute ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.
Prin. Why, what's the matter?
Bagad. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shorten'd, for the hath beene too long a talking of the Lady is dilouayl.
Cla. Who Hero?
Baft. Even shee, Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.
Cla. Dilouayl?
Baft. The word is too good to paint out her wickednesse, I could say she were worse, thinnke you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant: goe but with mee to night, you shall see her chamber window entred, euem the night before her wedding day, if you love her, then to morrow wed her: but it would better fit your honour to change your minde.
Claud. May this be so?
Prin. This I will not thinke it.
Baft. If you dare not truth that you thinke, confess not that you know: if you will follow mee, I will shew you enough, and when you have seene more, & heard more, proceed accordingly.
Cla. If I see any thing to night, why I should not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I shold wedde, there will I shame her.
Prin. And as I woode for thee to obtaine her, I will joyn thee with thee to disgrace her.
Baft. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witneffes, beare it coldly but till night, and let the effe shew it selfe.
Prin. O day vntrouely turned!

Claud. O mischief straneglie thwarting!
Bagbard. O plague right well prevented! so will you say, when you have seene the sequele.

Enter Dogbery and his companion with the watch.
Dog. Are you good men and true?
Verg. Yes, or else it were pitty but they should suffure saluation body and soule.
Claud. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Princes watch.
Verges. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogbery.
Dog. First, who thinke you the most desertleffe man to be Constable?
Watch 1. Hugh Ote-cake sir, or George Sea-coale, for they can write and read.
Dog. Come hither neighbour Sea-coale, God hath blest you with a good name: to be a wel-favoured man, is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by Nature.
Watch 2. Both which Master Constable.
Dog. You haue: I knew it would be your answer: well, for your favour sir, why give God thanke, & make no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let it appeare when there is no need of such vanity, you are thought heere to be the moost fentleffe and fitt man for the Constable of the watch: therefore beare you the lanthorne: this is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the Princes name.

Watch 2. How if a will not stand?
Dog. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the Watch together, and thanke God you are ridle of a knaue.
Verges. If he will not stand when he is bidden, hee is none of the Princes subiects.
Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes subiects: you shall also make no noilde in the fustates: for, for the Watch to babble and talke, is most tolerable, and not to be indured.
Watch. We will rather sleepe than talke, wee know what belongs to a Watch.
Dog. Why you speake like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills be not floine: well, you are to call at all the Aehoues, and bid them that are drunkne get them to bed.
Watch. How if they will not?
Dog. Why then let them alone till they are sober, if they make you not then the better anfwere, you may say, they are not the men you tooke them for.
Watch. Well sir.
Dog. If you meet a theefe, you may suspect him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for such kinde of men, the leffe you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesly.
Watch. If wee know him to be a theefe, shall wee not lay hands on him.
Dog. Truely by your office you may, but I thinke that such touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you doe take a theefe, is to let him shew himselfe what he is, and fleaze out of your company.
Verg. You haue bin alwayes cal'd a mercifull man partner.
Dog. Truely I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath anie honesly in him.

K 2
__Much adoe about Nothing.__

_Verget._ If you heare a child cry in the night you must call to the nurse, and bid her tell it.

_Watch._ How if the nurse be asleepe and will not heare vs?

_Dog._ Why then depart in peace, and let the childe wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare her Lambe when it bakes, will never anfwer a calle when he bleates.

_Verget._ 'Ts verie true.

_Dog._ This is the end of the charge: you confable are to present the Princes owne perfon, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may flaye him.

_Verget._ Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot.

_Dog._ Fine fhellings to one on't with anie man that knowes the Statues, he may flaye him, marry not without the Prince be willing, for indeed the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

_Verget._ Birladie I thinke it be fo.

_Dog._ Ha, ah ha, well masters good night, and there be anie matter of weight changes, call vp me, keep your fellows counfailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

_Watch._ Well masters, we heare your charge, let vs go fit here upon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

_Dog._ One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you watch about signior _Leonato_'s doore, for the wedding being here to morrow, there is a great coyte to night, adieu, be vigilant I beseech you.

_Exeunt._ Enter _Borachio_ and _Conrade_.

_Bor._ What, _Conrade_?

_Watch._ Peace, sir not.

_Bor._ _Conrade_ I say.

_Con._ Here man, I am at thy elbow.

_Bor._ Mas and my elbow itches, I thought there would a scabbe follow.

_Con._ I will owe thee an anfwer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

_Bor._ Stand thee close then ynder this penthouse, for it drieffs raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, yter all to thee.

_Watch._ Some treason masters, yet stand close.

_Bor._ Therefore know, I have earned of _Don Iohn_ a thousand Ducates.

_Con._ Is it possible that anie villainie should be so deare?

_Bor._ Thow should it rather ask if it were possible anie villainie should be so rich? for when rich villains have neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

_Con._ I wonder at it.

_Bor._ That flowes thou art vnconfirm'd, thou knoweft that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloaque, is nothing to a man.

_Con._ Yes, it is apparell.

_Bor._ I mean the fashion.

_Con._ Yes the fashion is the fashion.

_Bor._ Tuff, I may as well say the foole's the foole, but seest thou not what a deformd thee of this fashion is?

_Watch._ I know that deformd, a has bin a vile theefe, this vil. yeares, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

_Bor._ Didst thou not heare some bodie?

_Con._ No, twas the vaine on the boule.

_Bor._ Seest thou not (I say) what a deformd theefe this fashion is, how giddily a turns about all the Hot-

blouds, betweene fourteen & fwe & thirth, sometimes fashioning them like _Pharaoh_ fouldiers in the recee painting, sometime like god _Bel_ prieves in the old Church window, sometime like the faene _Hercules_ in the smirch worm eaten tapeftirne, where his cod-peece steames as maffe as his club.

_Con._ All this I see, and see that the fashion weares out more apparell then the manbut art not thou thy selfe giddie with the fashion too that thou haft shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

_Bor._ Not so neither, but know that I have to night wooed _Margarit_ the Lady _Heroes_ gentle woman, by the name of _Hero_, she leames me out at her mistres chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night: I tell this tale wildly. I should first tell thee how the Prince _Claudio_ and my _Marter_ planted, and placed, and possifed by my _Marter_ _Don Iohn_ law a far of off in the Orchard this amiable encounter.

_Con._ And thought thy _Marget_ was _Hero_?

_Bor._ Two of them did, the Prince and _Claudio_, but the diuell my _Marter_ knew she was _Margaret_ and partly by his oathes, which first possifed them, partly by the darke night which did deceife them, but chiefly, by my _villane_, which did confirme this fandle that _Don Iohn_ had made, away vvent _Claudio_ enraged, Swore hee would mee theer as he was apointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation fhame her with what he law o're night, and fend her home againe without a husband.

_Watch._ 1. We charge you in the Princes name fpound.

_Watch._ 2. Call vp the right master _Connable_, vve have here recovered the most dangerous piece of leecherty, that ever was knowne in the Common-wealth.

_Watch._ 1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a vveares a locke.

_Con._ Masters, masters.

_Watch._ 2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you.

_Con._ Masters, nether speake, vve charge you, let vs ob bey you to goe vvith vs.

_Bor._ We are like to prove a goodly commoditie, being taken vp of thefe mens bids.

_Con._ A commoditie in question I warrant you, come vvle you obey you.

_Exeunt._ Enter _Hero_, and _Margarit_, and _Vrjula_.

_Hero._ Good _Vrjula_ wake my cofin _Beatrice_, and de fire her to rife.

_Vrj._ I will _Lady_.

_Her._ And bid her come hither.

_Vrj._ Well.

_Mar._ Troth I thinke your other rebato were better.

_Bor._ No prays thee good _Margarit_, let vveare this.

_Marg._ By my troth's not so good, and I vveare your cofin will vveare fio.

_Bor._ My cofin's a foole, and thou art another, ile vveare none but this.

_Mar._ I like the newe tire vvithin excellently, if the hare vvere a thought browser: and your gowne's a moft rare fashion yfaith, I saw the Dutchefse of _Millaines_ gowne that they praise fio.

_Bor._ O that excedes they fay.

_Mar._ By my troth's but a night-gowne in respect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd with filer, fet with pearles, downe _fleeues_, fide _fleeues_, and skirts, round un deerborn with a blewiff tinsel, but for a fine queint grace full and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

_Bor._ God
Much adoe about Nothing.

Hero. God giue mee joy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marga. 'Twill be heauier foonie, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie vpon thee, art not aham'd?

Marga. Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I thynke you would have me say, fauing your reverence a husband: and bad thinking doe not wreft true speaking. Ile offend no body, is there any harme in the heauer for a husband? none I thynke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwife'tis light and not heauy, aske me Lady Beatrice elfe, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow sweet Hero.

Hero. Why how now? do you speake in the fick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thynkes.

Mar. Claps into Light a loue, (that goes without a burden,) do you fin and Ile dance it.

Beat. Ye Light alone with your heelees, then if your husband have stables enough, you'll looke he shall lacke no barnes.

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scorne that with my heele.

Beat. 'Tis almost fume a clocke cofin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Mar. For a hauke, a horfe, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turk, there's no more fayling by the farre.

Beat. What means the foole towr?

Mar. Nothing 1, but God send every one their harts defire.

Hero. These gloues the Count lent mee, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am flaut cofin, I cannot flnee.

Mar. A maid and flaut! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O God helpe me, God helpe me how long have you profeft apprehension?

Mar. Ever since you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not feene enough, you should ware it in your cap, by my troth I am sicke.

Mar. Get you some of this distil'd cardius benedictus and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickst her with a thifell.

Beat. Benedicte, why benedichtus? you have some morall in this benedictus.

Mar. Morall? no by my troth, I have no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy fthill, you may thynke perchance that I thynke you are in love, may bithly I am not such a fool to thynke what I thynke, nor I lift not to thynke what I can, nor indeed I cannot thynke, if I would thynke my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benediche was such another, and now is he become a man, he swore he would never marry, and yet now in defpite of his heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you may be converted I know not, but me thynkes you looke with your eyes as other women doe.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepes.

Mar. Not a false gallop.

Enter Vrfula.

Vrfula. Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, signior Benediche, Don John, and all the gallants of the towne are come to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Helpe to drive mee good coze, good Vrfula, good Vrfula.

Enter Leonato, and the Conflagable, and the Headborough.

Leonato. What would you with mee, honest neighbour?

Conf.Dog. Mary sir I would have some confidence with you, that decentes you nearly.

Leon. Briefe I pray you, for you see it is a buife time with me.

Conf.Dog. Mary this it is fir.

Headb. Yes in truth it is fir.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Con.Dog. Goodman Verges sir speakes a little of the matter, an old man sir, and his wittes are not fo blunt, as God helpe I would decyde they were, but infaith honest as the skin betweene his browes.

Headb. Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honefter then I.

Con.Dog. Companions are odious, palavras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Con.Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poore Dukes officers, but truly for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King I could finde in my heart to befow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousnesse on me, ah?

Conf.Dog. Yea, and twere a thousand times more than 'tis, for I heare as good exclamation on your Worship as of any man in the Citie, and though I bee but a poore man, I am glad to heare it.

Headb. And so am I.

Leon. I would faine know what you have to say.

Headb. Marry sir our watch to night, excepting your worshipes presence, have tane a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Maffina.

Con.Dog. A good old man sir, he will be talking as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out, God helpe vs, it is a world to see: well faid yfaith neighbour Verges, well God's a good man, and two men ride of a horfe, one must ride behinde, an honest soule yfaith sir, by my troth he is, as euer broke bread, but God is to bee worship, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you.


Leon. I must leaze you.

Con.Dog. One word sir, our watch sir have indeeced comprehended two aspifitious persons, & we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination your selfe, and bring it me, I am now in great haffe, as may appeare vnto you.

Conf. It shall be suffigence.

(Exit.)

Leon. Drinke some wine ere you goe: fare you well.

Messinger. My Lord, they fay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Lye wait vpon them, I am ready.

Dogb. Goe good partner, goe get you to Francis Sea-coales, bid him bring his pen and inkehoare to the Gaole: we are now to examine those men.

Vorges. And we must doe it wifie.

Dogb. Wee will spare for no witte I warrant you: K 3 here,
heere's that shall drive some of them to a none-come, on-
yly get the learned writer to set downe our excommunic-
cation, and meet me at the taile.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Prince, Ballard, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke,
Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato. Come Frier Francis, be briefe, onely to the
plaine forme of marriage, and you shall recount their par-
ticular duties afterwards.

Flem. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Claun. No.

Leo. To be married to her: Frier, you come to mar-
rice her.

Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this
Count.

Hero. I doe.

Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment
why you should not be connoyed, I charge you on your
soules to utter it.

Claun. Know you anie, Hero?

Hero. None my Lord.

Frier. Know you anie, Count.

Leon. I dare make his answer, None.

Claun. O what men dare do! what men may do! what
men daily do!

Bene. How now! interiections? why then, some be
of laughing, as ha, ha, ha.

Claun. Stand thee by Frier, father, by your leave,
Will you with free and unconstrained foule
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely fonde as God did give her me.

Claun. And what haue I to glue you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Prin. Nothing, vnlesse you render her againe.

Claun. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankefullnes:

There Leonato, take her backe againe,
Gien not this rotten Orange to your friend,
Shew'st but the signe and semblance of her honour:
Behold how like a maid she bruises heere!
O what authoritie and shew of truth
Can cunning finne couer it selse withall!
Comes not that bloud, as modest euidence,
To witnisse simple Vertue? would you not sweare
All you that fes her, that she were a maide,
By these exterior shewes? But she is none:
She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her bloud is guiltinesse, not modestie.

Leonato. What doe you meane, my Lord?

Claun. Not to be married,
Not to knyt my foule to an approved wanton.

Leon. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne profe,
Hauie vanquished the resistaille of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginitie.

Claun. I know what you would say: if I haue knowne
You will say, she did imbrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the forehead finne: No Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his fitter, thowed
Baffull sincerite and comely love.

Hero. And feem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claun. Out on thee seeming, I will write against it,
You seeme to me as Diane in her Orbe,
As chaules is the budde ere it be blowne:
But you are more intemperate in your blood,
Than Venus, or those pampered animals,
That rage in fause sensualitie.

Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth speake so wide?

Leon. Sweete Prince, why speake not you?

Prin. What should I speake?

I stand dishonour'd that have gone about,
To linke my deare friend to a common flae.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or doe I but dreame?

Baff. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptiall.

Hero. True, O God!

Claun. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?

Is this face Heroes? are our els our owne?

Leon. All this is fo, but what of this my Lord?

Claun. Let me but moue one question to your daught-
And by that fatherly and kindly power,
That you haue in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee doe, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me how am I betret,
What kinde of catechizing call you this?

Claun. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claun. Marry that can Hero,

Hero it selse can blot out Heroes vertue.

What man was he, talkt with you yesternight,
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now if you are a maid, anfwer to this.

Hero. I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord.

Prince. Why then you are no maiden. Leonato,

I am forre you must heare: vpon mine honor,
My selle, my brother, and this griefed Count
Did see her, heare her, at that howre last night,
Talkt with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed most like a liberall villain,
Confelt the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,
Nor to be spokent of,

Ther is not chaff enough in language,
Without offence to vter them: thus pretty Lady
I am forre thy much misgovernment.

Claun. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou beene
If halfe thy outward graces had beene placed
About thy thoughts and counsailles of thy heart?
But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell
Thou pure impiete, and impious puritie,
For thee Ie locke vp all the gates of Love,

And on my eie-lidez shall Coniecture hang,
To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme,
And neuer shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why how now colin, wherfore fink you down?

Baff. Come, let vs goe: these things come thus to light,
Smother her spirits vp.

Bene. How doth the Lady?

Beat. Dead I thinke, helpe vncler,

Hero, why Hero, Vncler, Signor Benedicke, Frier.

Leonato. O Fate! take not away thy heavy hand,
Death is the fairest couer for her shame
That may be wifft for.

Beat. How


**Much ado about Nothing.**

*Beat.* How now coffin Hero?

*Fri.* Haue comfort Ladie.

*Leon.* Doft thou louke vp?

*Fri.* Yea, wherefore should she not?

*Leon.* Wherfore? Why doth not every earthly thing

Cry flame upon her? Could she here receiue 

The forie that is printed in her blood?

Do not live Hero, do not ope thine eyes:

For did I thinke thou wouldst not quickly die,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger then thy flames,

My selfe would on the reward of reproaches 

Strike at thy life. Grieu'd I, I had but one?

Child I, for that on frugal Natures frame?

O one too much by thee: why had I one?

Why euer was't thou loueile in my eies?

Why had I not with charitable hand 

Tooke vp a beggars issue at my gates,

Who smeerest thus, and min'd with infamie,

I might have said, no part of it is mine:

This shame deriues it selfe from vnknowne loines,

But mine, and mine I lou'd, and mine I prais'd,

And mine that I was proud on mine so much,

That I my selfe, was to my selfe not mine:

Valewing of her, why she, O she is false

Into a pit of Inke, that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe,

And felt too little, which may feaon gue

To her soule tainted flesh.

*Ben.* Sir, fir, be patient: for my part, I am so attired 

in wonder, I know not what to say.

*Beat.* O on my soule my coffin is belied.

*Ben.* Ladie, were you her bedfellow last night?

*Beat.* No true: not although vntil last night,

I have this twelvemonth bin her bedfellow.

*Leon.* Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is stronger made

Which was before barr'd vp with ribs of iron.

Would the Princes lie, and Claudio lie,

Who lou'd her fo, that speaking of her foulneffe,

Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her, let her die.

*Fri.* Hear me a little, for I have onely benc silent so long,

and gived way unto this course of fortune, by noting 

of the Ladie, I haue marke.

A thousand blushing apparitions,

To flart into her face, a thousand innocent flames,

In Angel whitenesse beare away those blusses,

And in her eie there hath appa'red a fire

To burne the errors that these Princes hold

Against her maiden truth. Call me a foole,

Trut not my reading, nor my obseruations,

Which with experimental leale doth warrant

The tenure of my booke: tru't not my age,

My reverence, calling, nor diuinite,

If this sweet Ladie lye not guiltieffe heere,

Vnder some biting error.

*Leo.* Friar, it cannot be:

Thou seest that all the Grace that she hath left,

Is, that she will not adde to her damnation,

A finne of periury, she not denies it:

What seke't thou then to couer with excuse,

That which appeares in proper nakednesse?

*Fri.* Ladie, what man is he you are accus'd of?

*Hero.* They know that do accuse me, I know none:

If I know more of any man alive

Then that which maiden modestie doth warrant,

Let all my finnes lacke mercy. O my Father,

Prove you that any man with me concerst,

At hours vnmeete, or that I yesternight

Maintaines the change of words with any creature,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

*Fri.* There is some strange misprision in the Princes.

*Ben.* Two of them have the verie bent of honor,

And if their weduomes be milled in this:

The practive of it lyes in Iobn the baftard,

Whose spirits toile in frame of villanies.

*Leo.* I know not: if they speake but truth of her,

These hands shall teare her: if they wrong her honour,

The proude of them shall wel heare of it.

Time hath not yet so dried this bloud of mine,

Nor age so eate vp my invention,

Nor Fortune made such hauchke of my meanes,

Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,

But they shall finde, awak'd in such a kinde,

Both strength of limbe, and policie of minde,

Ability in meanes, and choice of friends,

To quit me of them throughly.

*Fri.* Pause awhile:

And let my counfell sware you in this cafe,

Your daughter heare the Princeffe (left for dead)

Let her a while be secretly kept in,

And publish it, that she is dead indeed:

Maintaine a mourning ostentation,

And on your Families old monument,

Hang mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rites,

That appertaines unto a burial.

*Leon.* What shall become of this? What will this do?

*Fri.* Marry this wel carried, shall on her behalfe,

Change slander to remorce, that is some good,

But not for that dreame I on this strange course,

But on this trauailre looke for greater birth:

She dying, as it must be so maintaine'd,

Vpon the infant that she was accus'd,

Shall be lamented, pittied, and excus'd

Of every hearer: for it so falls out,

That what we have, we prize not to the worth,

While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,

What then we racke the value, then we finde

The vertue that perfecution would not gwe

Whilees it was ours, so will it fire with Cladio:

When he shall heare she dyed vp on his words,

Th'idea of her life shal sweetly creepe

Into his study of imagination.

And every lovely Organ of her life,

Shall come apparell'd in more precious habite:

More moving delicate, and full of life,

Into the eye and prospect of his soule

Then when she li'd indeed: then shal he mourn,

If euer Loue had interest in his Liuer,

And with he had not so accused her:

No, though he thought his accusation true:

Let this be so, and doubt not but succeffe

Will fashion the euent in better shape,

Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.

But if all ayme but this be leuell falle,

The supposition of the Ladies death,

Will quench the wonder of her infamie.

And if it fort not well, you may conceale her,

As best befits her wounded reputation,

In some recusile and religious life,

Out of all eyes, tongues, minde and injuries.

*Ben.* Signior Leonato, let the Frier advise you,

And though you know my inwardnesse and love

Is very much unto the Prince and Cladio.
Yet, by mine honor, I will declare this,
As secretly and jutte, as your soule
Should with your bodie.

Leon. Being that I flow in grecke,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well confente, presently away,
For to strange fores, strangely they straine the cure,
Come Lady, die to live, this weding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, have patience & endure. Exit.

Ben. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?
Beat. Yes, and I will wepe a while longer.
Ben. I will not defte that.
Beat. You have no reason, I doe it freely.
Ben. Surely I do believe your fair coffin is wrong'd.
Beat. Ah, how much might the man defere of mee
that would right her?

Ben. Is there any way to shew such friendship?
Beat. A vers even way, but no such friend.
Ben. May a man doe it?
Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Ben. I doe love nothing in the world so well as you,
is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not; it were as
possible for me to say, I loued nothing so well as you, but
beleeue me not, and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, nor
I deny nothing, I am sorry for my couin.

Ben. By my sword Beatrice thou loust me.
Beat. Doe not fwear by it and eat it.
Ben. I will fwear by it that you loue mee, and I will
make him eat it that sayes I loue not you.
Beat. Will you not eat your word?
Ben. With no fawce that can be deuised to it, I pro-
teft I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forue the me.
Ben. What offence sweet Beatrice?
Beat. You have played me in a happy howre, I was a-
bout to proteft I loued you.

Ben. And doe it with all thy heart.
Beat. I loue you with fo much of my heart, that none
is left to proteft.

Ben. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.
Beat. Kill Claudio.

Ben. Ha, not for the world.
Beat. You kill me to deny, farewell.
Ben. Tarrie sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am heere, there is no loue
in you, nay I pray you let me goe.

Ben. Beatrice.
Beat. Infaith I will goe.
Ben. We'll be friends first.
Beat. You dare easier be friends with mee, than fight
with mine enemy.

Ben. Is Claudio thine enemy?
Beat. Is it not approv'd in the height a villain, that
hath flandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O
that I were a man! what, beare her in hand untill they
come to take hands, and then with publicke accusation
vncouered flander, unmitigated rancour? O God that I
were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Ben. Heare me Beatrice.
Beat. Talk with a man out at a window, a proper
saying.

Ben. Nay but Beatrice.
Beat. Sweet Hero, she is wrong'd, she is flandered,
she is vnDONE.

Ben. Beat.
Much adoe about Nothing.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Broth. Here comes the Prince and Claudio hastily.

Prin. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear we your Lords?

Prin. We have some haste Leonato.

Leo. Some haste my Lord? wilt you come with me, my Lord?

Prin. Nay, do not quarrel with vs, good old man.

Broth. If he could write himselfe, he would write law with quarrelling.

Some of vs would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs me?

Leon. Marry, marry, do not wrong me, thou diffembling thou.

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword, I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry befare my hand,

If it should give your age such cause of fear,

In spite of my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leonato. Twixt, twixt, man, never thread and left at me,

I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool,

As vnder preudice of age to bragge.

What have I done doing young, or what would doe,

Were I not old, know Claudio to thy head,

Thou hast done my innocent childe and me,

That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,

And with my heart and tred no man of daies,

Doe chalenge thee to trial of a man,

I say thou hast belied mine innocent childe.

Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors:

O in a tome where neuer scandal dept,

Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villanie.

Claud. My villany?

Leonato. Thine Claudio, thine I say.

Prin. You say not right old man.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord,

Ile prove it on his body if he dare,

Dislight his nice fence, and his active practive,

His Mais of youth, and blosome of lusthood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leo. Canst thou looke methout hast kill my child,

If thou kill me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Bro. He shall kill two of vs, men indeed,

But that's no matter, let him kill one first.

Would give preceptual medicine to rage,

Fetter strong madness with a falke thred,

Charme ake with ayre, and agony with words,

No, no, tis all men office, to speake patience

To these that wring under the load of sorrow:

But no mans vertue nor sufficiencie

To be so morall, when he shall endure

The like himselfe: therefore give me no counsfale,

My griefs cry lowdier then aduerlement.

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leonato. I pray thee peace, I will be fleth and bloud,

For there was neuer yet Philosopher,

That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,

How euer they haue writ the file of gods,

And made a push at chance and suffereance.

Brother. Yet bend not all the harme upon your selfe,

Make thofe that doe offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speake'th reason, now I will doe so,

My foule doth tell me, Here is belied,

And that shall Claudio know, to shall the Prince,

And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Claudia. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, marry, do not wrong me, thou diffembling thou:

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,

I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry befare my hand,

If it should give your age such cause of fear,

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Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leo. Canst thou looke methout hast kill my child,

If thou kill me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Bro. He shall kill two of vs, men indeed,

But that's no matter, let him kill one first:
Win me and weare me, let him answere me,
Come follow me boy, come sir boy, come follow me
Sir boy, Ile whip you from your foyning fence,
Nay, as I a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Broth.
Brot. Content your self, God knows I lou’d my neece,
And she is dead, flander’d to death by villains,
That dare as well answere a man indeed.
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boyesses, braggers, latches, milke-tops.

Leon. Brother Antonio.
Brot. Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea
And what they weigh, even to the v’tmost scruple,
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boyes,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave, and flander,
Goe antiquely, and show outward hidiousneffe,
And speake of halfe a dozen dang’rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durft.
And this is all.

Leon. But brother Antonio.
Ant. Come, tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.

Prit. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience
My heart is forry for your daughters death:
But on my honour the was charg’d with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proofe.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.
Prit. I will not heare you.

Enter Benedick.

Leo. No come brother, away, I will be heard.

Exeunt ambo.

Bro. And shall, or some of us shall smart for it.

Prit. See, see, here comes the man we went to seeke.

Clau. Now signior, what newes?

Ben. Good day my Lord.

Prit. Welcome signior, you are almost come to part
almost a fray.

Clau. Wee had liket to have had our two noses snapt
off with two old men without teeth.

Prit. Leonato and his brother, what think’st thou? had
wee fought, I doubt we should have beene too yong for them.

Ben. In a false quarrell there is no true valour, I came
to seeke you both.

Clau. We have beene vp and downe to seeke thee, for
we are high proofes melancholy, and would finde haue it
beaten away, wilt thou vse thy wit? Ben.

It is in my scabberd, thall I draw it? 

Prit. Dost thou vse thy wit by thy fide?

Clau. Neuer any did so, though verie many been
beseide their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the min-
frels, drawe to pleasur vs.

Prit. As I am an honest man he lookes pale, art thou
ficke, or angrie?

Clau. What, courage man: what though care kill’d a
cat, thou haft mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I shall meete your wit in the carere, and
you charge it against me, I pray you chufe another sub-
icet.

Clau. Nay then give him another staffe, this laft was
broke croffe.

Prit. By this light, he changes more and more, I thinke
he be angrie indeede.

Clau. If he be, he knowes how to turne his girdle.

Ben. Shall I speake a word in your ear?

Clau. God bleffe me from a challenge.

Ben. You are a villaine, I left not, I will make it good
how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:
do me right, or I will protee your cowardise: you haue
killed a sweete Ladie, and her death shall fall beanie on
you, let me hear from you.

Clau. Well, I will meete you, so I may haue good
chare.

Prit. What, a feast, a feast?

Clau. I faith I thankke him, he hath bid me to a calues
head and a Capon, the which if I doe not caree most cu-
riously, say my knife’s naught, shall I not finde a wood-
cocke too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easly.

Prit. Ile tell thee how Beatrice prais’d thy wit the oth-
er day: I said thou hadst a fine wittrue fyes the, a fine
little one: no said I, a great wit: right fyes thee, a great
grossfe one: nay said I, a good wit: liet said he, it hurts
no body: nay said I, the gentleman is wife: certain said
the, a wife gentleman: nay said I, he hath the tongues:
that I beleue saied thee, for hee Iwore a thing to me on
munday night, which hee forworke on tuesday morning:
there’s a double tongue, there’s two tongues: thus did
she an howre together trans-shape thy particular ver-
tus, yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wait the
propret man in Italie.

Clau. For the which shee wept heartily, and said fhee
card not.

Prit. Yea that she did, but yet for all that, and if shee
did not hate him deadly, shee would love him dearly,
the old mans daughter told vs all.

Clau. All, all, and moreouer, God faw him vhen he
was hid in the garden.

Prit. But when shall we set the scavge Bulls hornes
on the enfible Benedicks head?

Clau. Yea and text ynder-neath, heere dwells Bene-
dickes the married man.

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will
leave you now to your goffep-like humor, you breake
jeifs as braggers do their blades, which God be thank-
ed hurt not: my Lord, for your manie courtesies I thank
you, I must discontinue your companie, your brother
the Baftard is fled from Melissa: you have among you,
kild a sweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Lacke-
beard there, he and I shall meete, and till then peace be
with him.

Prit. He is in earnest.

Clau. In most profound earnest, and Ile warrant you,
for the louve of Beatrice.

Prit. And hath challeng’d thee.

Clau. Most sincerely.

Prit. What a prettie thing man is, when he goes in his
doublet and hofe, and leues off his wit.

Enter Constable, Conrade, and Borachio.

Clau. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape
d a Doctor to such a man.

Prit. But soft you, let me be, pluckle vp my heart, and
be sad, did he not fiy my brother was fled?

Confi. Come you sir, if justice cannot tame you, shee
shall neere weare more reasons in her ballance, nae, and
you be a curving hypocrite once, you must be lookt to.

Prit. How now, two of my brothers men bound? Bo-
racchio one.

Clau. Harken after their offence my Lord.

Prit. Officers, what offence haue these men done?

Con. Marrie
Conf. Marrie sir, they have committed false report:
moreover they have spoken vnruths, seconderly they are flanders, first and lastly, they have belied a Lady,
thirdly, they have verified vntruths, and to conclude they are lying knaves.

Prin. First I ask thee what they have done, thirdly I ask thee what's their offence, first and lastly why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Clau. Rightlie reasoned, and in his owne division, and by my troth there's one meaning vwell futed.

Prin. Who have you offended maters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned Contable is too cunning to be vnderstood, what's your offence?

Bor. Sweete Prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this Counte kill mee: I have decreed euem your verie ices: vvhato your wisedomes could not difcover, these shallow foules have brought to light, whvo in the night overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incenfede me to flander the Lady Here, how you were brought into the Orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Heroes garments, how you disgraced her when you should marry her: my villainie they hae vpone record, vvhich I haue rather seale with my death, then repeate over to my shame: the Lady is dead vpon mine and my matiers false accuation: and breffelye, I defire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Prin. Runs not this speech like yron through your bloud?

Clau. I haue drunke poison whiles he vttred it.

Prin. But did my Brother fet thee on to this?

Bor. Yes, and paid me richly for the pratifice of it.

Prin. He is composd and fram'd of treacherie,
And fled he is vpon this villainie.

Clau. Sweete Hero, now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I lou'd it first.

Conf. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our Sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter: and maters, do not forget to specifie when time & place shall serue, that I am an Asse.

Con. 2. Here, here comes matter Signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his ices,
That when I note another man like him,
I may auido him: vvhich of these is he?

Bor. If you would know your wronger, looke on me.

Leon. Art thou thau the flauce that with thy breath
haft kild mine innocent childe?

Bor. Yes, euem I alone.

Leon. No, no, not so villain, thou beliste thy felte,
Here stand a paire of honourable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thank you Princes for my daughters death,
Record it with your high and worthie deedes,
'Twas brauely done, if ye bethinkne you of it.

Clau. I know not how to praye your patience,
Yet I must speake, choose your revenge your felte,
Impose to me what penance your intencion
Can lay vpon my finne, yet finn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

Prin. By my soule nor I,
And yet to satisfy this good old man,

I would bend vnder anie heauie vraft,
That heele enluyne me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible, but I praye you both,
Poisse the people in Melfina here,
How innocent she died, and if your loue,
Can labour aught in sad intencion,
Hang her an epitaph vpon her toomb,
And sing it to her bones, sing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my sonne in law,
Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copie of my child, that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of vs,
Give her the right you should have giu'n her coffin,
And so dies my revenge.

Clau. O noble sir!
Your ouerkindnesse doth wing tearmes from me,
I do embrace your offer, and dispose
For henceforth of poore Claudio.

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your comming,
To night I take my leave, this naughtie man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who I beleue was packt in all this wrong.
Hired to it by your brother.

Bor. No, by my soule she was not,
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me,
But alwaies hath bin lust and vertuous,
In anie thing that I do know by her.

Conf. Moreover sir, which indeede is not vnnder white and black,this plaintiffs here, the offenour did call mee affe, I befeech you let it be remembred in his punish
ment, and also the vwatch heard them talke of one Deformed, they say he weares a keyn in his eare and a lock hanging by it, and borrowes monie in Gods name, the which he hath vs'd so long, and neuer paid, that now men grow hand-harted and will lend nothing for Gods fake: praise you examine him vpon that point.

Leon. I thanke thee for thy care and honest pains.

Conf. Your vvorship speakes like a moft thankefull and reuerend youth, and I praye God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Conf. God faue the foundation.

Leon. Goe, I discharge theee of thy prisoner, and I thanke thee.

Conf. I leave an arrant knave vwith your vvorship, which I befeech your worchip to correct your felte, for the example of others: God keepe your vvorship, I with your vvorship vwell, God restore you to health, I humble you leave to depart, and if a merrie meeting may be wish, God prohibit it: come neighbour.

Leon. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Exeunt. Farewell my Lords, wee looke for you to morrow.

Prin. We will not slee.

Clau. To night ile mourne with Hero:
Leon. Bring you theee fellows on, weel takle vwith Margaret, how her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

Exeunt.

Enter Benedicke and Margaret.

Ben. Praise theee Sweete Miftris Margaret, defere vwell at my hands, by helping mee to the speech of Beatrice.

Mar. Will
Much ado about Nothing.

Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beautie?
Bene. In so high a title Margaret, that no man living shall come over it, for in most comely truth thou deservest it.
Mar. To have no man come over me, why, shall I always keeps below fairies?
Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.
Mar. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.
Bene. A most manly wit Margaret, it will not hurt a woman: and so I pray thee call Beatrice, I give thee the buckless.
Mar. Go vs the swords, wee have bucklers of our owne.
Bene. If you vs them Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Males.
Mar. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who I think hath legges.
Bene. And therefore will come. The God of loue that fits aboue, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pittiful I deserve. I mean in singing, but in louing, Leander the good swimmer, Troidos the first impoler of pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam carp-banner, whose name yet rune smoothly in the euen rode of a blanke verse, why they were never so truly turned over and over as my poore selfe in loue: marry I cannot fwee it ryme, I have tried, I can finde out no ryme to Ladie babie, an innocent rime: for scorne, horse, a hard time: for schoole foole, a babling time: verie ominous endings, no, I was not borne vnder a rimeing Planett, for I cannot woe in festivall teares: 

Enter Beatrice.

sweete Beatrice would it thou come when I calle thee?
Beat. Ye Signior, and depart when you bid me.
Bene. O stay but till then.
Beat. Then, is spoken: fare you well now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath paft betweene you and Claudia.
Bene. Onely foule words, and thereupon I williffe thee.
Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is notcome, therefore I will depart vnkiff.
Bene. Thou haft frighted the word out of his right fence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainly, Claudia undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subcribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in loue with me?
Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd fo politique a state of euill, that they will not admite any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer loue for me?
Bene. Suffer loue! a good epithete, I do suffer loue indeedes, for I loue thee against my will.
Beat. In spight of your heart I think, alas poore heart, if you spight it for my sake, I will spight it for yours, for I will never loue that which my friend hates.
Bene. Thou and I are too wife to woe peaceably.
Beat. It appeares not in this confection, there's not on wife man among twentie that will praise himselfe.

Beatrice. An old, an old infance Beatrice, that liu'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not erect in this age his owne tombe ere he dies, he shall liue no longer in monuments, then the Bels ring, & the Widdow wnceps.
Beat. And how long is that think you?
Bene. Question, why an aver in clamour and a quarter in rhemwe, therefore is it most expedient for the wife, if Don worme (his conscience) finde no impediment to the contrarie, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my selfe so much for praising my selfe, who I my selfe will beare witnesse is praise worthie, and now tell me, how doth your cousin?
Beat. Verie ill.
Bene. And how do you?
Beat. Verie ill too.

Enter Ursula.

Bene. Serue God, loue me, and mend, there will I leave you too, for here comes one in hate.

Ven: Madam, you must come to your Vncle, yonders old colme at house, it is proued my Ladie Hero hath bin falsettie accufede, the Prince and Claudia mighttie abufe, and Don Iohn is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come pretentlie?
Beat. Will you go heare this newes Signior?
Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eies: and moreover, I will goe with thee to thy Vncles.

Exeunt.

Enter Claudia, Prince, and three or foure with Tapers.

Clau. Is this the monument of Leonato?
Lord. It is my Lord. Epitaph.

Done to death by slanderous tongues,
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death in guardian of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life that dyed with foame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tombe,
Praying her whom I am domine.

Clau. Now mystick found & fing your solemn hymne

Song.

Pardon goddess of the night,
Theke that flew thy virgin knight,
For the which with songs of woe,
Round about her tombe they goe:
Midnight affift our mome, help us to fight and groan.
Hearily, becalme,
Grave ye a tomb and yeeld your dead,
Till death be wittered,
Heavily, heavenly.

Lo. Now vnto thy bones goode night, yearely will I do
Prin. Good morrow maisters, put your Torches out,
The wolves have preyd, and look, the gentle day
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about
Dapples the drowsie East with spotes of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave vs, fare you well.

Clau. Good morrow maisters, each his fenerall waie.
Prin. Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes,
And then to Leonatoe we will goe:
Clau. And Hymne now with luckier issue speeds,

Then
Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe. {

Enter Leonato, Bene. Marg., Claudi, old man, Frier, Hero.

Frier. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the Prince and Claudio who accus'd her,

Vpon the error that you heard debated;

But Margaret was in some fault for this,

Although against her will as it appears,

In the true course of the question.

Old. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforce'd

To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,

Withdraw into a chamber by your selves,

And when I fend for you, come hither mask'd:

The Prince and Claudio promis'd by this howre

To visit me, you know your office Brother,

You must be father to your brothers daughter,

And give her to young Claudio. {

Exeunt Ladies.

Old. Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Frier, I must intreat your paines, I thinkes.

Frier. To doe what Signior?

Bene. To bide me, or vnsoe me, one of them:

Signior Leonato, truth it is good Signior,

Your neece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.

Bene. And I doe with an eye of love require her.

Leon. The fight whereof I thinkes you had from me,

From Claudio, and the Prince, but what's your will?

Bene. Your answer sir is Enigmatical,

But for my will, my will is, your good will

May stand with ours, this day to be conson'd,

In the state of honourable marriage,

In which (good Frier) I shall desire your helpe.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Frier. And my helpe.

Enter Prince and Claudio, with attendants.

Prin. Good morrow to this faire assembly.

Old. Good morrow Prince, good morrow Claudio:

We here attend you, are you yet determin'd,

To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

Claud. I hold my minde were she an Ethiope.

Leon. Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.

Prin. Good morrow Benedick, why what's the matter?

That you haue such a Februeare face,

So full of froth, of forme, and clowdiness.

Claud. I thinkes he thinkes vpou the fausage bull:

Tuff, fear not man, wee'ill tip thy horns with gold,

And all Europe shall rejoyce at thee,

As once Europa did at lustful Io.

When he would play the noble beast in loue.

Ben. Bull Io, sir, had an amiable lawe,

And some such strange bull leapt your fathers Cow,

A got a calf in that fame noble feast,

Much like to you, for you haue lost his best.

Enter brother Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Ursula.

Claud. For this I owe you; here comes other recknungs.

Which is the Lady I must seize upon?

Leon. This fame is she, and I doe give you her.

Claud. Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face.

Leon. No that you shall not, till you take her hand,

Before this Frier, and fweare to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy Frier,

I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liued I was your other wife,

And when you lou'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certain.

One Hero di'd, but I doe live,

And farely as I live, I am a maid.

Beat. The former Hero, Hero that is dead.

Leon. Shee di'd my Lord, but whiles her slander li'd.

Frier. All this amazement can I qualifie,

When after that the holy rites are ended,

Ile tell you largely of faire Heroes death:

Meane time let wonder themes familiar,

And to the chappell let vs presently.

Beat. Soft and faire Frier, which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name, what is your will?

Bene. Does not you love me?

Beat. Why no, no more then reason.

Bene. Why then your Vnle, and the Prince, & Claudio,

have bene deceiv'd, they spvere you did.

Beat. Does not you love me?

Beat. Troth no, no more then reason.

Beat. Why then my Cofin Margaret and Ursula

Are much deci'd for, they did sware you did.

Bene. They spvere you were almeft fickle for me.

Beat. They spvere you were wel-nye dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter, then you do not love me?

Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come Cofin, I am sure you love thee gentlem\.

Claud. And Ile be sware vnpon't, that he loves her,

For heres a paper written in his hand,

A halting fonnet of his owne pure braine,

Fashioned to Beatrice.

Hero. And here stands another,

Writ in my cofins hand, fhone from her pocket,

Containing her affection onto Benedicks.

Bene. A miracle, here's our owne hands against our hearts: come I will have thee, but by this light I take thee for pittie.

Beat. I would not deny you, but by this good day, I yeeld vpon great perfwasion, & partly to faue your life, for I was told, you were in a consumption.

Leon. Peace I will flop your mouth.

Prin. How doft thou Benedicks the married man?

Bene. Ile tell thee what Prince: a Colledge of witte-crackers cannot floute mee out of my humour, doft thou think I care for a Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will be beaten with braines, a shal wear nothing handfome about him: in briefe, since I do purpos to marry, I will thinkes nothing to any purpos that the world can fay againft it, and therefore never floute at me, for I haue faid againft it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclufion: for thy part Claudio, I did thinkes to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinman, and vnbru'd, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hop'd y' would haue denied Beatrice, y' I might have cudgel'd thee out of thy fingle life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of queftion thou wilt be, if my Cousin do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends, let's haue a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our owne hearts, and our wires heles.

Leon. We'll haue dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my vwoord, therefore play musick Prince, thou art fad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife, there is no staff more reverend then one tipit with horn. Enter Mus. Maffen. My Lord, your brother John is tane in flight, And brought with armed men backe to Maffina.

Bene. Thinkes not on him till to morrow, ile deuide thee braue punishments for him: strike vp Pipers. Dance.

FINIS.
Enter Ferdinand, King of Navarre, Berowne, Longaull, and Dumaine.

Ferdinand.

Et Fame, that all hunt after in their liues, 
Linee registred upon our brazen Tombes, 
And then grace vs in the disgrace of death: 
when spight of cormorant deuouring Time,

That honour which shall base his fythes keen edge, 
And make vs heyes of all eternitie,

Therefore brave Conquorours, for so you are, 
That warre against your owne affectiones,

And the huge Armes of the worlds desires.

Our late edict shall strongly stand in force, 
Navar shall be the wonder of the world.

Our Court shall be a little Achademe,

Still and contemplatiue in liuing Art.

You three, Beroune, Dumaine, and Longaull, 
Have sworne for three yeeres terme, to liue with me:

My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statute,

That are recorded in this feudale heere.

Your oathes are past, and now subscribe your names:

That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,

That violates the smallest branch herein:

If you are arm'd to doe, as sworne to do,

Subscribe to your daue oathes, and keepe it to.

Longaull. I am resolved, 'tis but a three yeeres faft.

The minute shall banquet, though the body pine,

Fat pauches have lean pates: and dainty bits,

Make rich the ribs, but bankrout the wits.

Dumaine. My louing Lord, Dumaine is mortified,

The groffer manner of these worlds delights,

He throwes upon the groffe worlds safer faules:

To love, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,

With all these liuing in Philosoplie.

Beroune. I can but say their protestation over,

So much, deare Liege, I have already sworne,

That is, to liue and study heere three yeeres.

But there are other strict obernances:

As not to see a woman in that terme,

Which I hope well is not enrolled there.

And one day in a weke to touch no foode:

And but one meale on every day before:

The which I hope is not enrolled there.

And then to sleepe but three hours in the night,

And not be leene to wince of all the day.

When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,

And make a darke night too of halfe the day:

Which I hope well is not enrolled there.

O, these are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,

Not to see Ladies, study, fast, nor sleepe.

Ferd. Your oath is past, to paffe away from these.

Berou. Let me say no my Lord, and if you please,

I onely swore to study with your grace,

And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.

Longe. You swore to that Beroune, and to the rest.

Berou. By yea and may be, than I sworne in left.

What is the end of study, let me know?

Ferd. Why that to know which else wee should not know.

Ber. Things hid & bard (you meanes) for common sense.

Ferd. I, that is studyes god-like recompence.

Ber. Come on then, I will sworne to studye to,

To know the thing I am forbid to know:

As thus, to study where I well may dine,

When I to fast expressly am forbid.

Or study where to meet some Mistresse fine,

When Mistresses from common sense are hid.

Or having sworne too hard a keeping oath,

Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.

If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,

Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,

Sware me to this, and I will nere say no.

Ferd. These be the steps that hinder studye quite,

And transe our intellechts to vaine delight.

Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine

Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,

As painefull to lose upon a Booke,

To feake the light of truth, while truth the while

Doth falsely blinde the eye-fight of his looke.

Light seeking light, doth light of light beguile:

So ere you finde where light in darkenesse lies,

Your light growes darke by losing of your eyes.

Studie me how to please the eye indeede,

By fixing it upon a faire eye,

Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And give him light that it was blinded by.

Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,

That will not be deepe search'd with fawce lookes:

Small haue continuall ploders euernonne,

Saue base authoritie from others Bookes.

These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,

That glaue a name to every fixed Starre,

Have no more profit of their shining nights,

Then tho these which wande and wot not what they are.

Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:

And every Godfather can give a name.

Ferd. How well hee's read, to reaon against reading.

Dumaine.
Loues Labour's lost.

Dum. Proceeded well, to hop all good proceeding.
Lon. Hee weeds the corne, and still lets grow the weeding.
Ber. The Spring is neare when greene geese are a breeding.
Dum. How followes that?
Ber. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reason nothing.
Ber. Something then in rime.

Ferd. Berowne is like an envious sneaping Froft,
That bites the first borne infants of the Spring.
Ber. Well, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,
Before the Birds have any caufe to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more deare a Rose,
Then with a Snow in Mayes new fangled showes:
But like of each thing that in season growes.
So you to finde now it is too late,
That were to clyme oer the house to unlocke the gate.
Fer. Well, fit you out; go home Berowne: adeue.
Ber. No my good Lord, I have sworn to stay with you.
And though I have for barbareisme spooke more,
Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I keepe what I have sworn,
And bide the pittance of each three yeares day.
Glue me the paper, let me reade the same,
And to the strictest decrees I write my name.
Fer. How well this yeelding rescues thee from shame.
Ber. Item. That no woman shall come within a mile
of my Court.
Hath this bin proclaimed?
Lon. Four days agoe.
Ber. Let's see the penalty.
On paine of loosing her tongue.
Who deuis'd this penalty?
Lon. Marry that did I.
Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?
Lon. To ftrike them hence with that dread penalty,
A dangerous law against gentilitie.
Fer. If any man be seene to talke with a woman within
the terme of thee yeares, shee shall indure such pungue shame
as the rest of the Court shall possibly doubt.
Ber. This Article my Lidge your selfe must breake,
For well you know here comes in Embaffie
The French Kings daughter, with your selfe to speake:
A Maide of grace and compleate madefie,
About surrender vp of Aquitaine:
To her decrépit, fickle, and bed-rid Father.
Therefore this Article is made in vain,
Or vainely comes th'amired Princesse hither.
Fer. What say you Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot.
Ber. So Studie evermore is ouer-shot,
While it doth study to haue what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it shold:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as townes with fire, so won, so loft.
Fer. We must of force diffence with this Decree,
She must liee here on meere necessitie.
Ber. Necessity will make vs all forborne
Three thousand times within this three yeares space:
For every man with his affects is borne,
Not by might murthered, but by special grace.
If I break faith, this word shall breake for me,
I am forborne on meere necessitie.

So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attinder of eternal shame.
Suggestions are to others as to me:
But I beleue although I see me to loth,
I am the last that will last keepe his oath.
But is there no quicke recreation granted?
Ber. That there is, our Court you know is hanted
With a refined traueller of Spaine,
A man in all the worlds new fashions planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his braine:
One, who the musickes of his owne vaine tongue,
Doth raisith like itching harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Have chose as vmpire of their mutinie.
This childe of fancy that Armado hight,
For intermix to our studies shall relate,
In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight:
From tawny Spaine loft in the worlds debate.
How you delight my Lords, I know not I,
But I protest I love to heare him lie,
And I will serve him for my Mindeslie.

B. Armado is a most illudious wight,
A man of fire, new words, fashions owne Knight.

Lon. Cofard the swaine and he, shall be our sport,
And so to studie, three yeeres is but short.

Enter a Confable with Cofard with a Letter.

Conf. Which is the Dukes owne perfon.
Ber. This fellow, What would't?
Con. I my selfe reprehend his owne perfon, for I am
his graces Tharborough: But I would see his own perfon
in flesh and blood.
Ber. This is he.
Con. Signeour Arme, Arme commends you:
Ther's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.
Clo. Sir the Contemps thereof are as touching mee.

Fer. A letter from the magnificent Armado.
Ber. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for
high words.
Lon. A high hope for a low heaven, God grant vs patience.
Ber. To heare, or forbear hearing.
Lon. To heare meekely sir, and to laugh moderately,
or to forbear both.
Ber. Well sir, be it as the stile shall give vs cause
to clime in the merrines.
Clo. The matter is to me sir, as concerning Iaquenetta.
The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.
Ber. In what manner?
Clo. In manner and forme following sir all those three.
I was seene with her in the Mannor house, sitting with
her upon the Forme, and taken following her into the
Parke: which put to gether, is in manner and forme
following. Now sir for the manner: It is the manner
of a man to speake to a woman, for the forme in some
forme.

Ber. For the following sir.
Clo. As it shall follow in my correction, and God de-
fold the right.
Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention?
Ber. As we would heare an Oracle.
Clo. Such is the simplicitie of man to harken after the
flesh.

L 2. Fer. Great
Loves Labour's lost.

Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a week with Braine and water.

My Lord Beraume, see him deliver'd, and goe we Lords to put in practice that, Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

Bero. He lay my head to any good mans hat, These othes and laws will prove an idle scorne.

Sirra, come on.

I suffer for the truth fir: for true it is, I was taken with Iaunetwen, and Iaunetwen is a true girl, and therefore welcome the lowre cup of prosperities; affluition may one day make me againe, and untill then fit downe forrow.

Enter Armado and Mabth his Page.

Arma. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Boy. A great signe fir, that he will looke sad.

Brag. Why fadness is one and the seflf-tame thing dear imp.

Boy. No no, O Lord fir no.

Brag. How canst thou part fadness and melancholy my tender Iuwenall?

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signe.

Brag. Why tough signe? Why tough signe?

Boy. Why tender Iuwenall? Why tender Iuwenall?

Brag. I spake it tender Iuwenall, as a congruent appetition, appertaining to thy young daies, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough signe, as an appetition title to your olde time, which we may name touch.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How means you fir, I pretty, and my faying prettie?

Brag. Thou pretty becaufe little.

Boy. Little pretty, becaufe little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore apt, becaufe quick.

Boy. Speake you this in my praine Matter?

Brag. In thy condigne praine.

Boy. I will praine an Elee with the same praine.

Brag. What? that an Elee is ingenious.

Boy. That an Elee is quick.

Brag. I doe say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou hast't my blood.

Boy. I am answer'd fir.

Brag. I love not to be crost.

Boy. He speaks the metre contrary, crosses loue not.

Br. I have promis'd to study ij. yeeres with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an house fir.

Brag. Impossi-ible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Bra. I am ill at reckoning; it fits the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gamester fir.

Brag. I confesse both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse summe of deucl-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the bafe vulgar call three.

Br. True. Boy. Why fir is this such a peece of study?

Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how easie it is to put yeeres to the word three, and study three yeeres in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Brag. A
Loues Labour's lost.

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Brag. A most fine Figure.
Boy. To prove you a Cypher.
Brag. I will hereupon confess I am in loue: and as it is base for a Souldier to loue; so am I in loue with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection, would deliver mee from the reprobe thought of it, I would take Defire prisoner, and ranforme him to any French Courtier for a new devil's curtie. I thinke scorn to sigh, me thinkes I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me Boy, What great men haue beene in loue?
Boy. Hercules Mafter.
Brag. Moft sweete Hercules: more authority dear Boy, name more, and sweete my childle let them be men of good repute and carriage.
Boy. Sampson Mafter, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.
Brag. O well-knit Sampson, strong lyointed Sampson; I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was Sampson's loue my desire Mabeth?
Boy. A Woman, Mafter.
Brag. Of what complexion?
Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.
Brag. Tell me precisely of what complexion?
Boy. Of the sea-water Greene fir.
Brag. Is that one of the foure complexes?
Boy. As I haue read fir, and the best of them too.
Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to haue a Loue of that colour, methinks Sampson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.
Boy. It was fo fir, for she had a Greene wit.
Brag. My Loue is moft immaculate white and red.
Boy. Moft immaculate thoughts Mafter, are mask'd vnder such colours.
Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.
Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue affit mee.
Brag. Sweet invocation of a childe, most pretty and pathetical.
Boy. If thee be made of white and red, Her faults will neere be knowne:
For blusht in cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white downe:
Then if the fear, or be to blame,
By this thou shall not know,
For all her cheeks poofifie the fame,
Which natue the doth owe:
A dangerous rime master against the reason of white and redde.
Brag. Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger?
Boy. The world was very guiltie of such a Ballet three ages since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither ferue for the writing, nor the tune.
Brag. I will haue that subiecte newly writ ore, that I may example my digression by some mighty prefrident.
Boy, I doe loue that Country girl that I tooke in the Parke with the rational hind Cofhard: she deferves well.
Boy. To bee whip'd: and yet a better loue then my Mafter.
Brag. Sing Boy, my spirit grows heauy in loue.

Boy. And that's great maruell, louing a light wench.
Brag. I say sing.
Boy. Forbearce till this company be past.

Enter Clowes, Confiable, and Wench.

Conf. Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe Co-
ward safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee muft oft three daies a wecke: for this Damfell, I muft keepe her at the Parke, shee is allowd for the Day-woman. Fare you well.
Exit.
Brag. I do betray my selfe with blushing: Maiade.
Maid. Man.
Brag. I will visit thee at the Lodge.
Maid. That's here by.
Brag. I know where it is situate.
Mai. Lord howe you are!
Brag. I will tell thee wonders.
Mai. With what face?
Brag. I love thee.
Mai. So I heard you say.
Brag. And so farewell.
Mai. Fare weather after you.
Brag. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.
Clo. Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a full stomacke.
Brag. Thou shalt be heavily punished.
Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.
Clo. Take away this villaine, shut him vp.
Boy. Come you transigreffeing laue, away.

doc. Let mee not bee pent vp sir, I will fast being loole.
Boy. No sir, that were fast and loole: thou shalt to prifon.

Clo. Well sir, if ever I doe see the merry days of de-
lation that I haue seen, some shall fare.
Boy. What shall some fare?

Clo. Nay nothing, Mather Mabeth, but what they looke vpon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God, I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.
Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is base) where her shoe (which is bafext) guided by her foote (which is bafext) doth tread. I shall be foresworn (which is a great argument of falshood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsly attempted? Loue is a familiar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no cuill Angell but Loue, yet Sampson was so tempted, and he had an excel-
ent strength: Yet was Salomon so seduced, and hee had a very good witte. Capitis Butshaft is too hard for Her-
acles Clube, and therefore too much ods for a Spa-
niards Rapier: The first and second caufe will not serue my turne: the Paffado hee respects not, the Diuel he regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glory is to subdue men. Adue Valour, ruft Rapier, bee till Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea hee loueth. Assift me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

Exit.

Finis Actus Primus.

L 3

Actus
Enter the Princeesse of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam summon vp your dearest spirits, consider who the King your father sends: To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie. Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme, To parlee with the sole inheritour Of all perfections that a man may owe; Matchlesses Nauarre, the plea of no leff weight Then Aquitaine, a Dowrie for a Queene. Be now as prodigall of all deare grace, As Nature was in making Graces deare, When she did ftrue the generall world beside, And prodigally gave them all to you. Queen. Good boyet, my beauty though but mean, Needs not the painted flourish of your praiue: Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye, Not vttred by base sale of chapmens tongues: I am leff proud to heare you tell my worth, Then you much willing to be counted wife, In spending your wit in the praise of mine. But now to taske the tasker, good boyet,

Prin. You are not ignorant all-telling fame Doth now ye abroad Nauar hath made a vow, Till painfull studie shall out-ware three years, No woman may approach his silent Court: Therefore to's femeath it a needfull course, Before we enter his forbidden gates, To know his pleasure, and in that halfe Bold of your worthinesse, we finge you, As our beft mouing faire folciter: Tell him, the daughter of the King of France, On ferior businesse cruaging quicke dispaftch, Imporntues perfonall conference with his grace. Hafe, signifie fo much while we attend, Like humble vifag'd futers his high will. Boyet. Proud of imployment, willingly I goe. Exit.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is fo: Who are the Votaries my louing Lords, that are vow-fellows with this vertuous Duke? Lor. Longaill is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

1 Lady. I know him Madame at a marriage feast; Between L. Perigot and the beauteous heire Of Ioues Fauconbridge tolemnised. In Normandie saw I this Longaill, A man of foueraigne parts he is esteem'd: Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes: Nothing becomes him ill that he would well. The onely foyle of his faire vertues gloffe, If vertues gloffe will staine with any foile, Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will: Whole edge hath power to cut whose willfull wills, It should none fpare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, I't fo? Lad. 1. They say I't fo, that moft his honors know. Prin. Such short ilu'd wins do wither as they grow. Who are the reft?

2 Lad. The yong Damaun, a well accompliht youth,

Of all that Vertue loued, for Vertue loued. Most power to doe most harms, least knowing ill: For he hath wit to make an ill fhape good, And shape to win grace though she had no wit. I saw him at the Duke Alenous once, And much too little of that good I saw, Is my report to his great worthinesse.

Roja. Another of thefe Students at that time, Was there with him, as I have heard a truth. Beroume they call him, but a merrier man, Within the limit of becomming mirth, I neuer spent an houres talke withall. His eye hegets occasion for his wit, For every obiect that the one doth catch, The other turnes to a mirth-mouing left. Which his faire tongue (conceits expoitior) Deliers in fuch apt and gracious words, That aged eares play treuant at his tales, And yonger hearings are quite rauilhed. So sweet and volubles is his dilcource. Prin. God bleffe my Ladies, are they all in loue? That euer one her owne hath garnished, With fuch bedecking ornaments of praiue.

Ma. Heere comes Boyet.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord?

Boyet. Nauar had notice of your faire approach; And he and his competitors in oath, Were all adreft to meete you gentle Lady Before I came: Marrie thus much I have learnt, He rather meanes to lodge you in the field, Like one that comes heere to besiege his Court, Then feekes a dispensation for his oath: To let you enter his vnpeopled house.

Enter Nauar, Longaill, Damaun, and Beroume.

Heere comes Nauar.

Nauar. Faire Princeesse, welcome to the Court of Nauar.

Prin. Faire I glue you backe againe, and welcome I haue not yet: the roofe of this Court is too high to bee yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too baie to be mine.

Nauar. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.

Prin. I will be welcome then, Conduit me thither.

Nauar. Heare me desre Lady, I haue sworne an oath.

Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forsworne.

Nauar. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shal breake it will, and nothing els.

Nauar. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wife.

Where now his knowledge muft proye ignorance.

I heare your grace hath sworne out Housekeepeing: 'Tis deadly finne to keepe that oath my Lord, And finne to breake it:

But pardon me, I am too fadaine bold, To teach a Teacher ill befeemeth me. Vouchsafe to read the purpofe of my comming, And fadainly refolve me in my suite.

Nauar. Madam, I will, if sodainly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away, For you'll proye perier'd if you make me fay.

Beroume. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Roja. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ber. I
Ber. I know you did.

Rofa. How needes ye it then to ask the question?

Ber. You must not be so quick.

Rofa. 'Tis long of you to trouble me with such questions.

Ber. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Rofa. Not till it leave the Rider in the mire.

Ber. What time a day?

Rofa. The howr that foole should ask.

Ber. Now faire befall your maske.

Rofa. Fare well the face it couers.

Ber. And fend you many louers.

Rofa. Amen, so you be none.

Ber. Nay then will I be gone.

Kis. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,

The payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,

Being but th'one halfe, of an intire sume,

Disburfed by my father in his warres.

But say that he, or we, as neither have

Receive'd that sume; yet there remains vnpaid

A hundred thousand more: in furety of the which,

One part of Aquitaine is bound to vs,

Although not valued to the monies worth.

If then the King your father will restore

But that one halfe which is vnfullfilled,

We will glue vp our right in Aquitaine,

And hold faire friendship with his Maiestie:

But that it feemes he little purposeth,

For here he doth demand to have repair'd,

An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands

One payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,

To have his title line in Aquitaine,

Which we much rather had depart withall,

And have the money by our father lent,

Then Aquitaine, so guedled as it is.

Deare Princeffe, were not his requests so farre

From reasons yeelding, your faire selves should make

A yeelding'gainft some reasoon in my brest,

And goo well satisfied to France againe.

Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name,

In fo vnseeming to confess receyt

Of that which hath so faithfully beeue paid.

Kis. I do protest I never heard of it,

And if you prove it, Ile repay it backe,

Or yeeld vp Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word:

Boyet, you can produce acquaintances

For such a summe, from speciall Officers,

Of Charles his Father.

Kis. Satisfie me so.

Boyet. So pife your Grace, the packet is not come

Where that and other specialties are bound,

To morrow you shall have a fight of them.

Kis. It shall suffice me; at which interview,

All liberall reason would I yeeld vnto:

Meane time, receive such welcome at my hand,

As Honour, without breach of Honour may

Make tender of, to thy true worthinesse.

You may not come faire Princeffe in my gates,

But heere without you shall be so receu'd,

As you shall deeme your selle lodg'd in my heart,

Though so deel'd farther harbour in my house:

Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,

To morrow we shall visit you againe.

Prin. Sweet health & faire desires confront your grace.

Kis. Thy owne wish with I thee, in every place. Exit.
Proud with his forme, in his sic pride expressed.
His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his side-fight to be,
All fences to that fence did make their repair,
To feele onely looking on fairest of faire:
Me thought all his fences were lockt in his eye,
As levels in Chrystal for some Prince to buy.

(glafe)
Who tendering their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you past.
His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eies enchanted with gazes.
Ile give you Aquitaine, and all that is his,
And you give him for my fake, but one louting Kiffe.

Prin. Come to our Pavillion, Boyet is disposer.
Bro. But to speake that in words, which his eie hath dif
I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie, (clse'd)
By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

Lad. Re. Thou art an old Loue-monger, and speakest skilfull.

Lad Ma. He is Capids Grandfather, and learns news of him.
Lad. 2. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father
is but grim.
Boy. Do you heare my mad wenchens?
Lad. 1. No.
Boy. What then, do you see?
Lad. 2. I, our way to be gone.
Boy. You are too hard for me.

Acutus Tertius.

Enter Baggart and Boy.

Song.

Brag. Warble childe, make passionate my sense of heareng.
Boy. Concoleriel.

Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tenderneffe of yeares: take this Key, give enlargment to the twaine, bring him fe-
finatly hither: I must imploie him in a letter to my Loue.
Boy. Will you win your loue with a French brabule?

Brag. How meanest thou, brabling in French?
Boy. No my compleat master, but to ligge off a tune
at the tongues end, canarie to it with the fete, humour
it with turning vp your eie: sing a note and sing a note,
sometime through the thraote: if you swallowed loue
with singe, loue sometime through: note as if you
sauft vp loue by smelinge loue with your hat pente-hous-
e-like ore the shope of your eies, with your armes croft
on your thinbellie douleter, or a Rabbet on a spit, or your
hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting,
and keepe not too long in one tune, but a snip and away:
thefe are complements, thefe are humours, thefe betraile
nice wenchens that would be betrayed without thefe, and
make them men of note: do you note men that moft are
affected to thefe?

Brag. How haft thou purchased this experience?
Boy. By my penne of obseruation.
Brag. But O, but O.
Boy. The Hobbie-horse is forgot.
Brag. Call'ft thou my lone Hobbie-horse.
Boy. No Master, the Hobbie-horse is but a Colt, and
and your Loue perhaps, a Hacknie:

But haue you forgot your Loue?

Brag. Almoft I had.
Boy. Negligent student, learn her by heart.
Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.
Boy. And out of heart Master: all those three I will
prove.

Brag. What wilt thou prove?
Boy. A man, if I lie (and this)by, in, and without, vp-
on the infant: by heart you loue her, because your heart
cannot come by her: in heart you loue her, because your
heart is in loue with her: and out of heart you loue her,
being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her
Brag. I am all thefe three.
Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing
at all.

Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie mee a letter.
Boy. A message well sympathis'd, a Horse to be em-
baftifour for an Asse.

Brag. Ha, ha, What! as ieith thou?
Boy. Marrie sir, you must fend the Asse vpon the Horfe
for he is verie flow gated: but I goe.

Brag. The way is but short, away.
Boy. As swift as Lead fir.

Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a
mettal heauie, dull, and flow?
Boy. Misnime horse Master, or rather Master no.
Brad. I say Lead is flow.
Boy. You are too swift sir to say fo.
Is that Lead flow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,
He reposites me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:
I shoote thee at the Swaine.
Boy. Thump then, and I flee.

Brag. A most acute fluenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy favours sweete Welkin, I must sigh in thy face.
Most rude melancholie, Valour gies thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Master, here's a Coffard broken in a
thin.
Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy Lenwy begin.
Clo. No enigma, no riddle, no lenwy, no false, in thee
male sir. Or if, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no lenwy, no
false, no Salwe sir, but a Plantan.
Ar. By vertue thou inforcest laugther, thy sillie
thought, my spleene, the heauing of my lunes provokes
me to ridiculose finyling: O pardon me my firs, doth
the inconsiderate take faule for lenwy, and the word len-
wy for a faule?

Pag. Doe the wife thinke them other, is not lenwy a
false?

plaine,
Ar. No Page, it is an epilogue or difcoure to make
some obscure precedent that hath tofore bin faine.
Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with
my lenwy.
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Beew,
Were all at oddes, being all three.
Arm. Untill the Goofe came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding founre.
Pag. A good Lenwy, ending in the Goofe: would you
defire more?
Clo. The Boy hath hold him a bargaine, a Goofe, that's
flat
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.  
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fat and loose:  
Let me see a fat Lenuy, I that's a fat Goose.  
Ar. Come hither, come hither:  
How did this argument begin?  
Boy. By saying that a Cozard was broken in a shin.  
Then call'd you for the Lenuy.  
Clow. True, and I for a Plantan:  
Thus came your argument in:  
Then the Boyes fat Lenuy, the Goose that you bought,  
And he ended the market.  
Ar. But tell me: How was there a Cozard broken in a shin?  
Pag. I will tell you fencibly.  
Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it, Mod.  
I will speake that Lenuy.  
I Cozard running out, that was safely within,  
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.  
Arm. We shall talke no more of this matter.  
Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.  
Arm. Sirs Cozard, I will infranchise thee.  
Clow. O, marry me to one Francis, I smelle some Lenuy, some Goose in this.  
Arm. By my sweete foole, I meane, setting thee at libertie.  
Enfreedoming thy perfon: thouwert emured,  
refrained, captivated, bound.  
Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation,  
And let me looke.  
Arm. I sue thee thee libertie, set thee from durance,  
And in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:  
Bear this signification to the country Maid Laquenetta:  
there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours  
is rewarding my dependants. Mod. follow.  
Pag. Like the feggell I.  
Signeur Cozard adew.  
Clow. My sweete ounce of mans flesh, my in-conie  
Iew: Now will I looke to his remuneration.  
Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-farthings:  
Three-farthings remuneration, What's the price of this yonce? i.e. no, I cleue you a remuneration: Why?  
It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then  
a French-Crowne. I will neuer buy and fell out of this word.  

Enter Beroune.

Ber. O my good knace Cozard, exceedingly well met.  
Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon  
may a man buy for a remuneration?  
Ber. What is a remuneration?  
Coz. Marrie sir, halfe peenie farthing.  
Ber. O, Why then threefarthings worth of Silke.  
Coz. I thank your worship, God be you well.  
Ber. O say flave, I must employ thee:  
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knace,  
Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate.  
Clow. When would you have it done sir?  
Ber. O this after-noone.  
Clow. Well, I will doe it sir: Fare you well.  
Ber. O thou knowest not what it is.  
Clow. I shall know sir, when I have done it.  
Ber. Why villaine thou must know first.  
Clow. I will come to your worship to morrow morning.  
Ber. It must be done this after-noone,  
Harke flave, it is but this:  
The Princeesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,  
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:  
When tongues speak sweettely, then they name her name,  
And Rosaline they call her, like for her:  
And to her white hand fece thou do commend  
This seal'd vp counfoil. Ther's thy gerdon: goe.  
Clo. Gardion, O sweete gardion, better then remuneration,  
a leeneunce-farthing better: most sweete gardion.  
I will doe it sir in print: gardion, remuneration.  

Ber. O, and I forfith in loye,  
I that have beene loyes whip?  
A verie Beadle to a humberous figh: A Criticke,  
Nay, a night-watch Constable.  
A domincering pedant ore the Boy,  
Then whom no mortall fo magnificent.  
This wimples, whyning, purblinde waiward Boy,  
This signior Iunios gyant drawwe, don Cupid,  
Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,  
The anointed fouveraigne of fighes and groanes:  
Ledge of all lyterers and malecontents:  
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces.  
Sole Emperator and great general  
Of trottong Parrators (O my little heart.)  
And I to be a Corporall of his field,  
And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoopes.  
What? I loue, I fee, I fcheke a wife,  
A woman that is like a German Cloake,  
Still a repairing eu'er out of frame,  
And neuer going a right, being a Watch:  
But being watcht, that it may still goe right.  
Nay, to be pariuide, which is worth of all:  
And among three, to loue the worst of all,  
A whilty wanton, with a velvet brow.  
With two pitch bals fluccke in her face for eyes.  
I, and by heauen, one that will doe the deed,  
Though Argus were her Eunuch and her garde,  
And I to fighe for her, to watch for her,  
To pray for her, go to: it is a plague  
That Cupid will impose for my neglect,  
Of his almighty dresdull little might.  
Well, I will loue, write, fighe, pray, hue, groane,  
Some men must loue my Lady, and some lone.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Princeesse, a Forrester, her Ladies, and  
her Lords.

Qu. Was that the King that spurde his horse so hard,  
Against the feepe vpring of the hill?  
Boy. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.  
Qu. Who ere a was, a shew'd a mounting minde:  
Well Lords, to day we shall have our dispatch,  
On Saturday we will returne to France.  
Then Forrester my friend, Where is the Buff  
That we must stand and play the murmherer in?  
For. Hereby upon the edge of yonder Coppice,  
A Stand where you may make the fairest shooe.  
Qu. I thank ye my beautie, I am faire that shooe,  
And thereupon thou speake'st the fairest shooe.  
For. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not so.  
Qu. What? what? First praise me, & then again say no.  
O short liu'd pride, Not faire? allacke for woe.  

For. Yes.
For. Yes Madam faire.

Qu. Nay, neuer paint me now, 
Where faire is not, præife cannot mend the brow. 
Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true: 
Faire payment for foule words, is more then due. 
For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit. 

Qu. See, see, my beautie will bee faul’d by merit. 
O hereis in faire, fit for these dayes, 
A giuing hand, though foule,shall have faire præife. 
But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill, 
And shooting well, is then accounted ill: 
Thus will I faue my credit in the shoo, 
Not wounding, pitie would not let me do’t: 
If wounding, then it was to fhew my skill, 
That more for præife, then purpofe meant to kill. 
And out of question, fo it is sometimes: 
Glory groves guiltie of deftroyd crimes, 
When for fames fake, for præife an outward part, 
We bend to that, the working of the hart. 
As I for præife alone now feeks to spill, 
The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill. 

Boy. Do not curf wifes hold that false-foureignant. 
Onely for præife fake, when they atrive to be 
Lords ore their Lords? 

Qu. Onely for præife, and præife we may afford, 
To any Lady that subdewes a Lord. 

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth. 

Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head 
Lady? 

Boy. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the ref that haue 
no heads. 

Clo. Which is the greaftest Lady, the higheft? 

Qu. The thickest, and the tallift. 

Clo. The thickest, & the tallift: it is fo, trutht is trutht. 
And your wafe Miftris, were as flender as my wit, 
One a thefe Moides circles for your wafe should be fit. 
Are not you the chifel wom? You are the thickest here? 

Qu. What is your will?r What is your will? 

Clo. I have a Letter from Monfer Berowne, 
To one Lady Roxaline. 

Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He’s a good friend of mine. 

Boy, you can earue, 
Brake vp this Capon. 

Boy. I am bound to ferue. 

This Letter is mittooke: it importeth none here: 
It is writ to Ingenetta. 

Qu. We will reade it, I fwear. 
Brake the necke of the Waxe, and every one give ear. 

Boy reads.

By heaven, that thou art faire, is most infaillible: true 
that thou art beautifull, trutht it felle that thou art 
louely: more faire then faire, beautifull then beautifull, 
truer then trutht it felle: haue comifonation on thy heroi-
call Valaff. The magnanimous and moft illuftrate King 
Cepheus set ele vp the pernicious and indubitate Beggr 
Zenelophous: and he it was that might rightly lay, Pe-
ni, viol, viici: Which to annotheize in the vulgar, O 
bafed and obfure vulgar; vieldefr, He came, See, and o-
uercame: hee came one; feeff, too; ouercame three: 
Who came ? the King. Why did he come? to fee. Why 
did he fee? to overcomr. To whom came he? to the 
Beggr. What fau? the Beggr. Who overcame he? the Beggr. The conclusion is victorie: On whose fide? the King; the capture is inricht: On whose fide? the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: on whose fide? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am 
the King (for so stands the comparifon) thou the Beggr, 
for fo witnifeith thy lowlineffe. Shall I command 
Shall I entreate thy loye? I will. What, shalt thou 
exchange for ragges, roakes: for titles tites, for thy felfe 
mees. Thus expedting thy reply, I prophan my lips on 
ythe foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy 
uerie part. 

Thine in the deareft designes of industiries, 

Don Adriana de Armitho.

Thus doth thou heare the Nemean Lion roare, 
Gainft thee thou Lambe, that flankest as his pray: 
Submilffe fall his princely feee before, 
And hee from forrage will incline to play. 
But if thou atrive (poore foule) what art thou then? 
Foode for his rage, repafe for his den. 

Qu. What plume of feathers is hee that inditted this 
uuer heare better? 

Boy. I am much deceiued, but I remember the felle. 

Qu. Elfe your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile. 

Boy. This Armadillo is a Spaniard that keeps here in court 
A Phantafime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport 
To the Prince and his Booke-mates. 

Qu. Thou fellow, a word. 

Who gaue thee this Letter? 

Clo. I told thee, my Lord. 

Qu. To whom should’t thou give it? 

Clo. From my Lord to my Lady. 

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady? 

Clo. From my Lord Berowne, a good master of mine, 
To a Lady of France, that he called Roxaline. 

Qu. Thou haft mis’taken his letter. Come Lords away. 

Here treete, put vp this, twill be thine another day. 

Exeunt.

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter? 

Rofa. Shall I teache thee to know. 

Boy. I my continent of beautie. 

Rofa. Why she that bears the Bow. Finely put off. 

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie, 
Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miferie. 

Finely put on. 

Rofa. Well then, I am the shooter. 

Boy. And who is your Deare? 

Rofa. If we choothe by the hornes,your felfe come not 
neare. Finely put on indeede. 

Maria. You felle wrangle with her Boyet, and shee 
rikes at the brow. 

Boyet. But the her felle is hit lower: 

Hace I hit her now. 

Rofa. Shall I come vpon thee with an old saying,that 
was a man when King Pippin of France was a little boy,as 
touching the hit it. 

Boyet. So I may anfwere thee with one as old that 
was a woman when Queene Guinouer of Britaine was a 
little wench, as touching the hit it. 

Rofa. Thou
Loues Labour's lost.

Rof. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it my good man.
Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot:
And I cannot, another can.
Clo. By my troth most pleasent, how both did fit it.
Mar. A marke marvellous well shot, for they both did hit.
Boy. A mark, O mark but that marke: a marke faies
my Lady.
Let the mark have a prick in't, to meet at, if it may be.
Mar. Wide a' th' bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.
Clo. Indeede a'must shotte nearer, or heele ne're hit
the clout.
Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand
is in.
Clo. Then will thhee get the vphoot by cleaning the
is in.
Mar. Come, come, you talk greasely, your lips grow foul.
Clo. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir challenge her
to boule.
Boy. I fear too much rubbing: good night my good
Oule.
Clo. By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.
Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I have put him downe.
O my troth most sweete iests, most incorne vulgar wit,
When it comes so smoothly off, so obserne, as it were,
so fit.
Aramather ath to the side, O a most dainty man.
To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.
To see him kisse his hand, and how most sweetely a will
swear:
And his Page another side, that handfull of wit,
Ah heavens, it is most pathetically still.
Sowla, fowla. Exeunt.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reverent sport truly, and done in the testimony
of a good conscience.
Fed. The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood,
ripe as a Pomwater, who now bangeth like a Jewell in the
case of Clo the tike; the welken the heauen, and a
non falleth like a Crab on the face of Terra, the soyle, the
land, the earth.
Canat. Natb. Truely M. Holofernes, the ephithares
are sweetly varied like a scoller at the leafe: but sir I assure
ye, it was a Buckle of the first head.
He. Sir Nathaniel, baud credo.
Dull. 'Twas not a baud credo, 'twas a Pricket.
Holo. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of infu-
sation, as it were in via, in way of explication facere: as
it were replication, or rather sumentare, to shew as it were
his inclination after his vnbrefted, vnpolished, vneduca-
ted, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rather
vneert vnconfirmed fashion, to infrst againe my baud credo
for a Deare.
Dull. I said the Deare was not a baud credo, 'twas a
Pricket.
Hol. Twice sod simplicite, bò coëta, O thou mon-
ter Ignorance, how deformed dost thou looke.
Natb. Sir hee hath never fed of the dainties that are
bred in a booke.
He hath not caste paper as it were:
He hath not drunke inke.
Loves Labour's lost.

Shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But Vir sape qui pauc: loquitor, a foule Feminine sluthch vs.

Enter Jaquenetta and the Clowns.

Jaqu. God give you good morrow M. Person.
Nath. Master Person, qua: Person? And if one should be part, Which is the one?
Clo. Marry M. Schoolemaster, hee that is like to a hoghead.
Nath. Of perg: a Hoghead, a good的路上 of conceit in a turp: of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Perle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.
Jaqu. Good Master Person be fo good as reade mee this Letter, it was gien mee by Cysbard, and sent mee from Don Arnatbo: I befeech you reade it.
Nath. Facile precor grillida, quando pecas omnia sub umbra ruminate, and fo forth. Ah good old Mantuan, I may speake of thee as the traueler doth of Venice, em- chus, venecia, que non te vnde, que non te pertexis. Old Mantuan, old Mantuan. Who vnderfandeth thee not, ut re falo la mi fa: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contents? or rather as Horace saies in his, What my foule veres.
Hol. A, and very learned.
Nath. Let me heare a flafe, a fanze, a verfe, Leg: domine.
If Love make me forsworne, how shal I sweare to love? Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautey vowed.
Though to my selfe forsworne, to thee Ile faithfull proue. Tho: thoughts to me were Oces, to thee like Ofers bowed.
Studie his bys leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes. Where all those pleases live, that Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shal suffice.
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend.
All ignorand that foule, that fees thee without wonder.
Which is to me some praffle, that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye Iues lightning bears, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.
Which not to anger bent, is musicke, and sweet fire.
Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon louse this wrong.
That rings heavens praffle, with such an earthly tongue.
Ped. You finde not the aporphrases, and to miffle the accent. Let me superifie the cangetet.
Nath. Here are oncely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poete: care: Ouddius Nafio was the man. And why in deed Nafio, but for smelting out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerkers of inuention imitare is nothing: So doth the Hound his mafter, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horfe his rider: But Damofella virgin, Was this directed to you?

Jaqu. Sir fir from one monsieur Berowne, one of the strange Queens Lords.
Nath. I will overglance the superfalse.
To the snow-white hand of the most beautious Lady Rosaline.
I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the person written vnto.
Tour Ladisips in all defired employment; Berowne.

Per. Sir Hofermes, this Berowne is one of the Voytaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a f:quent of the stranger Queens; which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and
goe my s wee:e, deliver this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forgive thy due: in, adue.
Maid. Good Cysbard goe with me:
Sir God sace thy life.
Cys. Haue with thee my girls.
Exe. Hol. Sir you have done this in the fear of God very religiously: and as a certaine Father saith.
Ped. Sir tell not me of the Father, I do feare colourable colours. But to returne to the Verfes, Did they plaie you sir Nathaniel?
Nath. Marueious well for the pen.
Ped. A doe day to day at the fathers of a certaine Pup- pill of mine, where if (being repait) it shal pleaze you to graffhie the table with a Grace, I will on my pruileadge I haue with the parents of the forefaid Childre or Pupill, vndertake your bien vouuoto, where I will proue thole Verfes to be very unlearned, neither favouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I befeech your Socie: Net. And thanke you to: for societie (faith the text) is the hapiness of life.
Ped. And certes the text most infaillibly concludes it. Sir I do invite you too, you shall not lay me nay: pua: verba.
Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.
Exeunt.

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand, alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare, I am couring my selfe.
They have pitcht a Toyle, I am toying in a pytch, pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, set thee downe sorow; for so they say the foole saith, and so say I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is mad as Axios, it kills fheecle, it kills mee: I a fheepe: Well proued against a my fide. I will not loue; if I do hang me: saith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes,for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heauen I do lye, and it hath taught mee to Ryme, and to mallecholie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallecholie. Well, she hath one a my Sonnets already, the Clowe bore it, the Foole fin it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowe, sweet-er Foole, sweetest Lady. By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper, God give him grace to groane.
He bands ofide.

The King entreth.

Kin. Ay mee!
Ber. Shot by heave: proceede sweet Cupid, thou haft thumpet him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: in faith secreet.

King. So s wee: a kisse the golden Sunne gues not, To those fresh morning drops vpon the Rofe,
As thy eye beames, when their fresh raye haue smot. The night of dew that on my cheeks downe flows.
Nor fines the blue: Moone one halfe so bright,
Through the transparent bofome of the deep.
As doth thy face through teares of mine gie: light: Thou thin't in every teare that I doe weep,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the teares that dwell in me,
And they thy glory through my griefe will show:
Loues Labour’s lost.

But do not love thy selfe, then thou wilt keep.
My tears for glasse, and still make me weep.
O Queene of Queenes, how faire dost thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortaill tell.
How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweet leaves shadie folly. Who is he comes here?

Enter Longauile. The King steps aside.
What Longauil, and reading : listen care.
Ber. Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare.
Long. Ay me, I am forsworne.
Ber. Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers.
Long. In loue I hope, sweet fellowship in flame.
Ber. One drunkard loves another of the name.
Lon. Am I the first who have been periur’d fo? (know,
Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I
Thou makest the triumphy, the corner cap of socieete,
The shape of Loues Tiborne, that hangs vp simplicitie.
Lon. I fear thee stubbon lines lack power to moove.
O sweet Maria, Empresse of my Loue,
These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.
Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton Captid hole,
Disfigure not his Shop.
Lon. This fame shall goe. He reads the Sonnet.
Did not the heavenly Rhetoriche of thin eye,
’Gainst whom the world cannot bold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjurie?
Vowes for thee broke deprive not punishment.
A Woman I forswore, but I will prove,
Though being a Godfathers, I forswore not thee.
My Vow was earthe, thou art heauenly Loue.
Thy grace being gain’d, cures all distrace in me.
Vowes are but breath, and breadth a vapour is.
Then thou faire Sun, withich on my earth doth shine,
Exhaleth this vapour-wouth, in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, What foole is not so wise,
To loose an oath, to win a Paradise?
Ber. This is the livier verme, which makes fleh a deity.
A greene Goode, a Codfelle, pure pure Idolatry.
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o’th’way.

Enter Dumas.
Lon. By whom shall I send this (company?) Stay.
Ber. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a demic God, here fit I in the skie,,
And wretched foolese secrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I have my wifei
Dumas transform’d, foure Woodcocks in a dri.
Dum. O moft divine Kate.
Bero. O moft prophane coxcombe.
Dum. By heaven the wonder of a mortaill eye.
Bero. By earth she is not, corporall, there you lie.
Dum. Her Amber hairies for foule hath amber coted.
Bero. An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted.
Dum. As vpright as the Cedar.
Ber. Stoope I say, her shoulder is with-child.
Dum. As faire as day.
Ber. I as some daies, but then no sunne must shine.
Dum. O that I had my wife?
Lon. And I had mine.
Kin. And mine too good Lord.
Ber. Amen,fo I had mine: Is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her, but a Feuer she
Raignes in my blood, and will remember be.
Ber. A Feuer in your blood, why then incision

Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprisition.
Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I have wirt.
Ber. Once more Ile marke how Lone can vary Wit.

Dumane reads his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Loue, whose Month is every May,
Spied a blossome passing faire,
Playing in the quantron ayre:
Through the Velvet, leaves the windes,
All unseene, can passef finde,
That the Louer fiche to death,
With himselfe the heauens breate.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheeckes may blewe,
Ayre, would I might triumph fo.
But alake my hand is sworne,
Nere to placke thee from thy throne:
Vow alacke for youth omittance,
Thou fo apt to placke a facet.
Does not call it faire in me,
That I am forsworne for thee.
Thou for whom Loue would swearare,
Juno but an Abishop were,
And deny himselfe for Loue.
Turning mortall for thy Loue.

This will I send, and something else more plaine.
That shall expresse my true-loues fasting paine.
O would the King,Baroune and Longauil,
Were Louers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a periur’d note:
For none offend, where all alike doe dote.
Lon. Dumaine, thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in Loues griefe deffir’d socieete:
You may looke pale, but I should blu I know,
To be ore-heard, and taken napping fo.
Kin. Come sir, you blu: as his, your case is fuch,
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You do not love Maria? Longauil,
Did neuer Sonnet for her fake compile;
Nor neuer lay his wrathed armes atwart.
His louing bosome, to kepe downe his heart.
I have beene cloely throwed in this bube,
And market you both, and for you both did blu.
I heard your guilty Rimes, ofhera’d your fashion:
Saw fighes recke from you, noted well your paffion.
Aye me, sayer one I O Loue, the other cries!
On her haires were Gold, Chrifall the others eyes.
You would for Paraphrie breake Faith and trueth,
And Loue for your Loue would infringe an oath.
What will Baroune say when that he shall heare
Faith infringed, which fuch zede did swere.
How will he fcorne? how when he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did fee,
I would not have him know so much by me.
Bero. Now step I forth to whip hypocrifie.
Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace haft thou thus to reprooue
These wormes for louing, that art moit in loue?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princesse that appears.
You’l not be periur’d, ’tis a hateful thing:
Tuff, none but Minfrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not affam’d? nay, are you not

M

All
Loues Labour's lost.

All three of you, to be thus much ore'hot?
You found his Moh, the King your Moh did see:
But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of folly haue I seen:
Of sights, of groves, of sorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what stric peaceyne haue I fat,
To see a King transformed to a Gnat?
To see great Hercules whipping a Gigge,
And profound Solomon tuning a lygge?
And Nefor play at puf-pin with the boyes,
And Créticke Symon laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy grieve? O tell me good Dumaine;
And gentle Longaull, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the brest:
A Candle hoa!

Kin. Too bitter is thy left.
Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?

Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honest, I that hold it finne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconfiance.
When shall you see me write a thing in rime?
Or grove for Jone? or spend a minutes time,
In praining me, when shall you hear that I will praife a hand,
A foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a flate, a browne, a brest,
A waife, a legge, a limme.

Kin. Soft, Whither a-way to fait.
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops fo.

Ber. I poot from Loue, good Louer let me go.

Enter Isanenetta and Clerone.

Isan. God blefe the King.

Kin. What Prettyn haft thou there?

Clo. Some certaine treason.

Kin. What makes treason heere?

Clo. Nay it makes nothing fir.

Kin. If it marre nothing neither,
The treason and you goe in peace away.
Isan. I befeech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our perfon mi-doubts it: it was treason he faid.

Kin. Beroium, read it ouer. He reads the Letter.

Kin. Where hadst thou it?


King. Where hadst thou it?

Clo. Of Dum-Adramadie, Dum Adramadie.

Kin. How now, what is in you? why doft thou tear it?

Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not fear it.

Long. It did muse him to passyon, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Beroium writing, and heere is his name.

Ber. Ah you wherofon logherhead, you were borne
to doe me shame.

Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.

Kin. What?

Ber. That you three fools, lackt mee foole, to make vp the meffe.
He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,
Are picke-purges in Loue, and we defere to die.
O dilemme this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is euen.

Beroiu. True true, we are foure: will these Turtles be gone?

Kin. Hence first, away.

Clo. Walk aside the true folke, & let the traytors stay.

Ber. Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,
As true we are as fleth and bloud can be.
The Sea will ebe and flowe, heauen will shew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decre.
We cannot crosse the cause why we are borne:
Therefore all hands muft we be forsworne.

King. What, did these rent lines shew some louse of thine?

(Reafeine,

Ber. Did they, quoth yow? Who fees the heavenly
That (like a rude and faune man of Inde.)
At the first opening of the gorgious East,
Bowses not his vsall head, and struoken blinde,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breath?
What perempery Eagle-fighted eye
Dares looke uppon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maiefie?

Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now?
My Loue (her Miftres) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) farce feene a light.

Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Beroiue.
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the culd'fouraignety,
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where feuerall Worthies make one dignit,
Where nothing wants, that want it felle doth feke.
Lend me the flouris of all gentle tongues,
Pie painted Rerorickie, Of thee needs it not,
To things of sale, aellers praife belongs:
She paffes praife, then praife too short doth blot.
A withered Hermite, fufafore winters worne,
Might flake off fittie, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
And gives the Cruch the Cradles infantice.
O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things shine.

King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.

Beroiu. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?

A wife of fuch wood were felicitie.
O who can glue an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may fwear Beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that the learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full fo blacke.

Kin. O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties creft becomes the heauens well.

Ber. Diuels foolenft tempt refembling spirits of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It murnes, that painting vffing hair.
Should rauish doters with a falle appeaft?
And therefore is the borne to make blacke faire.
Her favour turns the fashion of the dayes,
For native bloud is counted painting now:
And therefore red that would auoyd dispraise,
Pains is felfe blacke, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are Chimney-sweepers blacke.

Lon. And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.

King. And eelbisps of their sweet complexion crake.

Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.

Ber. Your miifresses dare never come in raine,
For fear their colours should be wafht away.

Kin. 'Twere good yours did: for fir to tell you plaine,
Ine finde a fairer face not wafht to day.

Ber. Ile prove her faire, or talke till dooms-day here.

Kin. No Diuell will fright thee then so much as thee.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stufte fo dere.

Lon. Looke, heer's thy loue, my foot and her face see.

Ber. O if the streets were pased with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Duma. O vile, then as she goes what vpward yses?
The street shall see as she walkd ouer head.

Kim. But what of this, are we not all in loue?
Ber. O nothing is sure,and thereby all forsworne.

Kim. Then leave this chat, & good Berewon now proue
Our louing lawful, and our fayth not torne.

Dum. I marie there, some flattery for this euill.

Long. O some authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, some quiillets, how to cheat the diuell.

Dum. Some value for peruirie.

Ber. O 'tis more then neede.

Have you then affections men at armes,
Consider what you first did sweare vnto:
To falf, to study, and to see no woman:
Flat treafon against the Kingsly flate of youth.
Say, Can you falf? your fmocks are too young:
And abfufion ingenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to fitude (Lords)
In that each of you have forsworne his Booke.
Can you fift dreame and pore, and thereon looke.
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of fudies excelence,
Without the beauty of a womans face;
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive,
They are the Ground, the Booke, the Acharades,
From whence doth fpring the true Promethean fire.

Why, vnuerfall plodding poftons vp
The nimble spirits in the arternes,
As motion and long during action tyres
The finnowy vigour of the traualer.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You have in that forsworne the vfe of eyes:
And fitude too, the caufier of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches fuch beauty as a womans eye:
Learning is but an abfurd to our felfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewife is.
Then when our felonies we fee in Ladies eyes,
With our felonies.

Do we not likewifefee our learning there?
O we have made a Vow to fitude, Lords
And in that vow we have forsworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Lege) or you, or you?
In leden contemplation have found out.
Such firy Numbers as the prompting eyes,
Of beauties tutors have imrich'd you with:
Other flow Arts entirely kepe the braine:
And therefore finding barraine pradizers,
Scarce shew a haruett of their heauy toyle.
But Loues fift learned in a Ladies eyes,
Lives not alone emured in the braine:
But with the motion of all elements,
Course as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious feeling to the eye:
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
A Louers care will heare the louett found.
When the fufpicious head of theft is ftopt.
Loues feeling is more soft and fensible,
Then are the tender horns of Cockled Snayles.
Loues tongue proues dainty, Bacbus groffe in taste,
For Valour, is not Loue a Hercules?
Still climbing trees in the Hejporides.
Subill as Sphinx, as sweet and mufcall,
As bright Apollo's Lute, frung with his haire.
And when Loue speaks, the voyce of all the Gods,
Make heauen drowse with the harmonie.

Neuer durft Poet touch a pen to write,
Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues fighes:
O then his lines would ruine faufage cares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I derive.
They fparcle still the right promethean fire,
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Acharades,
That fhew, contain, and nourifh all the world.
Elle none at all in ought proves excellent.

Then foole you were thefe women to forswore:
Or keeping what is sworne,you will prove foole,
For Wifedomes fake, a word that all men loue:
Or for Loues fake, a word that loues all men.
Or for Mens fake, the author of thefe Women:
Or Womans fake, by whom we men are Men.
Let's once loffe our oathes to finde our felues,
Or else we lose our felues, to keepe our oathes:
It is religion to be thus forsworne.
For Charity it felfe fulfills the Law:
And who can ferve loue from Charity.

Kim. Saint Cupid then, and Souldiers to the field.

Ber. Advance your Standards, & vpon them Lords.
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be fift auif'd,
In confict that you get the Sunne of them.

Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay thefe glozes by,
Shall we reloue to woe thefe girles of France?
Kim. And winne them too, therefore let vs deuife,
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

Ber. Fift from the Park let vs conduct them thither,
Then homework evry man attach the hand
Of his faire Miiftref, in the afternoone
We will with some strange paftime solace them:
Such as the fhortneffe of the time canhape,
For Reuels, Dances, Maskes, and merry hours,
Fore-runne faire Loue, firing her way with flowres.

Kim. Away, away, no time fhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by vs be fitt.

Ber. Alone, alone fowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,
And iftieue alwaies whirls in equall meafure:
Light Wenches may prove plagues to men forsworne,
If fo, our Copper buyes no better treasure.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Pedant. Satio quid sufficit.

Curat. I praiue God for you firt, your reasons at dinner
have bene harpe & fenfentious:pleafant without furlrility, witty without affection, audacious without impудudacy, learned without opinion, and ftrange without herifie: I did conuerfe this quodam day with a compa
nion of the Kings, who is intituled,nominated,or called, Don Adriano de Armathe.

Ped. Nomi bonunim tandem is, His humour is lofty, his difcourfes preermptorie: his tongue flieed, his eye
ambitious, his gate maificall, and his generall behauour
vaine,rudicious, and thraffonical. He is too picked,
too ipruece,too affected, too odele, as it were, too pere
grinat,as I may call it.

M. 2. Curat.
Curat. A most singular and choise Epithet.

Ped. He dreweth out the thread of his verbalitie, finer then the filfe of his argument. I abhor such phantasticall phantasms, such inflicable and poyn't defile companions, such rackers of oragaphie, as to speake dout fine, when he should hay doub't; det, when he shold pronounce debt: d e b t, not det: he clepeeth a Calf, Chaffe: hulf, haufe: neighbour vocatu nebour; neigh abbreviated ne: this is abominable, which he would call abominiabiltie insinuateh me of infamie: ne intelligi domine, to make frantickes, lunaticke.

Cura. Leus do, bene intelligo.

Ped. Bome boor for boon prefect, a little scraftch, 'twill serve.

Enter Bragart, Boy.

Curat. Vide ne quis venit?

Ped. Vides, & gaudio.

Brag. Chirra.

Ped. Qua! Chirra, not Sirra?

Brag. Men of peace well encounterd.

Ped. Moot militarie sir salutation.

Brag. They have been at a great feast of Languages, and done the scrapes.

Cura. O they have liu'd long on the almes-basket of words. I maruell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdargon.

Page. Peace, the pale begins.

Brag. Mounstref, are you not letted?

Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke.

What is Ab speld backward with the horn on his head?

Ped. Ba puericia with a horn added.

Pag. Ba most feely Sheepe, with a horne: you hear his learning.

Pag. Quis qui, thou Confonant?

Pag. The laft of the five Vowels if You repeat them, or the sitt if I.

Ped. I will repeat them: a e I.

Pag. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it ou.

Brag. Now by the salt wawe of the mediterranum, a sweet butch, a quicken vene we of wit, ship napp, quick & home, it reioyceth my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offered by a childe to an old man: which is wit-old.

Pag. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Pag. Horne.

Pag. Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

Pag. Lent me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie unum cite a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldest haue it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maifter, thou halffenny purfe of wig, thou Pidgeon-egge of defcretion. O & the heavens were fo pleased, that thou wert but my Baffard; What a joyfull father wouldest thou make mee? Go to, thou haft it ad dungit, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Ped. Oh I smell false Latine, dungbel for unguen.

Brag. Artf-man preambulat, we will bee fingled from the barbarous. Do you not edute youth at the Charghoule on the top of the Mountaine?

Ped. Or Mon the hill.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Ped. I doe ans question.

Brag. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and affect, to congradulate the Princeffe at her Pavilions, in the posterior of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

Ped. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-noone: the word is well cold, chofe, sweet, and apt I doe affure you sir, I doe affure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familliar, I doe affure ye very good friend: for what is inward between we, let it passe. I doe beseech thee remember thy curteise. I beseech thee apparel thy head: and among other importuite & most serious defignes, and of great import indeed too: but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world) sometyme to leane upon mye poor shoulder, and with his royall finger thus daille with my excrement, with my muttachio: but sweet heart let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine specially honours it pleaseth his greatnesse to impart to Armado a Souldier, a man of trauell, that hath feene the world: but let that passe; the very all of all is but sweet heart, I do implore ferocie, that the King would haue mee present the Princeffe (sweet chucks) with some delightfull ostenta
tion, or show, or pageant, or anticks, or fire-worke: Now, understanding that the Curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the end to crave your assistence.

Ped. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir Holkford, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to bee rendred by our assistants the Kings command: and this most gallant, illustrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princeffe: I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to present them?

Ped. Iofua, your selfe:my selfe, and this gallant gentleman Iudas Machabeus; this Swaine (because of his great limme or ioynt) shall passe Pompey the great, the Page Hercules.

Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantitee enough for that Worthies thumb, hee is not so big as the end of his Club.

Ped. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall bee stranlg the Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpose.

Pag. An excellent devise: so if any of the audience hift, you may cry, Well done Hercules, now thou crusht the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though fewe haue the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the ref of the Worthies?

Ped. I will play three my selfe.

Pag. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Ped. We attend.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge not: an Antique. I beseech you follow.

Ped. Via good-man Dull, thou haft spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor vnderstood none neither sir.

Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or so: or I will play on
on the taber to the Worshipes, & let them dance the hey.

Fed. Most Dull, honeste Dull, to our sport away. Exit.

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweetest hearts we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Look you, what I have from the loving King.

Rofa. Madam, came nothing else along with that? Qu. Nothing but this; yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be cram'd vp in a sheet of paper
Writ on both sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to feale on Cupids name.

Rofa. That was the way to make his god-head wax:
For he hath beene five thousand yeares a Boy.

Kar. I, and a shrewde vnhappy goothes also.

Rof. You'll neere be friends with him, a kild your sister.

Kar. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy, and
So she died: had she beene Light like you, of such a merrie nimble stritting spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere she died. And so may you: For a light heart liues long.

Rof. What's your darke meaning moule, of this light word?

Kar. A light condition in a beauty darke more.

Rof. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

Kar. You'll marre the light by taking it in fruite:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.

Rof. Look what you doe, you doe it ill i'th dark.

Kar. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

Rof. Indeed I waigned not you, and therefore light.

Kar. You waigned me not, O that your care not for me.

Rof. Great reason: for past care, is still past care.

Qu. Well handied both, a fet of Wit well played,
But Rosaline, you have a Faouer too?
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Faouer were as great, be witnisse this.

Nay, I haue Verfes too, I thanke Berozume,
The numbers true, and were the numbringe too,
I were the fairest goddesse on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.

Qu. Any thing like?

Rof. Much in the letters, nothing in the prate.

Qu. beauyous as Incke: a good conclusion.

Kar. Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.

Rof. Ware penfals. How? Let me not die your debtor,

My red Dominicall, my golden letter.

O that your face were full of Oes.

Qu. A Pox of that left, and I bethrew all Showes:
But Katherine, what was sent to you
From faire Dumains?

Kar. Madame, this Gloue.

Qu. Did he not send you twaine? 

Kar. Yes Madame: and moreover,
Some thousand Verfes of a faithfull Louer,
A huge translation of hyperciffe,
Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.

Mar. This, and these Pearles, to me sent Longaulie.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

Qu. I thinke no leffe: Dof thou with in heart
The Chaimes were longer, and the Letter short.

Mar. I, or I would these hands might nearer part.

Qu. We are wife girles to mocke our Louers so.

Rof. They are worke foole to purchase mocking fo.
And every one his Loues seat will advance,
Vnto his severall Mistresse: which they'll know
By favour allur'd, which they did biew.
Queen. And will they for the Gallants shall be task'd:
For Ladies, we will one be maskt,
And not a man of them shall have the grace
Defpight of fate, to see a Ladies face.
Hold Royall, this Faouor thou shalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Hold, take this my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Berowne take me for Royall.
And change your Faouors too, so shall your Loues
Woo contrary, decei'd by these remoues.
Roy. Come on then, weare the faouor melt in fight.
Kate. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Queen. The effect of my intent is to croffe theirs:
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocks for mockes is onely my intent.
Their severall crouncles they vnboome shall,
To Loues mistooke, and fo be mockt withall.
Vpon the next occasion that we meete.
With viages displayd to talk and greete.
Roy. But shall we dance, if they desire vs too't?
Quee. No, to the death we will not move a foot,
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
But while 'tis spoke, each turne away his face.
Roy. Why that contempt will keep the keepers heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Quee. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt.
The rest will ere come in, if he be out.
There is some sport, as sport by sport overthrownes:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So shal we say mocking entended game,
And they well mock, depart away with shame. Sound.
Roy. The Trumpet foun'd, be maskt, the maskers come.

Enter Black mores voitlde musickes, the Boy with a speech,
and the rest of the Lords disguis'd.

Page. All bails, the richest Beauties on the earth.
Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffeta.
Page. A boly parcel of the fairest dames that ever turn'd
t heir backes to mortall viewers.
The Ladies turne their backes to him.
Ber. Their eyes villsaine, their eyes.
Page. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortall viewers.
Out.
Boy. True, out indeed.
Page. Out of your faouours beam'dly spirits vouchsafe
Not to behold.
Ber. Once to behold, rogue.
Page. Once to behold with your Sunne beam'd eyes,
With your Sunne beam'd eyes.
Boy. They will not anfwer to that Epythite,
You were best call it Daughter beam'd eyes.
Page. They do not markes me, and that brings me out.
Roy. Is this your perfectesse? he gon you rogue.
Roy. What would these strangers?
Know their minds Boyet.
If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will
That fome plaine man recount their purpoaces.
Know what they would?
Boyet. What would you with the Princes?
Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle viisitation.
Roy. What would they, say they?
Qu. Gall, bitter.
Bar. Therefore meete.
Da. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Faire Ladie.
Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord:
Take you that for your faire Ladie.
Da. Please it you,
As much in private, and Ile bid adieu.
Mar. What, was your wizard made without a tong?
Long. I know the reason Ladie, why you ask.
Mar. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask.
And would afford my speechless wizard halfe.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not Veale a Calfe?
Long. A Calfe faire Ladie?
Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe.
Long. Let's part the word.
Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe:
Take all and weane it, it may prove an Oxe.
Long. Lookke how you but your selfe in these sharpe mocks.
Will you give horses shaft Ladie? Do not so.
Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horn do grow.
Lon. One word in private with you ere I die.
Mar. Blest softly then, the Butterke harres you cry.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the Razors edge, insubible:
Cutting a smaller hair, then may be scene,
Aboue the sense of fence so sensible:
Seemeth their conference, their conceits hauve wings,
Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thought, swifter things
Rofa. Not one word more my maidens, brake off,
break off.
Ber. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure fioke.
King. Farewell madde Wenches, you have simple wits.
Exeunt.
Qu. Twenty adieu my frozen Muforuits.
Are thfe the breed of wits so wondred at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweete breaths puff out.
Rofa. Wel-likeing wits they haue, groffe, groffe, fat, fat.
Qu. O pouerite in wit, Kingly poore flout.
Will they not (think you) hang themselfes to night?
Or euer but in viizards shew their faces:
This pert Beroume was out of count'rance quite.
Rofa. They were all in lamentable cafes.
The King was weeping ripe for a good word.
Qu. Beroume did sweare himselfe out of all sute.
Mar. Dumaine was at my seruice, and his sword:
No point (quoth I:) my servant straignt was mute.
Ka. Lord Longauill said I came ore his hart:
And trow you what he call'd me?
Qu. Qualme perhaps.
Kat. Yes in good faith.
Qu. Go sickness as thou art.
Rof. Well, better wits have worne plain statute caps,
But vil you haue, the King is my lone sworne.
Qu. And quicke Beroume hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And Longauill was for my seruice borne.
Mar. Dumaine is mine as lute as bareck on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and prettie mitrefyes give eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne shapes: for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.
Qu. Will they returne?
Boy. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for joy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repair,
Blow like sweet Rofes, in this summer aire.
Qu. How blowy? how blowy? Speake to bee vnder
flood.
Boy. Faire Ladies mask't, are Rofes in their bud:
Difmask't, their damaske sweet commixture showne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Rofes blowne.
Qu. Anuit perplexitie: What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to wo?
Rofa. Good Madam, if by me you be advis'd,
Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:
Let vs complaine to them what foole were heare,
Disguis'd like Mucoites in shapelesse geare:
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shellow showes, and Prologue vildely pen'd:
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be prentended at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.
Roe. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land.
Exeunt.

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God faue you. Wher's the Princesse?
Boy. Gone to her Tent.
Please it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her.
King. That the vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will, and so will the, I know my Lord. Exit.
Ber. This fellow pickes vp wit as Pigeons peafe,
And vters it againe, when loue doth pleafe.
He is Wits Peder, and retaieth his Wares,
At Wakes, and Waffels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
And we that fell by groffe, the Lord doth know,
Haue not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his fleue.
Had he bin Adam, he had tempted Eve.
He can carue too, and liffe: Why this is he,
That kift away his hand in courtiefe.
This is the Ape of Forme, Monfieur the nice,
That when he plaies at Tables, chides the Dice
In honorable terme:
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweete.
The fairies as he treads on them kiffe his feete.
This is the flower that smilles on euerie one,
To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And confidences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the dutie of honie-tongued Boyet.
King. A bliffer on his sweet tongue with my hart,
That put Armathe Page out of his part.
Exeunt.

Enter the Ladies.

Ber. See where it comes. Behauior what war't thou,
Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?
King. All hauie sweet Madame, and faire time of day.
Qu. Faire in all Hailie is foule, as I conceiue.
King. Confirme my speeches better, if you may.
Qu. Then with me better, I wil give you leaue.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.
Qu. This field thall hold me, and fo hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perier'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:

The
The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.

You nickname vertues, vice you shoule have spoke:
For vertues office never breakes men troth.
Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the vnfallid Lilly, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yeild to be your houses guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenny oaths, vow'd with integritie.

Kin. O you have liu'd in defolation heere,
Vnfeene, vnuiifed, much to our flame.

Ruf. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
We haue had paltimes heere, and pleasant game,
A miffe of Ruffians left vs but of late.

Kin. How Madam? Ruffians?

Ruf. I in truth, my Lord.

Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.

Ruf. Madam I spake true. It is not so my Lord :
My Ladie (to the manner of the dailes)
In curtsey giues vndeferuing grace.
We foure indeed confronted were with foure
In Rufias habitt: Heere the stayed an houre,
And talk'd apiece: and in that houre (my Lord)
They did giue vs pleffe vs with some happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I thinke,
When they are thirttie, fools would faine have drinke.

Ber. This leyt is drie to me. Gentle sweete,
Your wits makes wise things foolish when we greete
With eies beft feeling, heauens fierie eie :
By light we loofe light; your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your huge floore,
Wife things seeme foolish, and rich but poore.

Ruf. This proues you wife and rich : for in my eie
I am a foole, and full of pooretie.

Ruf. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Ber. O, I am yours, and all that I possesse.

Ruf. All the foole mine.

Ber. I cannot giue you leeffe.

Ruf. Which of the Vizars what it that you wore :
Where? when? What Vizar?

Why demand you this ?

Ruf. Thee then, that vizar, that superfluouse cafe,
That hit the worfe, and shew'd the better face.

Kin. We are dierfed,

They'll mocke vs now downeright.

Du. Let vs taffe, and turne it to a leeft.

Ruf. Amas'd my Lord? Why looks your Highnes sadde ?

Ruf. Helpe hold his browes, he'll found; why looke you pale ?

Sea-ficke I thinke comming from Mufconie.

Ber. Thus poure the fars downe plauges for periury.
Can any face of braffe hold longer out?
Heere stond I, Ladie dart thy skil at me,
Bruiue me with forone, confound me with a flout.
Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance.
Cut me to peeces with thy keenke conceit :
And I will with thee never more to dance,
Nor neuer more in Ruffian habitt waite.
Ol' neuer will I truut to speches pen'd,
Nor to the modon of a Schoole-boles tongue.
Nor neuer come in vizar to my friend,
Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers longue,
Taffita phrases, filken tearmes precise,
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;

Figures pedantically, these summer flies,
Have blowne me full of maggots oftentation.
Do forsware them, and I heere protest,
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)
Henceforth my woign minde shall be expropt
In ruffet yeas, and honest kervie noes.

And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,
My lone to thee is found, fane crackle or flaw.

Ruf. Same, fane, I pray you.

Ber. Yet I have a tricke
Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.
He leave it by degrees: soft, let vs see,
Write Lord haue mericie on vs, on those three,
They are infected, in their hearts it lies :
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes :
These Lords are visitfed, you are not free :
For the Lords tokens on you do I see.

Ruf. No, they are free that gaue these tokens to vs.

Ber. Our states are forfeit, seekke not to vndo vs.

Ruf. It is not so ; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being thofe that fue.

Ber. Peace, for I will not hate to do with you.

Ruf. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Ber. Speake for you foules, my wit is at an end.

Kin. Teach vs foule, Madame, for our rude tranfegion,
Some faire excufe.

Ruf. The faireft is condemnation.

Were you not heere but even now, disguid'd ?

Kin. Madam, I was.

Ruf. And were you well advis'd ?

Kin. I was faire Madam.

Ruf. When you then were heere,

What did you whiffer in your Ladie ear ?

Kin. That more then all the world I did respect her.

Ruf. When thefe shall challenge this, you will rejec her.

Kin. Vpon mine Honor no.

Ruf. Peace, peace, forebeare:
your oath once broke, you force not to forswere.

Kin. Delpife me when I breake this oath of mine.

Ruf. I will, and therefore keepe it.

Ruf. What did the Ruffian whiffer in your eare ?

Ruf. Madam, he swore that lie did hold me deare
As precious eye-light, and did value me
Above this World; adding thereto moreover,
That he vwould Wed me, or else die my Louer.

Du. God giue thee joye of him : the Noble Lord
Most honorably doth uphold his word.

Kin. What means you Madame ?

By my life, my troth,
I neuer fwore this Ladie fuch an oth.

Ruf. By heauen you did ; and to conforme it plaine,
you gave me this : But take it fir again.

Kin. My faith and this, the Princeffe I did giue,
I knew her by this Jewell on her fleue.

Ruf. Pardon me fir, this Jewell did the weare,
And Lord Beroune (I thinkke him) is my deare.

What! Will you have me, or your Pearle again ?

Ber. Neither of either, I remit both twaine,
I fee the tricke on't: Heere was a confent,
Knowing afor beforehand of our merriment,
To daish it like a Christmas Comedie.

Some carry-tale, some pleafe-man, some flight Zanie,
Some mumble-newes, some trencher-knight, som Dick
That smilies his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when she's difpos'd;

Told

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Told our intents before: which once disclos’d,  
The Ladies did change Favour: and then we  
Following the sigmes, wo’d but the signe of the.  
Now to our perjury, to add more terror,  
We are againe forsworne in will and error,  
Much vpon this tis: and might not you  
Forefall our sport, to make vs thus vntrue?  
Do not you know my Ladies foot by’th finger?  
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?  
And stand betweene her backe, and the fire,  
Holding a trelcher, letting merrillie?  
You put our Page out: go, you are abowd.  
Die when you will, a smocke shall be your shrowd.  
You leere vpon me, do you? There’s an eie  
Wounds like a Leaden sword.  
Boy. Full merrily hath this brave manager, this car-  
reere bene run.  
  Ber. Lee, he is tilting straight. Peace, I have don.  

Enter Clowes.

Welcome pure wit, thou part’t a faire fray.  
Clow. O Lord sir, they would know,  
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.  
Ber. What, are there but three?  
Clow. No sir, but it is varie fine,  
For euerie one pursents three.  
Ber. And three times nine is nine.  
Clow. Not so sir, vnder correction sir, I hope it is not so.  
You cannot beg us sir, I can affre you sir, we know what  
we know: I hope three times thrice nine.  
Ber. Is not nine.  
Clow. Vnder correction sir, wee know where-vntill it  
doth amount.  
Ber. By loue, I alwayes tooke three threes for nine.  
Clow. O Lord sir, it were pittle you should get your  
living by reckning sir.  
Ber. How much is it?  
Clow. O Lord sir, the parties themselves, the actors sir  
will shew where-vntill it doth amount: for mine own  
part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one in one  
poore man) Pompion the great sir.  
Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?  
Clow. It pleaseth them to thinke me worthy of Pompey  
the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree  
of the Worthie, but I am stond for him.  
Ber. Go, bid them prepare.  
Clow. We will turne it finely of sir, we will take some  
care.  
King. Breuone, they will flame vs:  
Let them not approach.  
Ber. We are flame-proofe my Lord: and ’tis some  
policie, to have one shew worre then the Kings and his  
companie.  
Kim. I say they shall not come.  
24. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;  
That sport beepleaseth, that doth least know how.  
Where Zeale strives to content, and the content  
Dies in the Zeale of that which it prentes:  
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth.  
When great things labouring perfic in their birth.  
Ber. A right description of our sport my Lord.  

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Annotated, I implore so much expence of thy  
royall sweet breath, as will vttre a brace of words.  
24. Doth this man serve God?  
Ber. Why ask ye?  
24. He speake’s not like a man of God’s making.  
Brag. That’s all one my faire sweet honie Monarch:  
For I protest, the Schoolmaster is exceeding fantastick:  
Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we will put it (as they  
say) to Fortuna delaguar, I wish you the peace of minde  
more royall supplement.  
King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies;  
He presents Hector of Troy, the Swaine Pompey (y) great,  
The Fairie Curate Alexander, Armadon Page Hercules,  
The Pedant Iulius Machabaeus: And if these four Wor-  
thies in their first shrew thrive, these four will change  
habites, and prent the other fue.  
Ber. There is fue in the first shew.  
Kim. You are deceived, its not so.  
Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Priest, the  
Foole, and the Boy,  
Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,  
Cannot pricke out fue fuch, take each one in’s vaine.  
Kim. The ship is under fail, here she coms amain.  

Enter Pompey.

Clow. I Pompey am.  
Ber. You lie, you are not he.  
Clow. I Pompey am.  
Boy. With Libbards head on knee.  
Ber. Well said old mockier,  
I must needs be friends with thee.  
Clow. I Pompey am, Pompey furnam’d the big.  
Du. The great.  
Clow. It is great sir: Pompey furnam’d the great:  
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,  
did make my foe to fweet:  
And travingling along this coasts, I hewre am come by chance,  
And lay my Armes before the legs of this faucet Daffe of  
France.  
If your Ladiship would say thankes Pompey, I had done.  
La. Great thankes great Pompey.  
Clow. Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was per-  
fect. I made a little fault in great.  
Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pompey prooves the  
best Worthie.  

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I liv’d, I was the worlds Com-  
mander:  
By East, West, North, & South, I fared my conqnering might  
My Scutcheon plaine declareth that I am Alifander.  
Boist. Your nose faines no, you are not:  
For it stands too right.  
Ber. Your nose faines no, in this most tender smel-  
ing Knight.  
24. The Conqueror is dissaid:  
Proceede good Alexander.  
Curat. When in the world I lived, I was the worlds Com-  
mander.  
Boist. Most true, ’tis right: you were so Alifander  
Ber. Pompey the great.  
Clow. Your servaunt and Cofhard.  
Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away Alifander  
Clow. O sir, you have overthrown Alifander the con-  
quoror: you will be strap’d out of the painted cloth for  
this.
this: your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close floor, will be given to Ajax. He will be the ninth wor-thie. A Conqueror, and afraid to speake? Runne away for shame. Alcander. There'sa' shall please you: a foo-lish milde man, an honest man, looke you, & soone daift. He is a maruellous good neighbour in both, and a verie good Bowler: but for Alcander, alas you fee, how this is a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming, will speake their minde in some other fort.  

Exit Co.

Qs. Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great Hercules is presented by this Impe, Whose Club kild Cerberus that three-headed Cacus, And when he was a babe, a child, a thimpe, Thus did hee flrange Serpents in his Manus: Quoniam, he feemeth in minoritie, Ergo, I come with this Apologie. 
Keep me some state in thy exit, and vanisht.  

Exit Boy

Ped. Iudas I am.

Dum. A Iudas?

Ped. Not Icariot for.

Iudas I am, yipted Machabees.

Dum. Iudas Machabees clipt, is plains Iudas.

Ber. A kising traitor. How art thou prou'd Iudas?

Ped. Iudas I am.

Dum. The three flame for you Iudas.

Ped. What meane you fer?

Ber. To make Iudas hang himselfe.

Ped. Begin sir, you are my elder.

Ber. Well follow'd, Iudas was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.

Ber. Because thou all hast no face.

Ped. What is this?

Ber. A Citterne head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A deaths face in a ring.

Lon. The face of an old Roman coine, scarce seene.

Ber. The pummell of Caesar Paulchion.

Dum. The caru'd bone face on a Flaske.

Ber. S Georpes halfe cheeke in a brooch.

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.

Ber. I, and worene in the cap of a Tooth-drawer. 

And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance

Ped. You have put me out of countenance.

Ber. Falfe, we have guen thee faces.

Ped. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Ber. And thou wert a Lion, we would do so.

Boy. Therefore as he is, an Ass, let him go! 

And to adieu sweet Iude. Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the Ass to the Iude: give it him. Iud-as a-way.

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monsieur Iudas, it grows darke, he may stumble.

Qs. Alas poore Machabees, how hath hee beene baited.

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head Achilles, heere comes Hector in Armes.

Dum. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boi. But is this Hector?

Kin. I think Hector was not so cleane timber'd.

Lon. His legge is too big for Hector.

Dum. More Calfe cermayne.

Ber. No, he is best indued in the small.

Ber. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Brag. The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty, gave Hector a gift.

Dum. A gift Nutmegge.

Ber. A Lemmon.

Lon. Stucke with Cloues.

Dum. No clouen.

Brag. The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty, 
Gave Hector a gift, the hair of Illion;
A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea 
From morn till night, out of his Paution.
I am that flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Lon. That Cullambe.

Brag. Sweet Lord Longwill reine thy tongue.

Lon. I must rather giue it the reine: for it runnes a-gainst Hector.

Dum. I, and Hector's a Grey-hound.

Brag. The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried:
But I will forward with my deuice;
Sweet Royaltie beffow on me the fene of hearing.

Bemowepipest forbid.

Qs. Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted.

Brag. I do adore thy sweet Graces slipper.

Boi. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Brag. This Hector farewell mounted Hanniball.
The partie is gone.

Clo. Fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.

Brag. What meanest thou?

Clo. Faith vnleafe you play the honest Troyan, the poore Wench is cast away: she's quick, the child brags in her belly alreadie: tis yours.

Brag. Doth thou infamous me among Potentates? Thou shalt die.

Clo. Then shall Hector be whipt for Iaquemeta that is quicke by him, and hang'd for Pompey, that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey.

Boi. Renowned Pompey.

Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great, great Pompey:
Pompey the huge.

Dum. Hector trembles.

Ber. Pompey is moued, more Atees more Ates stirre them, or stirre them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Ber. I, if she have no more mans blood in his belly, then will sup a Flea.

Brag. By the North-pol I do challenge thee.

Clo. I will not fight with a pole like a Northern man;
Ie slays, Ie do it by the sword: I pray you let mee borrow my Armes againe.

Dum. Roomd for the incensed Worthies.

Clo. Ie do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most relouit Pompey.

Page. Master, let me take you a button hole lower:
Do you not fee Pompey is vncasing for the combat: what meane
Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.

Mar. God saue you Madame.

D. Welcome Marcade, but that thou interrupt our merriment.

Mar. I am forie Madam, for the newes I bring is haue in my tongue. The King your father

D. Dead for my life.

Mar. Even so: My tale is told.

D. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Brag. For mine owne part, I breathe free breath: I haue scene the day of wrong, through the little hole of discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier.

Exeunt Worthies

Kin. How fare's your Maiestie?

D. Boyet prepare, I will away to night.

Kin. Madame not so, I do beseech you stay.

D. Prepare I say. I thank you gracious Lords

For all your faire endeavours and entreates:
Out of a new fad-foule, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wisdom to excufe, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits,
If ouer-boldly we have borne our felves,
In the conuere of breath (your gentleness)
Was guilte of it.) Farewell worthie Lord:
A heauie heart beares not a humble tongue.
Excufe me so, comming so short of thankes,
For my great fuite, to easily obtain'd.

Kin. The extreme parts of time, extreme forms
All caues to the purpose of his spee.
And often at his very looie deicide.
That, which long proceffe could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progenie
Forbid the smiling cartes of Loue:
The holy sute which faire it would conuince,
Yet since loues argument was first on footes,
Let not the cloud of sorrow ludge it.
From what it purposed: faire to waile friends loft,
Is not by much so wholesome profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

D. I vnderstand you not, my greeves are double.

B. Honest plain words, best pierce the ears of grieve
And by these badges vnderstand the King,
For your faire fakes haue we neglected time,
Plaid foule play with our oaths your beautie Ladies
Hath much deformed vs, fashioining our humors
Euen to the oppossed end of our intents.
And what in vs hath seem'd ridiculous:
As Loue is full of vanishing trains,
All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.
Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.
Full of straying shapes, of habitts, and of formes

Varying in subiects as the eie doth roule,
To euerie varied obie& in his glance:
Which partie-coated presence of loose loue
Put on by vs, if in your heavenly eies,
Haue misbecom'd our oaths and grauities.
Those heauenly eies that looke into these faults,
Suggetted vs to make: there fore Ladies
Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes
Is likewith yours. We to our felues prove False,
By being once false, for euer to be true
To those that make vs both, faire Ladies you.
And euen that faillhood in it selfe a finne,
Thus purifies it selfe, and turns to grace.

D. We have receiu'd your Letters, full of Loue:
Your Favours, the Ambassadors of Loue.
And in our maiden counfaile rated them,
At courtship, pleafant left, and curtefie,
As bumbast and as lining to the time:
But more devoue then these are our respects
Have we not bene, and therefore met your loues
In their owne fashion, like a merriment.

D. Our letters Madam, shew'd much more then left.

L. So did our lookes.

Rofa. We did not cost them so.

Kin. Now at the latest minute of the houre,
Grant vs your loues.

D. A time me thinkes too short,
To make a world-without-end bargain in;
For no my Lord, your Grace is purer'd much,
Full of deare gentilnesse, and therefore this:
If for my Loue (as there is no fisch caufe)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me.
Your oth I will not trust: but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world:
There stay, untill the twelve Celeftiall Signes
Have brought about their annuall reckoning.
If this auftere infolcable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood:
If trofts, and farts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue,
But that it beare this triall, and last loue:
Then at the expiration of the yeare,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
And by this Virgin palme, now killing thine,
I will be thine: and till that infrant flutt
My woffall felle vp in a mourning houfe,
Raising the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death.
If this thou do denie, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the others hart.

Kin. If this, or more then this, I would decrie,
To flatter vp these powers of mine with reft,
The fadaine hand of death close vp mine eie.
Hence erer then, my heart is in thy bref.

B. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

Rofa. You must be purg'd too, your fins are rack'd.

Yow are attaint with faults and perjuries:
Therefore if you my favor meane to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never reft,
But fecke the wearie beds of people fickle.

D. But what to me my loue? but what to me?

K. What? a beard, faire health, and honestie,
With three-fold loue, I wish you all these three.

D. O shall I say, I thank you gentle wife?

K. Not so my Lord, a twelvemonth and a day,
Ile marke no words that smoothfac'd wooers say.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
Then if I have much love, Ile glue you home.

Dum. Ile serve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet twere not, leaff ye be forborne agen.
Lon. What fakes Maria?
Mari. At the twelve moneths end,
Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.

Lon. Ile stay with patience: but the time is long,
Mari. The liker you, few taller are so yong.

Ber. Studies my Ladie? Miirrefle, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:
What humble suitte attends thy answer there,
Impofe fome feriorce on me for my love.

Ref. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord Berownde,
Before I faw you: and the words large tongue
Proclaine you for a man replante with mockes,
Full of comparifon, and wounded houtes:
Which you on all effates will execute,
That lies within the merce of your wit.
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me, if you pleafe,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You fhall this twelvemonth terme from day to day,
With the speechleffe fickle, and fmall confefte
With groaning wretches: and your taskes shall be,
With all the fierce enduoure of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smife.

Ber. To move wilde laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible.
Mirth cannot move a foule in agonie.

Ref. Why that's the way to chaffe a gifying spirit,
Whole influence is begot of that loofe grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers glue to foole:
A lefts prosperitie, lies in the care
Of him that heares it, newer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly cares,
Deafi with the clamors of their owne dear eone,
Will heare your idle scornes; continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that Spirit,
And I will finde you emptie of that fault,
Right joyfull of your reformation.

Ber. A twelvemonth? Well: befall what will befall,
Ile lef a twelvemonth in an Hospitall.

Qu. I fweet my Lord, and fo I take my leave.
King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Ber. Our going doth not end like an old Play.
Jacket hath not Gill: these Ladies courtefe
Might well haue made our Sport a Comedie.

King. Come fir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

Ber. Thats too long for a play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Malefiy vouchsafe me.

Qu. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.

Brag. I wil kiffe thy roial finger, and take leaue.
I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to Tavucnetta to holde the

Plough for her sweet loue three yeares. But moft esteeme
med greatnesse, will you haere the Dialogue that the two
Learned men haue compiled, in praise of the Owle and the Cuckow? It shoule have followed in the end of our shew.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do fo.

Brag. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

This fide is HyEMS, Winter.
This Ver, the Spung: the one maintained by the Owle,
The other by the Cuckow.

Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Dafies pieed, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew,
And Ladie-smockes all silver white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus fings he,
Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Unpleaing to a married care.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten strawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmants clockes:
When Turles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree
Mockes married men; for thus fings he,
Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Unpleaing to a married care.

Winter.

When Ificles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Sphehheard blowes his naile;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in pale:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly fings the flaring Owle
Tu-whit to who.

A merrie note,
While greasy Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloue the winde doth blow,
And coffing drowses the Perfons faw,
And birds fit brooding in the lowe,
And Marrians nose looks red and raw:
When rosted Crabs hisse in the bowle,
Then nightly fings the flaring Owle,
Tu-whit to who:

A merrie note,
While greasy Ione doth keele the pot.

Brag. The Words of Mercurie,
Are harf after the fongs of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

Excult amnes.

FINIS.
MIDSUMMER Nights Dreame.

Actus primus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus.

Ow faire Hippolita, our nuitiall houre,
Drawes on space: foure happy daies bring in
Another Moon: but oh, me thinkes, how low
This old Moon wanes; she lignes my defires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a younge mans renowne.

Hip. Foure daies wil quickly speep theseclues in nights
Foure nights wil quickly sleepe away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a fluer bow,
Now bent in heaven, that behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go Philibrate,
Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turse melancholy to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pome,
Hippolita, I woode thee with my sword,
And wonne thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pome, with triumph, and with rewelling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lyfander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned Duke.
The. Thanks good Egeus: what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my childe, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth Demetrius.

My Noble Lord,
This man hath my consent to marrie her.

Stand forth Lyfander.

And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the boeme of my childe:
Thou, thou Lyfander, thou haft gien her rimes,
And interchang'd loue-tokens with my childe:
Thou haft by Moone-light at her window sung,
With faining voice, verses of faining loue,
And ftoke the impression of her fantaste,
With bracelets of thy haire, rings,gawdes, conceits,
Kna克斯, trifles,Noe-gaies,tweet meats(meffengers
Of strong preualiment in vnhardened youth)

With cunning haft thou filch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To rubborne harneffe. And my gracious Duke,
Be it to she will not here before your Grace,
Content to marrie with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient priviledge of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispoze of her;
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately prouided in that cafe.

The. What say you Hermia? be advi'd faire Maide,
To you your Father should be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe
By him imprinted: and within his power,
To leave the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.

Her. So is Lyfander.

The. In himselfe he is.
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce.
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eies muft with his judgment looke.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concerne my modestie
In such a presence heere to please my thoughts:
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this cafe,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to dye the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore faire Hermia question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)
You can endure the liuerie of a Nunne,
For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd,
To losse a barren litter all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone,
Thrice bleffed they that master fo their blood,
To vndergo such maiden pilgrimage,
But earthlier happie is the Rose dilil'd,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes,liues, and dies, in single bleffednesse.

Her.
A Midsummer Night's Dreame.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die my Lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin Patent vp
Vnto his Lordship, whoe vvished yoake,
My foule conents not to glue fouersight.

The. Take time to soule, and by the next new Moon
The seeling day betwixt my lous and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship:
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,
For disobedience to your fathers will,
Or else to wed Demetrius as hee would,
Or on Dianaes Altar to protest
For aie, austerity, and simple life.

Dem. Relent sweet Hermia, and Lyfander, yeelde
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.

Lyf. You have her fathers loue, Demetrius:
Let me haue Hermia: do you marry him.

Egeus. Scornfull Lyfander, true, he hath my Loue;
And what is mine, my joue shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her,
I do eate vnsto Demetrius.

Lyf. I am my Lord, as well deriu’d as he,
As well poftef: my loue is more then his:
My fortunes every way as fairely rank’d d
(If not with wantage) as Demetrius:
And (which is more then all these boasts can be)
I am belou’d of beauteous Hermia.

Why should not I then prosecute my right?

Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his head,
Made loue to Nedaes daughter, Helena,
And won her soule: and the (sweet Ladie)dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confesse, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof:
But being over-full of felie-affaires,
My minde did lofe it. But Demetrius come,
And come Egeus, you shal go with me,
I have some private schoolling for you both.
For you faire Hermia, looke you arme your selfe,
To fit your fantasies to your Fathers will;
Or else the Law of Athens yelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vowe of fingle life.
Come not to Hippocrates, what saie my loue?
Demetrius and Egeus go along:
I must imploie you in some businesse
Against our nuptiali, and conferre with you.

Of something, neere that concerns your selues.

Ege. With dute and desire we follow you. Exeunt
Manet Lyfander and Hermia.

Lyf. How now my loue? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the Roses doe fade so fast?
Her. Belike for want of raine, which I could well
Betenee them, from the tempeft of mine eyes.

Lyf. For ought that euer I could reade,
Could euer heare by tale or historie,
The course of true love never did run smooth,
But either it was different in blood.

Her. O croffe! too high to be entrall’d to loue.
Lyf. Or else mrigalzed, in respect of yeares.
Her. O spight! too old to be ingag’d to yong.
Lyf. Or else it flipt vnpon the choife of merit.
Her. O hell! to choife loue by anothers eie.
Lyf. Or if there were a sympathy in choife,
Warre, death, or ficknesse, did lay flege to it;
Making it momentarie, as a found:

Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collide night,
That (in a spleene) vnto both heaven and earth;
And ere a man hath power to fly, behold,
The lawes of darknesse doe devour it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true Louers have bene euer croft,
It flandes as an edict in desitie:
Then let vs teach our triall patience,
Because it is a customarie croffe,
As due to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,
Wifes and tears; poore Fancies followers.

Lyf. A good perwasion; therefore heare me Hermia,
I have a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuenne, and she hath no childe,
From Athens is her house remou’d seuen leagues,
And she respects me, as her only fomme:
The gentle Hermia, may I marrie thee,
And to that place, the harpe Athenian Law
Cannot pursue vs. If thou lou’st me then
Steele forth thy fathers house to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meete thee once with Helena,
To do obeaunce for a morn of May)
I will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lyfander,
I sweare to thee, by Cupids strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicitie of Venus Doues,
By that which knitteth soules, and proffers loue,
And by that fire which burn’d the Carthage Queene,
When the false Troyan vnder faile was fene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women spoke)
In that fame place thou haft appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meete with thee.


Enter Helena.

Hel. God speedes faire Helena, whither away?

Her. Cal you me faire? that faire againe vnfae,

Demetrius loues you faire: O happie faire!
Your eyes are loadifares, and your tongues sweet ayrre
More tanable then Larke to shepheards care,
When wheate is greene, when hauhte buds appeare,
Sicknesse is catching: O were faver fo,
Your words I catch, faire Hermia ere I go,
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongues sweet melodie,
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bat,
The reft Ile giue to be to you tranlated.
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
you fway the motion of Demetrius hart.

Her. I frowne vpon him, yet he loues me still.

Hel. O that your frownes would teach my smiles
such skil.

Her. I giue him curfes, yet he giues me loue.

Hel. O that my prayers could fuch affection move,

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly Helena is none of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault wer mine

Her. Take comfort: he no more fall see my face,

Lyfander and my felie will flie this place.

Before the time I did Lyfander fee,
Seem’d Athens like a Paradife to mee.
O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell.

Lys. Helen, to you our minde we will unfold,
To morrow night, when Phoebus doth behold
Her sluer visage, in the watry glasse,
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed graffe
(A time that Lovers flights doth still conceale)
Through Athens gates, hau, we deu'd to steale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Upon faint Primrose beds, were wont to iew,
Emptying our bosome, of their counsell sweled:
There my Luinder, and my selfe shall meete,
And thence from Athens turne away our eyes
To seeke new friends and strange companions,
Farwell sweet play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy Demetrius.

Keepe word Luinder we must stawe our flight,
From Louers foode, till morrow deepes midnight.

Exit Hermaid.

Lys. I will my Hermaid. Helena adieu,
As you on him, Demetrius dotes on you. Exit Luinder.

Hel. How happy some, oer otherhome can be?
Through Athens I am thought as faire as the.
But what of that? Demetrius thinkes not so:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as he ere, doting on Hermias eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vilde, holding no quantity,
Loue can tranfopse to forme and dignitie,
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any judgement taste:
Wings and no eyes, figure, vnheedy hafts.
And therefore is Loue fai'd to be a childe,
Because in choise he is often beguil'd,
As waggy boys in game themselves forewarte;
So the boy Loue is perius'd every where.

For ere Demetrius lookt on Hermias eye,
He hail'd dowe oathes that he was onely mine.
And when this Halie fome heat from Hermia felt,
So he diffus'd, and thowres of oathes did melt,
I will goo tell him of faire Hermias flight;
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
Pursue her; and for his intelligence.
If I haue thankes, it is a decree expence:
But heerin meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his sight thither, and backe againe. Exit.

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottom the Weaver, Flute the bellowes-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starueling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company here?
Bot. You were beft to call them generally, man by man, according to the fcrip.

Quin. Here is the frowle of every mans name, which is thought fit through all Athens, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

Bot. Firft, good Peter Quince, play what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and so grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry our play is the moft lamentable Comedy, and moft cruell death of Pyramus and Thisbie.

Bot. A very good peace of worke I affure you, and a merry. Now good Peter Quince, call forth your Actors by the frowle. Masters spread your felkes.

Quince. Answere as I call you. Nick Bottom the Weaver.

Bottom. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You Nick Bottom are set downe for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus, a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A Louer that kills himselfe moft gallanlly for love.

Bot. That will ask some teares in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies: I will mooue stormes; I will condole in some measure. To the reft yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all split the raging Rocks; and shinerous shocks shall brake the locks of prifon gates, and Phibbus carre shall shine from farre, and make and mare the foolish Fates. This was lofty. Now name the reft of the Players. This is Ercles vaine, a tyrants vaine: a lover is more conding.

Quin. Francis Flute the Bellowes-mender.

Flut. Heere Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thitibie on you.

Flut. What is Thitibie, a wandring Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that Pyramus muft loue.

Flut. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I haue a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one, you shall play it in a Maske, and you may speake as small as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play Thitibie too: I speake in a monftrous little voyce; Thitibie, Thitibie, ah Pyramus my lover deare, thy Thitibie deare, and Lady deare.

Quin. No no, you must play Pyramus, and Flute, you Thitibie.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starueling the Taylor.

Star. Heere Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starueling, you must play Thitibies mother?

Tom Snout, the Tinker.

Snout. Heere Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus father, my selfe, Thitibies father.

Snugge the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope there is a play fittted.

Snug. Haue you the Lions part written? pray you if be, give it me, for I am flow of studie.

Quin. You may doe it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let mee play the Lyon too, I will roare that I will doe any mens heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke fay, Let him roare againe, let him roare againe.

Quin. If you should doe it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchefe and the Ladies, that they would shrike, and that were enough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs every mothers fonne.

Bottome. I grant you friends, if that you should fright the Ladies out of their Witnes, they would have no more difcretion but to hang vs: but I will aggravate my voyce fo, that I will roare you as gently as any fucking Doe; I will roare and 'twere any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus, for Pyramus,
Enter the King of Fairies at one door with his traine, and the Queene at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by Moonelight,

Proud Tytania,

Qu. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy skip hence.

Ob. Tarrie rath Wanton; am not I thy Lord?

Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know

When thou vsst thine away from Fairy Land,

And in the shape of Corin,fate all day,

Playing on pipes of Corne, and versing lune

To amorous Phillida. Why art thou heere

Come from the farthest steep of India!

But that forfooth the bounding Amaon

Your buskin'd Militresse, and your Warrior loun,

To Tefesn must beWedded; and you come,

To guile their bed joy and prosperite.

Ob. How canst thou thus for shame Tytania,

Glance at my credite, with Hippolita?

Knowing I know thy lune to Tefesn?

Difad thou not leade him through the glimmering night

From Pergenia, whom he rauished?

And make him wittifhe Eagles brake his faith

With Ariadne, and Atiga?

Qu. These are the forgeries of jealousy,

And never since the middle Summers spring

Met vve on hil, in dale, forres, or mead,

By paused fountaine, or by rufhe brooke,

Or in the beached margent of the sea,

To dance our ringletes to the whisting Windes,

But witt thy brayles thou haft disturb'd our sport.

Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine,

As in reuenge, haue firk'd vp from the sea

Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land,

Hath euerie petty Ruer made fo proud,

That they haue euery borne their Continents.

The Oxe hath therefore stretched his yoke in vaine,

The Ploughman loft his sweat, and the greene Corne

Hath rotted, ere his youthattain'd a beard:

The fold stands empty in the drownde field,

And Crowes are fatted witt the murrion flocke,
The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mud, 
And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread are vndistinguishable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere,
No night is now with hymne or caroll bleft;
Therefore the Moone (the governesse of floods)
Pale in her anger, wathes all the aire;
That Rhematique dieces doe abound.
And through this diatemepture, we fee
The feason alter ; hoared headed frosts
Fall in the frost lap of the crimson Rose,
And on old Hyems chinne and Ice crownes,
An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds
Is as in mockry yet. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wondred Lueries, and the mazed world,
By their increafe, now knowes not which is which;
And this fame progyny of euils,
Comes from our debate, from our diffentation,
We are their parents and originall.
Ober. Do you amend it then, it lies in you.
Why should Titania crosse her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.
Py. Set your heart at rest,
The Fairy land buyes not the childe of me,
His mother was a Votresse of my Order,
And in the spiced Indian aire, by night
Full often hath she goffipt by my fide,
And fat with me on Neptunes yellow sands,
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,
When we haue laught to fee the fales conceit,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde:
Which fhe with prettie and with swimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with your squire)
Would imitate, and faile upon the Land,
To fetch me trifes, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But thee being mortall, of that boy did die,
And for her fake I doe reare vp her boy,
And for her fake I will not part with him.
Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?
Py. Perchance till after Theseus wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And fee our Moone-light reuels, goe with vs;
If not, f hatch me, and I will spare your haunts.
Ob. Give me that boy, and I will goe with thee.
Py. Not for thy Fairy KIngdome. Fairies away:
We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay.
Exeunt.
Ob. Wel, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Pucke come hither; thou remembreft
Since once I fat vp on a promontory,
And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering fuch dulce and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew ciuil at her long,
And certaine flares hot madly from their Spheares,
To heat the Sea-maids muficke.
Puck. I remember.
Ob. That very time I sate (but thou couldst not)
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Veffall, throne by the Weft,
And loo't his loue-shaft smarly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
But I might fee young Cupids fiery shaft
Quencht in the chaft beames of the watry Moone;
And the imperisall Votresse paffed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet market I where the bolt of Cupid fell.
It fell vp on a little wefterne flower;
Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,
And maidens call it, Loue in idlenesse.
Fetch me that flower; the hearb I shew'd thee once,
The iuyce of it, on sleepeing eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next liue creature that it fees.
Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,
Ere the Leinbahan can swim a league.
Puck. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty mi-
utes.
Ober. Haueing once this iuyce,
Ile watch Titania, when she is asleepe,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing when the waking lookes vpon,
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfes, or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on busie Ape)
Shall pursue it, with the sole of loue.
And ere I take this charm off from her fight,
(As I can take it with another hearbe )
Ile make her render vp her Page to me.
But who comes heere? I am inuincible,
And I will ouer-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Deme. I loue thee not, therefore pursue me not,
Where is Lysander, and faire Hermia?
The one Ile stay, the other stayeth me.
Thou toldst me they were folemne into this wood;
And heres am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as Steele. Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.
Deme. Do I entice you? do I speake you faire?
Or rather doe I not in plainest truth,
Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot loue you?
Hel. And even for that doe I loue thee the more;
I am your spaniell, and Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawne on you.
Vfe me but as your spaniell; spurne me, strike me,
Negleef me, lofe me; onely give me leve
(Vnworthy as I am to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your loue,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Then be vnsayd as doe your dogge.
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am fickle when I do looke on thee.
Hel. And I am fickle when I looke not on you.
Deme. You doe impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the Citty, and commit your selfe
Into the hands of one that loues you not,
To truft the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsell of a defert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel. Your vertue is my priviledge: for that
It is not night when I do fee your face.
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,
A Midsommer nights Dreame.

For you in my respect are all the world. Then how can it be said I am alone, When all the world is here to look on me? Dem. He runs from thee, and hides me in the brakes, And leave thee to the mercy of wilder beasts. Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you; Runne when you will, the torie shall be chang'd: Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase; The Doe pursues the Griffen, the mild Hinde Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootless speed, When cowardly pursues, and valiant flies. Demet. I will not stay thy questions, let me go; Or if thou follow me, do not beleue, But I shall doe thee mischiefe in the wood. Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field You doe me mischiefe. Fye Demetrius, Your wrongs doe let a scandall on my fexe: We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe; We should be woor'd, and were not made to woe. I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell, To die upon the hand I loue to well. Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leave this grove, Thou shalt flie him, and he shall feele thy loue. Haft thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is. Ob. I pray thee giue it me, I know a banke where the wilde time blowes, Where Oxlips and the noddling Violet growes, Quite over-cannahped with lucious woodbine, With sweet muske roes, and with Egliantine; There sleepe Tystania, sometime of the night, Laid in these flowers, with dances and delight: And there the snake throwes her enamelled skinne, Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in. And with the juice of this Ile streake her eyes, And make her full of hateful fantasies, Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove: A sweet Athenian Lady is in loue With a disdainful youth: annoint his eyes, But doe it when the next thing he spiees, May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man, By the Athenian garments he hath on, Effecit it with some care, that he may prone More fond on her, then the vpon her loue: And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow. Pu. Fear not my Lord, your servante shall do so. Exit.

Enter Queen of Fairies, with her traines.

Queen. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song; Then for the third part of a minute hence, Some to kill Cankers in the muske rose buds, Some warre with Keremife, for their leathern wings, To make my small Flues coates, and some kepe backe The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders At our quaint spirites: Sing me now allepe, Then to your offices, and let me reft.

Fairies Sing.

You spotted snakes with double tongue, Thorny Hedgebogges be not seen, Neues and blind wormes do no wrong, Come not neere our Fairy Queen. Philomel with melody,

Sing in your sweet Lullaby, Lull, lull, lullaby, lull, lulla, lullaby, Neuer harne, nor spell, nor charms, Come our lovely Lady mee. So good night with Lullaby. 2. Fairy. Weasing Spiders come not hewe, Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence. Beetles blace approach not noee; Worms nor Snaye doe no offence. Philomel with melody, &c. 1. Fairy. Hence awaie, now all is well; One aloofe, hand Continell. Shoo sleepes.

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou feest when thou dost wake, Doe it for thy true Loue take: Loue and languish for his sake. Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare, Pard, or Boare with bristled haire, In thy eye that shall appeare, When thou wak'rt, it is thy daere, Wake when some vile thing is neere.

Enter Lyfander and Hermia.

Lyf. Faire loue, you faint with wandring in y' woods, And to speake troth I haue forgot our way: We'll rest vs Hermia, if you thinke it good, And tarry for the comfort of the day. Her. Be it so Lyfander; finde you out a bed, For I vpon this banke will rest my head. Lyf. One turf shall serve as pillow for vs both, One heart, one bed, two bofoomes, and one troth. Her. Nay good Lyfander, for my sake my deere Lie further of yet, doe not lie so neere. Lyf. O take the fence sweet, of my innocenc, Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference, I meanes that my heart into yours is knit, So that but one heart can you make of it. Two bofoomes interchanged with an oath, So then two bofoomes, and a fingle troth. Then by your side, no bed-roome me deny, For lying so, Hermia, I doe not lye. Her. Lyfander riddles very prettily; Now much be thereof my manners and my pride, If Hermia meant to say, Lyfander lied. But gentle friend, for loue and courtefe Lie further of, in humane modesty, Lie further of, in humane modesty, Such separation, as may well be said, Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide, So fare be diffant, and good night sweet friend; Thy loue nere alter, till thy sweet life end. Lyf. Amen,amen, to that faire prayer, say I, And then end life, when I end loyalty: Here is my bed, sleepe giue thee all his reft. Her. With halfe that with, the withers eyes be pret. Enter Pucke. They sleepe.

Puck. Through the Forrest haue I gone, But Athenian finde I none, One whole eyes I might approue This flowers force in fiering loue. Night and silenced: who is here? Weedes of Athen hold he doth weare: This is he (my matter saide) Despifed the Athenian maide: And here the maiden sleepeing found,
On the danke and dutry ground.
Pretty soule, she durt not lye
Neere this lacke-loue, this kill-curtesie.
Churle, ypon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'ft, let loue forbid
Sleepe his state on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I must now to Oberon.

Enter Demeron and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweete Demeterius.
De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
De. Stay on thy peril, I alone will goe.

Exit Demeron.

Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,
The more my prayer, the leffer is my grace,
Happy is Hermia, wherefore she lies;
For she hath blest and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares.
If so, my eyes are ofser wafted then hers.
No, no, I am as vgy as a Beare;
For beasts that meete me, runne away for fear,
Therefore no manuall, though Demeterius
Doe as a monfre, fie my presence thus.
What wicked and difemberling glaffe of mine,
Made me compare with Hermia Pherys eyne?
But who is here? Lyfander on the ground;
Deade or afeep? I fee no blood, no wound,
Lyfander, if you live, good sir awake.
Lys. And run through fire I will for thy sweete fake.
Tranparent Helena, nature her newes art,
That through thy bosome makes me see thy heart.

Where is Demeron? oh how fit a word:
Is that vile name, to peril on my sword!

Hel. Do not lay to Lyfander, lay not so:
What though he lose your Hermia Lord, what though?
Yet Hermia stills looke you; then be content.
Lyf. Content with Hermia? No, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena now I lose;
Who will not change a Rauen for a Doe?
The will of man is by his reacon sway'd:
And reacon fayes you are the worther Malee.
Things growing are not ripe vntill their season.
So I being yong, till now ripe not to reason,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reason becomes the Marhill to my will,
And leads me to your eyes, where I orelookup Lousy stories, written in Lousie richfe booke.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keenne mockery borne?
When at your hands did I dervice this scorne?
If not enough, ift not enough, yong man,
That I did never, no nor never can,
Dervice a sweete looke from Demetrias eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good-tooth you do)
In such disdainfull manner, me to woore.
But fare you well; perfoce I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentlesse.
Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd.

Lyf. She fets not Hermia: Hermia sleepe thou there,
And neuer maist thou come Lyfander neere;

For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepset loathing to the stomacke bringe:
Or as the heressies that men doe leave,
Are hated moft of those that did decijue:
So thou, my surfeite, and my herelsie,
Of all be hated; but the moft of me;
And all my powres addresse your loue and might:
To honour Helen, and to her Knight.

Her. Helpes me Lyfander, helpes me; do thy beft
To plucke this crawling serpent from my breat.
Aye me, for pitty; what a dreame was here?
Lyfander looke, how I do wake with feare;
Me-thought a serpent eate my heart away,
And yet fat smilling at his cruel prey.
Lyfander, what remoue'd? Lyfander, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gone? No found, no word?
Alas where are you? Speake and if you heare:
Speake of all loues; I found almost with feare.
No, then I will perceiue you are no yse,
Either death or you lie finde immediately.

Exit.

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Clloquent.

Bot. Are we all met?
Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a maruailous convenient
place for our rehearsall. This green plot shall be our
stage, this hauthouse brake our tyring house, and we will
do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.
Bot. Peter quince?
Peter. What faith thou, bully Bottom?
Bot. There are things in this Comedy of Piramus
and Thisby, that will neuer pleasfe. First, Piramus must draw a
word to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.
How anfwered you that?
Snout. Berlaken, a parlous feare.
Star. I beleue we must leave the killing out, when
all is done.
Bot. Not a whit, I have a devise to make all well.
Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue feeme to say,
we will do no harme with our words, and that Piramus
is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better affurance,
tell them, that I Piramus am not Piramus, but Bottome the
Weaue; this will put them out of feare.
Quin. Well, we will have such a Prologue, and it shall
be written in eight and fixe.
Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight
and eight.
Snout. Will not the Ladies be afear'd of the Lyon?
Star. I feare it, I promife you.
Bot. Mafter, you ought to consider with your selues, to
bring in God shield vs, a Lyon among Ladies, is a most
dreadfull thing. For there is not a more feerfull wilde
foule then your Lyon living: and wee ought to looke to
it.
Snout. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not
a Lyon.
Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face
must be feene through the Lyons necke, and he himfelfe
must speake through, faying thus, or to the fame defett.
Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would with you, or I would
request
request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a Lyon, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, Piramus and Thisby meete by Moone-light.

Sn. Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our play?

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, lookye in the Almanack, finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

Enter Puck.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a cæment of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may shine in at the cæment.

Quin. I, or else one must come in with a b蓄电池 of thorns and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to prevent the perfon of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing, we must have a wall in the great Chamber; for Piramus and Thisby (faies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sn. You can never bring in a wall. What say you Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall, and let him haue fome Piafier, or fome Lome, or fome rough caft about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, fhall Piramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, fit downe everyle mother fonne, and reheare your parts. Piramus, you begin; when you haue spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so everely one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here, So neere the Cradle of the Fairie Queene? What, a Play toward? Ile be an auditor, An Actor too perhaps, if I fee caufe.

Quin. I speake Piramus: Thisby fland forth. Pir. Thisby, the flowers of odious favors sweete.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pir. Odours favor sweete.

So hath thy breath, my deareft Thisby deare.

But harke, a voyce: they thou but here a while, And by and by I will to thee appeare. Exit Pir.

Puck. A Stranger Piramus, then ere plaid here. Thisby. Must I speake now?

Pet. I marry must you. For you must underftand, he goes but to fee a noyfe that he heard, and is to come a-gaine.

Thisby. Most radiant Piramus, most Lilly white of hue, Of colour like the red rofe on triumphant bryer, Moft brisky Jueneall, and eke most loosely Liew, As true as trueft horfe, that yet would neuer tyre, Ile meete thee Piramus, at Ninnies toome.

Pet. Ninnus toome man: why, you must not speake that yet; that you anfwere to Piramo: you speake all your part at once, cues and all. Piramus enter, your cue is paff: it is neuer tyre.

Thisby. O, as true as trueft horfe, that yet would neuer tyre.
Her. Be kind and curteous to this Gentleman,  
Hop in his walkes, and gamble in his eies,  
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,  
With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,  
The honie-bags beeze from the humble Bees,  
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,  
And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes,  
To have my loue to bed, and to arife:  
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,  
To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies.  
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtefies.

1. Fai. Haile mortally, haile.  
Bot. I cry your worship's mercy hurtly; I befeech your worship's name.  
Cob. Cobweb.  
Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.  
Your name honest Gentleman?  
Peaf. Peaf-blosome.  
Bot. I pray you commend mee to mistrefse Squaßb, your mother, and to Master Peafood your father. Good master Peaf-blosome, I shall desire of you more acquaintance to. Your name I befeech you sir?  
Muf. Mufard-feede.  
Peaf. Peaf-blosome.  
Bot. Good master Mufard feede, I know your patience well: that fame cowardly gyant-like Oxee-beefe hath deuoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master Mufard-feede.

Tita. Come waite vnpon him, lead him to my bower.  
The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a warrie eie,  
And when the weepes, weeps euerie little flower,  
Lamenting some enforced chaftitie.  
Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him silently.  

Enter King of Pharias, folon.  
Ob. I wonder if Titania be awak't;  
Then what it was that next came in her eie,  
Which she must dote on, in extremity.  
Enter Puck.  
Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit,  
What night-rule now about this gaunted grous?  
Puck. My Mifris with a monister is in lowe,  
Neere to her close and confecrated bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleepeing hower,  
A crew of patches, rude Mechaniicals,  
That worke for bread vnpon Athenian flais,  
Were met together to rehearse a Play,  
Intended for great Tbeus nuptiall day:  
The shalloweft thick-skin of that barren fort,  
Who Piramus prefente, in their sport,  
Forfooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,  
When I did him at this advantage take,  
An Asses nose I fixed on his head.  
Anon his Tobbe must be anwered,  
And forth my Mimmick comes: when they him spie,  
As Wilde-geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,  
Or ruffed-pated chouges, many in sort.  
(Riling and cawing at the guns report)  
Seuer themselfes, and madly sweepe the skye:

So at his flight, away his fellowes flie,  
And at our flame, here ore and ore one falls;  
He murthre cries, and helpe from Athen calvs.  
Their fene then weake, loft with their fairs thus strong,  
Made fenelefle things begin to do them wrong.  
For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch,  
Some fleuces, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,  
I led them on in this .distraeted feare,  
And left sweet Piramus translated there:  
When in that moment (so it came to paffe) 
Tytanias waked, and straightway lou'd an Asfe.  
Ob. This fals out better then I could debeive:  
But haft thou yet lacht the Athenians eyes,  
With the loue lyues, as I did bid thee doe?  
Rob. I tooke him sleepeing (that is finift to)  
And the Athenian woman by his fade,  
That when he wak't, of force the muft be eyde.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.  
Ob. Stand close, this is the same Athenian.  
Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.  
Dem. O why rebuke you him that loves you so?  
Lay breath fo bitter on your bitter foe.  
Her. Now I but chide, but I should vfe thee worse.  
For thou (I feare) haft given me caufe to curse,  
If thou haft slaine Lysander in his sleepe,  
Being ore shoes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill me too:  
The Sunne was not fo true vnto the day,  
As he to me. Would he haue stollen away,  
From sleepeing Hermia? Ie beleue as foone  
This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone  
May through the Center creepe, and fo diſpleafe  
Her brothers nonetide, with th' Antipodes.  
It cannot be but thou haft murdred him,  
So shoulde a murtherer looke, fo dead, fo grim.  
Dem. So shoulde the murderer looke, and so shoulde I,  
Pierfe through the heart with your femeane crueltie;  
Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,  
As yonder Athen in her gimmering fpheare.  
Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?  
And good Demetrius, wilt thou glue him me?  
Dem. I'de rather give his cackaffe to my hounds.  
Her. Out dog, out cur, thou dru'ft me paft the bounds  
Of maidens patience. Haft thou slaine him then?  
Henceforth be neuer numbered among men.  
Oh, once tell true, even for my sake,  
Durst thou a lookt vpnon him, being awake?  
And haft thou killed him sleepeing? O brave tutch:  
Could not a woman, an Adder do fo much?  
An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue  
Then thine (thou serpent) neuer Adder stung.  
Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd mood,  
I am not guiltie of Lysanders blood:  
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.  
Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.  
Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?  
Her. A pruilledge, neuer to see me more;  
And from thy hated presence part I see no more  
Whether he be dead or no.  

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vaine,  
Here therefore for a while I will remaine.  
So forrowes heaueniffe doth heauen grow:  
For debt that bankrout slip doth forrow owe,  
Which now in some flight measure it will pay,  

If

A Midsummer nights Dreame.
If for his tender here I make some stay.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,
And the youth, mislooke by me,
Pleaching for a Louer fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant fee?
Lord, what foolest these mortals be!

Ob. Stand aside: the noylie they make,
Will caufe Demetrius to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once wooe one,
That most needs be sport alone:
And those things doe best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter Pucke.

Lyf. Why should you think 'tis I should wooe in scorn?
Sorne and derision never comes in tears:
Looke when I vow I weep; and vowes fo borne,
In their naughtiness all truth appears.

Hel. How can these things in me, seeme scornes to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.

Lyf. You doe advance your cunning more & more,
When truth kills truth, O deliliah holy fray!
These vowes are Hermia's. Will you give her ore?

Ob. O vomit with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her, and me, (put in two scales)
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lyf. I had no judgement, when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none in my mindes, now you give her ore.

Lyf. Demetrius loves her, and he loutes not you. Akes.

Dem. O Helen, goddesse, nimph, perfect, divine,
To what my, lous, hall I compare thine eie?
Christail is mudy, how rype in thow.

Thy lips, that kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Tawous snow,
Fan'd with the Easterne winde, turns to a crow,
When thou holst vp thy hand. O let me kisse
This Princeesse of pure white, this feale of flisse.

Hel. O spight! O hell! I fee you are all bent
To fet against me, for your errament:
If you were ciuitive, and knew curtesie,
You would not doe me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you must loyne in foules to mocke me to?
If you are men, as men you are in show,
You would not vie a gentle Lady fo;
To vow, and Iware, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are Rivals, and louse Hermia;
And now both Rivals to mocke Helena.

A trim exploit, a manely enterprise,
To confute teares vp in a poore maides eyes,
With your derision; none of noble fort,
Would fo offend a Virgin, and extort
A poore foules patience, all to make you sport.

Lyf. You are vailed Demetrius; be not fo,
For you louse Hermia; this you know I know;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermias louse I yeeld you vp my part;
And yours of Helena, to me bequeath,
Whom I do louse, and will to do my death.

Hel. Neuer did mockers waft more idle breth.

Dem. Lyfander, keep thy Hermia, I will none;
If I lou'd her, all that louse is gone.
My heart to her, but as guete-wife ioiourn'd,
And now to Helen it is home return'd,
There to remaine.

Lyf. It is not so.

Disparate not the faith thou dost not know,
Left to thy perill thou abide it deare.
Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The care more quicke of apprehension makes,
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense;
It paines the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lyfander found,
Mine care (I thanke it) brought me to that found.

But why vnkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lyf. Why should hee stay whom Love doth preffe
Her. What loue could preffe Lyfander from my side?

Lyf. Lyfanders loue (that would not let him abide)
Faire Helena; who more engilds the night,
Then all you ferior oes, and eies of light.

Why feelest thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leave thee so?

Her. You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.

Hel. Loe, she is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceive they haue contriued all three,
To fashion this false sport in spight of me.
Injurious Hermia, moost vngrateful maid,
Have you confir'd, have you with these contriued
To baite me, with this foule derision?
Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd,
The fisters vowes, the houres that we haue spent,
When we haue chilid the halfe footed time,
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?
All schoolemaids friendship, child-hood innocence?

We Hermia, like two Artificial gods,
Haue with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one samplar, fitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one fong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and mindes
Had beene incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, feeming parted,
But yet a union in partition,
Two lonely berries molded on one stem,
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first life coats in Heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder?
To ioyne with men in forconing your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our fexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone doe feel the injurie.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words,
I forcon you not; it seemes that you forcon me.

Hel. Have you not lett Lyfander, as in forcon?
To follow me, and prais me eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius
(Who euen but now did forcon me with his footes).
To call me goddesse, nimph, diuine, and tere,
Precious, celestiall? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lyfander
Deny your loue (fo rich within his foule)
And tendre me (foorth) affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hang ypon with loue, so fortunate?
(But miserable most, to loue valour'd)
This you should pitie, rather then despise.

Her. I unders tand not what you meane by this.

Hel. I, doe, peuer, counterfeit, sad looks,
Make mouthes ypon me when I turne my backe,
Winke each at other, hold the sweete left vp
This sport well carri'd, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pittie, grace, or manners,
You would not make me fuch an argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault,
Which death or abfaence foone shall remedie,
Lyf. Stay gentle Helena, hare my exccuse,
My loue, my life, my soule, faire Helena.

Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweets, do not scorn her fo,
Dem. If he cannot entreat, I can compell.
Lyf. Thou canst compell, no more then she entreat.
Thy threats have no more strength then her weak prais.
Hel. I, loue thee, by my life I doe;
I fwear by that which I will lose for thee,
To proue him faile, that faile I lose thee not.

Dem. I say, I loue thee more then he can do.
Lyf. If thou say fo, with-draw and proue it too.

Dem. Quick, come.
Her. Lyfander, whereto tends all this?
Lyf. Away, you &biope.

Dem. No, no, Sir, seeme to breake loofe;
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.

Lyf. Hang off thou cat, thou hurle thing let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you growne so rude?
What change is this sweete Loue?
Lyf. Thy loue? out tawny Tartar, out;
Out loathed medicine; O hated poison hence.

Her. Do you not left?
Hel. Yes sooth, and so do you.

Lyf. Demetrius I will keepe my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perseeue
A weake bond holds you; He not truht your word.
Lyf. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ie not harme her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate?
Let her alone, speake not of Helena,
Take not her part: for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt abide it.
  Lys. Now the holds me not,
Now follow if thou dost, to try whose right,
Of chine or mine is most in Helena,
  Dem. Follow? Nay, Ie goe with thee checke by
jowle.
  Her. You Miftris, all this coyle is long of you,
Nay, goe not backe.
  Hel. I will not truft you I,
Nor longer stay in your curt company.
Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to runne away.

Enter Oberon and Puck.
  Ob. This is thy negligence, ill thou miftak't,
Or else commit'th thy knaureys willingly.
  Puck. Belieue me, King of shadowes, I miftooke,
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
By the Athenian garments he hath on?
And so farre blamcollege proues my enterprise,
That I have nootled an Athenians eies,
And so farre am I glad, it did so fort,
As this their jangling I esteemd a sport.
  Ob. Thou feest these Lovers question a place to fight,
Hie therefore Robin, ouercast the night,
The farrie Welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogg as blanke as Acheron,
And lead thee to trie Riuals so afray,
As one come not within another ways.
Like to Lysander, sometime frame thy tongue,
Then shewe Demetrius vp with bitter wrong;
And sometime raile thou like Demetrius;
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
Till ore their bowes, death-counterfeiting, sleepe
With leade legs, and Battie-wings doth crepe;
Then cruff this hearbe into Lysanders eie,
Whose liquor hath this vertuous power,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eies-balls role with wondred fight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall feeme a dreame, and fruiteless vision,
And backe to Athens shall the Lovers wend
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affaire do thine imply,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her Indian Boy;
And from thence will I her charmed eie releafe
From monster view, and all things shall be peace.
  Puck. My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,
For night-sweet Dragons cut the Clouds full fall,
And yonder shines Auroraar harbingreger;
At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and there,
Troope home to Church-yards: damned spirits all,
That in croste-waites and flouds hace buriall,
Alreadie to their worme beds are gone;
For feare least day thoule looke their flames vpon,
They wilfully themselfes exile from light,
And must for aye comfort with blacke browd night.
  Ob. But we are spirits of another fort:
I, with the mornings loue have of made sport,
And like a Forrester, the groues may tread,
Euen all the Eafterne gate all fierie red,
Opening on Neptune, with faire bleffed beams,
Turnes into yellow gold, his full greene stremes.

But notwithstanding hafe, make no delay:
We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.
  Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade them vp and downe:
I am farre'd in field and towne.
  Gobins, lead them vp and downe: here comes one.
Enter Lysander.
  Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius?
Speake thou now.
  Rob. Here villain, drawne & readie. Where art thou?
  Lys. I will be with thee straight.
  Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.
Enter Demetrius.
  Dem. Lysander, speake againe;
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speake in some bulk: Where doft thou hide thy head?
  Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the starks,
Telling the businesse that thou look'ft for wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childle,
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
That draws a sword on thee.
  Dem. Yeas, art thou there?
  Rob. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here.
  Lys. He goes before me, and till dares me on,
When I come where he calls, then he's gone.
The villain is much lighter heell'd then I:
I followed lest, but faster he did flye;
Shifting places.
That fallen am I in darke vueen way,
And here will rest me. Come thou gentle day: lye down.
For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
Ile finde Demetrius, and revenge this spight.
  Enter Robin and Demetrius.
  Rob. Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'th thou not?
  Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ft. For well I wot,
Thou runft before me, shifting every place,
And dar'ft not stand, nor looke me in the face.
Where art thou?
  Rob. Come hither, I am here.
  Dem. Nay then thou mock'ft me; thou shalt buy this deere,
If ever I thy face by day-light see.
Now goe thy way: faintneffe constringeth me,
To measure out my length on this cold bed,
By daies appoache looke to be visitet.
  Enter Helena.
  Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres, shine comforts from the Zall,
That I may backe to Athens by day-light,
From thence that my poore companie deet;
And shewe that sometime shews vp forrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie.
  Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp four.
Here she comes, curtfs and fad,
Cupid is a knautifh lad.
  Enter Hermia.

Thus to make poore females mad.
  Her. Neuer fo weare, neuer fo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with brims,
I can no further crawle, no further goe;
My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the breake of day,
Heauen's shield Lysander, if they meane a fray.
  Rob. On the ground sleepe found,
Ile apply your eie gentle louter, remedy.
When thou wak't, thou tak't
True delight in the fight of thy former Ladies eye,
And the Country Proverb knowne,  
That every man should take his owne,  
In your walking shal be shone.  
Iacke shall have ill, nought shall goe ill,  
The man shall have his Mare againe, and all shall bee well.  

They sleepe all the Act.  

ACTUS QUARTUS.  

Enter Queen of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behind them.  

Titania. Come, sit thee downe upon this flowry bed,  
While I thy amiable checkes doe coy,  
And sticke muske roseth in thy sleeke smooth head,  
And kiss thy faire large ears, my gentle ioy.  
Clowne. Where's Pease-blossome?  
Titania. Pease. Ready.  
Clowne. scratch my head, Pease-blossome. Wher's Mounfieur Cobweb.  
Clowne. Ready.  

Cobweb, Mounfieur Cobweb, good Mounfier get your weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-Be,  
on the top of a thistle ; and good Mounfier bring mee the hony bag. Doe not fret your selfe too much in the action, Mounfier; and good Mounfier have a care the hony bag breake not, I would be loth to have you over-flowne with a hony-bag signiour. Where's Mounfier Mustardseed?  
Clowne. Ready.  
Clowne. Give me your neafe, Mounfier Mustardseed.  
Mounfier. What's your will?  
Clowne. Nothing good Mounfier, but to help Causery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounfier, for me-thinkes I am maruellous hary about the face. And I am such a tender affe, if my hare do but tickle me, I must scratch.  
Titania. What wilt thou have some musicke, my sweet loue.  
Clowne. I have a reasonable good care in musicke. Let vs have the tonges and the bones.  

Musicke Tonges, Roll All Musicke.  

Titania. Or say sweete Loue, what thou defirest to eat.  
Clowne. Truly a pecke of Prounder; I could munch your good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I have a great desire to a bottle of hay : good hay, sweete hay hath no fellow.  

Titania. I have a ventrous Fairy,  
That shall seeke the Squirrel's hoard,  
And fetch thee new Nuts.  
Clowne. I had rather have a handfull or two of dried pease. But I pray you let none of your people firre me, I have an exposition of sleepe come vpon me.  
Titania. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,  
Fairies be gone, and be aways away.  
So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honifuckle,  
Gently entwist; the female lay do,  
Entwists the barchy fingers of the Elime.  

O how I love thee! how I dote on thee!  

Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.  

Oberon. Welcome good Robin!  
Scarf thou this sweete fight?  
Her dotage now I doe begin to pity.  
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,  
Seeking sweete favors for this hatefull foule,  
I did vpbraied her, and fall out with her.  
For she his hairy temples then had rounded,  
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers.  
And that same dew which fontime on the buds,  
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearles;  
Stood now within the pretty flourisets eyes,  
Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.  
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,  
And she in milde termes beg'd my patience,  
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe,  
Which straight she gave me, and her Fairy sent  
To bear him to my Bower in Fairy Land.  
And now I have the Boy, I will vndoe  
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.  
And gentle Pucke, take this transformscale,  
From off the head of this Athenian swaine;  
That he awaking when the other doe,  
May all to Athen backe againe repair,  
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,  
But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.  
But first I will release the Fairy Queene.  

Be thou as thou wast wont to be;  
See as thou wast wont to see.  
Birds bud, Cappid flower;  
Hath such forces and blessed power.  

Now my Titania wake you my sweet Queene.  

Titania. My Oberon, what visions haue I seene!  
Me-thought I was enamoured of an Asse.  
Oberon. There like your loue.  
Titania. How came these things to passe?  
Oberon. How mine eyes doth loath this visitage now!  
Silence a while. Robin take off his head:  
Titania, musick call, and strike more dead  
Then common sleepe ; of all thefe, fine the senfe.  
Titania. Musicke, ho musicke, such as charmeth sleepe.  

Musick fyll.  

Robin. When thou wak'ft, with thine owne foules eies peep.  

Oberon. Sound musick; come my Queene, take hands with  


And rocks the ground whereon these sleepers be.  
Now thou and I are new in amity,  
And will to morrow midnight, solemnly  
Dance in Duke Theseus house triumphantly,  
And bleffe it to all faire potterie.  
There shall the pairs of faithfull Louers be  
Wedded, with Theseus, all in loyality.  
Robin. Faire King attend, and marke,  
I doe heare the morning Larke.  
Oberon. Then my Queene in silencie sad,  
Trip we after the nights shade;  
We the Globe can compasse soone,  
Swifter then the wandring Magne.  
Titania. Come my Lord, and in our flight,  
Tell me how it came this night,  
That I sleeping here was found.
With these mortals on the ground.  

_Exeunt._

_Exeunt._

Enter _Theseus_, _Egus_, _Hippolita_, and all his trains.

_Tes_. Goe one of you, finde out the Forrester.

For now our observation is perform'd;  
And since we haue the vaward of the day,

My Looke shall heare the musick of my hounds.

Vncouple in the Westerne valley, let them goe;

Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester.

We will faire Queen, vp to the Mountains top.

And marke the musickall confuson

Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

_Hip_. I was with _Hercules_ and _Cadmus_ once,

When in a wood of _Crete_ they bayed the Beare

With hounds of _Sparta_; neuer did I heare

Such gallant chiding. For besides the groues,

The skies, the fountains, every region neere,

Seemes all one mutuall cry. I never heard

So musickall a discord, such sweet thunder.

_Tes_. My hounds are bred out of the _Spartan_ kinde,

So few'd, so fanc'd, and their heads are hung

With ears that sweene away the morning dew,

Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like _Thebflatian_ Buls,

Slow in perfuit, but match'd in mouth like bels,

Each vnder each. A cry more tunable

Was never hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne,

In _Crete_, in _Sparta_, nor in _Thebflat_;

Judge when you heare. But lovt, what nymphs are these?

_Egus_. My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleepe,

And this _Lyfander_, this _Demetrius_ is,

This _Helena_, olde _Nedars_ _Helena_,

I wonder of this being heere together.

_Tes_. No doubt they rofe vp early, to observe

The right of May; and hearing our intent,

Came heere in grace of our solemnity.

But speake _Egus_, is not this the day

That _Hermia_ should glue anwer of her choice?

_Egus_. It is, my Lord.

_Tes_. Goe bid the hunt-men wake them with their horns.

_Hor:es_and they wake.

Shout within, they all start vp.

_Tes_. Good morrow friends: Saint _Valentine_ is past,

Begin these wood birds but to couple now?

_Lyf_. Pardon my Lord.

_Tes_. I pray you all stand vp.

I know you two are Riuall enemies.

How comes this gentle concord in the world,

That hatred is so farre from iatollous,

To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.

_Lyf_. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,

Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare,

I cannot truly say how I came heere.

But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)

And now I doe bethinke me, so it is;

I came with _Hermia_ hither. Our intent

Was to be gone from _Athens_, where we might be

Without the peril of the _Athenean_ Law.

_Egus_. Enough, enough, my Lord: you haue enough;

I beg the Law, the Law, vpon his head:

They would haue stolen away, they would _Demetrius_,

Thereby to have defac't you and me:

You of your wife, and me of my consent;

Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

_Dem_. My Lord, faire _Helen_ told me of their stealth,

Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,

And in furie hither followed them;

Faire _Helena_, in fancy followed me.

But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,

_But by some power it is_ my love

To _Hermia_ (melted as the snow)

Seemes to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,

Which in my childhood I did doat vpon:

And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,

The object and the pleasure of mine eye,

Is only _Helena_. To her, my Lord,

Was I betrooth'd, ere I see _Hermia_;

But like a sickenelle did I loath this food,

But as in health, come to my natural taste,

Now doe I wish it, loue it, long for it,

And will for evermore be true to it.

_Tes_. Faire _Louers_, you are fortunately met;

Of this discouer we shall heare more anon.

_Egus_. I will one-houre heere your will;

For in the Temple, by and by with vs,

These couples shall eternally be knit.

And for the morning now is something wore,

Our purpose hunting shall be fet aside.

Away, with vs to _Athens_; three and three,

We'll hold a feast in great solemnitie.

_Come Hippolita_.  

_Dem_. These things feeme small & vniflinguisable,

Like faire off mountains turned into Clouds.

_Her_. Me-thinks I fee these things with parted eye,

When every things feemes double.

_Hel_. So me-thinks

And I haue found _Demetrius_, like a iewell,

Mine owne, and not mine owne.

_Dem_. It feemes to mee,

That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,

The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him?

_Her_. Ye, and my Father,

_Hel_. And _Hippolita_.

_Lyf_. And he bid vs follow to the Temple.

_Dem_. Why then we are awake; lets follow him, and

by the way let vs recount our dreames.

_Bottomes wakes_.

_Exeunt_._

_Clo_. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer.

My next is, most faire _Piramus_. Hey ho. _Peter Quince_?

_Flute_ the bellowes-mender? _Snout_ the tinker? _Staruing_?

_Gods my life!_ _Stolme_ hence, and left me asleep: I

have a most rare vision. I had a dreame, past the wit of

man, to say, what dreame it was. Man is but an _Aisle_

if he goe about to expound this dreame. _Me-thought I

was, there is no man can tell what. _Me-thought I was,

and _thought I had_. But man is but a patch'd foole,

if he will offer to say, what me-thought I had. The eye of

man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not seen, mans

hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his

heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get _Peter

Quince_ to write a ballet of this dreame, it shall be called

_Bottomes Dreames_, because it hath no botome; and I will

sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke.

_Peradventure, to make it the more gracous, I shall sing it

at her death._

_Exeunt_.

Enter _Quince_, _Flute_, _Thisbie_, _Snout_, and _Starueling_.

_Quin_. Haue you sent to _Bottomes_ house? Is he come

home yet?

 finanzi. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is

transported.

_Tes_. If
"Enter Snug the Joiner.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords & Ladies more married: If our sport had gone forward, we had all bin made men.

This. O sweet bully Bottom: thus hath he loft fixpence a day, during his life: he could not have scaped fixpence a day. And the Duke had not given him fixpence a day for playing Piramus &This. He should have deferred it. Sixpence a day in Piramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts?

Snug. Bottom, a most courageous day! O most hap"pie hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what. For if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing as it fall out.

Qy. Let us heare, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meeete presently at the Palace, every man looke on his part: for the short and the long is, our play is preferred: In any cafe let Theseby have cleane linen: and let not him that plays the Lion, pare his nailes, for they shall hang out for the Lions claws. And most deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor Garlicke; for wee are to vter sweete breath, and I doe not doubt but to heare them say, it is a sweet Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Eges and his Lords.

Hip. This strange my Theseus, y these louers speake of. Theseus. More strange then true. I never may beleue These antique failes, nor these Fairy toys, Louers and mad men have such feething brains, Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more Then coole reaon ever comprehends. The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet, Are of imagination all compact. One seeth more duels then vaite hell can hold; That is the mad man. The Louer, all as franticke, Sees Helens beauty in a brow of Egypt. The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things Unnowne; the Poets pen turns them to shapes, And glasses to aire nothing, a local habitation, And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination, That if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy. Or in the night, imagining some feare, How caffe is a bush supposed a Bear?

Hip. But all the storie of the night told ouer, And all their minds transferred so together, More witnesseth than fantasies images, And grows to something of great constancie, But howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter Louers, Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Heere come the louers, full of joy and mirth: Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh days Of love accompany your hearts.

Lys. More then to vs, waite in your royall walkes, your booth, your bed.

The. Come now, what masks, what dances shall we haue.

To wear away this long age of three hourse, Between our after supper, and bed-time?

What Revels are in hand? Is there no play, To eafe the anguish of a torturing houre?

Call Egeus.

Ege. Heere mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgement haue you for this eve"ning?

What maske? What mufick? How shall we beguile The lazie time, if not with some delight?

Ege. There is a brieve how many sports are rife: Make choise of which your Highnesse shall see first.

Lys. The battell with the Centaurs to be fung By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.

The. Wee'l none of that. That haue I told my Loue In glory of my kinman Hercules.

Lys. The riot of the tispe Bachanals, Tearing the Thracian finger, in their rage?

The. That is an old deuice, and it was plaid When I from Theseus came last a Conqueror.

Lys. The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death of learning, late deceit in beggerie.

The. That is some Satire keen and cricitall, Not fortling with a nuptiall cerimonie.

Lys. A tedious breife Scene of yong Piramus, And his love Theseby; very tragicall mirth.

The. Merry and tragical? Tedious, and briefes? That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shal we finde the concord of this difford?

Ege. A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long, Which is as breife, as I have knowne a play; But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long; Which makes it tedious. For in all the play, There is not one word apt, one Player fitted. And tragicall my noble Lord it is: for Piramus. Therin doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw Rehearsed, I must confess, made mine eyes water; But more merrie teares, the passion of loud laughter Never shied.

These. What are they that do play it?

Ege. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens here, Which neuer labour'd in their mindes till now; And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories With this same play, against your nuptiall.

The. And we will heare it.
A Midsommer nights Dreame.

This grisy beast (which Lyon hight by name)
The truly Thibis, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright:
And as the fled, her mantle she did fall;
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did flaine.
Annon comes Piramus, sweet youth and tall,
And findes his Thibis Mantle flaine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He bravely brought his boiling bloody breaf,
And Thibis, tarrying in Mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lyon, Moone-shine, Wall, and Lovers twaine,
At large discourse, while here they doe remaine.

Exit all but Wall.

Thes. I wonder if the Lion be to speake.
Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when many Asses doe.

Exit Lyon, Thibis, and Moone-shine.

Wall. In this same Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one Sowet (by name) present a wall:
And such a wall, as I would have you think:
That had in it a cranned hole or chink:
Through which the Lovers, Piramus and Thibis
Did whisper often, very secretly.
This loame, this rough-caft, and this stone doth shew,
That I am that same Wall; the truth is so.
And this the cunning is, right and finifer,
Through which the fearfull Lovers are to whisper.
Thes. Would you desire Lime and Haire to speake better?
Deme. It is the vvittifte partition, that euer I heard
discourse, my Lord.

Thes. Pyramus draws neere the Wall, silence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pir. O grim lookt night, 0 night with hue so blacke,
O night, which euer art, when day is not:
O night, 0 night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my Thibis promife is forgot.
And thou 0 vvall, thou sweet and lovely vvall,
That stands betweene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou vvall, 0 vvall, 0 sweet and lovely vvall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through vvthine eine.
Thanke courteous vvall. Iowe shield thee vvall for this.
But whatte fee I? No Thibis doe I fee.
O vvicked vvall, through vvthome I fee no bliffe,
Curst be thy stones for thus deceived mee.
Thes. The vvall me-thinkes being finible, should
cure againe.

Pir. In truth sir, he should not. Deceiving me,
Is Thibis cue; she is to enter, and I am to speke
Her through the vvall. You shall see it vvall.

Enter Thibis.

Pat as I told you: yonder she comes.

Thes. O vvall, full often haft thou heard my mone;
For parting my faire Piramus, and me.
My cherry lips have often kifthy stones;
Thy stones with Lime and Haire knit vp in thee.

Pyra. I fee a voyce; now vvill I to the chinke,
To speke and I can heare my Thibis face. Thibis?
Thes. My Lour thou art, my Lour I thinke.

Pir. Thinke vvhat thou vvilt, I am thy Lovers grace,
And like Limander am I truyt full.

Thes. And like Helen till the Fates me kill.
Pir. Not Sbafalus to Procrus, was fo true.
Thes. As Sbafalus to Procrus, I to you.

Pir. O
**Pir.** O kisse me through the hole of this vile wall.

**Thys.** I kisse the wall here, not your lips at all.

**Pir.** Wilt thou at Ninias tomb meete me straight way?

**Thys.** Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

**Wall.** Thus have I Wall, my part discharged so, And being done, thus Wall away doth go. Exit Cloe.

**Du.** Now is the morall downe betweene the two Neighbors.

**Dem.** No remedie my Lord, when Wals are so full, to heare without vvarning.

**Du.** This is the silliest stuffe that ere I heard.

**Du.** The best in this kind are but shadowes, and the worst are no worfe, if imagination amend them.

**Du.** It must be your imagination then, & not theirs.

**Du.** If wee imagine no worfe of them then they of themselves, they may passe for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts, in a man and a Lion.

*Enter Lyon and Moore-Join.*

**Lyon.** You Ladies, you (whose gentle harts do scare The smallest monfruse mouse that creepes on floore.) Many may perchance, both quake and tremble here, When Lyon wildes in wildest rage doth roare. Then know that I, one Snug the Ioyner am A Lyon fell, nor else no Lords dam: For if I should as Lyon come in thefe Into this place, 'twere pittie of my life.

**Du.** A verie gentle beast, and of a good confidence.

**Dem.** The verie beast at a beast, my Lord, yere I saw.

**Lif.** This Lyon is a verie Fox for his valor.

**Du.** True, and a Goofe for his discretion.

**Dem.** Not so my Lord: for his valor cannot carry his discretion, and the Fox carries the Goofe.

**Du.** His discretion I am sure cannot carry his valor: for the Goofe carries not the Fox. It is well; leave it to his discretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone.

**Moone.** This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone present.

**Du.** He should have worne the hornes on his head.

**Du.** Hee is no crescent, and his hornes are insipue, within the circumference.

**Moone.** This lanthorne doth the horned Moone present: My selfe, the man i'th Moone doth feeme to be.

**Du.** This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man i'th Moone?

**Dem.** He dares not come there for the candle. For you fee, it is already in snuffe.

**Du.** I am vvarie of this Moone; vwould he would change.

**Du.** It appeares by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet in courtesie, in all reason, we much flay the time.

**Lif.** Proceed Moone.

**Moone.** All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone: I, the man in the Moone; this thorne buth, my thorne buth; and this dog, my dog.

**Dem.** Why all thise be should be in the Lanthorne: for they are in the Moone. But silence, heere comes Thoby.

*Enter Thoby.*

**Thys.** This is old Ninias tomb: where is my love?

**Lyon.** Oh.

**Dem.** Well roared Lion.

**Du.** Well run Thoby.

**Du.** Well show Moone.

**Truly the Moone shines with a good grace.**

**Du.** Wel mou'd Lion.

**Dem.** And then came Piramus.

**Lif.** And so the Lion vanisht.

*Enter Piramus.*

**Pir.** Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy funny beames, I thank thee Moone, for shining now so bright: For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames, I truft to taste of truef Thoby's fight.

**But thy:** O sight! but marke, poore Knight, What dreadful dole is heere?

**Eyes do you fee? How can it be!**

**O dainty Duke:** O Deere! Thy mantle good; what fland with blood! Approch you Furies fell:

*O Fates come, come: Cut thred and thrum, Quale, crush, conclude, and quell.*

**Du.** This passion, and the death of a deare friend, Would go neere to make a man looke fad.

**Du.** Besirew my heart, but I pittie the man.

**Pir.** O wherefore Nature, did't thou Lions frame?

Since Lion vilde hath heere deflour'd my deere:

Which is: no, no, which was the fairest Dame That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheere.

Come teares, confound'd: Out sword, and wound The pap of Piramus:

I, that left paph, where heart doth hop; Thus dye I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soule is in the sky,

**Tongue lose thy light, Moone take thy flight,**

Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

**Dem.** No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

**Lif.** Lethe then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing.

**Du.** With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet reco- uer, and proue an Affe.

**Du.** How chance Moone-shine is gone before? Thoby comes backe, and findes her Louer.

*Enter Thoby.*

**Duke.** She will finde him by farre-light. Here he comes, and her passion ends the play.

**Du.** Me thinkes shee should not see a long one for such a Piramus: I hope she will be briefe.

**Dem.** A Moth will turne the balance, which Piramus which Thoby is the better. (eyes)

**Lif.** She hath spyed him already, with those sweete

**Dem.** And thus the meanes, videlicet.

**This.** Alas! I have not a Louer? What, dead my Loue?

**O Piramus arife:**

Speak, Speak. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tombt
Muut couer thy sweet eyes.

Thefe Lily Lips, this cherry nose,

Thefe yellow Cowflip cheekes

Are gone, are gone: Louers make monc:

**His eyes were greene as Leekes.**

O filter three, come, come to mee,

With hands as pale as Milke,

**Lay them in gore, since you haue shone**

With thers, his thred of flake.

**Tongue not a word: Come truely sword:**

Come blade, my breft imbrue:

O 3 And
A Midsommernight's Dreame.

And farewell friends, thus Thisbe ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.
Duk. Moon-shine & Lion are left to bury the dead.
Dems. I, and Wall too.
Bot. No, I assure you, the wall is downe, that parted
their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue,
or to hear a Bergomask dance, betweene two of our
company?
Duk. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs
no excuse. Neuer excuse; for when the players are all
dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that
writ it had plaid Piramus, and hung him selfe in Thisbe's
garter, it would have beene a fine Tragedy: and so it is
truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your
Burgomaske; let your Epilogue alone.
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleepe the comming morne,
As much as we this night have over-watcht.
This palpable grosske play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gate of night, Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity.
In nightly Reuels; and new ioilitie.
Exeunt.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons roares,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone:
Whilst the heavy ploughman sires,
All with weary taskes fore-done.
Now the wafted brands doe glow,
Whilst the etch-owle, etching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a thowed.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all geping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprivate,
In the Church-way paths to glide.
And we Fairies, that so runne,
By the triple Hecates teams,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following darkenesse like a dreame,
Now are frolickke; not a hewe
Shall disturb this hallowed house.
I am sent with broome before,
To sweepe the dust behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their traines.
Ob. Through the house glue Fairies, with glittering light,

By the dead and drowse fier
Euerie Elfe and Fairie spring,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippinglie.
Tita. First rehearse this song by roate,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,
Will we sing and bleffe this place.

The Song.
Now untill the breaks of day
Through this house each Fairy stray.
To the bed Bride-bed will see,
Which by us shall blessed be:
And the issue there create,
Euer shall be fortunate:
So shall all the couples three,
Euer true in loving be:
And the spots of Natures band,
Shall not in their issue stand.
Neuer mole, bare lip, nor scarre,
Nor marke prodigious such as are
Delled in Natura,
Shall upon their childern be.
With this field dew consecrate,
Every Fairy take his gate,
And each feuerall chamber bleffe,
Through this Palace with sweet peace,
Euer shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it bleffe.
Trip away, make no stay;
Meet me all by breaks of day.

Robin. If we shadowes have offended,
Think but this (and all is mended)
That you have but flumbrand heere,
While these visions did appear.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,
Centes, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honest Pucke,
If we have vneared lucke,
Now to escape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Elfe the Pucke a lyar call,
So good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

FINIS.
The Merchant of Venice.

Actus primus.

Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Antonio.

N'footh I know not why I am so sad, It wearies me: you say it wearies you; But how I caught it, found it, or came by it, I am to learn and such a Want-wit fadneffe makes of me.

That I have much ado to know my self. Sal. Your minde is tosinge on the Ocean, There where your Argothes with portly fable Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood, Or as it were the Pageants of the sea, Do over-peere the petty Traffiquers That curtfe to them, do them reverence As they flye by them with their woven wings. Salan. Beleeue me sir, had I such ventur forth, The better part of my affections, would Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still Plucking the grave to know where fits the winde, Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes: And every obiect that might make me feare Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt Would make me fad. Sal. My winds cooling my broth, Would blow me to an Auge, when I thought What harme a wind too great might doe at fea. I should not fee the fandie hourie-glafe runne, But I should thinke of shallowes, and of flats, And fee my wealthy Andrew docks in wind, Vailing her high top lower then her ribs To kiffe her burial: should I goe to Church And fee the holy edifice of Stone, And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks, Which touching but my gentle Veffels fide Would scatter all her spices on the fireame, Enrobe the ronge waters with my filkess, And in a word, but even now worth this, And now worth nothing. Shall I have the thought To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought That fuch a thing becauеd would make me fad? But tell not me, I know Antonio Is fad to thinke upon his merchandize. Ant. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it, My ventures are not in one bottome trufed, Nor to one place; nor is my whole eftate

Vpon the fortune of this preffent yeere: Therefore my merchandize makes me not fad. Sela. Why then you are in love. Ant. Fie, fie. Sela. Not in love neither: then let vs fay you are fad Because you are not merry; and 'twere as fafe For you to laugh and leape, and fay you are merry Because you are not fad. Now by two-headed Iamoid Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time: Some that will euermore peere through their eyes, And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper. And other of fuch vinegar apece, That they'll not fhew their teeth in way of smile, Though Neftor fware the left be laughable. Enter Baffiano, Lorenzo, and Gratiano. Sela. Here comes Baffiano, Your moft noble Kinman, Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Farywe'll, We leave you now with better company. Sela. I would have faid till I had made you merry, If worther friends had not prevented me. Ant. Your worth is verie deere in my regard. I take it you owne bunefes calls on you, And you embrace th'occasion to depart. Sela. Good morrow my good Lords. (when? Baff. Good figniors both, when shall we laugh? Sela. You grow exceeding strange; muft it be fo? Sela. We'll make our leyures to attend on yours. Exeunt Salarino, and Salanio. Lor. My Lord Baffiano, since you have found Antonio We two will leave you, but at dinner time I pray you have in minde where we muft meete. Baff. I will not feele you. Grat. You looke not well fignior Antonio, You have too much repect vpon the world: They loafe it that doe buy it with much care, Beleeue me you are maruellous chang'd. Ant. I hold the world but as the world Gratiano, A stage where every man muft play a part, And mine a fad one. Grat. Let me play the foole, With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come, And let my Luer rather heate with wine, Then my heart coole with mortifying grones. Why should a man whole bloud is warme within, Sit like his Grandfire, cut in Alabafter? Sleepe when he wakes? and creep into the laundies

By
The Merchant of Venice.

By being peruiush I tell thee what Antbonio,
I know thee, and it is my love that speaks:
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do creame and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilfull filenesse entertaine,
With purpose to be dreft in an opinion
Of wisedome, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am an Oracle,
And when I open my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my Antbonio, I do know of these
That therefore only are reputed wife,
For saying nothing; when I am verie sure
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares
Which hearing them would call their brothers fools:
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But if not with this melancholye bate
For this foole Gudgin, this opinion:
Come good Lorenzo, farwely well a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these fame dumbe wife men,
For Gratiame never lets me speake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company, but two yeares moe,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

Ant. Far you well, Ie grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks if alth, for silence is onely commendable
In a nests tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible. Exit.

Ant. It is any thing now.

Baj. Gratiame speakes an infinitee deals of nothing,
more then any man in all Venice, his reason are two
graines of wheate hid in two bukles of chaffe:you shall
seeke all day ere you finde them, & when you have them
they are not worth the search.

An. Well : tell me now, what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret Pilgrimage
That you to day promis'd to tell me of?

Baj. This not vnknowne to you Antbonio
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something flewing a more dwelling port
Then my faint meanes would grant continuance :
Nor do I now make monie to be abrig'd
From faire noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gaged: to you Antbonio
I owe the moost in monie, and in loue,
And from your loue I have a warrantie
To vnburthen all my plots and purposse,
How to gete cleare of all the debts I owe.

An. I pray you good Baffanio let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe still do,
Within the eye of honour, be affur'd
My perfe, my person, my extreamest means
Lye all vnlock'd to your occasions.

Baff. In my schoole days, when I had left one shaft
I shot his fellow of the selfe fame flight
The selfe fame way, with more adulde watch
To finde the other forth, and by adventuring both,
I oft found both, I verge this child-hoodde profees,
Becaufe what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,
That which I owe is left : but if you pleafe
To shote another arrow that selfe way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the ayre : Or to finde both,
Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,

And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time
To winde about my loue with circumstance,
And out of doubt you doe more wrong
In making question of my vtermost
Then if you had made waffe of all I have:
Then doe but fay to me what I should doe,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preft unto it : therefore speake.

Baff. In Belmont is a Lady richly left,
And she is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues, sometimes from her eyes
I did receive faire speechlesse meffages:
Her name is Portia, nothing vnervallewde
To Cato's daughter, Brutus Portia,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure windees blow in from every coast
Renowned futors, and her funny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fiece,
Which makes her loose of Belmont Chollos strond,
And many Tetons come in queft of her.

Ant. My Antbonio, but I had but the meanes
To hold a rural place with one of them,
I have a mind prefages me such thirth,
That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

Antb. Thou knowest that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither haue I money, nor commodity
To raife a present summe, therefore goe forth
Try what my credit can in Venice doe,
That shall be raeket euon to the vtermoft,
To furnish thee to Belmont to faire Portia.

Goe presently enquire, and so will I
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust, or for my fake. Exeunt.

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Neriffa.

Portia. By my troth Neriffa, my little body is a weare
Of this great world.

Ner. You would be sweet Madam, if your miferies
were in the fame abundance as your good fortunes are:
and yet for oight I fee, they are as ficher that surfeet with
too much as they that flauue with nothing: it is no small
happineffe therefore to bee feated in the meanes, superflu-
fite comes sooner by white haires, but competencie
lives longer.

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounce.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to doe were as easie as to know what were
good to doe, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore
mens cottages Princes Palaces: it is a good Divine
that follows his owne instructions; I can easier teach twen-
tic what were good to be done, then be one of the twen-
tie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may de-
ufue lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a
cole decrue, such a hare is madnesse the youth, to skip
ore the mehes of good counfaile the cripple; but this
reason is not in fashion to choose me a husband: O mee,
the word choose, I may neither choose whom I would,
or refuse whom I dislike, so is the will of a living daugh-
ter curb'd by the will of a dead father: it is not hard Ner-
iffa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none.

Ner. Your father was euer vertuous, and holy men
at their death haue good inspirations, therefore the lot-
terie that bee hath devulde in thee three chefts of gold,
fluer, and lede, whereof who chooseth his meaning,
chooseth
chooses you, will no doubt be chosen by any right-
ly, but one who you shall rightly love: but what warmth
is there in your affection towards any of these Princely
fathers that are already come?

Por. I pray thee never-name them, and as thou namest
them, I will describe them, and according to my descrip-
tion luell at my affection.

Ner. First there is the Neapolitan Prince.

Por. I pray thee never-name them, as who should
say, and you will not have me, choose: he hears merry
tales and smiles not, I fear he will prove the weeping
Phyllophor when he growes old, being so full of un-
mannerly fadness in his youth.) I had rather to be mar-
ed to a deathes head with a bone in his mouth, then to ei-
er of these: God defend me from these two.

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Mounsier
Le Bourne?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a
man, in truth I know it is a firne to be a mocker, but he,
why he hath a horse better then the Neapolitans, a bet-
er bad habite of frowning then the Count Palantine, he
is every man in no man, if a Trassen fang, he false straignt
a capring, he will fence with his own shadow. If I should
marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: if hee
would defile me, I would forgive him, for if hee love me
to madnene, I should never require him.

Ner. What say you then to Fauconbridge, the yong
Baron of England?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for hee vnder-
stands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latine, French,
nor Italian, and you will come into the Court & swear
that I have a poore penny-worth in the English: hee is a
proper mans picture, but alas who can converse with a
dumbe show? how odly he is suited, I think he bought
his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet
in Germanie, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What thinkes you of the other Lord his neigh-
bour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for
he borrowed a boxe of the ear of the Englishman, and
swore he would pay him againe when hee was able: I
thinke the Frenchman became his suretie, and feild vnder
for another.

Ner. How like you the yong Germaine, the Duke of
Saxonie Nephew?

Por. Very wildly in the morning when hee is sober,
and modestly in the afternoon when hee is drunken:
when he is best, he is a little worse then a man, and when
he is worst, he is little better then a beast: and the worst
fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to goe with-
out him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right
Casket, you should refuse to performe your Fathers will,
if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore for feare of the worst, I pray thee set
deep glasse of Reniswine on the contrary Casket,
for if the dwells be within, and that temptation without,
I know he will choose it. I will doe any thing Nerriff
ere I will be married to a spunge.

Ner. You neede not fear Lady the having any of

Thee Lords, they have acquainted me with their deter-
minations, which is in deed to returne to their home,
and to trouble you with no more suite, vntlefe you may
be won by some other fort then your Fathers impositi-
ion, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibilla, I will dye as
chant as Diana, vntlefe I be obtained by the manner
of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of woers
are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but
I doate on his verie absence: and I wish them a faire de-
parture.

Ner. Doe you not remember Ladie in your Fa-
ters time, a Venetian, a Scholler and a Souldior that
came hither in companie of the Marquise of Mount-
ferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Baffanio, as I think, so was hee
call'd.

Ner. True Madam, hee of all the men that euer my
foolish eyes look'd vpon, was the beft deferring a faire
Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him wor-
thy of thy praise.

Enter a Servingman.

Ser. The foure Strangers feekke you Madam to take
thee ir leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift,
the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the Prince his
Maifter will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome with fo good
heart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I should be
glad of his approach: if hee have the condition of a Saint,
and the complextion of a dwell, I had rather hee shoul
shrieve me then wine me. Come Nerriff, sirra go before;
whiles wee shut the gate vpon one wooer, another
knocks at the doore.

Exeunt.

Enter Baffanio with Shylock the Jew.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, well.

Baff. I ftr, for three months.

Shy. For three months, well.

Baff. For the which, as I told you,

Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall be come bound, well.

Baff. May you fix me? Will you please me?

Shall I know your anfwer.

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months,
and Antonio bound.

Baff. Your anfwer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Baff. Have you heard any imputation to the con-
trary.

Shy. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a
good man, is to have you vnderstand me that he is sufi-
fent, yet his meanes are in supposition: he hath an Argo-
flie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I vnder-
sand moreover upon the Rylant, he hath a third at Mexi-
co, a fourth for England, and other ventures hee hath
squadred abroad, but ships are but boords, Saylers but
men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theues,
and land theues, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the
perrill of waters, windes, and rocks: the man is notwith-
sanding sufficient, three thousand ducats, I thinke I may
take his bond.

Baff. Be assured you may.

Jew. I
Iew. I will be assured I may: and that I may be assured, I will bethink mee, may I speake with Anthony?

Baff. If it pleafe you to dine with vs.

Iew. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite conjur'd the diuell into: I will buy with you, fell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and so following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalto, who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Baff. This is signior Antonio.

Iew. How like a fawning publican he lookes. I hate him for he is a Christian: But more, for that in low simplicitie He lends out money gratis, and brings downe The rate of vinance here with vs in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feeke fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred Nation, and he rales Even there where Merchants moff doe congregate On me, my bagaines, and my well-worne thrift, Which he calls interest: Curfed be my Trybe If I forgive him.

Baff. Shylock, doe you heare.

Sby. I am debating of my present store, And by the neere gaffe of my memorie I cannot infantly raise vp the groffe Of full three thousand ducats: what of that? Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe Will furnish me; but soft, how many months Doe you deare keep? Rest you faire good signior, Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.

Anth. Shylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow By taking, nor by gluing of exceffe, Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend, Ile breake a culfome: is he yet poiffed How much he would?

Sby. 1,1, three thousand ducats.

Anth. And for three more.

Sby. I had forgot, three months, you told me so. Well then, your bond: and let me fee, but heare you, Me thoughts you faid, you neither lend nor borrow Upon advantage.

Anth. I doe neuer vfe it.

Sby. When Iacob graz'd his Uncle Labans sheape, This Iacob from our holy Abram was (As his wife mother wrought in his behalfe) The third poffefer; I, he was the third.

Anth. And what of him, did he take interreft?

Sby. No, not take interreft, not as you would fay Direcly interreft, marke what Iacob did, When Laban and himfelfe were compreynde That all the eanelings which were fleakd and pied Should fall as Iacob hier, the Ewes being rancke, In end of Autumnne turned to the Rammes, And when the worke of generation was Betweene these woolly breeders in the act, The skillfull shepheard pil'd me certaine wands, And in the doing of the deede of kinde, He flucke them vp before the fulfome Ewes, Who then conceiving did in easing time Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thofe were Iacob's. This was a way to thrine, and he was blew:

And thirth is bleffing if men feale it not.

Anth. This was a venture fir that Iacob fer'd for, A thing not in his power to bring to paff, But fway'd and fasion'd by the hand of heaven. Was this inferted to make interreft good? Or is your gold and fluer Ewes and Rams?

Sby. I cannot tell, I make it breede as faft, But note me signior.

Anth. Marke you this Baffanias, The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose, An euiul soule producing holy witneffe, Is like a villaine with a dimilling cheeke, A goodly apple rottten at the heart. O what a goodly outfide falsehood hath.

Sby. Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round fum. Three months from twelue, then let me fee the rate.

Anth. Well Shylockes, shall we be beholding to you?

Sby. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft In the Ryalto you haue rated me About my monies and my vifances: Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug, (For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.) You call me mibeleuer, cut-throate dog, And fpet vpon my Jewifh gaberdine, And all for vfe of that which is mine owne. Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe: Go to then, you come to me, and you fay, Shylocke, we would haue monies, you fay fo: You that did voide your rume vpon my bead, And foote me as you fpurre a stranger curre Ouer your threold, moneyes is your fuite. What should I fay to you? Should I not fay, Hath a dog money? Is it poiffible A curre should lend three thoufand ducats? or Shall I bend low, and in a bond-man's key With bated breath, and whispering humbleness, Say this: Faire fir, you fpette on me on Wednesday laft; You fpurre me fuch a day; another time You caud me dog: and for thefe curtefies Ile lend you thus much monies.

Anth. I am as like to call thee fo againe, To fpet on thee againe, to fpurre thee too. If thou wilt lend this mony, lend it not, As to thy friends, for when did friendfhip take A breede of barraine mettall of his friend? But lend it rather to thine enimie, Who if he breake, thou maift with better face Exact the penalties.

Sby. Why looke you how you foarme, I would be friends with you, and have your loue, Forget the fhames that you have flaind me with, Supply your present wants, and take no doite Of vifance for my monies, and youle not heare me, This is kinde I offer.

Baff. This were kindeffe.

Sby. This kindeffe will I shewe, Goe with me to a Notarie, feale me there Your fingle bond, and in a merrie sport If you repai me not on fuch a day, In fuch a place, fuch sum or fums as are Expreft in the condition, let the forfeite Be nominated for an equall pound Of your faire feele, to be cut off and taken In what part of your bodie it pleafeth me.

Anth. Content infaith, Ile feale to fuch a bond, And fay there is much kindeffe in the lew.

Baff. You
**The Merchant of Venice.**

Bass. You shall not fail to such a bond for me, 
I'll rather dwell in my necessitie.  

Ant. Why fear not man, I will not forfeite it, 
Within these two months, that's a month before 
This bond expires, I do expect returne 
Of thrice three times the value of this bond. 

Shy. O father Abram, what these Christianes are, 
Whose owne hard dealings teach them suitable 
The thoughts of others: Praye you tell me this, 
If he should break his daie, what should I gaine 
By the extaction of the forfeiture? 
A pound of mans flesh taken from a man, 
Is not fit to be called, profitable neither 
As flesh of Muttons, Beefe, or Goates, I say 
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship, 
If he will take it, so if not adieu, 
And for my love I praze you wrong me not. 

Ant. Yes Shylock, I will seale unto this bond. 

Shy. Then meeke me withall at the Notaries, 
Give him direction for this most bond, 
And I will goo and purge the ducats faire; 
See to my house left in the comefull garde 
Of an vnthriflne knave: and presentlie 
Ile be with you. 

Ant. Hee thee gentle Lew. This Hebrew will turne 
Christian, he grows kinde. 

Bass. I like not faire teemes, and a villaines minde. 

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no difmaie, 
My Shippes come home a month before the daie. 

_Actus Secundus._

Enter Morchos a tawny Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, 
_Nerissa, and their traine._ 
Flo. Cornets. 

Mor. Millike me not for my complexion, 
The shadowed liuerie of the burnish sunne, 
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred. 
Bring me the fairest creature Northward borne, 
Where Phoebus fire fearce thawes the ycles, 
And let vs make incision for your loue, 
To prove whose blood is redder, his or mine. 
I tell thee Ladie this aspef of mine 
Hath feared the valiant, (by my loue I swear) 
The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme 
Have lou'd it to: I would not change this hue, 
Except to seale your thoughts my gentle Queene. 

Por. In termes of choice I am not folle led 
By nice direction of a maidens eles: 
Besides, the lottric of my defenie 
Bars me the right of voluntarie choosing: 
But if my Father had not scanted me, 
And hedged me by his wit to yeeld my selfe 
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you, 
Your selfe (renowned Prince) than flood as faire 
As any commer I have look'd on yet 
For my affection. 

Mor. Even for that I thank you, 
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets 
To trie my fortune: By this Symitare 

That flew the Sophie, and a Persian Prince 
That won three fields of Sultane Solyman, 
I would ore-flare the sternest eyes that look: 
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth: 
Plucke the yong fucking Cubs from the she Beare, 
Yes, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray 
To win the Ladie. But alas, the while 
If Hercules and Lychus plaie at dice 
Which is the better man, the greater throw 
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand: 
So is Alectis beaten by his rage, 
And so may I, blinde fortune leading me 
Mifle that which one vnworthie may attaine, 
And die with grieuing. 

Por. Port. You must take your chance, 
And either not attempt to choose at all, 
Or swere before you choose, if you choose wrong 
Neuer to speake to Ladie afterward. 

Mor. Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chance. 
Por. First forward to the temple, after dinner 
Your hazard shall be made. 

Mor. Good fortune then, Cornets. 
To make me blee or curled among men. 

Enter the Clowns alone. 

Clo. Certainly, my conscience will ferue me to run 
from this Lew my Maister; the fiend is at mine elbow, 
and temptes me, saying to me, Ibes, Launcelot Ibes, good 
Launcelot, or good Ibes, or good Launcelot Ibes, vfe your legs, take the start, run awaie: my conscience faies no; take heed honest Launcelot, take heed honest Ibes, 
or as store-faid honest Launcelot Ibes, doe not runne, 
forme running with thy heales; well, the most corigious 
fiend bids me packe, Fla tais the fiend, away fiates 
the fiend, for the heauens roufe vp a brave minde faies 
the fiend, and run; well, my conscience hanging about 
the necke of my heart, faies verie wisely to me: my honset 
friend Launcelot, being an honest mans fone, or rather 
an honest womans fone, for indeede my Father did 
something smack, something grow too; he had a kinde of 
taste; wel, my conscience faies Launcelot bouge not, bouge 
the fiend, bouge not faies my conscience, conscience 
fa I you conuaille well, fiend fa I you conuaille well, 
to be rul'd by my conscience I should staye with the Lew 
my Maister, (who God bleffe the marke) is a kinde of diuell; 
and to run away from the Lew I should be ruled by 
the fiend, who flawed your reverence is the diuell himselfe: 
certainly the Lew is the verie diuell incarnation, 
and in my conscience, my conscience is a kinde of hard 
conscience, to offer to conuaille me to staye with the Lew; 
the fiend giues the more friendly conuaille: I will runne 
fiend, my heales are at your commandement, I will runne. 

Enter old Gobbo with a Basket. 

Gob. MaiRer yong-man, you I praie you, which is the waie to Maister Lewes? 

Laun. O haueuens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then fand-blinde, high grauel blinde, knows 
me not, I will trie confusions with him. 

Gob. MaiRer yong Gentleman, I praie you which is the waie to Maister Lewes. 

Laun. Turne vpun your right hand at the next turn-

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ning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marrie
at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turne down
indirecstile to the Iews houfe.

Geb. Be Gods fonties 'twill be a hard waie to hit, can
you tell me whether one Lancelet that dwells with him, 
dwell with him or no.

Lan. Take you of yong Master Lancelet, marke me
now, now I will raise the waters; take you of yong 
Master Lancelet.

Geb. No Master fir, but a poore mans sonne, his Fa-
ther though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man,
and God be thanked well to live.

Lan. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talk of 
yong Master Lancelet.

Geb. Your worshipes friend and Lancelet.

Lan. But I praise you ergo old man, ergo I beseech you, 
take you of yong Master Lancelet.

Geb. Of Lancelet, ant plesse your mastership.

Lan. Ergo Master Lancelet, talke not of master Lance-
let Father, for the yong gentleman according to fates and
definies, and such odde payings, the fitters tree, & such 
branches of learning, is indeece deceased, or as you 
waie fay in plaine tarmes, gone to heaven.

Geb. Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie staffe
of my age, my verie prop.

Lan. Do I look like a cudgell or a howell-post, a staffe
or a broom, do I know you, Master?

Geb. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentle-
man, but I praise you tell me, is my boy reef his foule
alue or dead.

Lan. Doe you not know me Father.

Geb. Alacke sir I am sand blindie, I know you not.

Lan. Nay, indee you had your sies you might falle
of the knowing me: it is a witch Father that knowes
his owne childle. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of
your son, give me your bleffing, truth will come to light,
murder cannot be hid long, a mans sonne may, but in
the end truth will out.

Geb. Praise you sir I stand vp, I am sure you are not
Lancelet my boy.

Lan. Praise you let's have no more fooling about it,
but give mee your bleffing; I am Lancelet your 
boy that was, your sonne that is, your childle that
shall be.

Geb. I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Lan. I know not what I shall thinke of that: but I am
Lancelet the Iews man, and I am fare Margerie your wife
is my mother.

Geb. Her name is Margerie indee, Ile be swornie if
thou be Lancelet, thou art mine owne flesh and blood:
Lord worship might he be, what a beard haft thou got;
thou hast got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbin my
philhorne has on his taile.

Lan. It should seeme then that Dobbins taile
growes backwarde. I am sure he had more haire of his
taile then I have of my face when I loft saw him.

Geb. Lord how art thou chang'd: how doost thou
and thy Master agree, I have brought him a present; how
gree you now?

Lan. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I have set
vp my reft to run awaie, so I will not reft till I have run
some ground; my Master's a verie Iew, give me a pres-
fent, give him a halter, I am famfith in his seruice. You
may tell euerie finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am
glad you are come, give me your present to one Master
Baffano, who indeece gives rare new Liories, if I serue
not him, I will run as far as God has anie ground. O rare
fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a
Iew if I serue the Iew anie longer.

Enter Baffanio with a follower or two.

Baff. You may doe so, but let it be so hafted that
supper be readie at the farthest by five of the clocke:
see these Letters delivered, put the Liuries to mak-
ing, and desire Gratiano to come anone to my lodg-
ing.

Lan. To him Father.

Geb. God bleffe your worship.

Baff. Gratario, would'st thou ought with me.

Geb. Here's my sonne fir, a poore boy.

Lan. Not a poore boy fir, but the rich Iews man that
would fir as my Father shall speife.

Geb. He hath a great infection fir, as one would say
to serue.

Lan. Indeede the short and the long is, I serue the
Iew, and have a desire as my Father shall speife.

Geb. His Master and he(saying your worshipes reue-
rence) are scarce ceterosins.

Lan. To be briefes, the verie truth is, that the Iew
hauing done me wrong, doth caufe me as my Father be-
ing I hope an old man shall frutifie unto you.

Geb. I have here a dish of Dotes that I would beftow
upon your worship, and my faute is.

Lan. In verie briefes, the faute is impertinent to my
selfe, as your worship shall know by this honest old man,
and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my
Father.

Baff. One speake for both, what would you?

Lan. Serue you fir.

Geb. That is the verie defect of the matter fir.

Baff. I know thee well, thou haft obtain'd thy faute,
Shylarche thy Master spoke with me this daie,
and hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Iews seruice, to become
The follower of fo poore a Gentleman.

Clo. The old prouerbe is verie well parted betwene
my Master Shylarche and you fir, you haue the grace of
God fir, and he hath enough.

Baff. Thou speake't it well; go Father with thy Son,
Take leave of thy old Master, and enquire
My lodging out, give him a Liuerie
More garded then his fellows: fee it done.

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a feruice, no, I haue nere
a tongue in my head, well: if anie man in Italie haue a
fairer table which doth offer to wearie upon a books, I
shall haue good fortune; goe too, here's a simpe line
of life, here's a small triffe of wines, alas, fifteene wines
is nothing, a leuen widowes and nine maides is a sim-
ple comming in for one man, and then to scape drow-
ning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge
of a featherbed, here are simpe spapes: well, if Fortune
be a woman, she's a good wench for this gene: Father
come, Ile take my leaue of the Iew in the twinkling.

Exit Cloane.

Bass. I praise thee good Leonard to thinke on this,
These things being brought and orderly befowled
Return in haufe, for I doe feast to night
My beft endeuours shall be done herein. Exit Le.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Master.

Leo. Yonder
The Merchant of Venice.
The Merchant of Venice.

Here dwells my father Jew. Hoa, who's within?

Iffica above.

Iff. Who are you, tell me for certain, as it is worth the pains, I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me, for I am much ahab'd of my exchange. But love is blinde, and lovers cannot see the pretty follies that themselues commit, for if they could, Cupid himselfe would blush to see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Defend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Iff. What, must I hold a Candle to my flames? They in themselfes goodfooth are too too light. Why, 'tis an office of discomfury Loue, and I should be obscure'd.

Lor. So you are sweet, even in the lovely garnish of a boy, but come at once, for the close night doth play the run-away, and we are paid for at Bassiani's feast.

Iff. I will make fast the doores and guard my selfe With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

Gra. Now by my hood, a gentle, and no Jew.

Lor. Beware but I lose her heartily.

For she is wise, if I can judge of her, and faire she is, if that mine eyes be true, and true she is, as she hath proued her selfe: And therefore like her selfe, wise, faire, and true, Shall she be placed in my constant soule.

Enter Iffica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away, Our masking mates by this time for vs stay.

Enter Antionio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antionio?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano, where are all the rest?

'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you, No maske to night, the winde is come about, Bassiani presently will goe aboard, I have sent twenty out to seke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I defiere no more delight Then to be vnder faile, and gone to night.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia with Morocco, and both their trains.

Per. Goe, draw a side the curtaine, and discourse The feuerall Caskets to this noble Prince: Now make your choyse.

Mor. The first of gold, who this inscription beares, Who chooseth me, shall gain what men desire. The second filer, which this promise carries, Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he defere, This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt, Who chooseth me, must glue and hazard all he hath. How shall I know if I doe chosse the right?
How shall I know if I do choose the right.

Por. The one of them contains my picture, Prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my judgment, let me see,
I will furray the inscriptions, backe againe :
What faires this leaden casket?
Who chooses me, must give and hazard all he hath.
Muft give, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all
Doe it in hope of faire advantages:
A golden minde flooeps not to showes of drosse,
Ile then nor give nor hazard ought for lead,
What faires the Siluer with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he defueres.
As much as he defueres; pacque there Morocho,
And weagh thy value with an euen hand,
If thou beeft rated by thy estimation
Thou dooest defueres enough, and yet enough
May not extend fo farre as to the Ladie:
And yet to be afraid of my defuerung,
Were but a weake disabling of my felfe.
As much as I defuer, why that's the Lady,
I doe in birth defuer her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then thefe, in love I doe defuer.
What if I fraud no further, but choie here?
Let's see once more this faying grau'd in gold.
Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men deffire:
Why that's the Lady, all the world deffires her :
From the four corners of the earth they come
To kisse this fhine, this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanian deferts, and the vaffe widles
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For Princes to come view faire Portia.
The watter Kingdome, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
As ore a brooke to fee faire Portia.
One of thefe three contains her heauenly picture.
Isn't like that Lead contains her? t'were damnation
To thinke fo base a thought, it were too grofe
To rib her fearre cloath in the obscure graue:
Or shall I thinke in Siluer she's immortal;
Being ten times undervalued to tride gold;
O finfull thought, neuer fo rich a fem
Was set in worde then gold! They haue in England
A coyne that bears the figure of an Angell
Stamp't in gold, but that's insculp't upon:
But here an Angell in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here doe I choose, and thrive as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there
Then is yours.

Mor. O hell! what have we here, a carrion death,
Within whose empyte eye there is a written scroule;
Iie reade the writing.

All that gijlers is not gold,
Often base, you heard that told;
Many a busie heart hath fold
But my out fide to behold;
Guided timber doe wormes infold:
Had you beene as wise as bold,
Tong in limbs, in judgement old,
Your anfwered bad not beene inferio
Fare you well, your fatue is cold,

Mor. Cold indeede, and labour loft,
Then farewell heare, and welcome frost:
Portia adue, I have too grieu'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus looers part.

Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtain goe,
Let all of his complexion chooze me so.

Enter Salario and Solanio.

Flo, Cornets,

Sal. Why man I saw Baffiano vnder fayle,
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.
Sol. The villaine Iew with outfides raied the Duke.
Who went with him to fetch Baffiano ship.

Sol. He comes too late, the ship was vnderfaile;
But there the Duke was giuen to vnderstand
That in a Gondillo were feene together
Lorenzo and his amorous Leijica.

Besides, Antonio certified the Duke
They were not with Baffiano in his fhip.

Sol. I neuer heard a paftion fo confuld,
So strange, outrageous, and fo variable,
As the dogge Iew did vter in the frecta;
My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,
Fled with a Chriflian, O my Chriflian ducats!
Juftice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter;
A fealed bag, two fealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter,
And jewels, two ftones, two rich and precious ftones,
Stolne by my daughter: juftice, finde the girl,
She hath the ftones vpon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his fones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sol. Let good Antonio looke he keepes his day
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remembered,
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterda,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and Englifh, there miscaried
A vellell of our countrie richly fraught:
I thought vpon Antonio when he told me,
And with in silence that it were not his.

Sol. Yo were beft to tell Antonio what you heare.
Yet doe not fuddainly, for it may grieue him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,
I saw Baffiano and Antonio part,
Baffiano told him he would make some speed
Of his returne: he answer'd, doe not fo,
Shubber not buineffe for my fake Baffiano,
But fay the very rippin of the time,
And for the Iewes bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your minde of loue:
Be merry, and imploy your chiefed thoughts
To courtfhip, and fuch faire offents of loue
As fhall conveniently become you there;
And eu'n there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrof fensible
He wrung Baffiano hand, and fo they parted.

Sol. I thinke he onely loues the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out
And quicken his embraced heaviniffe
With fome delight or other.

Sal. Doe we fo.

Enter Nerijfa and a Seruiture.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain ftraight,
The Prince of Arragon hath taken his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his train, and Portia.

Flor. Cornets.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rights be solemniz'd:
But if thou fail, without more speech my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoy'd by oath to obserue three things;
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly, if I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediate to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Ar. And so have I address'd me, fortune now
To my heart, hope a gold, siluer, and base lead.
Who chooseth me must gaze and hazard all he hath.
You shall lookke fairer ere I glue or hazard.
What faies the golden chest, ha, let me see:
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what many men desire:
What many men desire, that many may be meant
By the foole multitude that choose by throw,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th'interior, but like the Martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and rode of casualty,
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitude.
Why then to thee thou Siluer treasure housfe,
Tell me once more, what title thou dost beare;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he desires:
And well paid too; for who shall goe about
To coven Fortune, and be honourable
Without the flame of merit, let none presume
To wear an underverued dignitie:
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer;
How many then should cover that stand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low pleasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seede of honor? and how much honor
Pick'd from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new varnish'd Well, but to my choice.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.
I will assume defect; give me a key for this,
And instantly unloke my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a paufe for that which you finde there.

Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot
Prefenting me a feacle, I will read it:
How much vnlike art thou to Portia?
How much vnlike my hopes and my dererunings?
Who chooseth me shall have as much as he derives.
Did I derere no more then a foole's head,
Is that my prize, are my deferts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The three season times tried this.
Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses.
Sol. Let me say Amen betimes, lest the diuell crosse my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew. How now Shylock, what newes among the Merchants?

Enter Shylock.

Shy. You knew none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight.

Sol. That’s certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings she flew withall.

Shylock for his own part knew the bird was fledg’d, and then it is the complection of them al to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn’d for it.

Sol. That’s certaine, if the diuell may be her Judge.

Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebel.

Sol. Out upon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres.

Shy. I say my daughters is my flesh and blood.

Sol. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene let and luoric, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine and rennith: but tell vs, do you hear whether Antonio have had ane losse at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto, a beggar that was vs to come to fixg upon the Mart: let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Viturer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian curtfe, let him lookes to his bond.

Shy. Why I am sure if he forfaite, thou wilt not take his flesh, what’s that good for?

Shy. To baite fish withall, if it will feede nothing else, it will feede my revenge: he hath disgrac’d me, and hindered me halfe a million, laught at my losse, mockt at my gaines, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, hated mine enemies, and what’s the reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dementions, offences, affections, passions, fed with the same foode, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same medicines, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Sommer as a Christian is: if you prick vs do we not bleede? if you tickle vs, do we not laugh? if you poison vs do we not die? and if you wrong vs shall we not reume? if we are like you in the rest, we will reume you in that. It’s a Jew wrong a Christian, what’s his humility, revenge? If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his flfuerence be by Christian example, why revenge? The violance you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a man from Antonio.

Gentlemen, my maister Antonio is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.

Sal. We have beene vp and downe to seeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Sol. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot be matcht, vnlesse the diuell himselfe turne Jew.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now Tuball, what newes from Genow? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone catt me two thousand ducats in Frankford, the curfe neuer fell upon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now, two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, preci-
The Merchant of Venice

Bass. Let me choose,
For as I am, I live upon the racke.

Por. Upon the racke. Bassanio then confesse
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that vile treason of mistrust.
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amittie and life,
'Tweene snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. I, but I fear you speake upon the racke,
Where men enforced doth speake any thing.

Bass. Promife me life, and ile confesse the truth.

Por. Well then, confesse and live.

Bass. Confesse and love
Had beene the verie fum of my confession:
O happe torment, when my torturer
Doth me answers for deliverance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe love me, you will finde me out.

Nerissa and the reft, rand all aaloofe,
Let musicke found while he doth make his chofe,
Then if he looke he makes a Swane-like end,
Fading in Musicke. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the flame
And watrie death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is musick than? Than musick is
Even as the flourigh, when true subjucts bowe
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are those dulcet founds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,
And sumon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no leffe preence, but with much more loue
Then young Alcides, when he did redeeme
The virgine tribute, pai'd by howling Troy.
To the Sea-monfter: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloofe are the Dardanian wiuas:
With bleared visages come forth to view
The Iffue of th'exploit: Goe Hercules,
Liu thou, liue with so much more dismay
I view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

Here Majicks.

A Song the noblest Bassanio comments on the
"Caskets to himselfe.

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head:
How begot, how nourised.  Reple, reple.
It is engendared in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and fancie dies,
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begun it.

Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward showes be least themselves
The world is full deceiued with ornament.
In Law, what Plea so tanted and corrupt,
But being seiz'd with a gracious voice,
Obcures the show of enuit? In Religion,
What dammed error, but some fober brow
Will bleffe it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the groffenesse with faire ornament:
There is no voice so simple, but affumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;

How manie cowards, whose hearts are all as fale
As fletters of sand, were yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who inward fearcht, hauce euery white as milke,
And thefe affume but valore excrement,
To render them redoubt. Looke on beautie,
And you fhall fee 'tis purchas't by the weight,
Which therein worke a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that ware moft of it:
So are those cripted flakle golden locks
Which makes such wanton gambols with the winde
Vpon fuppo'fed fairenesse, often knowne
To be the dowrie of a second head,
The feull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled thore
To a moft dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Vailing an Indian beautie: In a word,
The feeming truth which cunning times put on
To inrap the wiseft. Therefore then thou gaudie gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thou pale and common dudge
Which rather threatneft then doft promife ought,
Thy paleness move me more then eloquence,
And here choife I, joy be the confecuençe.

Por. How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and rath imbrac'd defpaire:
And fuddering fear, and Greene-eyed jealousie.
O loue be moderate, alay thy extaife,
In meafure rainre thy joy, feant this exesse,
I feele too much thy bleying, make it leffe,
For feare I furfeit.

Bass. What finde I here?
Faire Poria, counterfeit. What demie God
Hath come to neere creation? Mowe thefe eies?
Or whether riding on the bals of mine
Seeme they in motion? Here are feuer's lips
Parted with fuger breath, fo fweet a barre
Should funder fuch fweet friends: here in her haires
The Painter places the Spider, and hath wonen
A golden mefh to intrap the hearts of men
Faster then gnats in cobwebs: but her eies,
How could he fece to doe them? hauing made one,
Me thinkes it should haue power to fcale both his
And leave it felle vnfurpliht. Yet looke how farre
The substance of my prafte doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, fo farre this shadow
Doth limpe behinde the substance. Here's the froule,
The continent, and fummarie of my fortune.

You that chaffe not by the view
Chance as faire, and chaffe as true:
Since this fortune falt to you,
Be content, and fecret no new.
If you be well pleas'd with thine,
And hold your fortune for your blife,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiffe.

Bass. A gentle froule: Faire Lady, by your leve,
I come by note to grace, and to receive,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinkes he hath done well in peoples eies:
Hearing applaufe and vifuerfall thout,
Giddie in spirit, red fudding in a doubt
Whether those peales of praffe be his or no.
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So thrice faire Lady stand I even so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Vntill confirm'd, sign'd, ratifyed by you.

Por. You see my Lord Baffiano where I stand,
Such as I am; though for my selfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To with my selfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my selfe,
A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times
More rich, that only to stand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, lineages, friends,
Exceed account: but the full fame of me
Is sum of nothing: which to term in groffe,
Is an unpleas'd girl, vnschool'd, vnapractiz'd,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may leare: happier then this,
Shee is not bred fo dull but shee can leare;
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spiritt
Commits it selfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Gouernour, her King.
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converst. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire manion, master of my seruants,
Queene ore my selfe: and even now, but now,
This house, these seruants, and this fame my selfe
Are yours, my Lord, I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, loose, or give away,
Let it prejudice the ruine of your loue,
And be my vantadge to exclame on you.

Baff. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Onely my blood speakes to you in my vaines,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some exaction forcibly spake
By a belought Prince, there doth appear
Among the bussing pleas'd multitude,
Where every something being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, faue of joy
Express'd, and not express; but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to say Baffiano's dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That hauue blyst by and sene our wishes prosper,
To cry good Joy, good Joy my Lord and Lady.

Gra. My Lord Baffiano, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish:
For I am sure you can with none from me:
And when your Honours meane to folemnize
The bargain of your faith: I doe beseech you
Even at that time I may be married too.

Baff. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thanke your Lordship, you gaue me one.

My eyes my Lord can looke as swift as yours:
You saw the mistres, I beheld the maid:
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermission,
No more pertaines to me your Lord then you;
Your fortune blyst upon the caskets there,
And fo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing heere untill I fete againe,
And sweating till my very roge was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promiss of this faire one heere
To haue her loue: prouided that your fortune
Atchieu'd her mistrefse.

Por. Is this true Neriffa?

Ner. Madam it is so, so you stand please'd withall.

Baff. And do you Gratiano mean good faith?

Gra. Ye faith my Lord.

Baff. Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage.

Gra. Weele play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What and flake downe?

Gra. No, we shall none wish that sport, and flake downe.

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his Infidell?

What and my old Venetian friend Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Leffica, and Salerio.

Baff. Lorenzo and Salerio, welcome hether,
If that the youth of my new intercest heere
Hase power to bid you welcome: by your leaque
I bid my verie friends and Countrimen
Sweet Portia welcome.

Por. So do I my Lord, they are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thanke your honor; for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you heere,
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did intreate mee past all saying nay
To come with him along.

SAL. I did my Lord,
And I have reason for it, Signior Anthonio
Commends him to you.

Baff. Ere I open his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

SAL. Not ficker my Lord, vnleff eit be in mine,
Nor wel, vnleff eit be his Letter there
Wil flue you his etate.

Por. Open the Letter.

Gra. Neriffa, cheere yond stranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand Salerio, what's the newest from Venice?
How doth that royal Merchant good Anthonio?
I know he will be glad of our successe,
We are the Ieffes, we have won the fleece.

SAL. I would you had wyn the fleece that hee hath lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond name Paper,
That fiales the colour from Baffiano checke,
Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turne fo much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worde and worde?
With leaue Baffiano I am halfe your selfe,
And I must freely haue the halfe of any thing
That this fame paper brings you.

Baff. O sweete Portia,
Heere are a fewe of the vnpleasant't words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle Lady
When I did first impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my vaines: I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet deere Ladie,
Rating my felte at nothing, you shall fee
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My fate was nothing, I should then haue told you
That I was worse then nothing: for in deedee
I haue ingag'd my felte to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemie
To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter Ladie,
The paper as the bodie of my friend,
And cuerie word in it a gapping wound
Issuing life blood. But is it true Salerio,
Hath all his ventures faild, what not one hit,  
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,  
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,  
And not one vessell escape the dreadful touch  
Of Merchant-marrying rocks?  
Sal. Not one my Lord.  
Befides, it should appear, that if he had  
The present money to discharge the Jew,  
He would not take it: never did I know  
A creature that did bear the shape of man  
So keenly and greedy to confound a man.  
He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,  
And doth impeach the freedome of the state  
If they deny him justice. Twenty Merchants,  
The Duke himself, and the Magnificoes  
Of greatest port have all perfwaded with him,  
But none can drive him from the enuious plea  
Of forfiture, of justice, and his bond.  
Iff. When I was with him, I have heard him swears  
To Tuball and to Chos, his Country-men;  
That he would rather haue Antobio's fleth,  
Then twenty times the value of the summe  
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,  
If law, authoritie, and power deny not,  
It will goe hard with poore Antobio.  
Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?  
Baff. The deerest friend to me, the kindest man,  
The best condition'd, and vnwearesd spirit  
In doing curtezies: and one in whom  
The ancient Romane honour more appears  
Then any that draws breath in Italie.  
Por. What summe owes he the Jew?  
Baff. For me three thousand ducats.  
Por. What, no more?  
Pay him fixe thousand, and deface the bond:  
Double fixe thousand, and then treble that,  
Before a friend of this description  
Shall lofe a haire through Baffano's fault.  
First goe with me to Church, and call me wife,  
And then away to Venice to your friend:  
For neuer shal you lie by Portias side  
With an vnquiet soule. You shall haue gold  
To pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.  
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,  
My maid Nerriffa, and my felie meane time  
Will liue as maids and widowes; come away,  
For you shal heppence upon your wedding day:  
Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheere,  
Since you are deere bought, I will love you deere.  
But let me heare the letter of your friend.  

Sweet Baffano, my spight have all miscarried, my Creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might see you at my death: nostitution, use your plausure, if your love do not perswade you to come, let not my letter.  

Por. O louelie dispatch all busines and be gone.  
Baff. Since I have your good leav to goe away,  
I will make haft; but till I come againe,  
No bed shall ere be guilty of my say,  
Nor rest be interpofer twixt vs twaine.  
Exeunt.  

Enter the Jew, and Solanio, and Antobio, and the Taylor.  
Jew. Taylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,

This is the fools that lends out money gratis.  
Taylor, looke to him.  
Ant. Heare me yet good Shylok.  
Jew. I haue my bond, I speake not against my bond,  
I haue sworn an oath that I will haue my bond:  
Thou calld me dog before thou hadst a caufe,  
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,  
The Duke shall grant me justice, I do wonder  
Thou naughtie Taylor, that thou art fo fond  
To come abroad with him at his request.  
Ant. I pray thee hear me speake.  
Jew. I haue my bond, I will not heare thee speake,  
Ile haue my bond, and therefore speake no more.  
Ile not be made a soft and dull eyd'foole,  
To shacle the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld  
To Christian interceffors: follow not,  
Ile haue no speaking, I will haue my bond.  
Exit Jew.  
Sal. It is the moft impenetrable curse  
That euer kept with men.  
Ant. Let him alone,  
Ile follow him no more with bootleffe prayers:  
He seekes my life, his reason I know;  
I oft deliuer'd from his forfitures  
Many that have at times made me to,  
Therefore he hates me.  
Sal. I am sure the Duke will neuer grant  
this forfiture to hold.  
Ant. The Duke cannot denie the course of law:  
For the commoditie that strangers haue  
With vs in Venice, if it be denied,  
Will impecch the justice of the State,  
Since that the trade and profit of the citie  
Confisit of all Nations. Therefore goe,  
These greeves and loffes have so bated mee,  
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
To morrow, to my bloody Creditor.  
Well taylor, on, pray God Baffano come  
To fee me pay his debt, and then I care not.  

Enter Portia, Nerriffa, Lorenzo, Issifca, and a man of Portias.

Lor. Madam, although I speake it in your presence,  
You have a noble and a true conceit  
Of god-like amity, which appears most strongly  
In bearing thus the absence of your Lord.  
But if you knew to whom you shew this honour,  
How true a Gentleman you fend releafe,  
How deere a lover of my Lord your husband,  
I know you would be proud of the worke  
Then customary bounty can enforce you.  
Por. I never did repent for doing good,  
Nor shall not now: for in companions  
That do converse and waste the timetogither,  
Whose soules doe bear an egal yoke of loue,  
There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lyamants, of manners, and of spirit;  
Which makes me thinke that this Antobio  
Being the boforme lover of my Lord,  
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,  
How little is the coat I have bestowed  
In purchasing the semblance of my soule;  
From out the state of hellish cruelty,  
This comes too neere the prating of my selfe,  
Therefore no more of it: here other things  
Lorenso I commit into your hands,
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne; for mine owne part
I have toward heauen breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by Nerissia here.
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne:
There is a monastery too miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe defere you
Not to denote this imposition,
The which my loue and some necessity
Now lays vpon you.

Loren. Madame, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all faire comands.
For. My people doe already know my minde,
And will acknowledge you and Lejjica.

In place of Lord Baffiano and my wife.
So far you well till we shall meete againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts & happy houres attend on you.
Lejj. I wish your Ladisship all hearts content.
For. I thanke you for your wish, and am well please'd
To wth it backe on your fayrowell Lejjica. Exeunt.

Now Ballbafcam, as I have euer found thee honest true,
So let me finde thee fell : take this same letter,
And vfe thou all the indeauor of a man,
In speed to Muntua, fee thou render this
Into my cofins hand, Doctor Belario,
And looke what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed
Vnto the Transeft, to the common Ferrie
Which trades to Venice; wafte no time in words,
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Ballb. Madame, I goe with all convenient speed.
For. Come on Nerissia, I have worke in hand
That you yet know not of; wee'1l fee our husbands
Before they think of vs.

Nerissia. Shall they see vs?
Portia. They shall Nerissia: but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lacke; Ie hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutered like younge men,
Ie prove the prettiest fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
And speake betwene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voyce, and turne two minding steps
Into a manly stile; and speake of frayses
Like a faine bragging youth : and tell quant lyes
How honourable Ladies fought my lye,
Which I denying, they fell sicke and died.
I could not doe withall: then Ie repented,
And wifh for all that, I had not kill'd them;
And twentie of these punic lie Ie tell,
That men shall sweare I have disconformed schoole
Abowe a twelue moneth: I haue within my minde
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jackes,
Which I will profite.

Nerissia. Why, shall we turne to mens?
Portia. Fie, what a questions that?
If thou wert neere a lewde interpreter:
But come, Ie tell thee all my whole deuide
When I am in my coach, which flayes for vs
At the Parke gate: and therefore haffe away,
For we must measure twentie miles to day. Exeunt.

Enter Clowne and Lejjica.

Clown. Yes truly; for looke you, the sinnes of the Fa-
ther are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promisse you,
I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and now I speake my agitation of the matter: thherefore be of good cheere, for truly I think you are dam'd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you anie good, and that is but a kind of baffard hope neither.

Lejjica. And what hope is that I pray thee?
Clown. Marrie you may partilie hope that your father
got you not, that you are not the Lewes daughter.

If. That were a kind of baffard hope indeed, so the
fins of my mother should be visited vpon me.
Clown. Truly then I feare you are damm'd both by fa-
ther and mother: thus when I then Stills your father, I fall into Charibdys your mother; well, you are gone both waies.

If. I shall be sau'd by my husband, he hath made me a Christian.

Clown. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christi-
ans nowe before, one as many as could well live one by a-
other: this making of Christians will raise the price of Hogs, if wee grow all to be porke-eaters, wee shall not shortlie have a rafter on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

If. Ie tell my husband Lancelet what you say, heere
he comes.

Loren. I shall growe jealous of you shortly Lancelet,
if you thus get my wife into corner?

If. Nay, you need not feare vs Lorenzo, Lancelet
and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for mee
in heaven, because I am a Lewes daughter: and hee failes
you are no good member of the common wealth, for
in conuerting Lewes to Christians, you raise the price of Porke.

Loren. I shall anfwerre that better to the Common-
wealth, than you can the getting vp of the Negroes bel-
lie: the Moore is with child by you Lancelet?

Clown. It is much that the Moore should be more then
reason: but if she be left then an honest woman, she is
indeed more then I tooke her for.

Loren. How euerie foole can play vpon the word, I
think the best grace of witte will shortly turne into fi-
rence, and discours grow commendable in none onely
but Parrats : goe in firr, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clown. That is done fir, they have all fomacks?

Loren. Godly Lord, what a witte-snapper are you,
then bid them prepare dinner.

Clown. That is done fir, onely couer is the word.

Loren. Will you couer than fir?

Clown. Not fo fir neither, I know my dutie.

Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou
flew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant; I pray
thee vnderstand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe
to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, ferue in the meat: and we will come in to dinner.

Clown. For the table fir, it shall be feru'd in, for the
meat fir, it shall bee couered, for your comming in to
dinner fir, why let it be as humors and conceits shall go-
uerne.

Exit Clowne.

Lor. O deare discretion, how his words are futed,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An Armie of good words, and doe know
A many foole's that stand in better place,
Garnish like him, that for a trickifie word
Defe the matter:how cheere? thou Lejjica,
And now good sweet say thy opinion,
How doth thou like the Lord Baffiano's wife?

Baff. Past all expressing, it is very meete

The Lord Baffiano live an upright life
For hauing such a blesyling in his Lady,
He findes the ioyes of heaven heere on earth,
And if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he shoule not come to heaven?
Why, if two gods should play some heauenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthely women,
And Portia one: there must be something else
Paund with the other, for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Loren. Even such a husband

Haft thou of me, as he is for a wife.

If. Nay, but ask my opinion to of that?

Lor. I will anone, first let vs goe to dinner?

If. Nay, let me pracie you while I haue a stomacke?

Lor. No pray thee, let it serue for table talke,
Then how comere thou speakst 'mong other things,
I shall digest it?

left. Well, Ile set you forth. Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Baffiano, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is Antonio heere?

Ant. Ready, to please your grace?

Duke. I am forry for thee, thou art come to answer
A stonic aduertery, an inhumane wretch,
Vncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty
From any dram of mericie.

Ant. I have heard

Your Grace hath take great paines to qualifie
His rigorous course: but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawfull meanes can carry me
Out of his enimes reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,
The very tyrannie and rage of his.

Du. Go one and call the Iew into the Court.

Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylock.

Du. Make roome, and let him stand before our face.

Shylocke the world thinkes, and I thinke so to
That thou but leadeft this fashion of thy mallice
To the last hour of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,
Than is thy frange apparant cruelty;
And where thou now exactst the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,
Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentleness and love:
Forgive a myotle of the principal:

Glancing an eye of pitty on his lofes
That have of late so huled on his backe,
Eow to preffe a royall Merchant downe;
And pluckle commilification of his fate
From brasse bosome, and rough hearts of flints,
From stubborne Turkes and Tarters neuer traind

To offices of tender curtesie,
We all expect a gentle answer Iew?

Iew. I haue poffed your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworne
To have the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you denie it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
You'1l ask me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carriion flesh, then to receive
Three thousand Ducats? He not answer that:
But say it is my humor; Is it anwered?
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand Ducates
To have it bain'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are lose not a gaping Pigge:
Some that are mad, if they behould a Cat:
And others, when the bag-pipe fings 'th nofe,
Cannot containe their Vrine for affection.
Matters of passion fwayes it to the moode
Of what it likes or loaths, now for your answer:
As there is no firme reaon to be rendered
Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?
Why he a harmeffe necessarie Cat?
Why he a woollen bag-pipe but of force
Must yeeld to such inesitabe flame,
As to offend himselfe being offended:
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus

A looking suite against him? Are you answered?

Baff. This is no answer thou vnfeeling man,

To excuse the currant of thy cruelty.

Iew. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Baff. Do all men kil the things they do not love?

Iew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Baff. Euerie offence is not a hate at first.

Iew. What wouldst thou have a Serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you thinke you question with the Iew:
You may as well goe stand upon the beach,
And bid the maine flood baite his visuell height,
Or even as well vie question with the Wolfe,
The Ewe bleate for the Lambe:

You may as well forbide the Mountaine Pines
To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven:
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As fecke to soften that, then which what harder?
His Iewish heart. Therefore I do beseech you
Make no more offers, vse no farther meanes,
But with all breve and plaine conuenience
Let me haue judgement, and the Jew his will.

Baff. For thy three thousand Ducates hereis fix.

Iew. If euery Ducat in fixe thousand Ducates
Were in fixe parts, and every part a Ducate,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond?

Du. How shalt thou hope for mercie, rendering none?

Iew. What judgement shalt I dread doing no wrong?

You have among you many a purchas flawe,
Which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,
You vse in abicet and in flauish parts,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marrie them to your heirs?
Why sweate they under burthens? Let their beds
Be made as soft as yours: and let their pallats
Be feaon'd with such Viards: you will anwer

The
Enter Nerissa.

Du. Came you from Padua from Bellario?

Ner. From both.

My Lord Bellario greets your Grace.

'Bal. Why doth thou what thy knife so earnestly?

Iesu. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy soke: but on thy soke hard Iew

Thou makst thy knife keene: but no mallet can

No, not the hangmans axe bearde half the keene

Of thy sharpe enuy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Iesu. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damnd, inexorable dogge,
And for thy life let justice be accusd:

Thou almost makst me waver in my faith;

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That foules of Animals infuile themselfes

Into the trunks of men. Thy curiush spirit

Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hangd for humane slaughter,

Even from the gallowes did his fell soule fleet;

And whilst thou layest in thy vnhallowed dam,

Infus'd it selfe in thee: For thy defares

Are Wouliush, bloody, steru'd, and rauenous.

Iesu. Till thou canst rais the seale from off my bond

Thou but offendst thy Lungs to speake for loud:

Repair the wit good youth, or it will fall

To endless ruine. I stand heere for Law.

Dn. This Letter from Bellario doth commend

A yong and Learned Doctor in our Court;

Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth heere hard by

To know your anwser, whether youll admit him.

Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you

Go give him curious conduct to this place,

Meane time the Court shall heare Bellaries Letter.

Our Grace shall understand, that at the receit of your

Letter I am very fiche but in the instant that your mef-

senger came, in loving visitation, now with me a young Do-

ctor of Rome, his name is Balthazar: I acquainted him with

the caufe in Controverfie, between the Iew and Anthonio

the Merchant: We turn'd two many Books together: bee it

furnished with my opinion, which betted with his owne learn-

ing, the great misleff whereof I cannot enough commend, comes

with him at my importunity, to fill up your Graces request in

my fidel. I beleefh you, let his lacke of years be no impediment to

let him lacke a reverend obsertation: for I never knewe so

yong a body, with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious

acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Enter Portia for Balthazar.

Duke. You heare the learned Bellario what he writes,

And here(he take it) is the Doctor come.

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did my Lord.

Du. You are welcome: take your place;

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the Court.

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.

Which is the Merchant beares? and which the Jew?

Dn.安东尼 and old Shylocke, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylocke?

Iew. Shylocke is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the sute you follow,

Yet in such rule, that the Venetian Law

Cannot impugne you as you do proceed.

You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. I, so he sayes.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be mercifull.

Iew. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,

It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen

Upon the place beneath. It is twice bleft,

It blesteth him that gues, and him that takes,

'Tis mightiest in the mightie: it becomes

The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.

His Scepter shewes the force of temporall power,

The attribute to awe and Maiestie,

Wherein doth fit the dread and fear of Kings:

But mercy is above this sceptred sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,

It is an attribute to God himselfe;

And earthly power doth then shew like Gods

When mercie seasons Iustice. Therefore Jew,

Though Iustice be thy plea, consider this,

That in the cours of Iustice, none of vs

Should fee salvation: we do pray for mercie,

And that fame prayer, doth teach vs all to render

The deeds of mercie. I have spoke thus much

To mitigate the iustice of thy plea:

Which if thou follow, this strict course of Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the Merchant there.

Sby. My deeds vpon my head, I crave the Law,

The penaltie and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bal. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,

Yea, twice the summe, if that will not suffice,

I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:

If this will not suffice, it must appeare

That malice beares downe truth. And I beseech you

Writ once the Law to your authority,

To do a great right, do a little wrong,

And curbe this cruel diuell of his will.

Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree establisht:

'Twill be recorded for a President,
And many an error by the same example,
Will run into the state: it cannot be.

Iew. A Daniel come to judgement, yea, a Daniel.

O wise young judge, how do I honour thee.

Por. I pray you let me looke upon the bond.

Iew. Here's tis most reverend Doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thricfe thys monie offerd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heauen:
Shall I lay perjurie vpon my foule?
No not for Venice.

Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claine
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Neeerest the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thircfe thy money, bid me teare the bond.

Iew. When it is paid according to the tenure.
That doth appear you a worthy Judge:
you know the Law, your expostion
Hath beene most found. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-defering pillar,
Proceed to judgement: By my foule I vswere,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me? I flay heere on my foule.

Shy. Moft heartily I do beseech the Court
to give the Judgement.

Por. Why then thus it is:
you must prepare your bosome for his knife.

Iew. O noble Judge, O excellent yong man.

Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law
Hath full relation to the penalitie,
Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond.

Iew. 'Tis verie true: O wife and vpright Judge,
How much more elder art thou then thy looker?

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome.

Iew. I, his breth,
So sayes the bond, doth it not noble Judge?

Neeerest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so: See there ballance heere to weigh the
flesh?

Iew. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some Surgeon Shylock on your charge
To flap his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

Iew. It is not nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express: but what of that?

'I was good you do so much for charitie.

Iew. I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come Merchant, haue you any thing to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.

Gue me your hand Baffano fare you well.

Greece not that I am falne to this for you:
For herein fortune fiewes her felie more kinde
Then is her custome. It is still her vse
To let the wretched man out-line his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of povertie. From which lingering penance
Of such miserie, doth cut the me off:
Commend me to your honourable Wife,
Tell her the procafe of Antonio's end:
Say how I lou'd you; speake me faire in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Baffano hath not once a Loue;
Repent not you that you shal leave your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the Jew do cut but deepe enough,
Ile pay it instantly, with all my heart.

Baf. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Por. Tarry Jew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,
If it be proved against an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He seekes the life of any Citizen,
The party gainst the which he doth continue,
Shall forfe one halfe his goods, the other halfe
Comes to the proue coffor of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, gainst all other voice.

Por. I am for the State, not for Antonio.
Gra. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustaine my house : you take my life
When you doe take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him Antonio ?
Gra. A halter gratis, nothing else for Gods fake.
Ant. So please my Lord the Duke, and all the Court
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content : so he will let me have
The other halfe in vle, to render it
Vpon his death, vnto the Gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things proov'd more, that for this favour
He presently becomes a Christian :
The other, that he doe record a gift
Herein the Court of all he dies possest
Vnto his fonne Lorenzo, and his daughter.
Duk. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.
Por. Art thou contented Jew? what doth thou say?
Sby. I am content.
Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.
Sby. I pray you give me leave to goe from hence,
I am not well, sent the deed after me,
And I will signe it.
Duk. Get thee gone, but doe it.
Gra. In chrisening thou shalt have two godfathers,
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not to the font.

Duk. Sir I intrest you with me home to dinner.
Por. I humbly doe desire your Grace of pardon,
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meece I presently set forth.
Duk. I am sorry that your levysure feres you not:
Antonio, gratifie this gentleman,
For in my minde, you are much bound to him.
Exit Duke and his traine.
Baff. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

Have by your wifedome beene this day acquitted
Of greedyes penalties, in lieu whereof,
Three thousand Ducats due vnto the Jew
We freely cove your curtesie pains withall.

An. And stand indebted ouer and above
In loue and seruice to you euermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein doe account my selfe well paid,
My minde was never yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Baff. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further,
Take some remembrance of vs as a tribute,
Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you
Not to decline me, and to pardon me.
Por. You preffe mee farre, and therefore I will yeld,
Give me your gloues, Ile weare them for your sake,
And for your loue Ile take this ring from you,
Doe not draw backe your hand, ile take no more,
And in loue shall not deny me this?
Baff. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not blame my selfe to give you this.
Por. I wil have nothing else but only this,
And now metinkes I have a minde to it.
Baff. There's more depends on this than on the valew,
The dearest ring in Venice will I glue you,
And finde it out by proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon me.
Por. I see sir you are liberall in offers,
You taught me first to beg, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
Baff. Good sir, this ring was giuen me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither fell, nor glue, nor lofe it.
Por. That flue fuses many mens to faue their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have defer'd this ring,
Shee would not hold out enemy for euer
For giuing it to me : well, peace be with you.

Ant. My L. Baffanio, let him have the ring,
Let his deferings and my loue withall
Be valued against your wives commandement.
Baff. Goe Gratiano, run and ouer-take him,
Glue him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Vnto Antonio's house, away, make haste.

Come, you and I will therither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fille toward Belmont, come Antonio.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.
Por. Enquire the Jewes house out, give him this deed,
And let him figne it, we'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home :
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Ant. Enter Gratiano.
Gra. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane :
My L. Baffanio upon more advice,
Hath sent you here to this ring, and doth intrest
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be ;
His ring I doe accept most thankfully,
And so I pray you tell him : furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old Stylishes house.
Gra. That will I doe.

Ner. Sir, I would speake with you :
He see if I can get my husbands ring
Which I did make him sware to keepe for ever.

Por. Thou mad’st I warrant, we shall haue old swareing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But weel out-face them, and out-sware them to:
Away, make haste, thou know’st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.

\textit{Exeunt.}

\begin{center}
\textbf{Actus Quintus.}
\end{center}

\textit{Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.}

\textit{Lor. The moon doth shine bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweete windes did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troylus my heartes mounted the Troyan walls,
And sith his foule toward the Grecian tents
Where Crested lay that night.

If. In such a night
Did Thaddeus fearfully ore-trip the dewe,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere hiduelfe,
And ranne dismayed away.

Lorenzo, in such a night
Stood \textit{Dido} with a Willow in her hand
Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Loue
To come againe to Carthage.

If. In such a night
\textit{Medea} gathered the enchanted hearbs
That did renewe old \textit{Efon.

Lorenzo, in such a night
Did \textit{Jessica} steal from the wealthy Iew,
And with an \textit{Inthrift} Loue did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.

If. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swere he loud her weill,
Stealing her foule with manye vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.

Lorenzo, in such a night
Did pretty \textit{Jessica} (like a little shrow)
Slender her Loue, and forgaue it her.

If. I would out-night you did no body come : But harke, I hear the footing of a man.

\textit{Enter Messinger.}

\textit{Mes. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?}

\textit{Mes. A friend.}

\textit{Lorenzo. A friend, what friend? your name I pray you}

\textit{Mes. Stephanos is my name, and I bring word
My Mistrefse will before the break of day
Be heere at Belmont, she doth stay about
By holy croffes where she kneelles and prays
For happy wedlocke hours.

Lorenzo. Who comes with her?

\textit{Mes. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you it my Mistref seyet return’d?

Lorenzo. He is not, nor we have not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee \textit{Jessica},
And ceremoniously let vs vs prepare
Some welcome for the Mistrefse of the house.

\textit{Enter Clowne.}

\textit{Clo. Sola, sola : wo ha ho, sola, sola.

\textit{Lorenzo. Who calls?}

\textit{Clo. Sola, did you see M. Lorenzo, & M. Lorenzo? sola,
Lorenzo. Leave hollowing man, heere.

\textit{Clo. Sola, where, where?}

\textit{Lorenzo. Heere?}

\textit{Clo. Tell him there’s a Poft come from my Master, with his hornes full of good newes, my Master will be here ere morning sweet foules.

Lorenzo. Let’s in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter : why should we goe in?
My friend \textit{Stephen}, signifie you
Within the house, your Mistrefse is at hand,
And bring your musique forth into the ayre.
How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,
Weere will we fit, and let the sounds of musick
Creepe in our ears soft filnes, and the night
Become the tutches of sweet harmonie:
\textit{Sit Jeuffica}, looke how the floore of heaven
Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
There’s not the smallest orb whiche thou beholdest
But in his motion like an Angell rings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;
Such harmonie is in immortal foules,
But whilom this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly cloe in it, we cannot hear it:
Come hoe, and wake \textit{Diana} with a hymne,
With sweetest tutches prease your Mistrefse care,
And draw her home with musick.

\textit{If. I am no more merry when I heare sweet musique.}

\textit{Play musick.}

Lorenzo. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard
Or race of youthfull and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but heare perchance a trumpet found,
Or any ayre of musicke touch their ears,
You shall perceiue them make a mutuall bloud,
Their fawse eyes turn’d to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of musicke: therefore the Poet
Did faie that \textit{Orpheus} drew trees, stones, and floods.
Since naught so stokke, hard, and full of rage,
But musicke for time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no musicke in himselfe,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoyleys.
The motions of his spirit are dulle as night,
And his affections darke as \textit{Sloth},
Let no such man be trusted: marke the musick.

\textit{Enter Portia and Nerissa.}

\textit{Por. That light we fee is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candell throwes his beamses,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.}

\textit{Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the can
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leffe,
A substitue shines brightly as a King
Vntill a King be by, and then his state
Emptyes it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
Into the maine of waters: musique, harke.

\textit{Musick.}

\textit{Ner. It is your musicke Madame of the house.
Por. Nothing is good I fee without respect,
Methinks it sounds much sweeter then by day?
Ner. Silence befores that vertue on it Madam.
Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke

When}
When neither is attended: and I thinke
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When every Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musitian then the Wren  
How many things by feamon, feamon'd are
To their right proue, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moone sleepe with Endimion,
And would not be awk'd.

Majestie cases.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceu'd of Portia.

Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the
Cackow by the bad voice?

Lor. Deere Lady welcome home?

Por. We haue bene praying for our husbands welfare
Which speed we hope the better for our words,
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a Messenger before
To signifie their comming.

Por. Go in Nerijja,
Guie order to my seruants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you Lorenzo, Ieffica nor you.

A Tucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, fear you not.

Por. This night methinks is but the daylight fecke,
It lookes a little paler, 'ts a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Baffania, Antonio, Gratiano, and their
Followers.

Baff. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sunne.

Por. Let me guie light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
And neuer be Baffania so for me,
But God for all: you are welcome home my Lord.

Baff. I thank you Madam, guie welcome to my friend
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You shoulde in all sense be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more then I am well acquitted of you.

Por. Sir, you are verye welcome to our house:
It must appeare in other waies then words,
Therefore I scant this breathing curtefie.

Gra. By yonder Moone I sweare you do me wrong,
Infaith I guie it to the Judges Clearke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Loue so much at hart.

Por. A quarrel hoe already, what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry King
That she did guie me, whose Poesie was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Vpon a knife? Loue me, and leave me not.

Ner. What taketh you of the Poesie or the vaile:
You swore to me when I did guie it you,
That you would wear it til the houre of death,
And that it should lye with you in your grave,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should beene respeete and have kept it,
Gave it a Judges Clearke: but well I know
The Clearke wil nere weare haire on't face that had it.

Gra. He wil, and if he liue to be a man.

Nerijja. I, if a Woman liue to be a man.

Gra. Now by this hand I guie it to a youth,
A kinde of boy, a little fcrubbed boy,
No higher then thy selfe, the Judges Clearke,
A prating boy that beg'd it as a Fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were too blame, I must be plaine with you,
To part fo lightly with your wifes first gift,
A thing fuccke on with oathe upon your finger,
And fo rusted with fith unto your fash.
I guie my Loue a Ring, and made him fweare
Neuer to part with it, and heere he standes:
I dare be fwayne for him, he would not leue it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maifters. Now in faith Gratiano,
You guie your wife too vnkinde a caufe of greffe,
And twere to me I should be mad at it.

Baff. Why I were beft to cut my left hand off,
And Iweare I loft the Ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord Baffanio guie his Ring away
Vnto the Judge that beg'd it, and indeede
Defen'd it too: and then the Boy his Clearke
That tooke some pains in writing, he beg'd mine,
And neythor man nor matter would take ought
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring guie you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receu'd of me.

Baff. If I could adde a lie vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you see my finger
Hath not the Ring vpon it, it is gone.

Por. Even fo voide is your false heart of truth.
By heauen I wil nere come in your bed
Vntil I see the Ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours, til I againe see mine.

Baff. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I guie the Ring,
If you did know for whom I guie the Ring,
And would conceive for what I guie the Ring,
And how vnwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would shawe the strength of your displeasure?

Por. If you had knowe the vertue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthinesse that guie the Ring,
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then have parted with the Ring:
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any termes of Zeale: wanted the modestie
To vrg the thing held as a cerimonie:
Nerijja teaches me what to beleeue.
Ie die for't, but some Woman had the Ring?

Baff. No by mine honor Madam, by my soule
No Woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor.

Ner. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry King
That she did guie me, whose Poesie was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Vpon a knife? Loue me, and leave me not.

Ner. What taketh you of the Poesie or the vaile:
You swore to me when I did guie it you,
That you would wear it til the houre of death,
And that it should lye with you in your grave,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should beene respeete and have kept it,
Gave it a Judges Clearke: but well I know
The Clearke wil nere weare haire on't face that had it.

Q.2

Por.
Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house,  
Since he hath got the jewell that I loved,  
And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,  
I will become as liberall as you,  
Ie not deny him any thing I haue,  
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:  
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it,  
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,  
If you doe not, if I be left alone,  
Now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,  
Ie have the Doctor for my bedfellow.  
Nerissa. And I his Clarke: therefore be well adua'd  
How you doe leave me to mine owne protection.  
Gra. Well, doe you so: let not me take him then,  
For if I doe, ile mar the yong Clarks pen.  
Ant. I am th'vnhappy subject of these quarrels.  
Por. Sir, grieue not you,  
You are welcome notwithstanding.  
Baf. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong,  
And in the hearing of these manie friends  
I sweare to thee, even by thine owne faire eyes  
Wherein I fee my felfe.  
Por. Marke you but that?  
In both my eyes he doubly fees himselfe:  
In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,  
And there's an oath of credit.  
Baf. Nay, but hearre me.  
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare  
I never more will break an oath with thee.  
Antb. I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth,  
Which but for him that had your husbands ring  
Had quite mifcarried. I dare be bound againe,  
My soule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord  
Will neuer more breake faith adulterdie.  
Por. Then you shall be his furious: give him this,  
And bid him keep it better then the other.  
Antb. Heere Lord Baffania, sweare to keep this ring.  
Baf. By heauen it is the fame I gaue the Doctor.  
Por. I had it of him: pardon Baffania,  
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.  
Ner. And pardon me my gentle Gratiano,  
For that fame scured me the Doctors Clarke  
In liue of this, last night did lie with me.  
Gra. Why this is like the mending of high waies  
In Sommer, where the waies are faire enough:  
What, are we Cuckolds ere we haue deferu'd it.

Por. Speake not so grossely, you are all amaz'd;  
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leasure,  
It comes from Padua from Bellario,  
There you shall finde that Portia was the Doctor,  
Nerissa there her Clarke. Lorenzo here  
Shall witnesse I fet forth as soone as you,  
And but eu'n now return'd I have not yet  
Entred my house. Anthina you are welcome,  
And I have better newes in store for you  
Then you expect: vnseale this letter soone,  
There you shall finde three of your Argoses  
Are richly come to harbour foadainlie.  
You shall not know by what strange accident  
I chanced on this letter.  
Antb. I am dunde.  
Baf. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?  
Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold,  
Ner. I, but the Clark that never means to doe it.  
Vnleffe he line untill he be a man.  
Baf. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,  
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.  
An. (Sweet Lady) you haue given me life & liuing;  
For heere I reade for certaine that my ships  
Are safe come to Rode.  
Por. How now Lorenzo?  
My Clarke hath some good comfortes to foor you.  
Ner. I, and I lie glue them him without a fce.  
There doe I glue to you and Loffica  
From the rich Iewe, a speciall deed of gift  
After his death, of all he dies posses'd of.  
Loren. faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way  
Of starued people.  
Por. It is almost morning,  
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied  
Of these events at full. Let vs goe in,  
And charge vs there vpon intergatories,  
And we will anfwer all things faithfully.  
Gra. Let it be so, the first intergatory  
That my Nerissa shall be frown on is,  
Whether till the next night she had rather flay,  
Or goe to bed, now being two house to day,  
But were the day come, I shoul with it darke,  
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.  
Well, while I liue, Ie feare no other thing  
So fore, as keeping life Nerissa ring.

Exeunt.
As you Like it.

Actus primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

So I remember Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, but poore a thousand Crownes, and as thou saist, charged my brother on his blessing to breed mee well: and there begins my fadnesse: My brother Jaques he keepes at schoole, and report speakes godenly of his profit: for my part, he keepes mee ruffitally at home, or (to speake more properly) faies me heere at home vnkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differes not from the fallinge of an Oxe? his horses are bred better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their maneage, and to that end Riders deereely hire: but I (his brother) gaine nothing vnnder him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I: besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gaue mee, his countenance seemes to take from me: hee lets mee feele with his Hindes, barren mee the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it Adam that grieues me, and the spirit of my Father, which I think is within mee, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

Orl. Goe a-part Adam, and shoult heare how he will shakke me vp.

Oli. Now Sir, what make you heere?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then sir?

Orl. Master sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poore vnwororthy brother of yours with idleness.

Oli. Master sir, be better employed, and be naught a while.

Orl. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskis with them? what prodigious portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are sir?

Orl. Sir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom sir?

Orl. I, better then him I am before knowes mee: I know you are my eldest brother, and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me: the courteous of nations allowes you my better, in that you are the first borne, but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt vs: I haue as much of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confess yours coming before me is nearer to his reuerence.


Orl. Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me villains?

Orl. I am no villaine: I am the yongest sonne of Sir Rouland de Bovy, he was my father, and he is thirce a villaine that faies such a father begot villaines: wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for faying so, thou haft riald on thy selfe.

Adam. Sweet Maiters bee pateient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me goo I say.

Orl. I will not till I please: you shal heare mee: my father chargd you in his will to give me good education: you haue traind me like a pesant, obfcuring and hindring from mee all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father growes strong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercizes as may become a gentleman, or glue mee the poore allottey my father left me by testament, with that I will goo buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is spent? Well sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shal have some part of your will, I pray you leave mee.

Orl. I will no further offend you, then becomes mee for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you olde dogge.

Adam. Is old dogge my reward: moft true, I haue loft my teeth in your service: God be with my olde master, he would not have spoke such a word. Ex. Orl. Ad.

Oli. Is it eno, begin you to grow vp me? I will phyficke your ranckenesse, and yet giue no thousand crownes neyther: holla Dennis.

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles the Dukes Wraftler heere to speake with me?

Den. So please you, he is heere at the doore, and importunes accesse to you.

Oli. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to Morrow the wrafling is.

Enter Charles.

Chas. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Mounther Charles: what's the newes at the new Court?

Charles. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the old Duke is banished by his yonger brother the new Duke, and three or foure louing Lords...
Lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind the Duke's daughter be banish'd with her Father?

Cba. O no; for the Duke's daughter her Cofen so loves her, being ever from their Cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no less beloved of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and never two Ladies loved as they doe.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cba. They say he is already in the Forrest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they lye like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many yong Gentlemen flocke to him every day, and fleet the time carelessley as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wraffle to morrow before the new Duke.

Cba. Marry doe I sir: and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am given sir secretly to vnderstand, that your yonger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in dignis'd against mee to try a fall: to morrow sir I wraffle for my credit, and hee that escapes me without some broken limbe, shall acquit him well: your brother is but young and tender, and for your loue I would bee loth to foyle him, as I must for my owne honour if hee come in: therefore out of my loue to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brooke such disgrace well as he shall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thanke thee for thy loue to me, which thou shalt finde I will most kindly requite: I had my selfe notice of my Brothers purposse herein, and haue by vnder-hand meanes labour'd to diffwade him from it; but he is refolute. Ile tell thee Charles, it is the stubbornest yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every mans good parts, a secret & villainous contriv'r against mee his natural brother: therefore vse thy discretion, I had as liefe thou didst break his necke as his finger. And thou wert best looke to't; for if thou dost him any flight disgrace, or if hee doe not mightily grace himselfe on thee, hee will praclifie against thee by payfon, entrap thee by some treacherous deceit, and never leaxe thee till he hath taken thy life by some indirect means or other: for I affirme thee, (and almoft with teares I speake it) there is not one so young, and so villainous this day living. I speake but brotherly of him, but shoul I anathemize him to thee, as hee is, I must blufh, and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cba. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if thee come to morrow, Ile sue him his payment: if ever thee goe alone againe, Ile never wraffle for prize more: and to God keepe your worship.

Exit. Farewell good Charles. Now will I flirr this Gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soule (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet hee's gentle, neuer schoold, and yet learned, full of noble deceit, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my owne people, who beft know him, that I am altogether mifprist: but it shall not be so long, this wraffler shall cleare all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now lie goe about.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia.

Col. I pray thee Rosalind, sweet my Cos, be merry.

Ref. Celia; I know more mirth then I am midstree of, and would you yet were merrier: vnaiffe you could teach me to forget a banish'd father, you must not learn mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Col. Herein I see thou lou'st mee not with the full weight that I love thee: if my Vncle thy banish'd father had banish'd thy Vncle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst beene ftil with mee, I could haue taught my loue to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy loue to me were so righteously temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Ref. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoyce in yours.

Col. You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor none is like to haue; and truely when hee dieth, thou shalt be his Heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy fa- ther perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honor I will, and when I brake that oath, let mee turne monftrertherefore my sweet Rofe, my deare Rofe, be merry.

Ref. From henceforth I will Cos, and deuite sports: let me see, what thinke you of falling in Love.

Col. Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall: but loue no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport nether, then with safety of a pure blisf, thou maist in hon- nor come off again.

Ref. What shall be our sport then?

Col. Let vs sit and mocke the good houfwife Fortu- ne from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee bestowed equally.

Ref. I would wee could doe so: for her benefts are mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Col. 'Ts true, for thoefe that she makes faire, she scarce makes honest, & thoefe that she makes honest, she makes very illfavour'd.

Ref. Nay now thou goest from Fortunes office to Na- tures: Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clown.

Col. No; when Nature hath made a faire creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature hath given vs wit to flint at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this foole to cut off the argument?

Ref. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes nature natural, the cutter off of natures witte.

Col. Peradventure this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceieth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddeffes, hath sent this Naturall for our whetstone. For alwaies the dulnesse of the foole, is the whetstone of the wits. How now Witte, whether wander you?

Clow. Midstree, you must come away to your father.

Col. Were you made the meffenger?

Clow. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.
Ref. Where learned you that oath foole?
Cl. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honor the Mustard was naught: Now Ie stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworne.

Cl. How prove you that in the great heape of your knowledge?
Ref. I marry, now vanmuzzle your wisedome.

Cl. Stand you both forth now: Stroke your chinnes, and fware by your beards that I am a knave.

Cl. By our beards(If we had them) thou art.

Cl. By my knaueerie(If I had it) then I were: but if you fware by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight fwearung by his Honor, for he never had anie; or if he had, he had fwarene it away, before euer he faw thofe Pancakes, or that Mustard.

Cl. Prethee, who's that thou means't?

Cl. One that old Fredericke your Father loves.

Ref. My Fathers love is enough to honor him enough; speake no more of him, you'll be whipt for taxation one of these daies.

Cl. The more pittie that fools may not speake wise-ly, what Wifemen do foolishly.

Cl. By my troth thou failest true: For, since the little wit that fools haue was silenced, the little foolerie that wife men haue makes a great shew; Heree comes Mon-fieur the Beu.

Enter le Beau.

Ref. With his mouth full of newes.

Cl. Which he will put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.

Ref. Then shal we be newes-cram'd.

Cl. All the better: we shalbe the more Marketable.

Boon-lour Monfieur le Beu, what's the newes?

Le Beu. Faire Princeffe,
you haue loft much good sport.

Le Beu. What colour Madame? How shal I sun-fwer you?

Ref. As wit and fortune will.

Cl. Or as the deffinies decrees.

Cl. Well said, that was laid on with a trowell.

Cl. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke.

Ref. Thou loofeth thy old smell.

Le Beu. You amaze me Ladies: I would haue told you of good wrastling, which you haue loft the fight of.

Ref. Yet tell us the manner of the Wrastling.

Le Beu. I will tell you the beginning: and if it please your Ladis hips, you may fee the end, for the beft is yet to doe, and heere where you are, they are comming to performe it.

Cl. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old man, and his three sons.

Cl. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beu. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and prudence.

Ref. With bils on their neckes: Be it knowne vnto all men by these presents.

Le Beu. The eldest of the three, wrastled with Charles the Dukes Wraffler, which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he sere'd the second, and so the third: yonder they lie, the poor old man their Father, making fuch pittifull dole ouer them, that all the behol-
ders take his part with weeping.

Ref. Alas.

Cl. But what is the sport Monfieur, that the Ladies have loft?

Le Beu. Why this that I speake of.

Cl. Thus men may grow wiser every day. It is the first time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies.

Cl. Or I, I promis thee.

Ref. But is there any else longs to see this broken Musick in his sides? Is there yet another doates vpon rib-breacking? Shall we see this wrastling Cofin?

Le Beu. You muft if you stay heere, for heere is the place appointed for the wrastling, and they are ready to perfome it.

Cl. Yonder sure they are comming. Let vs now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke. Come on, since the youth will not be intreated His owne perill on his forwardness.

Ref. Is yonder the man?

Le Beu. Even he, Madam.

Cl. Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks successfull

Duke. How now daughter, and Cousin:

Are you crept hither to see the wrastling?

Ref. I my Liege, fo please you give vs leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you there is fuch odds in the man: In pite of the challengers youth, I would faine diffwade him, but he will not bee entrested. Speake to him Ladies, fee if you can moove him.

Cl. Call him hether good Monfieur Le Beu.

Duke. Do fo: Ie not by.

Le Beu. Monfieur the Challenger, the Princeffe calis for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie.

Ref. Young man, haue you challeng'd Charles the Wraffler?

Orl. No faire Princeffe: he is the generall challenger, I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cl. Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeras: you have seene cruell proofes of this mans strength, if you faw your felfe with your eies, or knew your felfe with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsell you to a more equall enterprife. We pray you for your owne fake to embrace your owne fafety, and glue ouer this attempt.

Ref. Do yong Sir,your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our fuite to the Duke, that the wrastling might not go forward.

Orl. I befeech you, punifh mee not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guiltie to denie fo faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your faire eies, and gentle wishes goe with mee to my triall; wherein if I bee foiled, there is but one sham'd that was never gracios: if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be fo: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament methe world no inuiere, for in it I haue nothing: onely in the world I fil vp a place, which may bee better suppled, when I haue made it emptie.

Ref. The little strength that I haue, I would it were with you.

Cl.
Col. And mine to seake out hers.
Ref. Fare you well; praise heaven I be deceiued in you.
Col. Your hearts desires be with you.
Char. Come, where is this yong gallant, that is so
defsirous to lie with his mother eare?
Ref. Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest
working.
Duk. You shall trie but one fall.
Char. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entract
him to a seconde, that have so mightily perfwand him
from a first.
Ref. You meant to mocke me after; you should not
have mockt me before: but come your waies.
Ref. Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.
Col. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fel-
low by the legge. 

Ref. Oh excellent yong man.
Col. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who
should downe.

Ref. No more, no more.
Ref. Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well
breath'd.

Duk. How do'lt thou Charles?
Le Beu. He cannot speake my Lord.
Duk. Beare him awaie:

What is thy name yong man?
Ref. Orlando my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir Ro-
land de Boys.

Duk. I would thou hadst beene son to some man eile,
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did finde him still mine enemie:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deede,
Hadst thou defended from another house:

But face thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
I would thou hadst told me of another Father.

Exit Duke.

Col. Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?
Ref. I am more proud to be Sir Rolands sonne,
His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heirs to Fredericke.
Ref. My Father lou'd Sir Roland as his soule,
And all the world was of my Fathers minde,
Had I before knowne this yong man his sonne,
I should have given him teares vnto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Col. Gentle Cozen,
Let vs goe thank him, and encourage him:
My Fathers rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart: Sir, you have well deserue'd,
If you doe keepe your promises in loue;
But iutly as you have exceed in promisses,
Your Miftris shall be happy.

Ref. Gentleman,
Weare this for me: one out of soules with fortune
That could give more, but that her hand lacks meanes.
Shall we goe Coze?

Col. I: fare you well faire Gentleman.
Ref. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all throwne downe, and that which here flands vp
Is but a quintane, a meere lieuicte blacke.
Ref. He calls vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes,
He asks him what he would: Do you call Sir?
Sir, you have wraffled well, and ouerthrown

More then your enemies.

Col. Will you goe Coze?
Ref. Haue with you: fare you well.

Enter Le Beu.

Ref. What passion hangs these weights vp' a my tong?
I cannot speake to her, yet the urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beu.

O poore Orlando! thou art ouerthrown.
Or Charles, or some one weaker masters thee.

Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in friendship consolde you
To leaue this place; albeit you haue deserued
High commendation, true applaude, and loue;

Yet such is now the Dukes condition,
That he misconferes all that you have done:
The Duke is humorous, what he is indeed:

More fuites you to conceiue, then I to speake of.

Col. I thank you Sir; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,

That here was at the Wraffling?

Le Beu. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners,
But yet informe the taller is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her vliurping Vnle.

To keep his daughter company, whose loues
Are dearer then the naturall bond of Sifters:
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath tanke displeasure against his gentle Niece,

Grounded upon no other argument,

But that the people praiue her for her vertues,
And pitie her, for her good Fathers sake;

And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady
Will sodainly break forth: Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better world then this,

I shall defere more loue and knowledge of you.

Col. I reft much bounden to you: fare you well.

Thus muf't I from the fmoake into the fmoother,
From tyrant Duke, unto a tyrant Brother.

But heavenly Rofaline.

Exit

Scena Tertia

Enter Celia and Rofaline.

Col. Why Cofen, why Rofaline: Cupid haue mercie,
Not a word?
Ref. No, one to throw at a dog.

Ref. No, some of it is for my childe Father: Oh
how full of brices is this working day world.

Col. They are out, Cofen, throwne vpon thee
in holiday foulerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths
our very petty-coates will catch them.

Ref. I could shake them off my coate, these buses are
in my heart.

Col. Hem them away.

Ref. I would try if I could cry hem, and have him.

Col. Come, come, wraffle with thy affections.

Ref. O they take the part of a better wraffler then
my felf.

Col. O, a good wish vpon you: you will trie in time

in
in dispite of a fall: but turning these leaves out of service, let vs talke in good earnest: Is it possible on such a fo-

daine, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir
Rouland's yeongest sonne?

Ref. The Duke my Father lou'd his Father deerelee.
Cel. Doth it therefore enue that you should loue his
Sonne deerelee? By this kinde of chaie, I should hate
him, for my father hated his father deereely; yet I hate
not Orlando.

Ref. No faith, hate him not for my sake.
Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deere me well?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Ref. Let me lose him for that, and do you lOVE him
Because I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke.
Cel. With his eies full of anger,
And get you from our Court.
Ref. Me Vnce.
Duk. You Cofen,
Within these ten daies if that thou best found
So seere our publike Court as twenty miles,
Thou dieft for it.

Ref. I doe befeech your Grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me:
If with my felfe I hold Intelligence,
Or haue acquaintance with mine owne desires,
If that I doe dreame, or be not frantick,
(As I doe truft I am not) then deere Vnce,
Neer fo much as in a thought vnborne,
Did I offend your highneffe.

Duk. Thus doe all Traitors,
If their purgation did confess in words,
They are as innocent as grace it felle;
Let it suffice thee that I truft thee not.

Ref. Yet your mistrus cannot make me a Traitor;
Tell me whereon the likelihoods depend?
Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.

Ref. So was I when your highnes took his Dukedom,
So was I when your highnesse banished him;
Treasur is not inherited my Lord,
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor,
Then good my Leige, mislake me not fo much,
To think is my pouertie is treacherous.

Cel. Deere Soueraigne heare me speake.
Duk. I Celia, we staid her for your sake,
Else had she with her Father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then intreat to have her stay,
It was your pleasure. and your owne remorse,
I was too yong that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a Traitor,
Why fo am I: we still have kept together,
Role at an infant, learn'd, plaid, eate together,
And wherefore we went, like Ames Swans,
Still we went coupl'd and inseparable.

Duk. She is too fumble for thee, and her smoothnes;
Her verie silence, and per patience,
Speake to the people, and they pitic her:
Thou art a foole, the robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt shew more bright, & seem more vertuous
When she is gone: then open not thy lips
Firme, and irreconcile is my doome,
Which I have past vpon her, she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige,
I cannot live out of her companie.

Duk. You are a foole: you Neice prouide your selfe,
If you out-stay the time, vpon mine honor,
And in the greatnesse of my word you die.

Exit Duke, &c.

Cel. O my poore Rosaline, whether wilt thou goe?
Wilt thou change Fathers? I will guile thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more grieued then I am.

Ref. I have more caufe.
Cel. Thou haft not Cofen, 
Prethee be cheerfulfull; know'ft thou not the Duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ref. That he hath not.
Cel. No, hath not? Rosaline lacks then the loue
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,
Shall we be fured? shall we part sweete girls?
No, let my Father seeke another heire:
Therefore defire with me how we may file
Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs,
And doe not seeke to take your change vpon you,
To beare your griefes your self, and leane me out:
For by this heaven, now at our forrowes pale;
Say what thou canst, Ie goe along with thee.

Ref. Why, whether shall we goe?

Cel. To seeke my Vnce in the Forrest of Arden.
Ref. Alas, what danger will it be to vs,
(Maides as we are) to trauell forth fo farre?
Beautie prouoketh theesus sooner then gold.

Cel. Ie put my felfe in poore and meane attire,
And with a kinde of vmbre finich my face,
The like doe you, fo shall we passe along,
And never foe affillants.

Ref. Were it not better,
Because that I am more then common tall,
That I did fuite me all points like a man,
A gallant curtelax vpon my thigh,
A bore-speare in my hand, and in my heart
Lye there what hidden womens fear there will,
Weele haue a fwinching and a marshall outide,
As manie other mannsfow Crowe have,
That doe outface it with their femblances.

Cel. What shal I call thee when thou art a man?
Ref. Eie haue no worde a name then Iose owne Page,
And therefore looke you call me Ganymed.

But what will you by call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to myflate:
No longer Celia, but Atiena.

Ref. But Cofen, what if we affaid to steale
The clownish Foulle out of your Fathers Court:
Would he not be a comfort to our trauaille?

Cel. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me,
Leave me alone to wre him: Let's away
And get our leuells and our wealth together,
Desoe the fittest time, and falest way
To hide vs from pursuite that will be made
After my flight: now goe in we content
To libertie, and not to banishment.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Duke Senior: Amyens, and two or three Lords
like Forrysters.

Duk. Sen. Now my Cœ-mates, and brothers in exile:
Hath not old custome made this life more sweete

Then
Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods
More free from perill then the envious Court?
Heere feel we not the penitence of Adam,
The seasons difference, as the Icle phange
And chirlih chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blowes upon my body
Euen till I thinke with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly perfwade me what I am:
Sweet are the vles of aduerfitie
Which like the toad, ougely and venemous,
Weares yet a precious jewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publikc haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
Amen. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can translate the stubbornesse of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a filfe.

Duke. Come, hall we goe and kill vs venison?
And yet it irks me the poore dappldfooles
Being native Burgers of this defert City,
Should inttre owne confines with forcked heads
Have their round handes ungarded.
1. Lord. Indeed my Lord,
The melancholy Iaques grieues at that,
And in that kinde sweares you doe more vfurpe
Then doth your brother that hath banished you:
To day my Lord of Amiens, and my self,
Did sweale behinde him as he lay along
Vnder an oake, whole anticcke roote peepes out
Vpon the brooke that brawlies along this wood,
To the which place a poore ferefrd Stag
That from the Hunters aie had tane a hurt,
Did come to langiuft; and indeed my Lord
The wretched annimall heau'd forth much groanes
That their diquarce did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tearaes
Cours'd one another downe his innocent nofe
In pitteous chafe: and thus the hairie folle,
Mucht markt of the melancholie Iaques,
Stood on th'eextreme verge of the twift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.

Duke. But what said Iaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
1. Lord. O yes, into a thousand families.
First, for his weeping into the needlefe streame;
Poore Deere quoth he, thou makst a testament
As worldlings doe, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too mutt: then being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friend;
'Tis right quoth he, thus miserie doth part
The Fluex of companie: anon a carelesse Heard
Full of the psalme, jumps along by him
And never ifles to greet him: I quoth Iaques,
Sweeppe on you fat and greesie Citizens,
'Tis fuft the fashion; wherefore doe you looke
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most injufitibly he piercing through
The body of Countrie, Cities, Court,
Yes, and of this our life, fiewaring that we
Are meere vfurpers, tyrants, and whates worfe
To fght the Animails, and to kill them vp
In their affign'd and natiue dwelling place.
Duke. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
2. Lord. We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Vpon the jobbing Deere.
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him: and his practices:
This is no place, this house is but a butcherie;
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.
Ad. Why whether Adam would't thou have me go?
Ad. No matter whether, so you come not here.
Ori. What, would'thou have me goe & beg my food,
Or with a bafe and boistrous Sword enforce
A thoughtfull liuing on the common rode?
This I must doe, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.
I rather will subiect me to the malice
Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.
Ad. But do not so: I have five hundred Crownes,
The thristie hire I faued vnder your Father,
Which I did store to be my folter Nutre,
When servise should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede,
Ye a prouidently caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I giue you, let me be your servant,
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lustie;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did with vnbaflfull forehead woe,
The meanes of weakeffe and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a lustie winter,
Frostie, but kindly; let me goe with you,
Ile doe the servise of a Yonger man
In all your busynesse and necessities.
Ori. Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares
The constant servise of the antique world,
When servise sweate for dutie, not for meede:
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweate, but for promotion,
And hasing that do choake their servise vp,
Even with the hauing, it is not fo with thee:
But poore old man, thou prun't a rotten tree,
That cannot fo much as a blossome yeeld,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,
But come thy waires, weele goe along together,
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages spent,
Weele light upon some fetted low content.
Ad. Master goe on, and I will follow thee
To the last gape with truth and loyaltie,
From feauenite yeeres, till now almost fourscore
Here liued I, but now live here no more
At feauntene yeeres, many their fortunes seeke
But at fourscore, it is too late a weake,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Mather debtor.  

Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosaline for Ganymed, Celia for Aliena, and Clowne, alias Touchstone.

Ros. O Jupiter, how merry are my spirits?
Clo. I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not wearie.
Ros. I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort
the weaker vessell, as doublet and hose ought to shew it felze coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good Aliena.
Clo. I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no further.
Clos. For my part, I had rather beare with you, then beare you: yet I should beare no croffe if I did beare you, for I thinke you have no money in your purfe.
Ros. Well, this is the Forrest of Arden.
Clo. I now am in Arden, the more foole I, when I was at home I was in a better place, but Travellers must be content.

Enter Corin and Silvia.

Ros. I, be so good Touchstone: Look you, who comes here, a yong man and an old in solemne tale.
Cor. That is the way to make her scornes you still.
Sil. Oh Corin, that thou knewst how I do love her.
Cor. I partly guess: for I haue lou'd ere now.
Sil. No Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou waft as true a lover
As ever sight'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy loue were ever like to mine,
As sure I think he did neuer man loue so:
How many actions most ridiculous,
Haft thou bene drawne to by thy fantasie?
Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.
Sil. Oh thou di'dst then neuer loue so hartily,
If thou remembreft not the sightest folly,
That euer loue did make thee run into,
Thou haft not lou'd.
Or if thou haft not fat as I doe now,
Wearing thy heare in thy Mistris praine,
Thou haft not lou'd.
Or if thou haft not broke from companie,
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
Thou haft not lou'd.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe.

Exeunt.

Ros. Alas poore Shepheard searching of they would, I haue by hard adventure found mine owne.
Clo. And I mine: I remember when I was in loue, I broke my sworde upon a flone, and bid them take that for comming a night to These Smeile, and I remember the killing of her bater, and the Cowes duges that her prettie chyste hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooning of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cuds, and giving her them againe, said with weeping teares, weare these for my sake: wee that are true Louers, runne into strange capers; but as is mortall in nature, so is all nature in love, mortall in folly.
Ros. Thou speake't wiser then thou art ware of.
Clo. Nay, I shall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till I brake my thins against it.
Ros. Ioue, ioue, this Shepheard passion,
Is much vpon my fashion.
Clo. And mine, but it grows something stale with me.
Clo. I pray you, one of you question you'nd man,
If he for gold will give vs any froode,
I faint almost to death.
Clo. Holla; you Clowne.
Ros. Peace fool'e, he's not thy kinsman.
Cor. Who calls?
Clo. Your better Sir.
Cor. Elfe are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace.
Scena Quinta.

Enter, Amyens, Iaques, & others.

Song.

Vnder the greene woode tree,
who loves to lye with me,
And turne his merrie Note,
unto the sweet Birds throate : 
Come bifter, come bifter, come bifter : 
Here shall be fees, and frowes foolis as be,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Iaq. More, more, I prethee more.

Amy. It will make you melancholy Monfieur Iaques.

Iaq. I thanke it: More, I prethee more,
I can fucke melancholy out of a fong,
As a Weazel fuckes eggs: More, I prethee more.

Amy. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please you.

Iaq. I do not desyre you to please me, I do desyre you to fing:
Come, more, another stanza : Cal you'em stanza's?

Amy. What will you Monfieur Iaques?

Iaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee nothing. Will you fing?

Amy. More at your request, then to please my selfe.

Iaq. Well then, if euer I thanke any man, Ie thanke you: but that they cal complement is like the'encounter of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me hartily, me thankes I have gien him a penie, and he renders me the beggerly thankes. Come fing; and you that will not hold your tongues.

Amy. Well, Ie end the song. Sirs, cover the while, the Duke wil drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this day to looke you.

Iaq. And I have bin all this day to avoid him: He is too difputable for my compaine: I thinke of as many matters as he, but I glue Heauen thankes, and make no bonnt of them. Come, warble, come.

Song. *Altogether beere.*

Who doth ambition shewer,
And loves to live i'th Sunne:
Seeking the food he eats,
and pleas'd with what he gets:
Come bifter, come bifter, come bifter,
Here shall be fees, &c.

Iaq. Ie give you a verfe to this note,
That I made yesterday in defpite of my Invention.

Amy. And Ie fing it.

Amy. Thus it goes.

If it do come to pass, that any man turne Affe:
Leaung his wealth and ease,
A flubborn witt to pleasa,
Ducdamme, ducdamme, ducdamme:
Here shall be fees, and groffe foolis as be,
And if he wull come to me.

Amy. What's that Ducdamme?

Iaq. 'Tis a Greeke inuocation, to call fools into a circle. Ie go sleepe I can : if I cannot, Ie raile against all the first borne of Egypt.

Amy. And Ie go sleepe the Duke,
His banket is prepar'd.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

Adam. Deere Master, I can go no further: O I die for food. Here he lie I downe, And measure out my graue. Farwel kinde master. Or! Why how now Adam? No greater heart in thee: Like a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little. If this vncouth Forrest yeelds any thing fause, I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foodo to thee: Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers. For my fake be comfortable, hold death a while At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee presently, And if I bring thee not something to eate, I wil giue thee leaue to die: but if thou dieft Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Wel said, thou looket cheereft, And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou lieft In the bleake sire. Come, I will beare thee To some shelter, and thou shalt not die For lacke of a dinner, If there liue any thing in this Defert. Cheerefly good Adam.
Scena Septima.


Du. Sen. I think he be transform’d into a beast,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

1. Lord. My Lord, he is but even now gone hence,
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Du. Sen. If he compact of iarres, grow Musicall,
We shall have shortly discord in the Spheres :
Go seek him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter Laques.

1. Lord. He faues my labor by his owne approach.

Du. Sen. Why how now Monfieur, what a life is this
That your poore friends muft woe your company,
What, you looke merrily.

Laq. A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i’th Forrest,
A motley Foole (a miserable world:)
As I do live by foole, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and base’d him in the Sun,
And rai’d on Lady Fortune in good termes,
In good fet termes, and yet a motley foole.
Good morrow foole (quoth I:) no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not foole, till heauen hath fent me fortune,
And then he drew a diall from his poake,
And looking on it, with lacke-luftere eye,
Says, very wifely, it is ten a clocke:
Thus we may fee (quoth he) how the world waggis:
’Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,
And after one houre more, ’twill be eleuen,
And so from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare
The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticlerre,
That Foole should be fo depe contemplative:
And I did laugh, fans intermiffion
An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,
A worthy foole: Motley’s the only wear.

Du. Sen. What foole is this?

Laq. O worthie Foole: One that hath bin a Courtiere
And Fayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
They have the gift to know it: and in his bralue,
Which is as drie as the remainder bisket
After a voyage: He hath strange places cram’d
With obseruation, the which he vents
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Du. Sen. Thou shalt have one.

Laq. It is my onely suite,
Proudly that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,
That I am wife. I must hauie liberty
Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,
To blow on whom I please, for fo foole hauie:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh: And why ar muft they so?
The why is plaine, as way to Parish Church:
Hee, that a Foole doth very wilfuly hit,
Doth very foollifly, although he smart
Seem fenaiffle of the bob. If not,
The Wise-mans folly is anathemiz’d
Euen by the squarrindg glances of the foole.

Inuest me in my motley: Give me leave
To speake my minde, and I will through and through
Cleane the foule bodie of th’infectedd world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Du. Sen. For thee on thee. I can tell what thou wouldest do.

Laq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

Du. Sen. Most mischanceous foule fin, in chiding fin:
For thou thy selfe haft bene a Libertine,
As fennual as the brutifh fling it selfe,
And all th’imboiTed foilles, and headed euils,
That thou with license of free foot haft caught,
Would’t thou diliunge into the generall world.

Laq. Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein take any private party:
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the weare verie meanes do ebb.
What woman in the Cide do I name,
When that I say the City woman beares
The cost of Princes on vnworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say that I meane her,
When such a one as thee, such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of base function,
That faies his brauerie is not on my coft,
Thinking that I meane him, but therein suites
His folly to the mettle of my speech,
There then, how then, what then, let me fee wherein
My tongue hath wrong’d him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong’d him selfe: if he be free,
why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies
Vnclaim’d of any man. But who come here?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no more.

Laq. Why I haue eate none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till neceffity be farr’d.

Laq. Of what kinde should this Cocks come of?

Du. Sen. Art thou thus bolden’d man by thy diftres?

Orl. If eels a rude defiler of good manners,
That in ciuilty thou feeme’st to emptie?

Orl. You touch’d my veine at first, the thorny point
Of bare diftrese, hath tane from me the fiew:
Of smooth ciuilty: yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nourture: But forbeare, I fay,
He dies that touches any of this fruite,
Till I, and my affaires are anwered.

Laq. And you will not be anwer’d with reafon,
I must dye.

Du. Sen. What would you haue?

Your gentlenesse shall force, more then your force
Moue vs to gentlenesse.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me haue it.

Du. Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table

Orl. Speake you fo gently? Pardon me I praye you,
I thought that all things had bin saufge here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ferne commandement. But what see ere you are
That in this defert inaccessible,
Vnder the shade of melancholy boughs,
Loose, and neceft the creepyng hours of time:
If euer you haue look’d on better days:
If euer beene where els haue knoll’d to Church:
If euer fate at any good mans feat:
If euer from your eye-lids wip’d a teare,
And know what ’tis to pitte, and be pitted:
Let gentlenesse my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword.
As you like it.

**Du Sen.** True is it, that we have seene better dayes, And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church, And sat at good mens feasts, and wip'd our eies Of drops, that sacred pity hath engendred : And therefore sit you downe in gentleness, And take vpon command, what helpe we haue That to your wanting may be minisfied.  

**Orl.** Then but forbear your food a little while : Whenes (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawn, And give it food. There is an old poore man, Who after me, hath many a weary steppe Limpt in pure love : till he be first suffic'd, Opprett with two weake eules, age, and hunger, I will not touch a bit.  

**Du Sen.** Go finde him out.  
And we will nothing waste till you returne.  

**Orl.** I thanke ye, and be bleff for your good comfort.  

**Du Sen.** Thou feeft, we are not all alone vnhappy: This wide and woefull Theater Prefents morowfull Pageants then the Scane  
Wherein we play in. 

In. All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women, mereely Players; They have their Exits and their Entrace,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His Acts being seuen ages. At first the Infant, Mewing, and puking in the Nurse's arms: Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell And shining morning face, creeping like a nail: 

Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Louter, Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad Made to his Mistrefse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier, Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard, Ielous in honor, iudaine, and quicke in quarrell, Seeking the bubble Reputation  
Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Juftrice In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd, With eyes feueere, and head of formall cut, 
Full of wife fawes, and moderne infances, And so he plays his parts. The fixt age shifts Into the leane and flipper'd Pantaloons, With spectacles on nofe, and pouch on side, His youthfull hofe well fau'd, a world too wide, For his shrunkne eye, and his bigge manly voice, Turning againe toward childish treble pipe, And Whistles in his found. Last Scene of all, That ends this strange evant full historie, 
Is second childishness, and meere oblivion, Sans teeth, fans eyes, fans tafe, fans every thing.  

Enter Orlando with Adam.  

**Du Sen.** Welcome: set downe your venerable burthen, and let him feede.  

**Orl.** I thanke you most for him.  

**Ad.** So had you neede, I scarce can speake to thanke you for my selfe.  

**Du Sen.** Welcome, fall to : I will not trouble you, As yet to quefion you about your fortunes : Give vs some Musick, and good Cozen, sing.  

**Song.** Blow, blow, blow winter winde, Thou art not so unkinde, as many ingratitude Thy breath is not so keen, because thou art not scene, although thy breath be rude.

Heigh bo, sing heigh bo, unto the green bolly,  
Most friendship, is saying; most loving, meerely folly:  
The heigh bo, the bolly,  
This Life is most Iolly.

Freine, freine, thou bitter skin that do's not bright so nigh  
as benefite forgot:  
Though thou the water warpe, thy sing is not so sharpe,  
as freind remembered not.  
Heigh bo, sing, &c.

**Duke Sen.** If that you were the good Sir Rowlands son, As you haue whisper'd faithfully you were, 
And as mine eye doth his effigies witnesse, Most truly lim'd, and lying in your face, Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke That lou'd your Father, the residue of your fortune, Go to my Caeue, and tell mee. Good old man, Thou art right welcome, as thy matters is: Support him by the arm: give me your hand, And let me all your fortunes understand.  

**Exeunt.**

**Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.**

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliver.  

**Du.** Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be: But were I not the better part made mercie, I should not seeke an abfent argument Of my revenge, thou prefent: but looke to it, Finde out thy brother wherefoere he is, Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or liuing Within this twelvemonth, or turne thou no more To seeke a liuing in our Territorie.  

Thy Lands and all things that thou doft call thine, 
Worth feiture, do we feize into our hands, Till thou canst quite thee by thy brothers mouth, Of what we thinke against thee.  

**Orl.** Oh that your Highneffe knew my heart in this: I never lou'd my brother in my life.  

**Duke.** More vilaine thou. Well push him out of dores And let my officers of such a nature 
Make an extant vpon his house and Lands: Do this expeditely, and turne him going.  

**Exeunt.**

**Scena Secunda.**

Enter Orlando.  

**Orl.** Hang there my verfe, in witnesse of my loue, And thou thricke crowned Queene of night furrey With thy chaffe eye, from thy pale fheare above Thy Huntrefse name, that my full life doth fway, O Rosalind, these Trees shall be my Bookes, And in their barkes my thoughts Ie charafter, That cuere eye, which in this Forrest looke, Shall fee thy vertue witnesse every where. Run, run Orlando, carue on euer Tree, The faire, the chaffe, and vnexpreffe thee.  

**Exit.**

**Enter Corin & Clavwne.**

**Co.** And how like you this shepherdes life Mr Touchstone?  

**Clavwne.**
As you like it.

Close. Truly Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepehards life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it verie well: but in respect that it is priuate, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth mee well: but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more plentie in it, it goes much against my homacke. Has't any Philosophie in theshepheard?

Cor. No more, but that I knowe the more one fickness, the worse at ease he is: and that bee that wants money, meanes, and content, is withoute three good frends. That the propertye of rain is to wet, and fire to burne: That good pauste makes fat shepe: and that a great caufe of the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That bee that hath learnd no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good breeding, or comes of a very dulle kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a naturall Philosopher:

Was't ever in a Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No truly.

Clo. Then thou art damnd, like an ill roasted Egge, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason.

Clo. Why, if thou never wast at Court, thou never faw'dt good manners: if thou never faw'dt good manners, then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is fin, and finne is damnation: Thou art in a parous state shepheard.

Cor. Not a whit Touchstone, those are good manners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as the behauiour of the Countrie is most mockable at the Court. You told me, you sulte not at the Court, but you kisse your hands; that courteisye would be vncompassie if Courtiers were shepheardes.

Clo. Insufance, brieuely: com, insufance.

Cor. Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their Fels you know are greafe.

Clo. Why do not your Courtiers hands sweate? and is not the greafe of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better insufance I say: Come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips will feele them the sooner. Shallow a-gen: a more founder insufance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over, with the surgerie of our shepe: and would you have vs kishe Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Citnet.

Clo. Most shallow man: Thou worms mate in respect of a good peece of flesh indeed: learne of the wife and perpend: Citnet is of a safer birth then Tarre, the verie vncompassie fluxe of a Cat. Mend the insufance Shepheard.

Cor. You have too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile reft.


Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eatget that I were: owe no man hate, enuie no mans happyne: glad of other mens good content with my harme: and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, & my Lammes fuckle.

Clo. That is another fimple sinne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your living, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Westherst, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reasonable match. If thou bee't not damnd for this, the diuell himselfe will have no shepherds, I cannot see elle how thou shouldst scape.

Cor. Here cometh yong Mr.Ganied, my new Mistresses Brother.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. From the east to Winters Inde,

No jewels is like Rosalinde,

Her worth being mounted on the winde,

Through all the world beares Rosalinde.

All the pictures fairest Lade,

Are but blacke to Rosalinde:

Let no face bee kept in mind,

But the faire of Rosalinde.

Clo. Ile rime you fo, eight yeares together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right Butter-womens ranke to Market.

Ros. Out Fools.

Clo. For a taste.

If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde,

Let him seeke out Rosalinde:

If the Cat will after hinde,

So be sure vsil Rosalinde:

Wintred garments must be,\Scottish

So must funder Rosalinde:

They that reap must ffeate and binde,

Then to cart with Rosalinde.

Sweetest nut, bath fourere rinde,

Such a nut is Rosalinde:

He that sweetest rofe will finde,

Must finde Loves prize, & Rosalinde.

This is the verie false gallop of Verfes, why do you infect your selfe with them?

Ros. Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truely the tree yeelds bad fruite.

Ros. Ile graffe it with you, and then I shall graffe it with a Medler: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country: for you be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that s the right vertue of the Medler.

Clo. You haue said: but whether wisely or no, let the Forrest judge.

Enter Celia with a writing.

Ros. Peace, here comes my liffer reading, stand aside.

Cel. Why should this Dajett bee,

For it is unpeopled? Noe:

Tonges Ile hang on everie tree,

That soall ciuill sayings fbee.

Some, bow briefes the Life of man

Runs bii erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a fpan,

Buckles in his summe of age.

Some of visiolated owres,

Twixt the souls of friend, and friend:

But upon the fairest browes,

Or at everie fentence end;

Will I Rosalinde write,

Teaching all that read, to know

The quintefience of everie forme,

Beeau maydl in little frowne.

Therefore beau Nature change'd,

That one bodie should be fill'd

With all Graces wide enlarg'd,

Nature formerly disfill'd.

R. a.

Helens
As you like it.

Helens cheeks, but not his heart,
Cleopatra's Matrific;
Attalanta's better part,
sad Locracea's Misdire.
Thus Rosalinde of manie parts,
by Heavenly Synode was dewi'd,
Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,
to have the touches drossett pri'd.
Heauen would that these gifts should baue,
and I to live and die her slane.

Ros. O moft gentle Jupiter, what tedious homilie of
Loue haue you wearied your parifhioner withall, and
neuer cri'de, haue patience good people.
Cel. How now backe friends: Shepheard, go off a little:
go with him sirrah.
Clo. Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable re-
treit, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with
script and scrippage. 
Cel. Didst thou heare these verses?
Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some
of them had in them more feete then the Verfes would
bear.
Cel. That's no matter: the feet might beare ye verses.
Ros. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare
themselves without the verfe, and therefore read lame-
ly in the verfe.
Cel. But didst thou heare without wondering, how
thy name should be hang'd and caured vpon these trees?
Ros. I was fauen of the nine daies out of the wonder,
before you came: for looke heare what I found on
a Palme tree; I was never fo bemind since Pythageras
time that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.
Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?
Ros. Is it a man?
Cel. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck:
change you colour?
Ros. I prethee who?
Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to
meete; but Mountains may bee remou'd with Earth-
quakes, and fo encounter.
Ros. Nay, but who is it?
Cel. Is it poiffeable?
Ros. Nay, I prethee now, with most petitionary ve-
hemence, tell me who it is.
Cel. Of wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull,
yet and againe wonderfull, and after that out of
all hooping.
Ros. Good my complection, soft thou think though
I am caparion'd like a man, I have a doublent and hofe
in my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South-sea
of discovery. I prethee tell me, who is it quickely, and
speake space: I would thou coul'dst flammer, that thou
might'ft powre this conceale'd man out of thy mouth,
and Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle either
too much at once, or none at all. I prethee take the Corke
out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.
Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.
Ros. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man?
Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?
Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.
Ros. Why God will fend more, if the man will be
thankfull: let me thy the growth of his beard, if thou
delay me not the knowledge of his chin.
Cel. It is yong Orlando, that tript vp the Wraftlers
heele, and your heart, both in an infant.

Ros. Nay, but the diuell take mocking: speake sadde
brow, and true maid.
Cel. Faith (Cor) de he.
Ros. Orlando?
Cel. Orlando.
Ros. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet &
hofe? What did he when thou faw't him? What sayde he
how? Look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he
here? Did he aske for me? Where remines he? How
parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him a-
gaine? Answre me in one word.
Cel. You must borrow me Gargantue's mouth first:
'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ayes fize, to
say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to anfwer
in a Catechisme.
Ros. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and
in mans apparel? Lookes he as freilly, as he did the day
he Wraftled?
Cel. It is as eafie to count Atomies as to resolute
the propotions of a Louer: but take a tafe of my finding
him, and rellish it with good oblerance. I found him
under a tree like a drop'd Acorne.
Ros. It may veb be cal'd Jous tree, when it droppes
forth fruites.
Cel. Give me audience, good Madam.
Ros. Proceed.
Cel. There lay hee stretch'd along like a Wounded
Knight.
Ros. Though it be pitte to see fuch a fight, it vell
becomes the ground.
Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curuettes
vufeafonably. He was furni'd like a Hunter.
Ros. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.
Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen, thou
bring't me out of tune.
Ros. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinkes,
I must speake: sweet, lay on.

Enter Orlando & Jaques.
Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?
Ros. 'Tis he, flinke by, and note him.
Jac. I thanke you for your company, but good faith
I had as lieue have beene my selfe alone.
Orl. And so had I: but yet for fashion fake
I thanke you too, for your focietie.
Jac. God buy you, let your meet as little as we can.
Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.
Jac. I pray you marre no more trees vvvith Writing
Loue-fongs in their barkes.
Orl. I pray you marre no moe of your verfes with rea-
ding them ill-fauouredly.
Jac. Rosalinde is your loues name? Orl. Yes, Iaff.
Jac. I do not like her name.
Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she
was chriften'd.
Jac. What fature is she of?
Orl. Iaff as high as my heart.
Jac. You are full of prety anfwers: haue you not bin ac-
quainted with goldsmiths wifes, & cond the out of rings
Orl. Not fo: but I anfwere you right painted cloth,
from whence you have studyed your queftions.
Jac. You haue a nimble wit; I thanke 'twas made of
Attalanta's heele. Will you fitte doone with me, and
were two, will ralle against our Miftris the world, and all
our misfet.
Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but my felfe
againft
against whom I know moit faults.

_Ing._ The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

_Orl._ Why a fault I will not change, for your best virtue, I am wearis of you.

_Ing._ By my troth, I was seeking for a Fool, when I found you.

_Orl._ He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you shall see him.

_Ing._ There I shall see mine owne figure.

_Orl._ Which I take to be either a fool, or a Cipher.

_Ing._ He tarry no longer with you, farewell good signior Loue.

_Orl._ I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monsieur Melancholy.

_Orl._ I will speake to him like a Fawcie Lacky, and under that habit play the Knave with him, do you hear Forre? 

_VERIE WEL, what would you? (repet.

_Orl._ I pray you, what 'tis a clocke?

_Orl._ You should ask me what time o'day: there's no clocke in the Forre.

_Orl._ Then there is no true Louer in the Forre, else fighting euery minute, and groaning euery houre wold detect the lazie foot of time, as well as a clocke.

_Orl._ And why not the swift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

_Orl._ By no meanes sir; Time travels in divers paces, with divers persons: He tells you who Time ambles with-all, who Time trots withall, who Time gallops withall, and who he stands still withall.

_Orl._ I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

_Orl._ Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a fonnaight, Times pace is so hard, that it seemes the length of seven yeare.

_Orl._ Who ambles Time withal?

_Orl._ With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gows: for the one sleepe safely because he cannot study, and the other liues merrily, because he feeles no paine: the one lacking the burthen of leane and wasteful Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heauie tedious penurie. These Time ambles withall.

_Orl._ Who doth he gallop withal?

_Orl._ With a theffee to the galloweres: for though hee go as softly as foot can fall, he thinkes himselfe too soon there.

_Orl._ Who failes it still withal?

_Orl._ With Lawiers in the vacation: for they sleepe betwene Termes and Termes, and then they perceive not how time mouses.

_Orl._ Where dwell you pretty youth?

_Orl._ With this Shepherdske my fitter: heroe in the skirts of the Forre, like fringe upon a petitcoat.

_Orl._ Are you native of this place?

_Orl._ As the Conie that you see dwell where thee is kindled.

_Orl._ Your accent is something finer, then you could purchase in so remoued a dwelling.

_Orl._ I haue bin told so of many: but indeed, an olde religious Vnckle of mine taught me to speake, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too well: for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many Lefters against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

_Orl._ Can you remember any of the principal eues, that he laid to the charge of women?

_Orl._ There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, euery one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow-fault came to match it.

_Orl._ I prethee recount some of them.

_Orl._ No: I wil not cast away my phisick, but on those that are sicke. There is a man haunts the Forre, that abuses our yong plants with curving Rosalind on their barks; hangs Oades upon Hauhornes, and Elegies on brambles; all (forsooth) desiring the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seemes to have the Quotidian of Love upon him.

_Orl._ I am he that is so Loue-shak'd, I pray you tell me your remedie.

_Orl._ There is none of my Vnckles markes upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love: in which cage of rufhes, I am sure you art not prisoner.

_Orl._ What were his markes?

_Orl._ A leane cheeke, which you have not: a blew eie and funken, which you have not: an vnquestionable spirit, which you have not: a beard negligence, which you have not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard, is a younger brothers reueneu) then your hose should be vngarter'd; your bonnet vnbanded, your fleecue vnbutton'd, your shoo vnfit'd, and euery thing about you, demonstrating a careleffe desolation: but you are no such man; you are rather point deuice in your accoufrements, as louing your selfe, then seeling the Louer of any other.

(Olove.

_Orl._ Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleue 

_Orl._ Me beleue it? You may affoone make her that you Loue beleue it, which I warrant shee is apter to do, then to confess she do's: that is one of the points, in the which women still give the lie to their confidences. But in good faith, are you he that hangs the verbes on the Trees, wherein Rosalind is so admir'd?

_Orl._ I sware to thee youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that vnfortunate he.

_Orl._ But are you so much in love, as your rimes speak?

_Orl._ Neither time nor reason can expresse how much.

_Orl._ Loue is morely a madneffe, and I tel you, deliveres as well a darke house, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in looe too: yet I profess cure it by counsel.

_Orl._ Did you ever cure any so?

_Orl._ Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Loue, his Miftris: and I set him euerie day to woe me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantasicall, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for euery passion something; and for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forowie him: now wepe for him, then spit at him: that I drave my Setor from his mad humor of love, to a living humor of madness, w were to forowie the full stream of ye world, and to live in a nooke meerly Monaick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way will I take vpon mee to wash your Letter as cleanse as a found sheepes heart, that there shall not be one spot of Loue in't.

_Orl._ I would not be cured, youth.

_Orl._ Would you cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come euerie day to my Coat, and woe me.
Olan. Now by the faith of my loyse, I will; Tel me where it is.
Reu. Go with me to it, and Ie shew it you: and by the way, you shall tell me, where in the Forrest you liue:
Will you go?
Ore. With all my heart, good youth.
Reu. Nay, you must call mee Rofalind: Come sifter, will you go?

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Clounes, Audrey, & Jaques:

Clo. Come space good Audrey, I wil fetch vp your Countes, Audrey: and how Audrey am I the man yet?
Doth my simple feature content you?
Aud. Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features?
Clo. I am heere with thee, and thy Countes, as the most capricious Poete honest Ouid was among the Gothes.
Jaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then Ioue in a thatch'd howse.
Clo. When a mans verfes cannot be vnderstood, nor a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe, vnderstandings it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poetical.
Aud. I do not know what Poetical is: is it honest in deed and word: is it a true thing?
Clo. No true: for the truest poeirie is the most faining, and Lawers are givne to Poetrie: and what they sweare in Poetrie, may be said as Lawers, they do feigne.
Aud. Do you wish then that the Gods had made me Poetical?
Clo. I do truly: for thou sweart to me thou art honest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might have some hope thou didst feigne.
Aud. Would you not hate me honest?
Clo. No truly, vnlesse thou wert hard fauour'd: for honestie coupled to beautie, is to have Honie a fawce to Sugar.
Jaq. A materiell fool.
Aud. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honest.
Clo. Truly, and to cast away honestie vppon a foule flut,were to put good meat into an vnclene dish.
Aud. I am not a flut, though I thanke the Gods I am foule.
Clo. Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulenesse; flutinnesse may come heerelike. But be it, as it may bee, I wil marrie thee: and to that end, I have bin with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to mee me in this place of the Forrest, and to couple vs.
Jaq. I would faine see this meeting.
Aud. Well, the Gods gue ve joy.
Clo. Amen. A man may if he were of a fearfull heart, stagger in this attempt: for here wee have no Temple but the wood, no assembly but horne-beasts. But what though? Courage. As horns are odious, they are necessearie. It is said, many a man knowne no end of his goods; right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting; hornes, even so poore men alone:

No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Raftcall: Is the single man therefore blest? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worther then a village, so is the fore-head of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is better then no skill, by so much is a horne more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Heere comes Sir Oliver: Sir Oliver Mar-text you are well met. Will you dispatch vs heere vnder this tree, or shall we go with you to your Chappell?
Ol. Is there none heere to give the woman?
Clo. I wil not take her on guift of any man.
Ol. Truly she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.
Jaq. Proceed,proceede: I gleue her.
Clo. Good euene good Mr what ye callt: how do you Sir, you are verie well met: goddid you for your left companie, I am verie glad to fee you, euuen a toy in hand heere Sir: Nay, pray be cover'd.
Jaq. Will you be married, Motley?
Clo. As the Oxe hath his bow fir, the horse his curb, and the Falcon her bels, so man hath his defires, and as Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nickling.
Jaq. And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be married vnder a bough like a begger? Get you to church, and haue a good Priest that can tell you what marriage is, this fellow will but ioyne you together, as they ioyne Wainfote, then one of you will prove a shrunke pannel, and like greene timbers, warpe, warpe.
Clo. I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee married of him then of another, for he is not like to marry me wel: and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me heerelike, to leave my wife.
Jaq. Goethe thou with mee, And let me consel thee.
Ol. Come sweete Audrey, We must be married, or we must liue in bauldry: Farewel good Mr Oliver: Not O sweet Oliver, O braue Oliver leave me not behind thee: But winde away, bee gone I say, I wil not to weddind with thee.
Ol. 'Tis no matter; We're a fantaffical knaue of them all that flout me out of my calling.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Rofalind & Celia.

Reu. Neuer talkes to me, I wil wepee.
Cel. Do I prethee, but yet have the grace to consider, that teares do not become a man.
Reu. But haue I not caufe to wepee?
Cel. As good caufe as one would defire, Therefore wepee.
Reu. His very haire Is of the diffembling colour.
Cel. Something browner then Judaffes:
Marrie his kisfes are Judaffes owne children.
Reu. I'faith his haire is of a good colour.
Cel. An excellent colour:
Your Cheifenutt was euer the onely colour:
Reu. And his kisfing is as ful of fanciflie,
As the touch of holy bread.
Col. Hee hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a Nun of winters sisterhood kisses not more religiouse, the very yce of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did hee sweare hee would come this morning, and comes not?

Col. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

Ros. Doe you think so?

Col. Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purfe, nor a horfe-feater, but for his verity in love, I doe thinke him as concane as a covered goblet, or a Womane-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Col. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

Ros. You haue heard him sweare downright he was.

Col. Was, is not is: besides, the oath of Louer is no stronger then the word of a Tapfter, they are both the confirmer of false reckonings, he attends here in the forrest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he, so he laughd and let mee goe. But what talke wee of Fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Col. O that's a braue man, hee writes braue verses, speaks braue words, sweares braue oaths, and breakes them brauely, quite trauers ahttps://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/As_You_Like_It heart of his lover, as a pully Tilter, y spurs his horse but on one fote, breaks his staffe like a noble goose; but all's braue that youth mountes, and folly guides: who comes heere?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Miftrefse and Master, you have oft enquired After the Shepheard that complain'd of love, Who you saw fitting by me on the Turph, Praifing the proud disfainfull Shepheardesse That was his Miftrefse.

Col. Well: and what of him?

Cor. If you will fee a pageant truely plaid Betweenne the pale complexion of true Loue, And the red glowe of scorne and proud disdaine, Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you If you will mark it.

Ros. O come, let vs remove, The fight of Louers feedeth those in love: Bring vs to this fight, and you shall say Ile proye a buffe actor in their play.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe do not scorne me, do not Phebe Say that you loue me not, but say not fo In bitternesse: the common executioner Whose heart th' accustome'd fight of death makes hard Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck, But first begs pardon: will you sterners be Then he that dies and liues by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner, I flye thee, for I would not injure thee: Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye, 'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,

That these eyes are the frailst, and least things, Who shunt their coward gates on atomys, Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers. Now I doe bewe von thee with all my heart, And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee: Now counterfeit to wound, why now fall downe, Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame, Lye not, to say mine eyes are murtherers: Now flue the wound mine eye hath made in thee, Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains Some scarrs of it: Leane upon a ruff The Cicatrice and capable Impreffure Thy palm some moment keepes: but now mine eyes Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not, Nor I am sure there is no force in eyes That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere Phebe,

If ever (as that ever may be neere) You meet in some fresh cheeske the power of fance, Then shall you know the wouuds insuffisible That Loues keene arrows make.

Phe. But till that time

Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes, Afflict me with thy mocksie, pitty me not, As till that time I shall not pitty thee.

Ros. And why I pray you? who might be your mother

That you insult, exult, and all at once

Ouer the wretched? what though you hau no beauty As by my faith, I see no more in you

Then without Candie may goe darke to bed:

Must you be therefore proud and pitilfe?

Why what means this? why do you looke on me?

I see no more in you then in the ordinary Of Natures fable-worke? ods my little life, I thinke she means to tangle my eyes too:

No faith proud Miftrefse, hope not after it, 'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke filke haire, Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheekes of creame That can entame my spirits to your worship:

You foolish Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine, You are a thousand times a properer man Then she a woman: 'Tis such foole as you

That makes the world full of ill-fauour children: 'Tis not her glaffe, but you that flatters her, And out of you she sees her selfe more proper Then any of her lineaments can show her:

But Miffris, know your selfe, downe on your knees And thanke heaven, faffing, for a good mans loue; For I must tell you friendly in your ear, Sell when you can, you are not for all markets: Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer, Foule is most foule, being foule to be a scoffer.

So take her to thee Shepherd, faireyouwell.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you childe a yere together, I had rather here you childe, then this man woe.

Ros. Hees faine in loue with your foonenesse, & she'll fall in loue with my anger. If it be so, as sult As she answeres thee with frowning lookes, lie foute Her with bitter words: why looke you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I beare you.

Ros. I pray you do not fall in loue with mee For I am fuller then vowes made in wine:

Besides, I like you not: if you will know my house, 'Tis at the tufft of Oliues, here hard by:

Will you goe Sister? Shepheard ply her hard: Come
Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I doe love it better then laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse then drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then 'tis good to be a poete.

Jaq. I have neither the Schollers melancholy, which is emulation: nor the Musitians, which is fantascall: nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawyeres, which is politick: nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Louers, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, compounded of many fimple, extracted from many objectes, and indeed the lundre contemplation of my trauells, in which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadneffe.

Ros. A Traueller: by my faith you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your owne Lands, to see other mens; then to have feene much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poore hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Ros. Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, then experience to make me sad, and to trauaille for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happyneffe, deere Rosalind.

Ros. Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke verie.

Orl. Farewell Mounfieur Traueller: looke you like, and wasse strange suites; disable all the benefits of your owne Countrie: be out of loue with your natiuile, and almoft chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce thinke you have swam in a Gundello. Why how now Orlando, where have you bin all this while? you a louer; and you servce me fuch another tricke, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My faire Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promis.

Ros. Breake an houres promisse in loue? hee that will diuide a minute into a thousand parts, and breake but a part of the thousand part of a minute in the affairs of loue, it may be faid of him that Cupid hath clapt him oth' shoulder, but he warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me, deere Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, and you be fo tardie, come no more in my fight; I had as lief be woode of a Snaile.

Orl. Of a Snaile?

Ros. I, of a Snaile: for though he comes flowly, hee carries his house on his head; a better prudence I thinke then you make a woman: besides, he brings his destinie with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why horses: w' such as youre faire to be belonging to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the flander of his wife.
As you like it.

Orl. Vertue is no horne-maker: and my Rosalind is vertuous.

Rof. And I am your Rosalind.

Cle. It please him to call you so: but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Rof. Come, wee me, wee me: for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to content: What would you say to me now, and I am your vere, verie Rosalind?

Orl. I would kisse before I spok.

Rof. Nay, you were better speake first, and when you were graval'd, for lacke of matter, you might occasion to kisse: verie good Orators when they are out, they will spit, and for louers, lacking (God warne vs) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kisse.

Orl. How if the kisse be denied?

Rof. Then the puts you to entreatie, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved Mistris?

Rof. Marrie that should you if I were your Mistris, or I should thinke my honefses ranker then my wit.

Orl. What, of my suite?

Rof. Not out of your apparell, and yet out of your suite:

Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Rof. Well, in her person, I say I will not haue you.

Orl. Then in mine owne person, I die.

Rof. No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is almost fix thousand yeares old, and in all this there was not anie man died in his owne person (widelicet) in a loue cause: Trosius had his braines dash'd out with a Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of loue. Leander, he would haue liu'd mane a faire yeere though Hero had turn'd Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midsummer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to washe him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the crampes, was droun'd, and the foolish Chronoclers of that age, found it was Hero of Cefteos. But these are all lies, men haue died from time to time, and worms haue eaten them, but not for loue.

Orl. I would not haue my right Rosalind of this mind, for I protest her frowne might kill me.

Rof. By this hand, it will not kill a flicke: but come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more comming-on disposition: and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then loue me Rosalind.

Rof. Yes faith will, fridaies and faterdaies, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou haue me?

Rof. I, and twentie flicke.

Orl. What falest thou?

Rof. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing: Come ficer, you shall be the Priest, and marrie vs: give me your hand Orlando: What do you say ficer?

Orl. Pray thee marrie vs.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Rof. You must begin, will you Orlando.

Cel. Goe too: will you Orlando, haue to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Rof. I, but when?

Orl. Why now, as fast as she can marry vs.

Rof. Then you must say, I take thee Rosalind for wife.

Orl. I take thee Rosalind for wife.

Rof. I might ask you for your Commision. But I doe take thee Orlando for my husband: there's a girl goes before the Priest, and certainly a Womans thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Rof. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possed her?

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Rof. Say a day, without the euer: no, no Orlando, men are April when they woe. December when they wed: Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wifes: I will bee more lealus of thee, then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon ouer his hen, more clamorous then a Parrat against raine, more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my defires, then a monkey: I will wepe for nothing, like Diana in the Fountain, & I wil do that when you are dispo'd to be merry: I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to fleape.

Orl. But will my Rosalind doe so?

Rof. By my life, she will doe as I doe.

Orl. O but she is wife.

Rof. Or else shee could not have the wit to doe this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the dores vpou a womanes wit, and it will out at the cemen: shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: stop that, 'twill flye with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might flye, wit whether will't?

Rof. Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you met your wifes wit going to your neighbours bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit haue, to excufe that?

Rofa. Marry to fay, she came to seek thee there: you shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue: a woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occasion, let her never nurfe her childe her felfe, for she will breed it like a foole.

Orl. For these two hours Rosalinda, I will leave thee.

Rof. Alas, deere love, I cannot lacke thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock I will be with thee again.

Rof. I, goe your wales, goe your wales: I knew what you would praise, my friends told mee as much, and I thought no leffe: that flattering tongue of yours wonne me: 'tis but one calf away, and so come death: two o'clock is your howre.

Orl. I sweate Rosalind.

Rof. By my troth, and in good earne, and so God mende mee: and by all pretty oates that are not dangerous, if you breake one lot of your promis, or come one minute behinde your howre, I will thinke you the moat pathetical breake-promis, and the moat hollow lorer, and the moat vnworthy of you she Rosalinda, that may bee choven out of the grosse band of the vnfaithfull: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promis.

Orl. With no leffe religion, then if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

Rof. Well, Time is the olde Justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: adieu. 

Exit.

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sexe in your lowe-prate:
prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluckt over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her owne neath.

Refr. O cos, cos, cos: my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how full of fathom deep is I am in love: but it cannot bee founded: my affection hath an unknowne bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.

Cel. Or rather bottomless: that as fast as you poure affection in, it runs out.

Refr. No; that fame wicked Baffard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceu'd of spleene, and borne of madnesse, that blinde rausely boy, that abuses every ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him bee judge, how deep I am in love: Ile tell thee Allena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: Ile goe finde a shadow, and figh till he come.

Cel. And Ile sleepe. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Luques and Lords, Forresters.

Lug. Which is he that killed the Deare?

Lords. Sir, it was I.

Lug. Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deares horns upon his head, for a branch of victory: haue you no long Forrester for this purpose?

Lords. Yes Sir.

Lug. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it make noyse enough.

Muficke, Song.

What shall be have that killed the Deare?
He his Leather skin, and bornes to wear:
Then fong him borne, the rest shall beare this burthen;
Take thou no scorn, to wear the borne,
It was a crest as thou wouldst borne,
Thy fathers father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The borne, the borne, the lyfe borne,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Refr. How say you now, is it not past two a clock?

And heere much Orlando.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain,

Enter Silvius.

He hath tane his bow and arrows, and is gone forth
To sleepe: looke who comes heere.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth,

My gentle Phebe, did bid me give you this:
I know not the contents, but as I gueffe
By the sterne brow, and wapith action
Which she did vie, as she was writing of it,
It beeers an angry tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltieffe meienger.

Refr. Patience her felie would farrtle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer, bear this, beare all:
Shes fays I am not faire, that I lacke manners,
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as Phineas: 'od's my will,
Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt,
Why writes she fo to me? well Shepheard, well,
This is a Letter of your owne deuice.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents,
Phebe did write it.

Refr. Come, come, you are a foole,
And turn'd into the extremity of loue.
I saw her hand, she has a leathern hand,
A freestone coloured hand: I verily did thinke
That her old gloues were on, but twas her hands:
She has a hufwies hand, but that's no matter:
I say the neuer did inuent this letter,
This is a many invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Refr. Why, tis a boyferous and a cruel fille,
A file for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turke to Christian: vromens gentle braine
Could not drop forth such giant rude invention,
Such Ethip wovds, blacker in their effect
Then in their countenance: willy you heare the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet:
Yet heard too much of Phebes crueltie.

Refr. She Phebes me: marke how the tyrant writs.

Read. Art thou god, to Shephard turn'd?

That a maidens heart hath burn'd?

Can a vroman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Refr. Read. Why, thys godhead laid a part,

War'st thou with a women's heart?

Did you ever heare such railing?
Whiles the eye of man did wone me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beaft.

If the scorne of your bright eie
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Attacke, in me, what strange effect
Would they worke in my soul effect?
Whiles you bid me, I did loue,
How then might your prayers moue?
He that brings this loue to thee,
Little knowes this Loue in me:
And by him scale up thy mind,
Whether that thy youth and kinde
Will the faithfull offer take
Of me, and all I that I can make,
Or else by him my love denie,
And then Ile sudden birth to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas poore Shepheard.

Refr. Do you pity him? No, he deferes no pity:
Wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make thee an instrument, and play fals fraines upon thee? not to be endured. Well, goo your way to her; (for I see Loue hath made thee a tame fynke) and say this to her; That if the loue me, I charge her to loue thee: if the will not, I will neuer haue her, vnleffe thou intret for her: if you bee a true lover hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

Exeunt Silvius.

Enter Oliver.

Oliu. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you
Where in the Purlewes of this Forrester, stands

A
A sheep-coat, fenc’d about with Oliue-trees.

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom
The ranke of Oziars, by the murmuring streame
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this howre, the house doth keepe it selfe,
There’s none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description,
Such garments, and such yeeres: the boy is faire,
Of femall favour, and beftowe him selfe
Like a ripe firre: the woman low
And browner then her brother: are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boaste, being ask’d, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth hee calls his Rosalind,
He fends this bloudy napkin; are you he?

Ref. I am: what muft we vnderstand by this?

Oli. Some of my fame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was ftain’d.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When laft the yong Orlando parted from you,
He left a promife to returne againe
Within an houre, and pacing through the Forreft,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,
Loe wheth befell: he threw his eye aside,
And marke what obiect directs that selfe
Under an old Oake, whose bowes were moss’d with age
And high top, bald with drie antiquitie:
A wretched ragged man, ore-grown with haire
Lay sleeping on his back: about his necke
A greenne and guiled snake had wreath’d it selfe,
Who with her head, nimble in threats approach’d
The opening of his mouth: but fiodainly
Seeing Orlando, it vnlink’d it selfe,
And with indented glides, did flip away
Into a buff, vader which buthes flade
A Lyonneffe, with vidders all drawn drie,
Lay cowching head on ground, with carlike watch
When that the sleeping man should ftirre; for ’tis
The royall disposition of that baffe
To prey on nothing, that doth feeme as dead:
This scence, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O I have heard him speake of that fame brother,
And he did render him the moft vnnatural
That liu’d amongst men.

Oli. And well he might fo doe,
For well I know he was vnnatural.

Ref. But to Orlando: did he leave him there
Food to the fack’d and hungry Lyonneffe?

Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos’d fo:
But kindness, nobler ever then reuenge,
And Nature stronger then his luft occasion,
Made him gie battell to the Lyonneffe:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miserable flumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ref. Was I you he refceu’d?

Cel. Was’t you that did fo oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. ’Twas I: but ’tis not I: I doe not chame
To tell you what I was, since my confession
So sweetly taffes, being the thing I am.

Ref. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by:

When from the first to laft betwixt vs two,
Tears our reconounts had moft kindely bath’d,
As how I came into that Defert place.
I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh aray, and entertainment,
Committing me vnto my brothers loue,
Who led me instantly vnto his Cae,
There firit himselfe, and heere vpon his arme
The Lyonneffe had torne some flitches away,
Which all this while had bled: and now he fainted,
And cliffe in fainting vpon Rosalind.
Briefe, I recover’d him, bound vp his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He feat me bither, stronger as I am
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promife, and to give this napkin
Died in this bloud, vnto the Shepheard youth,
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why how now Ganimed, sweet Ganimed.

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on bloud.

Cel. There is more in it; Cofen Ganimed.

Oli. Looke, he recoveres.

Ref. I would I were at home.

Cel. We’ll lead you thither:

I pray you will you take him by the arme.

Oli. Be of good cheere youth: you a man?

You lacke a mans heart.

Ref. I doe fo, I confesse it:
Ah, firra, a body would thinke this was well counterfeit,
I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeit:
heigh-ho.

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimonie
In your complexion, that it was a passion of earneft.

Ref. Counterfeit, I affure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ref. So I doe: but yfaith, I shoule have beene a wo-

man by right.

Cel. Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw homewards: good sir, goe with vs.

Oli. That will I: for I must beare answere backe
How you excufe my brother, Rosalind.

Ref. I shall deuise something: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe?

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Awdrie.

Clo. We shall finde a time Awdrie, patience gentle Awdrie.

Awd. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the ole gentlemans saying.

Clo. A most wicked Sir Oliuer, Awdrie, a most vile

Enter William.

Clo. It is meet and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by my
my troth, we that have good wits, have much to answer for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good eu’r Audry.

Aud. God ye good eu’n William.

Will. And good eu’r to you Sir.

Clo. Good eu’r gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head: Nay prethee bee couer’d. How olde are you Friend?

Will. Fieue and twentie Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Clo. A faire name. Was’t borne i’th Forrest here?

Will. I sry, I thankes God.

Clo. Thanke God: A good answere:

Art rich?

Will. ’Faith sir, fo, fo.

Clo. So, fo, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but fo, fo:

Art thou wife?

Will. I sry, I have a prettie wit.

Clo. Why, thou saft well: I do now remember a saying: The Fool doth thinke he is wife, but the wifeman knowes himselfe to be a Fool: The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a defire to eate a Grapes, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open. You do louse this maide?

Will. I do srit.

Clo. Give me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No sir.

Clo. Then learne this of me, To haue, is to haue. For it is a figure in Rhetorike, that drinking pow’d out of a cup into a glaffe, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do confent, that ifes is hee: now you are not ifes for I am he.

Will. Which he sir?

Clo. He sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leave the societe: which in the boorish, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which togetter, is, abandon the Society of this Female, or Clowne thou perifheit: or to thy better understanding, dyeft: or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deal in poiffon with thee, or in battinado, or in steale: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will ore-run thee with polie: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways, therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do good William.

Will. God rest you merry sir.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Master and Mistrefse seekes you: come away, away.

Clo. Trip Audry, trip Audry, I attend, I attend.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando & Oliver.

Orl. Is’t possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her?

And louing woo? and wooling, she should graunt? And will you persue to enjoy her?

Orl. Neither call the giddinesse of it in question; the povertie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine woing, nor sodaine consenting: but say with mee, I loue Aliena: say with her, that she loues mee; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the reuenue, that was old Sir Rowlands will I eftate upon you, and heere true and die a Shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You have my content.

Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I invite the Duke, and all’s contented followers:

Go you, and prepare Aliena for looke you, Heere comes my Rosalind.

Rof. God save you brother.

Orl. And you faire sister.

Rof. Oh my deare Orlando, how it grieues me to see thee weare thy heart in a scarfe.

Orl. It is my arme.

Rof. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the claws of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Rof. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeyted to found, when he swou’d me your hankkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that.

Rof. O, I know where you are: may, tis true: there was never any thing so sodaine, but the sight of two Rarnnes, and Cefars Thrafonicall bragge of I came, and overcame. For your brother, and my sifter, no fooner met, but they look’d: no sooner look’d, but they lou’d; no sooner lou’d, but they sigh’d: no sooner sigh’d but they ask’d one another the reason: no sooner knew the reason, but they fought the remeide: and in these degrees, have they made a pairre of faires to marriage, which they will clime inconvenient, or else bee inconvenient before marriage; they are in the verie wrath of love, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into hapiness through another mans eyes: by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart heauinesse: by so much I shall thinke my brother happie, in hauing what he wisses for.

Rof. Why then to morrow, I cannot serve your turne for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Rof. I will wearie you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to some purpose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: I speake not this, that you shoule beare a good opinion of my knowledge: infomuch (I say) I know you arcneither do I labor for a greater effecte then may in some little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have since I was three yeares olde converse with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do louse Rosalinde so neere the hart, as your geltrefe cries it out: when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marrie her. I know into what straits of Fortune she is driven, and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to
to set her before thy eyes to morrow, humane as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Rof. By my life I do, which I tender dearly, though I say I am a Magician: Therefore put thee in thy best array, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you shall: and to Rosalind if you will.

Enter Silvius & Phebe.

Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a louer of hers.
Phe. Youth, you have done me much vngentleness, To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Rof. I care not if I haue: it is my fynde
To see me despightfull and vngentle to you: you are there followed by a faithful shepheard,
Looke upon him, love him: he worshipes you.
Phe. Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue
Sil. It is to be all made of fighes and teasers,
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And so am I for Ganymed.
Orl. And so I for Rosalind.
Rof. And so am I for no woman.
Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service,
And so am I for Phebe.
Phe. And so am I for Ganymed.
Orl. And so I for Rosalind.
Rof. And so am I for no woman.
Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?
Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?
Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?
Rof. Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee
to loue you.
Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not here.

Rof. Pray you no more of this, tis like the howling of Irish Wolves against the Moone: I will help you if I can: I would loue you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I will marie you, if ever I marie Woman, and Ile be married to morrow: I will safisfe you, if ever I safis'd man, and you shall be married to morrow. I wil content you, if you please contents you, and you shall be married to morrow: As you loue Rosalind meet, as you loue Phebe meet, and as I loue no woman, Ile meet: so fare you well: I haue left you commands.

Sil. Ile not faile, if I live.
Phe. Nor 1.

Orl. Nor 1. 

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cleone and Audrey.

Clo. To morrow is the joyfull day Audrey, to morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do defire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of ye world?

Heere come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1.Pa. We met honest Gentleman.

Clo. By my troth well met: come, fit, fit, and a song.

2.Pa. We are for you, fit ith middle.

1.Pa. Shal we clap into roundly, without hauking, or fisting, or sayin we are hoarie, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

2.Pa. I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two gipsies on a horse.

Song.

It was a Louer, and his last,

With a boy, and a bo, and a boy nonne:
That o're the greene corne feild did passe,

In the spring time, the only pretie rang time.

When Birds do sing, boy ding a ding, ding.
Sweet Louers love the spring,
And therefore take the present time,
With a boy, & a bo, and a boy nonne,
For love is crowned with the prime.

In spring time,&c.

Betwixt the acres of the Rie,

With a boy, and a bo, & a boy nonne:
These prettie Country folks would lie.

In spring time,&c.

This Carol they began that hours,

With a boy and a bo, & a boy nonne:
How that a life was but a Flower,

In springtime,&c.

Clo. Truly yong Gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet y note was very vtunable

1.Pa. you are deceiu'd Sir, we kept time, we loft not our time.

Clo. By my troth yes: I count it but time lost to heare such a foolish song. God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come Audrey. 

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, Laques, Orlando, Oliver, Celia.

D.u.Sen. Doft thou beleue Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promis'd?

Orl. I sometimes do beleue, and somtimes do not, As those that feare they hope, and know they feare.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, & Phebe.

Rof. Patience once more, whilsts our copaft is vrg'd:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalinde,
You will befor her on Orlando heare?

D.u. & That would I, had I kingdoms to give with hir.

Rof. And you say you will haue her, when I bring hir?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdome King.

Rof. You say, you'll marrie me, if I be willing.

Phe. That will I, shoul I die the houre after.

Rof. But if you do refuse to marrie me,
You'll give your selfe to this most faithfull Shepheard.
Phe. So is the bargaine.

Rof. You say that you'haue Phebe if she will.

Sil. Though to haue her and death, were both one thing.

S

Rof.
Ref. I have promis'd to make all this matter even:
      Keepe you your word, O Duke, to gie your daughter,
You yours Orlando, to receive his daughter:
      Keepe you your word Phoebe, that you'll marrie me,
Or else refusing me to wed this shepherd:
      Keepe your word Silvia, that you'll marrie her
If she refuse me, and hence from me I go
To make these doubts all even.  Exit Ref. and Celia.

Du.Sen. I do remember in this shepherd boy,
Some lively touches of my daughter favour.

Orl. My Lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter:
But my good Lord, this Boy is Forreft borne,
And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies, by his vnkle,
Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Obscured in the circle of this Forreft.

Iag. There is sure another flood toward, and these
      couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre
of verie strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd
Fooles.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Iag. Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the
      Motley-minded Gentleman, that I haue so often met in
the Forreft: he hath bin a Courtier he sweares.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my
purgation, I haue trod a measure, I haue flattred a Lady,
I haue bin politick with my friend, smooth with mine
enemies, I haue vndone three Tailors, I haue haued foure
quarrels, and like to haue fought one.

Iag. And how was that time vp?

Clo. 'Faith we met, and found the quarrel was upon
the feuenth caufe.

Iag. How feuenth caufe? Good my Lord, like this
fellow.

Du.S. I like him very well.

Clo. God'il you sir, I desire you of the like: I preffe
in heere fir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatious
to sweare, and to forswear, according as marriage binds
and blood breaks: a poore virgin fir, an il-fauor'd thing
fir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine fir, to take
that that no man else will: rich honeifie dwells like a mi-
fir fir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule
oy-

Du.S. By my faith, he is very swift, and fententious

Clo. According to the fooles bolt sir, and saft dulce
difera.

Iag. But for the feuenth caufe. How did you finde
the quarrel on the feuenth caufe?

Clo. Upon a lye, seven times remoued: (beare your
bodie more feeming Audry) as thus fir: I did dilike the
cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he fent me word, if I
said his beard was not cut weel, hee was in the minde it
was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I fent him
word againe, it was not well cut, he wold fende me word
he cut it to pleafe himfelfe: this is call'd thequip mofteft.
If againe, it was not well cut, he dilabled my judgment: 
this is called, the reply churlish. If againe it was not well
cut, he wold anfwer I spake not true: this is call'd the
reprooфе valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold
say, I lie; this is call'd the counter-checke quarrelome:
and fo ro lye circumstantial,and the lye direct.

Iag. And how oft did you fay his beard was not well
cut?

Clo. I durft go no further then the lye circumstantial:
As you like it.

Phe. I will not sete my word, now thou art mine, Thy faith, my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2.Bro. Let me have audience for a word or two: I am the second sonne of old Sir Rowland, That bring these tidings to this faire assembly. Duke Frederick hearing how that every day Men of great worth reforted to this forrest, Addrest a mightie power, which were on foote In his owne conduct, purposely to take His brother here, and put him to the sword: And to the skirts of this wilde wood he came; Where, meeting with an old religious man, After some question with him, was converted Both from his enterprize, and from the world: His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother, And all their Lands refors'd to him againe That were with him exil'd. This to be true, I do engage my life.

Du. Sr. Welcome young man: Thou offer'st fairely to thy brothers wedding: To one his lands with-held, and to the other A land it selfe at large, a potent Duke-dome. First, in this Forest, let us do those ends That here vvete well begun, and well begot: And after, every of this happy number That haeu endur'd thre wedes daies, and nights with vs, Shall sharre the good of our returned fortune, According to the measure of their states. Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie, And fall into our Rustickie Renelrie: Play Musicke, and you Brides and Bride-grommes all, With measure heap'd in joy, to th' Measures fall.

Iaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly, The Duke hath put on a Religious life, And throwne into neglect the pompos Court.

2.Bro. He hath.

Iaq. To him will I: out of these concertes, There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd: you to your former Honor, I bequeath your patience, and your vertue, well deservers it. you to a loue, that your true faith doth merit: you to your land, and loue, and great allyes: you to a long, and well-deferued bed: And you to wrangling, for thy loving voyage Is but for two months wichall'd: So to your pleasures, I am for other, then for dancing measures.

Du. Sr. Stay, Iaqus, stay.

Iaq. To see no patime, I: what you would haue, He stay to know, at your abandon'd cause. Exit.

Du. Sr. Proceed, proceed: we'll begin these rights, As we do usuall, they'll end in true delights. Exit

Ref. It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epilogue: but it is no more vnhandome, then to see the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needs no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do vie good bushes: and good players proue the better by the helpe of good Epilogues: What a cafe am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor cannot interfuse with you in the behalfe of a good play? I am not furnish'd like a Beggar, therefore to begge will not become mee. My way is to conjure you, and Ie begin with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much of this Play, as please you: And I charge you (O men) for the loue you beare to women (as I perceive by your simpriung, none of you hates them) that betwene you, and the women, the play may please. If I were a Woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexion's that lik'd me, and breaths that I deñ'd not: And I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for such kind offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewell. Exit.

FINIS.
THE Taming of the Shrew.

Actus primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Begger and Host, Christpher Sly.

Begger.

Le phezee you infaith. 

Host. A pair of flockes you rogue.

Beg. Y are a baggage, the Siens are no Rogues. Look in the Chronicles, we come in with Richard Conqueror: therefore Fauclus pallebris, let the world blade: Sefta.

Host. You will not pay for the glasse you have burst?

Beg. No, not a deniere: go by S. Jerom, go to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

Host. I know my remedie, I must go fetch the Headsborough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or first Borough, Ile answere him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him come, and kindly.

Wnde bornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.

Lo. Huntsman I charge thee, tender me my hounds, Brach Meriman, the poore Curre is imboft, And couple Closeder with the deepe-mouth'd brach, Saw'st thou not boy how Sliuer made it good At the henge corner, in the coudel fault, I would not loose the dogge for twentie pound. 

Hunts. Why Belman is as good as he my Lord, He cried vp on that the merreft losse, And twice to day picked out the dullest sent, Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a Fool, if Ecco were as fleete, I would esemee him worth a dozen such, But sup them well, and jooke unto them all, To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Hunts. I will my Lord.

Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunkne? See doth he breath?

2. Hunt. He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to feep so soundly.

Lord. Oh monftrous beast, how like a swine he lyes. Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine image: Sirs, I will prattifie on this drunken man.

What thinke you, if he were consey'd to bed, Wrap'd in sweete clothes: Rings put vp on his fingers: A most delicous banquet by his bed,

And brave attendants neere him when he wakes, Would not the begger then forget himself? 


2. Hunt. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd

Lord. Even as a flate'reng dreame, or worthles fancie.

Then take him vp, and manage well the left: 

Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber, 

And hang it round with all my wan tant pictures: 

Balse his foule head in warme distilled waters, 

And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweete: 

Procure me Muficke while he wakes, 

To make a dulcet and heavenly sound; 

And if he chance to speake, be readie straight 

(And with a lowe submissif reverence) 

Say, what is it your Honor will command: 

Let one attend him with a fluer Bafon 

Full of Rose-water, and befir'd with Flowers, 

Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper, 

And say wilt pleafe your Lordshippe coole your hands. 

Some one be readie with a softly suite, 

And ask him what apparel he will ware: 

Another tell him of his Hounds and Horfe, 

And that his Ladie mournes at his disadvantages, 

Perfwade him that he hath bin Lunaticke, 

And when he fayes he is, fay that he dreams, 

For he is nothing but a mightie Lord: 

This do, and do it kindly, gentle firs, 

It will be pasfime paffing excellent, 

If it be husbanded with modifie.

1. Hunt. My Lord I warrant you we will play our part 

As he shall thinke by our true diligence 

He is no leeff then what we fay he is. 

Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him, 

And each one to his office when he wakes. 

Sound trumpets.

Sirrh, go see what Trumpet 'tis that sounds, 

Belike some Noble Gentleman that means 

(Travelling some journey) to repofe him heere.

Enter Seruvingman.

How now? who is it?

Sir. An't pleafe your Honor, Players 

That offer service to your Lordship.

Enter Players.

Lord. Bid them come neere: 

Now fellowes, you are welcome. 

Players. We thank ye your Honor. 

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night?

2. Player. So pleafe your Lordshippe to accept our dutie. 

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember, 

Since once he plade a Farmers eldest fonne, 

'Twas where you wou'd the Gentlewoman so well: 

I haue forgot your name: but fure that part
The Taming of the Shrew.

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Slicko. I think 'twas Sir that your honor meant.

Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happie time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can affift me much.
There is a Lord will hear ye play to night;
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Least (ouer-eyeing of his odde behaviour,
For yet his honor never heard a play)
You brake into some merrie passion,
And so offend him : for I tell you first,
If you should smile, he grows impatient.

Plai. Fear ye not my Lord, we can contain our felues,
Were he the verie anticke in the world.

Lord. Go sirra, take them to the Butterie,
And give them friendly welcome euerie one,
Let them want nothing that my house affords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholomew my Page,
And see him drest in all suites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeisance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my love)
He beare himselfe with honourable action,
Such as he hath obtayned in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do :
With soft lowe tongue, and lowe curtesie,
And say : What is't your Honor will command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May shewe her dutie, and make knowne her love.
And then with kinde embracements, tempting kisse,
And with declining head into his bosome
Bid him shed teares, as being ouer-joyed
To see her noble Lord return'd to health,
Who for this feuen yeares hath esteemed him
No better then a poore and lossthome beggar:
And if the boy haue not a womanes guift
To raine a flower of commanded teares,
An Onion wil do well for such a shift,
Which in a Napkin (being close couened)
Shall in deligfe enforce a watterie eie ;
See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst,
Anon Iliue guee thee more instructuons.

Exit a seruing man.

I know the boy will wel vfurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewomman :
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay them selfes from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple pesant,
Ile in to cuntell them : haply my preence
May well abate the ouer-merrie pleene,
Which outherwise would grow into extreames.

Enter alfeft the drunkand with attendants, some with apparel,
Bason and Ewer, & other apparences, & Lord.

Beg. For Gods sake take a pot of small Ale.

1.Sir. Wilt pleaseth your Lord drink a cup of sake?

2. Sir. Wilt pleaseth your Honor taste of these Con-

3. Sir. What raiment wille your honor weare to day.

Beg. I am Christopher Sly, call me not Heeour Honour
Lordship: I ne're drank sake in my life: and if you give
me any Convenues, give me convenues of Beefe: nere ask
me what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doub-

lets then backes : no more stockings then legs : nor
no more shoes then feet, say sometime more feete then
thooses, or such thooses as my toes looke through the o-
er-leather.

Lord. Heauen cease this idle humor in your Honor.
Oh that a mightie man of such daffent,
Of such poffeffions, and fo high efteme
Should be inbided with to foule a spirit.

Beg. What would you make me mad?Am not I Chri-
sopher Slye, old Sies fonne of Burton-heath, by yrth a
Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation
a Beare-heard, and now by preuent profession a Tinker.

Aske Marrian Hatchet the fat Aleswife of Wincot,if shee
knowe me not : if she faie I am not xili.d. on the score for
sheere Ale, score me vp for the lynfing knaue in Christen
dome. What I am not befrought : here's——

3. Man. Oh this it is that makes your Ladie moune.

2. Man. Oh this is it that makes your feants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shous your
As beaten hence by your strange Luscic. (houfe
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abiect lowlie dreams :
Looke how thy ferants do attend on thee,
Each in his office readie by thy beck.

Wilt thou haue Mufick? Harke Apollo plaies,
And twenteie caged Nightingales do fing.

Or wilt thou sleepe? Wee'le have thee to a Couch,
Softer and sweeter then the luftfull bed
On purpose trim'd vp for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walke: we will beftrow the ground.

Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shall be trap'd,
Their harnesse fludde all with Gold and Pearl.

Doft thou love hawking? Thou haft hawkes will soare
Aboue the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answer them
And fetch thirll echoes from the hollow earth.

1 Man. Say thou wilt coure, thy gray-hounds are as
As breathed Stags: I fleeter then the Roe.

2 Man. Doft thou loue pictures? we will fetch thee Srait
Adonis painted by a running brooke,
And Citherea all in fedges hid,
Which feeme to moue and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waueing fedges play with winde.

Lord. Wew'le shew thee Jo, as she was a Maid,
And how she was beguilled and surpriz'd,
As liuell painted, as the deedee was done.

3. Man. Or Daphne coming through a thornie wood,
Scrathing her legs, that one stiall swear she bleed,
And at that stiall fad Apollo wepp,
So workmanlie the blood and teares are drowne.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou haft a Ladie farre more Beautiful,
Then any woman in this wining age.

1. Man. And til the tears that the hath shed for thee,
Like enuous fluids ore-run her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet she is inferior to none.

Beg. Am I a Lord, and haue I such a Ladie?
Or do I dreames? Or haue I dream'd till now?
I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I speake:
I smel sweete favouris, and I feele softe things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeed,
And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Slie.
Well, bring our Ladie hither to our fight,
And once again a pot oth finallAle.
2. Man. Wilt please your mightiness to wash your hands:
Oh how we joy to see your wit restor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
These fifteen yeeres you have bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, to wak'd as if you slept.
   Beg. These fifteen yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I never speake of all that time?
1. Man. Oh yes my Lord, but verie idle words,
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of doore,
And raile upon the Hooffe of the house.
And say you would present her at the Leete.
Because the brought home-Jugs, and no scull'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.
   Beg. I, the womans made of the house.
3. Man. Why fir you know no house, nor no fuch maid
Nor no fuch men as you have reckon'd vp,
As Stephen Slie, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turpo, and Henry Pimpernell,
And twente more fuch names and men as thefe,
Which never were, nor no man ever fav.
   Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.
All. Amen.

Enter Lady with Attendants.
   Beg. I thanke thee, thou shalt not loose by it.
Lady. How fares my noble Lord?
   Beg. Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough.
Where is my wife?
   La. Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?
   Beg. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
   My men should call me Lord, I am your good-man.
La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband
I am your wife in all obedience.
   Beg. I know it well, what must I call her?
Lord. Madam.
   Beg. Alice Madam, or Ione Madam?
Lord. Madam, and nothing elfe, so Lords call Ladies.
   Beg. Madame wife, they fay that I have dream'd,
And fleft aboue fome fifteen yeare or more.
   Lady. I, and the time feme's thirty vnto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
   Beg. 'Tis much, fervants leave me and her alone:
Madam vndrefs ye, and come now to bed.
La. Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or if not fo, vntill the Sun be fet.
For your Phytitians have expressly charg'd,
In perill to incure your former malady,
That I should yet abent me from your bed:
I hope this reafon flandes for my excufe.
   Beg. It, it flandes fo that I may hardly tarry fo long:
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe:
I will therefore tarry in defpite of the feth & the blood
Enter a Messinger.
   Mess. Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleafant Comedie,
For fo your doctors hold it verie mecte,
Seeing too much fadnesse hath congea'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurfe of frendsise,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thousand harms, and lengthens life.
   Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comon-
tie, a Christmas gambold, or s tumbling tricke?
Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleafant stuffe.
   Beg. What, houfhold stuffe.
Lady. It is a kind of history.
   Beg. Well, we'll fee't:
Come Madam wife fit by my fide,
And let the world flip, we shall never be yeonger.

Flourib. Enter Lucentio, and his man Triano.
Luc. Traiano, fince for the great defire I had
To fee faire Padua, nurfery of Arts,
I am arriu'd for fruitfull Lumbardie,
The pleafant garden of great Italy.
And by my fathers loue and leave am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie.
My trufte fervant well approu'd in all,
Here let us breath, and haply institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pifa renowned for grave Citizens
Goue me my being, and my father first
A Merchant of great Traffick through the world:
Vincentio's come of the Bentiuol,!
Vincentio's fonne, brough vp in Florence,
It fhall become to ferue all hopes conceu'd
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:
And therefore Traiano, for the time I vffu,
Vertue and that part of Philofophie
Will I apply, that treats of happineffe,
By vertue specially to be attachi'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I haue Pifa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaues
A fhallow plafe, to plunge him in the deep:
And with facietie feekes to quench his thirft.
   Tra. No, terrify, gentle master mine:
I am in all affected as thy felf,
Glad that you thus continue your refolute,
To fucce the fweets of sweete Philofophie.
Onely (good matter) while we do admire
This vertue, and this morall discipline,
Let's be no Stoicke, nor no stocke I prsy,
Or fo deuote to Aribites checkes
As Ouid; be an out-caft quite abourd:
Balke Lodgicke with acquaintaince that you have,
And prattifte Rhetoricke in your common talke,
Muftarke and Poefie vfe, to quicken you,
The Mathematticke, and the Metaphyficke
Fall to them as you finde your flamacke ferues you:
No profit growes, where is no pleafure tane:
In briefes Sir, fudie what you moft affect.
Luc. Gramercies Traiano, well doft thou aduife,
If Bionde/Ione, or Bionde/lo he came ahiore,
We could at once put vs in readiness,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friends (as time) in Padua shall beget,
But play a while, what company is this?
   Tra. Master fome fhow to welcome vs to Towne.

Enter Baptifha with his two daughters, Katerlna & Bianca,
   Gremio a Panteloume, Hortenio fifer to Bianca.
Luc. Traiano, fand by.
   Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am refolud you know:
That is, not to beftow my yongeft daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both loue Katerlna,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.
Gre. To cart her rather. She's to rough for mee,
There, there Hortensio, will you any Wife?
Kate. I pray you sir, is it your will
To make a false of me amongst these mates?
Hor. Mates maid, how meanes you that?
No mates for you,
Vntlefe you were of gentler milder mould.
Kate. Faith sir, you shal neede nevere to feare,
I-wis it is not halfe way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care shoulde be,
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd foole,
And paint your face, and vse you like a foole.
Hor. From all such duels, good Lord deliver us.
Gre. And me too, good Lord.
Tra. Huift master, heres some good pastime tow'r'd;
That wench is flanke mad, or wonderful froward.
Luc. But in the others slonce do I see,
Maid's mild behavour and fobriete.
Peace Tranio.
Tra. Well faid Mr. mumum, and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soone make good
What I have saide, Bianca get you in,
And let it not displeafe thee good Bianca,
For I will loue thee nere the leffe my girle.
Kate. A pretty peaute, it is best put finger in the eye,
And the knew why.
Bian. Sifter content you, in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My bookes and instrumens shall be my companie,
On them to looke, and pradice by my selfe.
Luc. Harke Tranio, thou maist heare Minerva speake.
Hor. Signior Baptifas, will you be so strange,
Sorrie am I that our good will effects
Bianca's greafe.
Gre. Why will you mewe her vp
(Signior Baptifas) for this fiend of hell,
And make her beare the pannesse of her tongue.
Bap. Gentlemen content ye : I am refould :
Go in Bianca.
And for I know she taketh most delight
In Musick, Instruments, and Poetry,
Schoolemaisters will I keepe within my hose,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you Hortensio,
Or signior Gremio you know any such,
Preferre them hither : for to cunning men,
I will be very kinde and liberal,
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And so farewell: Katherine you may stay,
For I haue more to commune with Bianca.
Exit.
Kate. Why, and I truft I may go too, may I not?
What shal I be appoincted houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leave? Ha. Exit
Gre. You may go to the duels dam : your guifts are
so good here's none will hold you: Their loue is not so
great Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together,
and faie it fairely out. Our cakes dought on both sies,
Parewel; yet for the loue I bear with my sweet Bianca, if
I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that
wherein the delights, I will with him to her father.
Hor. So will I signior Gremio: but a word I pray:
Though the nature of our quarrell yet never brook'd
parle, know now vpon advice, it toucheth vs both: that
we may yet againe haue accessse to our faire Mistisses,
be happie riuels in Bianca's loue, to labour and effect
one thing specially.
Gre. What's that I prays?
Hor. Marrie sir to get a husband for her Sifter.
Gre. A husband: a diuell.
Hor. I say a husband.
Gre. I say, a diuell : Think't thou Hortensio,though
her father be so verie rich, any man is so verie a foole to be
married to hell ?
Hor. Tush Gremio : though it passe your patience &
mine to endure her loued arumes, why man there bee
good fellows in the world, and a man could light on
them, would take her with all faults, and many enough.
Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry
with this condition; To be whipt at the his croffe euerie
morning.
Hor. Faith (as you say) there's small choice in rotten
apples but, come, since this bar in law makes vs friends,
it shall be so farre forth friendly maintaine'd, till by help-
ing Baptifas elde daughter to a husband, wee set his
yonge free for a husband, and then haue toot ares:
Sweet Bianca, happy man be his dole: hee that runs
fastest, gets the King: How say you signior Gremio?
Grem. I am agreed, and would I had given him the
beef horse in Padua to begin his woing that would
thoroughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the
houfe of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio

Tra. I pray sir tel me, is it possible
That loue shoulde of a fodaime take fuch hold.
Luc. Oh Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely.
But fee, while idely I ftood looking on,
I found the effect of Love in idleness,
And now in plainnesse do confesse to thee
That art to me as secret and as deere
As Anna to the Queene of Carthage was :
Tranio I burne, I pine, I perife Tranio,
If I atchieue not this yonge modest gyre:
Conflaife me Tranio, for I know thou canst:
Affift me Tranio, for I know thou wilt.
Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If loue haue touch'd you, naught remains but fo,
Redime te capsum quem queas minimo.
Luc Gramercies Lad : Go forward, this contents,
The reft will comfort, for thy counsels found.
Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maide,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
Luc. Oh yes, I saw fweet beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great loue to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kifd the Cretan frend.
Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how his fifter
Began to fcoold, and raife vp such a storme,
That mortal cares might hardly indure the din.
Luc. Tranio, I saw her corral lips to mone,
And with her breath she did perfume the syre,
Sacred and fweet was all I saw in her.
Tra. Nay, then 'twas paramour fo longe trumpe to his trance:
I pray awake sir: if you loue the Maide,
Bend thoughts and wits to atchieue her,Thus it fands:
Her elde fifter is fo curt and shrew'd,
That til the Father rid his hands of her,
Master, your Loue must live a maide at home,
And therefore hee closely meau'd her vp,
Because the will not be annoy'd with sutres,
Luc. Ah Tranio, what a cruel Father he:
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning Schoolmasters to instruct her.
Tran. Yary am I sir, and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it Tranio.
Tran. Matter, for my hand,
Both your intentions meet and jumpe in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tran. You will be schoole-mater,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your deuce.
Luc. It is: May it be done?
Tran. Not possible: for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's sonne,
Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit his Countrimen, and banquet them?
Luc. Baffa, content thee: for I have it full.
We have not yet bin seene in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces.
For man or matter: then it follows thus;
Thou shalt be matter, Tranio in my sted:
Keepe house, and port, and servants, as I should,
I will some other be, some Florenseine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: Tranio at once
Vacate thee; take my Conlord hat and cloak,
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee,
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.
Tran. So bad you neede:
In brefe Sir, fith it your pleasure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,
For so your Father charg'd me at our parting:
Be servicable to my fonne (quothe he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another fence,
I am content to bee Lucentio,
Because so well I loue Lucentio.
Luc. Tranio be so, because Lucentio loues,
And let me be a flane, t'atchieue that mad,
Whoe fodaime fight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.
Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin?
Bion. Where haue I beene? Nay how now, where are you? Matter, ha's my fellow Tranio floune your clothes, or you floune his, or both? Pray what's the newes?
Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to left,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow Tranio here to sawe my life,
Puts my apparel, and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on him:
For in a quarrell since I came a shore,
I kill'd a man, and feare I was decried:
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?
Bion. I fir, ne're a whit.
Luc. And not a lot of Tranio in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.
Bion. The better for him, would I were so too.
Tran. So could I 'faith boy, to have the next with after,
that Lucentio indeede had Bagojfas yonge father.
But sirra, not for my sake, but your masters, I aduise you vfe your manners difcreetly in all kind of companies: When I am alone, why then I am Tranio; but in all places else, you matter Lucentio.
Luc. Tranio let's go:
One thing more refs, that thy selfe execute,
To make one among these woeres: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.
Proctor. The Prefenters above speake.
1. Man. My Lord you nod, you do not minde the play.
Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter surely:
Comes there any more of it?
Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.
Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent piece of worke, Madame Ladie: would 'twere done.

Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.
Petr. Verona, for a while I take my leaue,
To see my friends in Padua; but of all
My best beloved and approvd friend
Hortensio: & I trow this is his house:
Heere sirra Grumio, knocke I say.
Gru. Knocke sir? whom should I knocke? Is there
any man ha's rebus'd your worship?
Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me here emaily.
Gru. Knocke you here sir? Why sir, what am I sir,
that I should knocke you here sir.
Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,
And rap me well, or let knocke your knaes pate.
Gru. My Master is gone to quarrelsome:
I should knocke you sir,
And then I know after who comes by the world.
Petr. Will it not be?
'Faith sirrah, and you'll not knocke, Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can Sol, Fu, and ding it.
He rings him by the ears
Gru. Helpe misflis helpe, my master is mad.

Enter Hortensio.
Hor. How now, what's the matter? My olde friend
Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio? How do you all at Verona?
Petr. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Contuiti le core bene trobato, may I say.
Hor. Alla nostra caba bene venuto multo honorata signor mio Petruchio.
Rife Grumio rife, we will compound this quarrell.
Petr. Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he leges in Latine.
If this be not a lawfull caufe for me to leave his seruice, looke you sir: He bid me knocke him, & rap him foundly sir. Well, was it fit for a seruant to vfe his master fo, being perhaps (for ought I fea) two and thirty, a peep out? Whom would to God I had well knocke at first, then had not Grumio come by the worde.
Petr. A fencelasse villaine: good Hortensio,
I bad the raifall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Petr. Knocke at the gate? O heavens: speke you not these words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rappe me heere: knocke me well, and knocke me foundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?
Petr. Sirra be gone, or talke not I aduise you.
Hor. Petruchio patience, I am Grumio's pledge:
Why this a heaule chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient truffe pleasanter seruant Grumio:
And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale
Blowe you to Padua heere, from old Verona?
Petr. Such wind as scatters yongmen throgh' the world, To
The Taming of the Shrew.

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows but in a few.
Signior Hortenfio, thus it stands with me,
Antonio my father is deceas'd,
And I have thrust my selfe into this maze,
Happily to wise and thrive, as beft I may:
Crownes in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And I am come abroad to fee the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shalt I then come rouently to thee,
And with thee to a throw'd ill-favor'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsell:
And yet Ile promife thee she shall be rich,
And verie rich: but th'art too much my friend,
And Ile not with thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortenfio, twixt fish friends as we,
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife:
(As wealth is burthen of my woane dancing)
Be she as foule as was Floriurous Lune,
As old as Sibell, and as curst and throw'd
As Socrates Zentippe, or a worse:
She moves me not, or not remoues at leaft
Affections edge in me. Were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriaticke seas.
I come to wise it wealtihly in Padua:
If wealtihly, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay looke you fir, hee tells you flatly what his
minde is: why give him Gold enough, and marrie him
to a Puppet or an Aglet baddle, or an old trot with ne'rea
tooth in her head, though she have as manie diles as two and fifte horses.
Why nothing comes amisse, fo monie comes withall.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are depe thus farre in,
I will continue that I broach'd in lef,
I can Petruchio helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and beautious,
Brought vp as best becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her onely faults, and that is faults enough,
Is, that she is intollerable curst,
And throw'd, and froward, so beyond all meafe,
That were my fates farre worser then it is,
I should not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Pet. Hortenfio peace: thou knowest not golds effect,
Tell me her fathers name, and tis enough:
For I will boord her, though the chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn cracke.

Hor. Her father is Baptifia Minola,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her foulding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not flepe Hortenfio till I fee her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Vnleafe you wil Accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor las,
A my word, and she knew him as well as I do, she would thinke foulding would doe little good upon him. She may perhaps call him halfe a forre Knaues, or fo: Why that's nothing and he begin once, hee'raile in his rope trickes.
Ile tell you what fir, and the fland him but a little, he wil throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure him with it, that shee feale have no more eies to fee withall then a Cat: you know him not fir.

Hor. Tarrie Petruchio, I must go with thee,
Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,  
Will vndertake to woo curte Katherine,  
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowrie please.  

Gre. So saith, so done, is well:  
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?  
Petr. I know she is an irkomeome brawling scold:  
If that be all Matters, I heare no harme.  
Gre. No, sayst thou so, friend? What Countryman?  
Petr. Borne in Verona, old Butonius sonne:  
My father dead, my fortune lies for me,  
And I do hope, good dayes and long to see.  

Gre. Oh sir, such a life with such a wife, were strange;  
But if you have a stomacke, too'd a Gods name,  
You shal have me affiting you in all.  
But will you woo this Wilde-cat?  
Petr. Will I liue?  

Gre. For he fears none.  

Petr. For he fears none.  
Grem. Hortensio hearken:  
This Gentleman is happily arriv'd,  
My minde preumes for his owne good, and yours.  
Hor. I promisse we would be Contributors,  
And bear his charge of wooing whatsoeere.  

Gremio. And so we wil, prouided he win her.  

Gre. I would we were as sure of a good dinner.  

Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.  

Tran. Gentlemens God save you. If I may be bold  
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readieft way  
To the house of Signior Baptista Minnesota?  

Bian. He that he's the two faire daughters: if he you mean?  

Tran. Even he Biondello.  
Gre. Hearke you sir, you meane not to——  
Tran. Perhaps him and her sir, what have you to do?  
Petr. Not her that chides sir, at any hand I pray.  

Tran. I love no chiders sir: Biondello, let's away.  
Luc. Well begun Tranio.  
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:  
Are you a futor to the Maid you talk of, yea or no?  

Tran. And if I be sir, is it any offence?  

Gremio. No: if without more words you will get you hence.  

Tran. Why sir, I pray are not the friters as free  
For me, as for you?  

Gre. But so it is not the,  
Tran. For what reason I beseech you.  
Gre. For this reason if you'll know,  
That she's the choife loue of Signior Gremio.  
Hor. That she's the chofen of signior Hortensio.  
Tran. Softly my Masters: If you be Gentlemen  
Do me this night: heare me with patience.  
Baptista is a noble Gentleman,  

To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,  
And were his daughter fairer then she is,  
She may more tutors have, and me for one.  

Faire Laetes daughter had a thousand woowers,  
Then well one more may faire Bianca have;  
And so she shall: Lucenio shall make one,  
Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.  

Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all.  
Luc. Sir give him head, I know he'll prove a lade.  
Petr. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?  

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,  
Did you yet euer fee Baptisia daughtere?  

Tran. No sir, but hearke I do that he hath two:  
The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,  
As is the other, for beautifull modestie.  

Petr. Sir, sir, the frit's for me, let her go by.  

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules,  
And let it be more then Alcides twelue.  
Petr. Sir, vnderstand you this of me (insooth),  
The yongest daughter whom you hearken for,  
Her father keeps from all accesfe of futors,  
And will not promise her to any man,  
Vntill the elder fifter first be wed.  
The yonger then is free, and not before.  

Tranio. If it be so sir, that you are the man  
Muft feed vs all, and me amongst the reft:  
And if you break the ice, and do this fecke,  
Atchieue the elder: fet the yonger free,  
For our accesfe, whose hap shall be to haue her,  
Will not fo gracelesse be, to be ingrate.  

Hor. Sir you say well, and well you do conceive,  
And fince you do profeffe to be a futor,  
You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,  
To whom we all reft generally beholding.  

Tranio. Sir, I flall not be flacke, inigne whereof,  

Petruchio, I flall be your Been venuto.  

Exeunt.  

Enter Katherine and Bianca.  

Bian. Good fitter wrong me not, nor wrong your felf,  
To make a bondmaide and a flave of mee,  
That I disdaine: but for thefe other goods,  
Vnbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my felfe,  
Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,  
Or what you will command me, I will do,  
So well I know my dutie to my elders.  

Kate. Of all thy futors heere I charge tel  
Whom thou loueft beft: fee thou dissemble not.  

Bianca. Beleeue me fitter, of all the men alioe,  
I neuer yet beheld that speciall face,  
Which I could fancie, more then any other.  

Kate. Minion thou lyest: Is't not Hortensio?  
Bian. If you affeect him fitter, heere I warewe  
Ile pleade for you my felfe, but you fhal haue him.  

Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more,  
You will haue Gremio to keepe you faire.  

Bian. Is it for him you do enuie me fo?  

Kate. Nay then you left, and now I wel perceive  
You have but lefted with me all this while:  
I prethee fitter Kate, vntie my hands.  

Kate. If that be loof, then all the rest was fo.  

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.enterprise
The Taming of the Shrew.

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence grows this insolence?

Bian. Stand aside, poor girl: she weeps:
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For shame thou Hilding of a dullish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did never wrong thee?
When did the croffe thee with a bitter word?

Kate. Her silence flouts me, and I be reueng'd.

Flies after Bianca.


Kate. What will you not suffer me: Nay now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband,
I must dance bare-foote on her wedding day,
And for your loue to her, leade Apes in hell.
Talke not to me, I will go sit and weep,
Till I can finde occasion of reuenge.

Bap. Was ever Gentleman thus green'd as I?
But who comes here.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man,
Petruchio with Tranio, with his boy
bearing a Lute and Bookes.

Gre. Good morrow neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow neighbour Gremio: God save you Gentlemen.

Pet. And you good sir; pray haue you not a daughter, call'd Katerina, faire and vertuous.

Bap. I have a daughter sir, call'd Katerina.
Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me signior Gremio, give me leave.

I am a Gentleman of Verona sir,
That hearing of her beautie, and her wit,
Her affability and bashfull modestie:
Her wondrous qualities, and milde behauior,
Am bold to shew my selfe a forward gentle.
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report, which I so oft haue heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine
Cunning in Muficke, and the Mathematickes,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong,
His name is Lucente, borne in Mantua.

Bap. Y'are welcome sir, and here for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katerina, this I know,
She is not for your turne, the more my griefe.

Pet. I fee you do not meane to part with her,
Or else you like not of my companie.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speake but as I finde,
Whence are you sir? What may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's sonne,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.
Gre. Saving your tale Petruchio, I pray let vs that are
poore petitioners speake too? Bacare, you are meruou-
loz forward.

Pet. Oh, Pardon me signior Gremio, I would faine be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not sir. But you will curfe
Your wooing neighbours: this is a guift
Very gratefull, I am fure of it, to expresse
The like kindeffe my selfe, that have beene
More kindely behovling to you then any:

Freely give vnto this yong Scholler, that hath
Beene long studying at Abomes, as cunning
In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages,
As the other in Muficke and Mathematickes:
His name is Cambio: pray accept his seruice.

Bap. A thousand thankes signior Gremio:
Welcome good Cambio. But gentle sir,
Me thinkes you walkke like a straunger,
May I be fo bold, to know the caufe of your comming?

Tra. Pardon me sir, the boldness is mine owne,
That being a straunger in this Cittie here,
Do make my selfe a twerke to your daughter,
Vnto Bianca, faire and vertuous:
Nor is your firme resolucion vnowne to me,
In the preferment of the eldest firter.
This liberty is all that I request,
That vpon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may haue welcome 'mongst the rest that wo,
And free acceffe and favour as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters:
I heere betowe a simple instrumment,
And this small packet of Greeke and Latine bookes:
If you accept them, then their worth is great:

Bap. Lucentio is your name, of whence I pray.

Tra. Of Pisfe fir, fonne to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisfe by report,
I know him well: you are very welcome sir:
Take you the Lute, and you the set of bookes,
You shall go fee your Pupils prefently.

Holla, within.

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them vfe them well,
We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
And fo I pray you all to thinke your felues.

Pet. Signor Baptista, my businesse asketh hafe,
And euerie day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left folle heire to all his Lands and goods,
Which I haue bettered rather then decreat,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters love,
What dowrie shall I haue with her to wife.

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in poiffession twentie thousand Crownes.

Pet. And for that dowrie, Ile affurre her
Her widdow-hood, be it that the furuice me
In all my Lands and Leaves whatsoeuer,
Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her love: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as the proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do confume the thing that feedes their furie.
Though little fire grows great with little winde,
yet extreme guls will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yeilds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well maiift thou woo, and happy be thy sped:
But be thou arm'd for some unhappie words.

Pet. I to the profe, as Mountains are for windes,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio with his head broke.
The Taming of the Shrew.

But Say, As And Proceed I Kat. Pet. Bap. "Bap. morning on fhall twangling call me, with twentie fuch vile tearmes, As had the studied to midclave me fo. Pet. Now by the world, it is a luftie Wench, I loue her ten times more then ere I did, Oh how I long to have fome chat with her. Bap. Wel go with me, and be not fo dilcomfited. Proceed in praffile with my yonger daughter, She's apt to learme, and thankefull for good turnes: Signior Petruchio, will you go with vs, Or shall I fend my daughter Kate to you. Exit. Monet Petruchio. Pet. I pray you do. Ile attend her hear, And woo her with fome fpirit when she comes, Say that she raine, why then Ile tell her plains, She fings as sweetly as a Nightingale: Say that the frowne, Ile fay the lookes as cleere As morning Rofes newly wafted with dew: Say the be mute, and will not fpake a word, Then Ile commend her volubility, And fay the vertrefh piercing eloquence: If she do bid me paffe, Ile give her thankes, As though she bid me flay by her a weeke: If she denie to wed, Ile craue the day When I fhall aske the banes, and when married. But heere she comes, and now Petruchio fpake. Enter Katerina. Good morrow Kate, for thats your name I heare. Kate. Well haue you heard, but nothing hard of hearing: They call me Katerina, that do talke of me. Pet. You lyke infaith, for you are call'd plaine Kate, And bony Kate, and sometimes Kate the curft: But Kate, the prettieft Kate in Chriftendome, Kate of Kate-hall, my fuper-dainfie Kate, For dainies are all Kate, and therefore Kate Take this of me, Kate of my confolation, Hearing thy mindneffe praif'd in every Towne, Thy vertues fpoke of, and thy beautie founded, Yet not fo deeplye as to thee belongs, My felfe am moou'd to woo thee for my beautie. Kate. Moun'd, in good time, let him that mou'd thee hether Remoue you hence: I knew you at the firft You were a maugeable. Pet. Why, what's a maugeable? Kat. A loyn'd flooie. Pet. Thou haft hit it: come fit on me. Kate. Affes are made to beare, and fo are you. Pet. Women are made to beare, and fo are you. Kate. No fuch fade as you, if me you meane. Pet. Alas good Kate, I will not burthen thee, For knowing thee to be but yong and light. Kate. Too light for fuch a foaine as you to catch, And yet as haue as my wyght fhould be. Pet. Shoul'd be, shoul'd: buzzes. Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard. Pet. Oh flow-wing'd Turtle, thal a buzzard take thee? Kate. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzzard. Pet. Come, come you Waife, y'faith you are too angrie. Kate. If I be waife, beft beware my sting. Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out. Kate. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies. Pet. Who knowes not where a Waife does weare his sting? In his tale. Kate. In his tongue? Pet. Wholes tongue. Pet. Yours if you talke of tales, and fo farewell. Pet. What with my tongue in your tale. Nay, come againe, good Kate, I am a Gentleman, Kate. That Ile trie. I fwere Ile cuffle you, if you strike againe. Kate. So may you loofe your armes, If you strike me, you are no Gentleman, And if no Gentleman, why then no armes. Pet. A Herald Kate? Oh put me in thy bookes. Kate. What is your Creft, a Cozcomb? Pet. A comblike Cocks, to Kate will be my Hen. Kate. No Cocks of mine, you crow too like a crauen Pet. Nay come Kate, come; you must not looke fo lowre. Kate. It is my manner when I fee a Crab. Pet. Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not lowre. Kate. There is, there is. Pet. Then fhew it me. Kate. Had I a glaffe, I would. Pet. What, you meane my face. Kate. Well aym'd of fuch a yong one. Pet. Now by S. George I am too yong for you. Kate. Yet you are wither'd. Pet. 'Tis with cares. Kate. I care not. Pet. Nay heare you Kate. Inproof you fpake not fo. Kate. I chaue you if I tarrie. Let me go. Pet. No, not a whit, I finde you paffing gentle: 'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and fullen, And now I finde report a very liar: For thou art pleafant, gamesome, paffing courteous, But flow in speche: yet sweet as springe-time flowers. Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a fonce, Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will, Nor haue thou pleafure to be croffe in talke: But thou with mildneffe entertain't thy wooers, With gentle conference, soft, and affmallable. Why does the world report that Kate doth limpe? Oh fland'rous world: Kate like the hazel twig Is fraight, and fnder, and as browne in hue As hazle nuts, and Sweeter then the kernels: Oh let me fee thee walke: thou doft not halt. Kate. Go foole, and whom thou keep't command. Pet. Did euer Dian to become a Groue As Kate this chamber with her princely gate: O be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportfull.

Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Petr. It is extemore, from my mother wit.

Kate. A witty mother, witless elfe her fonne.

Petr. Am I not wife?

Kate. Yes, keepe you warne.

Petr. Marry so I meane sweet Katherine in thy bed:
And therefore letting all this chat aside,
Thus in plaine terms: your father hath confented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now Kate, I am a husband for your turne,
For by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me,

Enter Baptifia, Gremio, Traiano.

For I am he am borne to tame you Kate,
And bring you from a wilde Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other householde Kate:

Heere comes your father, neuer make denial,
I muft, and will have Katherine to my wife. (daughter)

Bap. Now Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my
Petr. How but well sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amisse. (dumps)

Bap. Why now daughter Katherine, in your
Kate. Call you me daughter? now I promise you
You have fehed a tender fatherly regard,
To with me wed to one halfe Lunastick, 
A mad-cap ruffian, and a feareck lace,
That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.

Petr. Father, 'tis thus, your felie and all the world
That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amiffe of her:
If she be curf, it is for policie,
For shes not frourd, but modest as the Doue,
She is not hot, but temperate as the morne,
For patience shes will proue a fecond Griffith,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastitie:
And to conclude, we haue 'greed so well together,
That vpon fonday is the wedding day.

Kate. Ile see thee hang'd on fonday first. (first)

Gra. Hark Petruchio, she fayes they'll see thee hang'd
Tra. Is this your speeding? nay the goddine our part.

Petr. Be patient gentlemen, I choofe her for my selfe,
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt vs twaine being alone,
That she shall still be curf in company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to beleue
How much she loves me: oh the kindest Kate,
Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kiffe
Shes v'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twinke she won me to her love.
Oh you are nouices, 'tis a world to fee
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacow wreath can make the curfet throw:
Give me thy hand Kate, I will unto Venice
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding day;
Prouide the feath father, and bid the guests,
I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say, but give me you hâds,
God lend you joy, Petruchio, 'tis a match.

Petr. Amen say we, we will be witnesse.

Father, and wife, and gentlemens adieu,
I will to Venice, fonday comes arse,
We will have rings, and things, and fine array,
Shew is your owne, else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where’s her dowre?

Tra. That’s but a caull : he is olde, I young.

Gre. And may not yong men die as well as old?

Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus resolvd,
On fonday next, you know
My daughter Katherine is to be married:
Now on the fonday following, shall Bianca
Be Bride to you, if you make this affurance:
If not, to Signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thanks you both. Exit.

Gre. Adieu good neighbour : now I fear thee not:
Sirra, yong gamefster, your father was a foole
To give thee all, and in his waying age
Set foot under thy table : tut, a toy,
An olde Italian foxe is not fo kinde my boy.

Tra. A vengeance on your craftie withered hide,
Yet I have faid it with a card of ten:
’Tis in my head to doe my matter good:
I see no reason but fuppos’d Lucentio,
Muff get a father, call’d fuppos’d Vincentio,
And that’s a wonder : fathers commonly
Doe get their children : but in this case of woing,
A childe shall get a fire, if I faile not of my cunning. Exit.

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbear, you grow too forward Sir,
Have you so foone forgot the entertainement
Her sister Katherine welcom’d you withall.

Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is
The patronesse of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative,
And when in Musicke we have spent an hour,
Your Lecture shall have leave for as much.

Luc. Prepositture Affe that never read so farre,
To know the caufe why musicke was ordain’d:
Was it not to refresh the minde of man
After his studies, or his vffial paine?
Then give me leave to read Philosophy,
And while I paufe, ferue in your harmony.

Hort. Sirra, I will not bear these braues of thine.

Bian. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To affirue for that which refresh in my choice:
I am no breeching scholler in the schoole,
Ile not be tied to howres, nor pointed times,
But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe,
And to cut off all strife : heere wee downe,
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you have tun’d.

Hort. You will leave his Lecture when I am in tune?

Luc. That will be neuer, tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we left?


Bian. Confer them.

Luc. Hic Ibat, as I told you before, Simois, I am Lucentio, hic eft, fonne vnto Vincentio of Pila, Sigrina tellus, diluided thus to get your loue, hic feserat, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, priami, is my man Tranio, regia, bearing my port, celfia semis that we might beguile the old Pantalone.

Hort. Madam, my Instrument’s in tune.

Bian. Let’s heare, oh fie, the treble iarees.

Luc. Spitt in the hole man, and tune againe.

Bian. Now let mee see if I can confert it. Hic ibat fmois, I know you not, bic eft fegria tellus, I trut you not, bic feserat priami, take heed he heare vs not, regia presume not, Celfia semis, despaire not.

Hort. Madam, tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hort. The base is right, tis the base knaue that iare.

Luc. How flery and forward our Pedant is,
Now for the life the knaue doth court my loue,
Pedesfles, Ie watch you better yet:
In time I may beleue, yet I milfruit.

Bian. Misfruit it not, for sire Accides
Was Axal caid fo from his grandfather.

Hort. I must beleue my master, elie I promuie you,
I should be arguing till upon that doubt,
But let it rest, now Latin to you:
Good master take it not vnkindly pray
That I have bene thus pleasant with you both.

Hort. You may goe walk, and gve me leave a while,
My Lessons make no musicke in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formall fir, well I must waite
And watch withall, for but I be deceu’d,
Our fine Muslim growth amorous.

Hort. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To leare the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamothe in a breafier fort,
More pleasing, pithy, and effectuall,
Then hath bene taught by any of my trade,
And there is in writing fairely drawnne.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamouthe long agoe.

Hort. Yet read the gamouthe of Hortensio.

Bian. Gamouthe I am, the ground of all accord:
Are, to plese Hortensio’s passion.

Beene, Bianca take him for thy Lord
Covers, that loves with all affliction
Do fre, one Cliffe, two notes have I,
Elami, fhow pitty or I die.

Call you this gamouthe? tatt I like it not,
Old fashions please me best, I am not fo nice
To charge true rules for old inventions.

Enter a Messenger.

Nicks. Miiftrefse, your father prays you leave your
And help to dresse your sisters chamber vp, (books,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.

Bian. Farewell sweet matters both, I must be gone.

Luc. Faith Miiftrefse then I have no cause to stay.

Hort. But I have caufe to pry into this pedant,
Methinks he lookses as though he were in loue:
Yet if thy thoughtes Bianca be fo humble
To caft thy wandring eyes on euerie fiale:
Seize thee that Lift, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others, attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the pointed day
That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we heare not of our sonne in Law:
What shall be said, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-grome when the Priest attends
To speake the ceremonially rites of marriage?
What failes Lucentio to this flame of ours?
Kate. No shame but mine, I must forsooth be forst
To give my hand oppo'd against my heart
Vnto a mad-braine rudesby, full of spleene,
Who woo'd in hate, and meanes to wed at leyse:
I told you I, he was a franticke foole,
Hiding his bitter lefs in blunt behaviour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
Hee'll wooe a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, and proclaim the banes,
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath wo'd:
Now must the world point at poore Katherine,
And fay, loe, there is mad Petruchio's wife
If it would pleafe him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience good Katherine and Baptifia too,
Vpon my life Petruchio meanes but well,
What euer fortune fayes him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him paffing wife,
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honeft.

Kate. Would Katherine had never seen him.

Exit weeping.

Bap. Goe girls, I cannot blame thee now to wepe,
For such an injury would veze a very faint,
Much more a throw of impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Maffier, maffier, newes, and such newes as you
never heard of,
Bap. Is it new and olde too? how may that be?
Bion. Why, is it not newes to heard of Petruchio's
Bap. Is he come? (comming)
Bion. Why no fir.
Bap. What then?
Bion. He is comming.
Bap. When will he be here?
Bion. When he flands where I am, and fees you there.

Tra. But fay, what to thine olde newes?
Bion. Why Petruchio is comming, in a new hat and
an old jerkin, a pare of olde breeches thrice turn'd;
A pare of bootees that have beene candle-cafes, one buck-
led, another lac'd: an olde rusty fword tane out of the
Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapelleffe: with
two broken points: his horfe hip'd with an olde mo-
thy faddle, and furrops of no kindred: besides poiffit
with the glanders, and like to moke in the chine, trou-
bled with the Lampffe, infected with the fashions, full
of Windegall, sped with Spains, raied with the Yel-
loes, paft cure of the Fines, starke fprod'y with the
Staggers, begnawne with the Botes, Waid in the backe,
and shoulder-flotten, neere leg'd before, and with a
halfe-cheked Bitte, & a headfull of sheepes leather, which
being refrain'd to keep him from fumbling, hath been
burft, and now repaired with knots: one girth fice
times pce'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which
hath two letters for her name, fairely fet down in fluds,
and heere and there pce'd with packthred.

Bap. Who comes with him?
Bion. Oh fir, his Lackey, for all the world Capari-
fon'd like the horfe: with a linnen flock on one leg, and
a kersey boot-hose on the other, garded with a red and
blew liftian old hat, & the humour of forty fancies prickt
in't for a feather: a monfter, a very monfter in apparell,
& not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentlemen Lacky.

Tra. 'Tis some od humor pricks him to this fashion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howfoere he comes.
Bion. Why fir, he comes not.
Bap. Diift thou not fay hee comes?

Bion. Who, that Petruchio came?

Tra. I, that Petruchio came.
Bion. No fir, I fay his horfe comes with him on his
Bap. Why that's all one.
Bion. Nay by S.Lamy, I hold you a penny, a horfe and
a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Gruanio.

Pet. Come, where be thefe gallants who's at home?
Bap. You are welcome fir.
Pet. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not fo well apparell'd as I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rufh in thus:
But where is Kate? where is my lovely Bride?
How does my father? gentlest methinks you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they faw fome wondrous monument,
Some Commet, or vnufual prodigie?

Bap. Why fir, you know this is your wedding day:
First were we fad; fearing you would not come,
Now fadder that you come fo vnpronoud:
Fie, doff this habit, flame to your efate,
An eye-lore to our folemnne feftival.

Tra. And tell vs what occasion of import
Hath all fo long detain'd you from your wife,
And fent you hither fo unlike your felfe?

Pet. Tedious it was to tell, and harf to heare,
Sufficeth I come to keepe my word,
Though in fome part inforced to digrefle,
Which at more leyfure I will fo excufe,
As you hall well be fatisfied with all.

But where is Kate? I stay too long from her,
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church.

Tra. See not your Bride in these vnreuerent robes,
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, beleeue me, thus Ile vifit her.

Bap. But thus I truft you will not marry her. (words)

Pet. Good footh even thus: therefore ha done with
To me she's married, not vynto my clothes:
Could I repair what fhe will weare in me,
As I can change thesee poore accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for my felfe,
But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my Bride?
And feale the title with a louely kiffe.

Tra. He hath fome meaning in his mad attire,
We will perfuade him be it pooffible,
To put on better ere he goe to Church.

Bap. Ile after him, and fee the event of this.

Tra. But fir, Loue concerneth vs to addde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to paff:
As before imparted to your worhip,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne,
And he shall be Fenecio of Fijiy,
And make affurance heere in Paddua:
Of greater fummes then I have promised,
So fhall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with content.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow Schoolemafter
Doth watch Bianca's fees fo narrowly:
'Twere good me-thinkes to feale our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world fay no,
Ile keep my owne desife of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to looke into,

T2 And
And watch our vantage in this businesse,  
We'll over-reach the grey-beard Gremio,  
The narrow prying father Minola,  
The quaint Musician, amorous Lucentio,  
All for my masters sake Lucentio.

Enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the Church?  
Gre. As willingly as ere I came from school.  
Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?  
Gre. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groome indeed,  
A grumling groome, and that the girl shall finde.  
Tra. Curter then she, why 'tis impossible.  
Gre. Why hee's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.  
Tra. Why he's a deuill, a deuill, the deuils damme.  
Gre. Tut, she's a Lamb, a Dooe, a foole to him:  
Ile tell you Sir Lucentio; when the Priest  
Should ask if Katherine should be his wife,  
I, by gorges woones quoth he, and swore so loud,  
That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the bookes,  
And as he floope'd againe to take it vp,  
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him such a cufte,  
That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,  
Now take them vp quoth he, if any lif.  
Tra. What said the wench when he rose again?  
Gre. Trembled and shooke: for why, he stamp'd and swore,  
as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after many ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth he,  
as if he had beene abode carowzing to his Mates after a forme, quaff off the Mufcadell, and threw the fops all in the Sextons face: having no other reason, but that his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and seem'd to ask him fops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the Bride about the neckes, and kift her lips with such a clamorous simace, that at the parting all the Church did echo: and I seeing this, came thence for very flame, and after mee I know the rout is comming, such a mad marriage neuer was before: harke, harke, I heare the minifters play.

Musicke players.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista.

Pet. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,  
I know you thinke to dine with me to day,  
And haue prepar'd great store of wedding cheere,  
But lo it, is my hate doth call me hence,  
And therefore here I meane to take my leave.  
Bap. Is it possibe you will away to night?  
Pet. I must away to day before night come,  
Make it no wonder: if you knew my businesse,  
You would intreat me rather goe then stay:  
And honest company, I thank you all,  
That haue beheld me grace away my selfe  
To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife,  
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,  
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.  
Tra. Let vs intreat you stay till after dinner.  
Pet. It may not be.  
Gre. Let me intreat you.  
Pet. It cannot be.  
Kat. Let me intreat you.  
Pet. I am content.  
Kat. Are you content to stay?  
Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,  
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kat. Now if you love me stay.  
Gru. I sir, they be ready, the Oates have eaten the horses.  
Kat. Nay then,  
Doe what thou canst, I will not goe to day,  
No, nor to morrow, not till I please my selfe,  
The dore is open sir, there lies your way,  
You may be logging whiles your bootes are greene:  
For me, Ile not be gone till I please my selfe,  
'Tis like you'll prove a lively furry groome,  
That take it on you at the first fo roundly.  
Pet. O Kate content thee, prethee be not angry.  
Kat. I will be angry, what haft thou to doe?  
Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure.  
Gre. I marry sir, now it begins to worke.  
Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,  
I see a woman may be made a foole  
If she had not a spirit to refieth.  
Pet. They shall goe forward Kate at thy command,  
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.  
Goe to the feast, recount and domineere,  
Carowse full measure to her maiden-head,  
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your selves:  
But for my bonny Kate, the mufh with me:  
Nay, looke not big, nor flame, nor rare, nor fret,  
I will be master of what is mine owne,  
Shee is my goods, my chattells, she is my house,  
My household-flufhe, my field, my barne,  
My horfe, my oxe, my affe, my any thing,  
And here she stands, touch her who ever dare,  
Ile bring mine action on the prooudt he.  
That stops my way in Padua: Gremio  
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beft with theues,  
Refuce thy Miſtreffe if thou be a man:  
Fare not sweet wench, they shall not touch thee Kate,  
Ile buckler thee against a Million.  
Exeunt. P. Ka.  
Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones.  
(In.  
Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laugh.  
Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like.  
Luc. Miſtreffe, what's your opinion of your fifter?  
Bian. That being mad her felfe, she's madly mated.  
Gre. I warrant him Petruchio is Kated.  
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bride-  
For to supply the places at the table, (groom wants  
You know there wants no inkets at the feast:  
Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridegrooms place,  
And let Bianca take her fifters roome.  
Tra. Shall sweet Bianca pradice how to bide it?  
Bap. She shall Lucentio: come gentlemen lets goe.  
Enter Gremio.  
Exeunt.  
Gru. Fie, fie on all tired lades, on all mad Masters, &  
all foule waives: was euuer man fo beaten? was euuer man fo raide? was euuer man fo weary? I am fent before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them: now were not I a little pot, & foone hot; my very lippes might, freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thawe me, but I with blowing the fire shall warne my felle: for considering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold: Holla, hoa Curtis.

Enter Curtis.

Cur. Who is it that calls so coldly?  
Gru. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maift slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no greater
greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good
Curts.
Car. Is my master and his wife coming Grumio?
Gru. Oh I Curtis I, and therefore fire, fire, cast on no
water.
Car. Is she hot a throw as she's reported.
Gru. She was good Curtis before this frost: but thou
know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast: for it
hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and my
selfe fellow Curtis.
Gru. Away you three inch foolo, I am no beast.
Car. Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot
and fo long am I at the leaf. But wilt thou make a fire,
or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand
(he being now at hand) thou shalt foone feel, to thy
cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.
Car. I prethee good Grumio, tell me, how goes the
world?
Car. A cold world Curtis in every office but thine, &
therefore fire; do thy duty, and hate thine duty, for my
Mater and mistress are almost frozen to death.
Car. There's fire readie, and therefore good Grumio
the newes.
Car. Why Jacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as
wilt thou.
Car. Come, you are so full of connicatching.
Car. Why therefore fire, for I have caught extreme
cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the house
trim'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the seruingmen
in their newes, the white stockings, and every officer
his wedding garment on? Be the Jackes faire within,
the Gils faire without, the Carpets laid, and euery thing
in order ?
Car. All readie: and therefore I pray thee newes.
Car. First know my horse is tired, my master & mi-
mistris fall out.
Car. Out of their saddles into the durt, and thereby
hangs a tale.
Car. Let's ha't good Grumio.
Car. Lend thine caine.
Car. Heere.
Car. There.
Car. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.
Car. And therefore 'tis cal'd a sensible tale: and this
Cuffe was but to knocke at your cear, and befooch list-
ning: now I begin, Inprimis wee came downe a fowle
hill, my Master riding behinde my Mistress.
Car. Both of one horse?
Car. What's that to thee?
Car. Why a horfe.
Car. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not croft me,
thou shoul'dst have heard how her horfe fel, and she
under her horfe: thou shoul'dst have heard in how miery
a place, how she was bemoll'd, how hee left her with the
horse vpon her, how he beat me because her horfe stum-
hled, how she waded through the durt to plucke him off
me: how he swore, how the praid, that neuer praid be-
fore: how I cried, how the horses ranne away, how her
bridle was burst: how I loft my crupper, with manie
things of worthy memorie, which now shall die in obli-
uation, and thou returne vnexperien'd to thy graue.
Car. By this reckning he is more shrew than she.
Gru. I, and that thou and the proudefull of you all shal
find when he comes home. But what talk I of this?
Call forth Nathaniel, Ioseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Si-
gerfop and the rest: let their heads bee flickely comb'd,
their blew coats brushes'd, and their garters of an indif-
ferent knit, let them curtie with their left legges, and not
preume to touch a hair of my Masteres horfe-taile, till
they kisse their hands. Are they all readie?
Car. They are.
Gru. Call them forth.
Car. Do you heare ho? you must meete my master
to countenance my mistress.
Gru. Why she hath a face of her owne.
Car. Who knowes not that?
Gru. Thou it seemes, that calls for company to coun-
tenance her.
Car. I call them forth to credit her.
Enter four or five seruingmen.
Gru. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.
Nat. Welcome home Grumio.
Phil. How now Grumio.
Is. What Grumio.
Nick. Fellow Grumio.
Nat. How now old lad.
Gru. Welcome you, how now you: what you: fel-
you: and thus much for greeing. Now my spruce
companions, is all readie, and all things nest.
Nat. All things is readie, how neers is our master?
Gre. 'Ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be
not——Cockes passion, silence, I heare my master.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.
Pet. Where be thefhe knaues? What no man at doore
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horfe
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip.
All ser. Heere, heere sir, heere sir.
Pet. Heere sir, heere sir, heere sir, heere sir.
You logger-headed and vpnpollift grooms :
What? no attendance? no regard? no dutie?
Where is the foolish knaue I tuit before?
Gru. Heere sir, as foolish as I was before.
Pet. You pezant, iwaln, you horfon malf-horfe drudg
Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
And bring along these rafcal knaues with thee?
Grumio. Nathaniel couste sir was not fully made,
And Gabrel pumps were all vpnpinkt 1' th' heele:
There was no Linke to colour Peter hat,
And Walters dagger was not come from heathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Raft, and Gregory,
The reft were ragged, old, and beggery,
Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you.
Pet. Go rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.
Ex Ser.
Where is the life that late I led?
Where are those? Sit downe Kate,
And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.
Enter seruants with supper.
Why when I say? Nay good sweete Kate be merrie.
Off with your boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?
It was the Friar of Orders gray,
As he forf walked on his way.
Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awrie
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.
Be merrie Kate: Some water heere: what hoa.
Enter one with water.
Where's my Spaniel Trollet Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my cozen Ferdinand come hither:
One Kate that you must kiffe, and be acquaint,ed with.
Where are my Slippers? Shall I have some water?
Come Kate and waif, & welcome heartily:
you horfon villain, will you let it fall?
**The Taming of the Shrew.**

*Kate.* Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault unwillings.
*Pet.* A horrid beevedeede head hand'd knewe:
*Come Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a homacke,
Will you give thankst, sweete Kate, or else shall I?
What this is, Mutton?

1 Ser. I.

*Pet.* Who brought it?

*Peter. L.*

*Pet.* 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat:
What dogges are these? Where is the rascal Cooke?
How durft you villaines bring it from the dresser
And ferue it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You heelefe iold head-heads, and vnmanndr'd flaves.
What, do you grumble? Ie be with you straight.
*Kate.* I pray you husband be not so difquiet,
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'were that both of us did fast,
Since of our felues, our felues are chollerische,
Then feede it with such ouer-roted flesh:
Be patient, to morrow't halfe mended,
And for this night we'll fast for companie.
Come I will bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. *Exit.*

*Enter Servants generally.*

*Nath. Peter* didst ever see the like.

*Peter.* He kils her in her owne humor.
*Grunio.* Where is he?

*Enter Curtis a Servant.*

*Car.* In her chamber, making a fermon of continuencie to her, and railes, and sweares, and rates, that thee (poore sole) knowes not which way to stand, to looke, to speake, and fits as one new risen from a dreame. A-way, away, for he is comming hither.

*Enter Petruchio.*

*Pet.* Thus have I policilly begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end successfullly:
My Faulcon now is sharpe, and pausing emptie,
And til the stroope, the muft not be full gorg'd,
For then she neuer lookes upon her lure,
Another way I have to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keepers call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch thefe Kites,
That batte, and batte, and will not be obedient:
She eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate.
Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not:
As with the werte, some undeferned fault
Ie finde about the making of the bed,
And here Ie fling the pillow, there the boulster,
This way the Courlet, another way the feathers:
I, and amid this hurrie I intend,
That all is done in regar of her,
And in conclusion, shee shall watch all night,
And if she chance to nod, Ie raile and brawle,
And with the clamor keepe her till awake:
This is a way to kill a Wife with kindnese,
And thus Ie curb her mad and headstrong humor:
He that knowes better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speake, 'tis charity to shew.

*Exit Enter Tranio and Hortensio.*

*Tranio.* It's possible friend Lifio, that mistrie Bianca
Doth fancie any other but Lucentio,
I tel you fir, he bears me faire in hand.
*Luc.* Sir, to satisfie you in that I haue faid,

Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

*Enter Bianca.*

*Her.* Now Mistris, profit you in what you read?
*Bian.* What Mafter reade you firfh, refolve me that?
*Her.* I reade, that I professe the Art to love.
*Bian.* And may you proffe fir Mafter of your Art.
*Luc.* While you sweet deere pioue Miftrefse of my heart.

*Her.* Quicke procedes marry, now tel me I pray,
you that durft sweare that your mistrie Bianca
Lord me in the World so wel as Lucentio.
*Tranio.* Oh despitfull Loe, vnconstant woman-kind,
I tel thee Lifio this is wonderfull.
*Her.* Mistake no more, I am not Lifio,
Nor a Multitian as I feeme to bee,
But one that fcone to live in this disguife,
For fuch a one as leaves a Gentleman,
And makes a God of fuch a Cullion;
Know far, that I am call'd Hortensio.

*Tranio.* Signior Hortensio, I have ofte heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca,
And fince mine eyes are witnewe of her lightneffe,
I wil with you, if you be fo contented,
For weare Bianca, and her love for euer.

*Her.* See how they kiffe and court: Signior Lucentio,
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow
Neuer to woo her more, but do forswere her
As one vnworthie all the former faviour.
That I haue fondly flatterd them withall.

*Tranio.* I do not that the like vnfaine oath,
Neuer to marrie with her, though the would intreate
Fie on her, see how beaftly she doth court him.

*Her.* Would all the world but he had quite forsworn
For me, that I may sereely keepe mine oath.
I wil be married to a wealthy Widow,
Ere three dayes paffe, which hath as long lou'd me,
As I haue lou'd this proud difdaulf full Haggard,
And fo farewell signior Lucentio,
Kindnese in women, not their beauteous looks
Shal win my loue, and to I take my leve,
In refolution, as I fware before.

*Tranio.* Miftris Bianca, blesse you with fuch grace,
As longe as to a Louers blesse cafe:
Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue,
And haue forsworne you with Hortensio.

*Bian.* Tranio you lef, but haue you both forsworne mee?

*Tranio.* Miftris we haue.
*Luc.* Then we are rid of Lifio.

*Tranio.* I faith he'll haue a little Widdow now,
That halbe wo'd, and wedded in a day.

*Bian.* God glue him joy.
*Tranio.* I, and he'll tame her.

*Bianca.* He sages to Tranio.

*Tranio.* Faith he is gone unto the taming schoole.
*Bian.* The taming schoole: where is there such a place?
*Tranio.* I miftris, and Petruchio is the master,
That teacheth tricks engrossing and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charme her chatting tongue.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bian.* Oh Mafter, master I haue watcht fo long,
That I am dogge-wearie, but at laft I spied
An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,
Wil ferue the turne.

*Tranio.* What is he Biondello?

*Bion.* Mafter, a Mercantant, or a pedant,
I know not what, but formall in apparell,
In gate an countenance purely like a Father.
Luc. And what of him Tranio
Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
He make him glad to name Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola.
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Par. Take me your love, and then let me alone.
Enter a Pedant.
Pead. God fave you fir.
Tra. And you fir, you are welcome,
Trouaile you fare or, or are you at the fartheft?
Pead. Sir at the fartheft for a wecke or two,
But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,
And fo to Tripolie, if God lend me life.
Tra. What Countreyman I pray?
Pead. Of Mantua.
Tra. Of Mantua Sir, marry God forbid,
And come to Padua carelesse of your life.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua, know you not the cause?
Your ships are fiad at Venice, and the Duke
For private quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclain'd it openly:
'Tis meruaile, but that you are but newly come,
you might haue heard it else proclain'd about.
Pead. Alas fir, it is worfe for me then fo,
For I have haues for monie by exchange
From Florence, and must heere deliver them.
Tra. Wel fir, to do you courtfe,
This wil I do, and this I wil auido you,
First tell me, haue you euer beene at Pifa?
Pead. I fir, in Pifa haue I often bin,
Pifa renown'd for graue Citizens.
Tra. Among them know you one Vincentio?
Pead. I know him nor, but I haue heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father fir, and footh to fay,
In count'nance somewhat doth resembel you.
Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster,& all one.
Tra. To fave your life in this extremite,
This fave wil I doo you for his fake,
And thinke it not the worft of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credite fhal you vndertake,
And in my house you fhal be friendly lodg'd,
Lookke that you take vpon you as you shoul'd,
you vnderfand me fir: fo fhal you fay
Til you haue done your businesse in the Citie:
If this be courtfie fir, accept of it.
Pead. Oh fir I do, and wil repute you euer
The patron of my life and liberty.
Tra. Then goe with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you vnderfand,
My father is heere look'd for euerie day,
To paife affurance of a dowre in marriage
'Twixt me, and one Baptiffa daughter heere:
In all these cyrcumstances Ie instruct you,
Go with me to cloath you as becomes you.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Katherina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no forsooth I dare not for my life.
Ka. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What, did he marrie me to famifie me?
Beggers that come vnto my fathers doore,
Upon intrest have a present almes,
If not, elsewhere they meate with charitie:
But I, who never knew how to intrest,
Nor neuer needed that I should intrest,
Am flaru'd for meate, giddle for lacke of sleepe:
With oashes kept waking, and with brawling fed,
And that which spightes me more then all these wants,
He does it vnder name of perfect loue:
As who should fay, if I should sleepe or eate.
'Twere deadly sickneffe, or else preuent death.
I prethee go, and get me some repaff,
I care not what, so it be hollome fooe.
Gru. What fay you to a Neats footes?
Kate. 'Tis paffing good, I prethee let me haue it.
Gru. I feare it is too chollerick a meate.
How fay you to a fat Tripe finely broyled?
Kate. I like it well, good Grumio fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollerick.
What fay you to a piece of Beefe and Mustard?
Kate. A dife that I do loue to feede vpon.
Gru. I, but the Mustard is too hot a little.
Kate. Why then the Beefe, and let the Mustard reft.
Gru. Nay then I wil not, you fhal have the Mustard
Or else you get no beefe of Grumio.
Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then the Mustard without the beefe.
Kate. Go get thee gone, thou fafe deluding faue,
Beas him.

That feed'd me with the verie name of meate.
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
That triumph thus vpon my misery:
Go get thee gone, I fay.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate.
Petr. How fares my Kate, what sweeting all a-mort?
Hor. Misfris, what cheere?
Kate. Faith as cold as can be.
Petr. Plucke vp thy spirits,lookke cheerfully vpon me.
Heere Loue, thou feest how diligent I am,
To dreffe thy meate my felfe, and bring it thee.
I am furc sweet Kate, this kindeffe merites thankes.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lou'd it not:
And all my pains is fortoe to no prooffe.
Heere take away this difie.
Kate. I pray you let it stand.
Petr. The poorest seruice is repaid with thankes,
And fo shall mine before you touch the meate.
Kate. I thank you fir.
Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie you are too blame:
Come Misfris Kate, Ie beare you companie.
Petr. Eate it vp all Hortensio, if thou loueft mee:
Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:
Kate eate space; and now my hone Louer,
Will we returne vnto thy Fathers houfe,
And reuell as it brayly as the beft,
With filken coats and caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffs and Cuffs, and Fardingales, and things:
With Scarfs, and Fannes, & double change of brau'ry,
With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this know'ry.
What haft thou din'd? The Tailor stails thy leasure,
To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasur.

Enter Tailor.

Come
Come Tailor, let vs fee these ornaments.

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir?

Pet. Here is the cap your Worship did bespeake.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,
A Velvet dith : Fire, fe, 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell.
A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap : Away with it, come let me haue a bigger.

Kate. I haue no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlemewen weare such caps as thefe.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall haue one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haft.

Kate. Why fir I truft I may have leave to speake,
And speake I will. I am no child, no babe,
Your better haue indur'd me say my minde,
And if you cannot, beat you flop your cares,
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or els my heart concealing it will brake,
And rather then it shall, I will be free,
Even to the vtermost as I pleae in words.

Pet. Why thou falst true, it is paltrie cap,
A cuttard coften, a bauble, a filken pie,
I love thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

Kate. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gowne, why I : come Tailor let vs fee't.
Oh mercie God, what marking duffe is heere ?
What this? a fleecle? 'tis like demi cannon,
What, yp and dowe car'd like an apple Tart?
Heers snip, and nip, and cut, and sliff and slash,
Like to a Cenfor in a barbers shoppe :
Why what a deuils name Tailor cal'st thou this?

Hor. I fee fleeces like to haue neither cap nor gowne.

Tail. You bid me make it orderlie and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marrie and did : but if you be remembered,
I did not bid you marre it to the time,
Go hop me ouer every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custome fir:
Ie none of it ; hence, make your best of it.

Kate. I never saw a better fashion'd gowne,
More quent, more pleasing, not more commendable:
Belike you meant to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why true, he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tail. She fies your Worships meanes to make a puppet of her.

Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance:
Thou lyest, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
Thou Fia, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou :
Braud'd in mine owne house with a skeine of thred :
Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
Or I shall fo be-mete thee with thy yard,

As thou shalt thinke on pratning whil'st thou liu't :
I tell thee I, that thou haft marr'd her gowne.

Tail. Your worship is deceiued, the gowne is made
Just as my master had direction:

Gramio gaue order how it should be done.

Gru. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the fluffe,

Tail. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marrie fir with needle and thred.

Tail. But did you not request to haue it cut?

Gru. Thou haft faid many things.

Tail. I haue.

Gru. Face not mee : thou haft braud'd manie men,
braue not mee ; I will neither bee fac'd nor braud'.
I lay vnto thee, I bid thy Master cut out the gowne, but I did not bid him cut it to peeces. Ergo thou liest.

Tail. Why heere is the note of the fashion to testifie.

Pet. Reade it:

Gru. The note lies in'throat if he say I said so.

Tail. Inprimis, a loose bodied gowne.

Gru. Master, if eu'r I said loose-bodied gowne, now in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bottome of browne thred : I said a gowne.


Tail. With a small compact cape.

Gru. I confesse the cape.

Tail. With a trunke fleecle.

Gru. I confesse two fleeces.

Tail. The fleeces curiously cut.

Pet. I there's the villain.

Gru. Error i'th bill fir, error i'th bill? I commanded the fleeces should be cut out, and fow'd vp again, and that ile proue vpon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tail. This is true that I say, and I had thee in place where thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straighte : take thou the bill, give me thy meat-yard, and fpare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercle Gramio, then hee shall haue no oddes.

Pet. Well fir in breefe the gowne is not for me.

Gru. You are i'th right fir, 'tis for my mistirs.

Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy masters vfe.

Gru. Villaine, not for thy life: Take vp my Mistrefs gowne for thy masters vfe.

Pet. Why fir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh fir, the conceit is deeper then you think for:
Take vp my Mistris gowne to his masters vfe.

Oh fie, fie, fie.

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt fee the Tailor paide,
Go take it hence, be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,
Take no vnkindeffe of his haffie words:
Away I say, commend me to thy master. Exit Tail.

Pet. Well, come my Kate, we will vnto your fathers,
Even in these honest meanes habiliments:
Our purfes shall be proud, our garments poore:
For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich,
And as the Sunne breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the lay more precious then the Larke?
Because his feathers are more beautifull.
Or is the Adder better then the Eele,
Because his painted skin contents the eye.
Oh no good Kate: neither art thou the worse
For this poore furniture, and meanes array.
If thou accounted it shame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolick, we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house,
Go call my men, and let vs straight to him,
And bring our horfes vnto Long-lane end,
There wil we mount, and thither walk on footte,
Let's fie, I think 'tis now fome feuen a clocke,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kate. I dare affure you fir,'tis almoft two,
And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be feuen ere I go to horfe:

Look what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,

You
You are still crosting it, first let the alone.
I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
It shall be what a clock I say it is.

Hor. Why so this gallant will command the funne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drost like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house, pleafe it you that I call.
Ped. I what elfe, and but I be deceived,
Signior Baptiffa may remember me
Neere twenty ears a goe in Genoa.

Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the Pegafus,
Tis well, and hold your owne in any cafe
With such authoritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Baptiffa and Lucentio; Pedant booted
and bare beaded.

Tra. Signior Baptiffa you are happlie met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you find good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft son: sir by your leave, having com to Padua.
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a waifty caufe
Of love betwixt your daughter and himselfe:
And for the good report I heare of you,
And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,
And he to him: to stay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care.
To have him matcht, if you please to like
No worse then I, upon some agreement.
Me shall you finde readie and will
With one consent to have her so bestowed:
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior Baptiffa, of whom I heare so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say,
Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well:
Right true it is your fonne Lucentio here
Both loue my daughter, and the loueth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore if you say no more then this,
That like a Father you will deal with him,
And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,
The matche is made, and all is done.
Your fonne shall have my daughter with content.

Tra. I thank you sir, where then doe you know best
We be affied and such assurance tane,
As shall with either parts agreement stand.

Bap. Not in my house Lucentio, for you know
Pitchers have ears, and I have mane feruants,
Beside old Gremio is harkening still,
And happlie we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie: and there this night

Welle passe the businesse privetely and well:
Send for your daughter by your seruant here,
My Boy shall fetch the Scriuener presentlie,
The wors is this that at so slender warning,
You are like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:
Cambio he you home, and bid Bianca make her readie
straight:
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentios Father is arriued in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentios wife.

Bion. I praise the gods she may withall my heart.

Exit.

Tra. Dallie not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior Baptiffa, shall I leade the way,
Welcome, one meffe is like to be your cheere,
Come sir, we will better it in Pifs.

Bap. I follow you.

Exit.

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. Cambio.

Luc. What fayd thou Biondello.

Bion. You saw my Master winke and laugh upon you.

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. Faith nothing; but he left mee here behinde
to expound the meaning or morall of his signes and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Bion. Then thus: Baptiffa is safe talking with the
deceiving Father of a deceitfull fonne.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then.

Bion. The old Priest at Saint Lukes Church is at your command at all houres.

Luc. And what of all this.

Bion. I cannot tell, expect they be busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, Cum
privilegio ad Imprunendum folem, to th Church take the
Prief, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesse.
If this be not that you looke for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'th thou Biondello.

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench maried in an afternoones as she went to the Garden for Fairley to stuffe a Rabit, and so may you sir: and so adew sir, my Master hath appointed me to goe to Saint Lukes to bid the Priest be readie to come against you come with your appendix.

Exit.

Luc. I may and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt:
Hap what hap may, I'e roundly goe about her:
It shall goe hard if Cambio goe without her.

Exit.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortentio.

Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our fathers:

Good Lord how bright and goodly shines the Moone.

Kate. The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moonelight now.

Petr. I say it is the Moone that shines so bright.

Kate. I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright.

Petr. Now by my mothers fonne, and that's my felse,
It shall be moone, or starre, or what I lift,
Or ere I journey to your Fathers house;
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe,
Evermore croft and croft, nothing but croft.

_Hort._ Say as he saies, or we shall never goe.
_Kate._ Forward I prays, since we have come so farre,
And be it moone, or fenone, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rushe Candle,
Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me.
_Petr._ I say it is the Moone.
_Kate._ I know it is the Moone.

_Petr._ Nay theu thou lye: it is the blessed Sunne.
_Kate._ Then God be blest, it in the blessed Sunne,
But Sune it is not, when you say it is not,
And the Moone changes even as your minde:
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is,
And so it shall be so for Katherine.

_Hort._ Petrucline, goe thy waies, the field is won.
_Petr._ Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle should
And not unluckily against the Bias:
But soft, Company is comming here.

_Neuer._ Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Miftris, where away:
Tell me sweete Kate, and tell me truely too,
Haft thou beheld a faire Gentlewoman:
Such warre of white and red within her cheeks:
What stars do spangle heauen with such beautie,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Faire lovely Maide, once more good day to thee:
Sweete Kate embrace her for her beauties sake.

_Hort._ A will make the man mad to make the woman of him.
_Kate._ Yong budding Virgin, faire, and freth, & sweet,
Whether away, or whether is thy abode?
Happy the Parents of so faire a childe;
Hapier the man whom favourable stars
A lots thee for his lovely bedfellow.
_Petr._ Why how now Kate, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinkled, fided, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou saith he is.

_Kate._ Pardon old father my mistaking eyes,
That have bin so bedazzled with the Sunne,
That every thing I looke on seemeth greene:
Now I perceive thou art a reuerent Father:
Pardon I praye thee for my mad mistaking.
_Petr._ Do good old grandfære, & withall make known
Which way thou travellst, if along with vs,
We shall be joyfull of thy companie.

_Vinc._ Faire Sir, and you my mercy Miftris,
That with your strange encounter much amaze me:
My name is call'd Vincentio, my dwelling Pife,
And bound I am to Padua, there to viste
A sonne of mine, which long I have not seen.
_Petr._ What is his name?

_Vinc._ Vincentio gentle Sir.
_Petr._ Happily met, the happier for thy company:
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,
I may intitle thee my loving Father,
The fitter to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not griued, she is of good estate,
Her dowrie wealthy, and of worthie birth;
Beside, so qualified, as may become
The Spoufe of any noble Gentleman:
Let me embrase with old Vincentio,

_Hort._ Volunteers. Come not to thee, I shall not be with thee.
_Vinc._ But this is true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleafant traillors to breake a left
Vpon the companie you ouertake?
_Hort._ I doe affure thee father so it is.
_Petr._ Come goe along and fee the truth hereof,
For our first erriment hath made thee jealous.

_Hort._ Wely Petrucline, this has put me in heart;
Have to my Widdow, and if the frownd,
Then haft thou taught Hortentio to be vntoward.

_Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio is out before.

_Bion._ Softly and swiftly Sir, for the Priest is ready.
_Luc._ I fie Bionello; but they may chance to neede
Thee at home, therefore leave vs.

_Exit._

_Bion._ Nay faith, Ile fee the Church a your backe,
And then come backe to my Misris as fone as I can.

_Gre._ I maruaile Cambio comes not all this while.

_Enter Petrucline, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio with Attendants.

_Petr._ Sir here the doores, this is Lucentio house,
My Fathers bears more toward the Market-place,
Thither must I, and here I leaue you Sir.

_Vinc._ You shall not chooie but drinke before you goe,
I think I shal command your welcome here;
And by all likelihoodsome cheere is toward.

_Knock._
_Orin._ They're buiie within, you were best knocke
Lower.

_Ped._ Sedent looks out of the window.
_Ped._ What's he that knockes as he would beate downe
the gate?

_Vinc._ Is Signior Lucentio within Sir?
_Ped._ He's within Sir, but not to be spoken withall.

_Vinc._ What if a man bring him a hundred pound or
two to make merrie withall.

_Ped._ Keep the hundred pounds to your selfe, hee
shall neede none so long as I live.

_Petr._ Nay, I told you your fone was well beloved in
Padua: doe you heare Sir, to leaue frivolous circumstan-
ces, I pray you tell Signior Lucentio that his Father is
come from Pife, and is here at the door to speake with
him.

_Ped._ Thou liest his Father is come from Padua, and
here looking out at the window.

_Vinc._ Art thou his father?
_Ped._ I Sir, to his mother fies, if I may beleue her.
_Petr._ Why how now gentlemaun: why this is flat kna-
uerie to take vpon you another mans name.

_Peda._ Lay hands on the villaine, I beleue a meaneus
to cofen some bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

_Enter Biondello.

_Bio._ I haue seene them in the Church together, God
send'm good shipping: but who is here? mine old Ma-
fter Vincentio: now we are vndone and brough to no-
thing.

_Vinc._ Come hither crackempe.

_Bio._ I hope I may choose Sir.

_Vinc._ Come hither you rogue, what have you forgot
me?

_Bion._ Forgot you, no Sir: I could not forget you, for
I neuer saw you before in all my life.

_Vinc._ What, you notorious villain, didst thou never
see thy Miftris father Vincentio?

_Bion._ What
Vin. What my old worshipfull old matter? yes marie sir see where he lookes out of the window.

Vin. It so indeede. He beats Biondello.

Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, heres a mad man will murder me.

Pedan. Helpe, sonne, helpe signior Baptista.

Petr. Free the Kate lets stand afe and see the end of this controvercie.

Enter Pedan with servants, Baptista, Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my servant?

Vin. What am I there what are you sir: oh immortal Goddes: oh fine villain, a sklen doublet, a veluet hose, a scarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am vndone, I am vndone: while I plae the good husband at home, my fonne and my servant spend all at the viuerie.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Baptist. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you see me a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit: but your words shew you a mad man: why sir, what cernes it you, if I were Pearle and gold: I thank my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father: oh villain, he is a Salle-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake sir, you mistake sir, praise what do you thinke is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I have brought him vp euer since he was three yeares old, and his name is Tranio.

Pedan. Awake, awake mad asse, his name is Lucentio, and he is mine onelie fonne and heire to the Lands of me signior Vincentio.

Ven. Lucentio: oh he hath murdred his Master: laie hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my fonne, my fonne: tell me thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knave to the Iaile: father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forth comming.

Vin. Carrie me to the Iaile?

Gre. Stay officer, he shall not go to prifon.

Bap. Talkle not signior Gremio: I faie he shall goe to prifon.

Gre. Take heede signior Baptista, leaff you be conicatcht in this busineffe: I dare sweare this is the right Vincentio.

Pedan. Sweare if thou darst.

Gre. Nai, I dare not sweare it.

Tra. Then thou wert best faie that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Awake with the dotard, to the Iaile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca.

Ven. Thus strangers may be haid and abusd: oh monstrous villain.

Bion. Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is denie him, for sweare him, or else we are all vndone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedan as fast as may be.

Luc. Pardon sweeete father.

Vin. Lies my sweeete fonne?

Bian. Pardon deere father.

Bap. How haft thou offended, where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio, right fonne to the right Vincentio,

That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit fupposes bledder thine ease.

Gre. Here's packing with a witnesse to decreu eue all.

Vin. Where is that damned villain Tranio,
That fac'd and braued me in this matter fo?

Bap. Why, tell me is not this my Cambio?

Bion. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Loue wrought these miracles. Biancas loue
Made me exchange my fiate with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the towne,
And happlie I have arrived at the laft
Vnto the wished haue of my blife: What Tranio did, my felle enforft him to; Then pardon him sweeete Father for my fake.

Vin. Ile fitt the villaines nofe that would haue fent me to the Iaile.

Bap. But doe you heare sir, have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not Baptista, we will content you, goe to: but I will in to reueng'd for this villainic.

Exeunt.

Luc. And I to found the depth of this knauerie. Exit.

Luc. Loue not pale Bianca, thy father will not frown.

End of Actus Quintrius.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedan, Lucentio, and Bianca. Tranio, Biondello Grumio, and Widow: The Seruingmen with Tranio bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. At laft, though long, our larring notes agree,
And time it is when raging warre is come,
To smile at rapes and perils overblowne:
My faire Bianca bid my father welcome,
While I with selfeame kindnesse welcome thine:
Brother Petruchio, fifter Katherine,
And thou Hortentio with thy louing Widow:
Feedt with the best, and welcome to my house,
My Bankett is to close our homakes vpon
After our great good cheer: praise you fit downe,
For now we fit to chat as well as eate.

Pet. Nothing but fit and fitt, and eate and eate.

Bap. Padua affords this kindnesse, fonne Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kinde.

Hor. For both our fakes I would that word were true.


Wid. Then neuer trust me if I be affarred.

Pet. You are verie fencible, and yet you miste my fence:
I meane Hortentio is afard of you.
To
And
'Tis
Which
Therefore
This
You
And
Measures
I

He that is giddie thinks the world turns round,
I pray you tell me what you meant by that.

Wide. Your husband being troubled with a shrew,
Measures his husbands sorrow by his voice:
And now you know my meaning.
Kate. A verie meane meaning.
Wide. Right, I mean you.
Kate. And I am meane indeede, respecting you.
Petr. To her Kate.
Hort. To her Widdow.
Petr. A hundred marks, my Kate doth put her down.
Hort. That's my office.
Petr. How speaks an Officer: ha to the lad.
Drinks to Hortensio.

Bap. How likes Gremio thefue quicke witted folkes?
Ore. Believe me sir, they but together well.
Bian. Head, and but an haftte witted bodie,
Would pay your Head and but were head and horne.
Petr. I Miftris Bride, hath that awakened you?
Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore I sleepe again.
Petr. Nay that you shall not since you have begun:
Have at you for a better left or too.
Bian. Am I your Bird, I mean to shift my buff,
And then pursue me as you draw your Bow.
You are welcome all. Exit Bianca.
Petr. She hath prevented me, here signor Tranio,
This bird you aimed at, though you hit her not,
Therefore a health to all that shoot and miss.

Tri. Oh sir, Lucentio flipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master.
Petr. A good fwiift finnisle, but some currish.
Tra. 'Tis well sir that you hunted for your selfe:
'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a baie.
Bap. Oh, oh Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that good Tranio.
Hort. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?
Petr. A has a little gild me I confesse:
And as the least did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it main'd you too out right.
Bap. Now in good sheffe, sonne Petruchio, I
think th'out of all.
Petr. Well, I say no: and therefore sir assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife,
And his whose wife is most obedient,
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hort. Content, what's the wager?
Luc. Twentie crownes.

Petr. Twentie crownes,
Ile venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,
But twentie times so much upon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then.
Luc. Content.
Petr. A match, 'tis done.
Luc. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.

Goe Biondello, bid your Miftris come to me.

Bap. I goe.
Bap. Sonne, ile be your halfe, Bianca comes.
Luc. He haue no halues; ile beare it all my selfe.
Enter Biondello.

How now, what newes? Bap. Sir, my Miftris sends you word
That she is busie, and she cannot come.
Petr. How? she's busie, and she cannot come: is that an answer?

Cres. I, and a kind one too:
Praie God sir your wife fend you not a worfe.
Petr. I hope better.
Hort. Sirra Biondello, goe and intreate my wife to
come to me forthwith. Exit. Bion.
Petr. Oh ho,intreate her, nay then shee must needs come.

Hort. I am afraid sir, doe what you can.
Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?
Bian. She faiues you have some goodly left in hand,
She will not come: she bids you come to her.
Petr. Wores and worfe, she will not come:
Oh vile, intolerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirra Gromio, goe to your Miftris,
Say I command her come to me.

Exit.
Hort. I know her anwerre.
Petr. What?
Hort. She will not.
Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katerina.

Bap. Now by my holldam here comes Katerina.
Kate. What is your will sir, that you fend for me?
Petr. Where is your fister, and Hortenfus wife?
Kate. They fit conferrin by the Parler fire.
Petr. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth vnto their husbands:
Away I say, and bring them hither straight.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.
Hort. And so it is: I wonder what it boads.
Petr. Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet life,
An awfull rule, and right supremicie:
And to be hort, what not, that's sweete and happie.
Bap. Now faire befall thee good Petruchio;
The wager thou haft won, and I will add
Vnto their lofes twentie thousand crownes,
Another dowrie to another daughter,
For she is chang'd as she had newer bin.
Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And shew more figure of her obedience,
Her new built virtue and obedience.
Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wives
As prisioners to her womanlike persuasion:
Katerina, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bable, throw it vnderfoot.

Wide. Lord let me never have a caufe to figh,
Till I be brought to such a sillie paffe.
Bian. Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?
Luc. I would your dutie were as foolish too:
The widome of your dutie faire Bianca,
Hath cut me five hundred crownes since supper time.
Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie.
Petr. Katerine I charge thee tell these head-strong
women, what dutie they doe owe their Lords and hufbands.
To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:
Or seeke for rule, supremacye, and sway,
When they are bound to ferue, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our harts,
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you froward and vnable worms,
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason happe more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I see our Launces are but flawes:
Our strength as weake, our weakenesse past compare,
That seeming to be moft, which we indeed least are.
Then vale your stomaches, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote:
In token of which dutie, if he please,
My hand is readie, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kiss mee

Kate.

Luc. Well go thy waies sole Lad for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come Kate, weele to bed,

We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,
And being a winner, God giue you good night.

Exit Petruclio

Horten. Now goe thy waies, thou hast tam'd a curfe

Shrow.

Luc. Tis a wonder, by your leave, she wil be tam'd so.

FINIS.
ALL'S
Well, that Ends Well.

Actus primus. Scæna Prima.

Near yong Bertram Count of Offsillon, his Mother, and
Helena, Lord Lafew, all in blacke.

Mother.

N delivering my sonne from me, I burie a second husband.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband Madame, you fir a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of neccesitie hold his vertue to you, whose worthiness would stirre it vp where it wanted rather then lack it where there is such abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Maiesties amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Philistins Madam, under whose prafhles he hath perfecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the proceffe, but onely the looing of hope by time.

Mo. This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how sad a passage this, whose skill was almost as great as his honesstie, had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lacke of worke. Would for the Kings fake hee were lively, I thinke it would be the death of the Kings disafe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speake of Madam?

Mo. He was famous fir in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very late spake of him admirably, and mourningly: hee was skillfull enough to have liued fithe if knowledge could be fet vp against mortallitie.

Laf. What is it (my good Lord) the King languishes of?

Laf. A Fiftula my Lord.

Mo. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Mo. His sole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my outward looking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises her dispositions shee inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer: for where an vncheale mind carres vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pitty, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpilleness; she derivs her honesstie,
**Enter Parolles.**

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake, And yet I know him a notorious liar, Thinks he a great way fool, folie a coward, Yet these fixt evils fit so fit him, That they take place, when Vertues feely bones Lookes bleake I' the cold wind: withall, full ofte we see Cold wifedom weightyng on superfuous folly.

Par. Saue you faire Queene.

Hel. And you Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

Hel. I: you have some fame of foolish in you: Let mee ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginitie, how may we barracado it against him?

Par. Keep it out.

Hel. But he affailes, and our virginitie though vast, in the defence yet is weak: vnfold to vs some war-like refistance.

Par. There is none: Man setting downe before you, will vndermine you, and blow you vp.

Hel. Bleffe our poore Virginie from vnderminers and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how Virginies might blow vp men?

Par. Virginie being blowne downe, Man will quicker be blowne vp: marry in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your felles made, you lobe your City. It is not politick, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preferre virginity. Loffe of Virginitie, is rationall encreafe, and there was never Virgin goe, till virginity was first loft. That you were made of, is mettle to make Virgins. Virginitie, by beeing once loft, may be ten times found: by being euer kept, it is euer loft: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with't.

Hel. I will stand for a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

Par. There's little can bee faide in't, 'tis against the rule of Nature. To speake on the part of virginitie, is to accuse your Mothers: which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himselfe is a Virgin. Virginitie murthers it selfe, and should be buried in highways out of all fancied limit, as a desperate Offendere against Nature. Virginitie breeds mites, much like a Cheefe, consumes it selfe to the very poying, and do dies with feeding his owne stomacke. Besides, Virginitie is pretie, proud, ydle, made of selfe-loue, which is the most inhibited faine in the Cannon. Keepe it not, you cannot choose but loose by't. Out with't: within ten yeare it will make it selfe two, which is a goodly increafe, and the principall it selfe not much the worse. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do fir, to loose it to her owne liking?

Par. Let mee see. Marry ill, to like him that ne're it likes. 'Tis a commodity wil lofe the glose with lying: The longer kept, the leffe worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request, Virginitie like an odle Courtier, weares her cap out of fashion, richly fus'd, but vnuseful, lust like the brooch & the toothpick, which were not now: your Date is better in your Pye and your Porridge, then in your cheeke: and your virginitie, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears, it lookes ill, it cares dily, marry 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a wither'd pear: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet:
There shall your Master have a thousand loues, A Mother, and a Mistrefse, and a friend, A Phenis, Captaine, and an enemy, A guide, a Goddeff, and a Soueraigne, A Counsellor, a Traitoreff, and a Deare:
His humble ambition, proud humility:
His lariing, concord: and his dishord, dulcet:
His faith, his sweet disfaster: with a world
Of pretty fond adoptitious chriftendomes
That blinking Cupid goffins. Now shall he:
I know not what he shall, God send him well,
The Courts a learning place, and he is one.

Par. What one faith?

Hel. That I with well, 'tis pitty.

Par. What's pitty?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne,
Whole biler farres do that vs vp in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And shew what vse alone must think, which neuer
Returns vs thankes.

**Enter Page.**

Pag. Monfieur Parolles,

My Lord calls for you.

Par. Little Hellen farewell, if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at Court.

Hel. Monfieur Parolles, you were borne vnder a charitable farre.

Par. Vnder Mars I.

Hel. I especially thinke, vnder Mars.

Par. Why vnder Mars?

Hel. The warres hath fo kept you vnder, that you must needs be borne vnder Mars.

Par. When he was predominat.

Hel. When he was retrograde I thinke rather.

Par. Why thinke you so?

Hel. You goo so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away,
When feare propothes the fuite:
But the composition that your valour and fear makest makes in you, is a vertue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesse, I cannot anfwer thee acutely: I will returne perfect Courtier, in the which my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a Courtiers councell, and understand what advice shall thrust vpone thee, else thou diest in thine vnthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away, farewell: When thou haft leyture, say thy prayers: when thou haft none, remember thy Friends:

V 2 Get
Get thee a good husband, and vse him as he vse thee: So farewell.

Hel. Our remedies oft in our felues do lye, Which we ascrib to heauen: the fated syke
Glees vs free scope, onely doth backward pull
Our owne deignes, when we our felues are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my loue fo hys,
That makes me fee, and cannot feede mine eye? The mighty fpire in fortune, Nature brings
To ioyne like, likes; and kiffe like natue things.
Imposible be strange attempts to thofe
That weighe their paines in fentence, and do suppress
What hath beene, cannot be. Who euermore
To shew her merit, that did miffe her loue?
(The Kings diseafe) my proieft may deceuie me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leave me. Exit

Flourish Cornets.

Enter the King of France with Letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Seroues are by th'eares, Haue fought with equal fortune, and continue
A brauing warre.
1. Le.G. So tis reported fir.
King. Nay tis moft credible, we heere receive it,
A certaine vouche’d from our Cofin Aufrpia,
With caution, that the Florentine will move vs
For spieade syde wherein our deereft friend
Presuffates the burfniffe, and would iuftice
To haue vs make denial.
1. Le.G. His loue and widifome
Approu’d fo to your Maiesty, may please
For ampleft credence.
King. He hath arm’d our anfwer,
And Florence is deni’d before he comes:
Yet for our Gentlemen that mean to fee
The Tuscan service, freely haue they leave
To fland on either part.
2. Le.E. It well may ferue
A nurfery to our Gentrie, who are ficke
For breathing, and exploit.
King. What’s he comes heere.

Enter Bertram, Lafeau, and Parolles.

1. Le.G. It is the Count Rofignoll my good Lord,
Yong Bertram.
King. Youth, thou bear’ft thy Fathers face,
Frante Nature rather curious then in haft
Hath well compos’d thee: Thy Fathers morall parts
Maift thou inherit too: Welcome to Paris.
Ber. My thanks and dutie are your Maiesties.
Kin. I would I had that corporall foundefe nowe,
As when thy father, and my felfe, in frindship
First trie our fouldiership: he did looke farre
Into the fervice of the time, and was
Discipl of the brauif. He lafted long,
But on vs both did haggifi Age feale on,
And wore vs out of act: It much repairs me
To talke of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well olferue
To day in your yong Lords: but they may ieff
Till their owne fcorne returne to them vnnoed
ERE they can hide their leuitie in honour:
So like a Courtie, contempt nor bitterniffe
Were in his pride, or sharpneffe; if they were,
His equall had awak’d them, and his honour
Cloccke to it felie, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speake: and at this time
His tongue obied his hand. Who were below him,
He vs’d as creatures of another place,
And bow’d his eminint top to their low rankes,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poore praffe he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copie to thee younger times;
Which followed well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.
Ber. His good remembrance fir
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe:
So in approoche liues not his Epitaph,
As in your roynall speech.
King. Would I were with him he would alwaies say,
(Me thinkes I heare him now) his plauffue words
He flatter’d not in eares, but grafted them
To growe there and to beare: Let me not live,
This his good melancholy oft began
On the Cataftrophe and helle of paftime
When it was out: Let me not live (quoth hee)
After my flame lackes cyle, to be the snuffe
Of yonger spirits, whose apprehenfue fenes
All but new things difdain; whose judgement are
Meere fathers of their garments: whose confiances
Expire before their fadion: this he wold.
I after him, do after him with too:
Since I nor wax nor hone can bring home,
I quickly were diffolued from my hiele
To giue some Labourers roome.
L. & E. You’re lovd Sir,
They that leaff lend it you, shall lacke you first.
Kin. I fill a place I know’t: how long ift Count
Since the Phyfian at your fathers died?
He was much fam’d.
Ber. Some fix moneths since my Lord.
Kin. If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arme: the reft haue worn me out
With feuerall applications: Nature and fickneffe
Debate it at their leifure. Welcome Count,
My fonne’s no deeter.
Ber. Thanke your Maiesty.

Enter Counteffe, Steward, and Clowone.

Coun. I will now heare, what fay you of this gentle
woman.
St. Maddam the care I haue had to even your content,
I wish might be founed in the Kalender of my past
edoernes, for then we wondr our Modeftie, and make
fole the clearneffe of our deferuings, whenof our felues
we publish them.
Coun. What doe’s this knave heere? Get you gone
firds: the complaints I haue heard of you I do not all
beleeue, ’tis my flowes that I doe not: For I know you
lacke not folly to commit them, & haue abilitie enough
to make fuch knaurnes yours.
Clo. ’Tis not unknouen to you Madam, I am a poore
fellow.
Coun. Well fir.
Clo. No Maddam,
’Tis not fo well that I am poore, though manie
of the rich are damn'd, but if I may have your Ladiships good will to goe to the world, Isbell the woman and w
will doe as we may.

Con. Wilt thou needes be a beggar?

Cutow. That man should be at women command, and
yet no hurt done, though honest be no Puritan, yet it
will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surpilis of humili-
tude the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart : I am go-

Con. Well now.

Stew. I know Madam you love your Gentlewoman intirely.

Con. Faith I doe : her Father bequeath'd her to mee,
and she her selfe without other advantag, may lawful-
ly make title to as much love as she findes, there is
more owning her then is paid, and more shall be paid
her then sheele demand.

Stew. Madam, I was vere late more neere her then
I thinke shee wiffh mee, alone shee was, and did
communicate to her selfe her owne words to her
owne ears, shee thought, I dare vowe for her, they
toucht not anie stranger fence, her matter was, shee
loued your Sonne; Fortune shee fayd was no god-
desse, that had put such difference betwixt their two
estates : Lose no god, that would not extend his might
onelie, where qualities were leuell, Queene of Vir-
gins, that would suffer her poore Knight sur prise’d
without refuge in the first assault or ranfome after-
ward: This shee deliver’d in the most bitter touch of
forrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaine in, which I held
my dutie speedily to acquaint you withall, sitthence in
the losse that may happen, it concerns you something
to know it.

Con. You have discharg’d this honestlie, keep it
to your selfe, manie likelihoods inform’d mee of this
before, which hung so tostring in the ballance, that
I could neither beleeue nor misdoubt : praise you
leave mee, stall this in your bosome, and I thank
you for your honest care : I will speake with you fur-
ther anon.

Exit Steward.

Enter Hellen.

Old. Con. Even so it was with mee when I was yong:
If euer we are natures, these are ours, this thorne
Doth to our Rofe of youth rightlie belong
Our blood to vs, this to our blood is borne,
It is the show, and seal of natures truth,
Where louses strong passion is impreft in youth,
By our remembrances of daies forgot,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,
Her eie is sickle ont, I observe her now.
Hellen. What is your pleasure Madam?

Old. Con. You know Hellen I am a mother to you.

Hellen. Mine honorable Mistris.

Old. Con. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I
fed a mother
Me thought you saw a serpent, what’s in mother,
That you start at it? I say I am your mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine, ’tis often scene
Adoption strues with nuture, and chosie breeds
A native flipp to vs from foreigne feedes :
You were opprest me with a mothers groane,
Yet I express to you a mothers care,
(Gods mercie maiden) dos it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? what’s the matter,
That this distempered messengr of wet?

V 3
The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?

—all Why, that you are my daughter?

_Hell._ That I am not.

_Old. Cous._ I say I am your Mother.

_Hell._ Pardon Madam.

The Count _Rosilion_ cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honored name:
No note uppon your Parents, his all noble,
My Master, my deere Lord he is, and I
His servent live, and will his vassall die:
He must not be my brother.

_Old. Cous._ Nor I your Mother.

_Hell._ You are my mother Madam, would you were
So that my Lord your sonne were not my brother,
Indeede my mother, or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, then I doe for heaven,
So I were not his flitter, cant other,
But I your daughter, he must be your brother.

_Old. Cous._ Yes _Hell_, you might be my daughter in law,
God shielde you mean't it not, daughter and mother
So strive uppon your pulse; whate pale agen!
My faire hatch catcht your fondness! now I see
The miserie of your louenflife, and finde
Your fett teares head, now to all fince 'tis groffe:
You lose my sonne, inuenion is affam'd
Against the proclamation of thy passion
To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis fo, for looke, this cheekes
Confesse it 'ton tooth to th'other, and thine eies
See it so grosely showne in thy behauours,
That in their kinde they speake it, onely finne
And hellish obstinacie thy tongue
That truth should be suspecked, speake forsooth,
If it be so, you have won a goodly clewe:
If it be not, forswear't how ere I charge thee,
As heaven shall worke in me for thine silence
To tell me trueff.

_Hell._ Good Madam pardon me.

_Cous._ Do you love my Sonne?

_Hell._ Your pardon noble _Mithris_.

_Cous._ Loue you my Sonne?

_Hell._ Doe not you love him Madam?

_Cous._ Goe not about my love hath in't a bond
Whereof the worldes takenote: _Come, come, divide! & close_
The rate of your affection, for your passions
Have to the full approache'd.

_Hell._ Then I confesse
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next vnto high heaven, I love your
Sonne:
My friends were poore but honest, fo's my loue:
Be not offended, for it harts not him
That he is lou'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suite,
Nor would I have him, till I doe deserve him,
Yet never know how that defect should be:
I know I love in vaine, strive against hope:
Yet in this captious, and intemible Sinne.
I still pour in the waters of my loue
And lacke not to looke still; thus _Indian_ like
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sunne that lookes uppon his worshippers,
But knowes of him no more. My deereft Madam,
Let not your hafe encounter with my loue,
For louing where you doe; but if your selue,
Whole aged honor cites a vertuous youth,

Did euer, in so true a flame of liking,
With chastity, and true desire, that your _Dian_
Was both her selfe and love, O then gave pitie
To her whose state is such, that cannot chose
But lend and give where the is sure to loose;
That seekes not to finde that, her search implies,
But riddle like, lives sweetely where the dies.

_Cous._ Had you not lately an intent, speake truely,
To go to _Paris?_

_Hell._ Madam I had.

_Cous._ Wherefore tell true.

_Hell._ I will tell truth, by grace it selfe I sweare:
You know my Father left me some fome prescriptions
Of rare and prou'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience, had collected
For generall fouraigne : and that he wil'd me
In heedefull fatures to befow them,
As notes, whose faculties incluifie were,
More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,
There is a remedie, approu'd, let downe,
To cure the desperate languishing whereof
The King is render'd loft.

_Cous._ This was your motuie for _Paris_, was it, speake?

_Hell._ My Lord, your fome, made me to think of this;
Else _Paris_ and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts,
Happily beene shaff the.

_Cous._ But thinkes you _Hell_,
If you should tender your suppos'd aide,
He would receiue it? He and his Phisitions
Are of a minde, he, that they cannot help he:
They, that they cannot helpe, how shall they credit
A poore unlearned Virgin, when the Schoole's
Embowl'd of their doctrine, haue left off
The danger to it felle.

_Hell._ There's something in't
More then my Fathers skill, which was the great'ft
Of his profession, that his good receipt,
Shall for my legacie be fanctified
Byth'luckieft fars in heaven, and would your honor
But give me leave to trie fucceffe, I'de venture
The well loft life of mine, on his Graces cure,
By such a day, an houre.

_Cous._ Doth thou beleue't?

_Hell._ I Madam knowingly.

_Cous._ Why _Hell_ thou felte haue my leave and loue,
Meanes and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in Court, Ile flate at home
And praine Gods blessing into thy attempt:
Began to morrow, and be sure of this,
What I can helpe thee to, thou shalt not misse. 

_Actus Secundus._

_Enter the King with divers young Lords, taking lease for the Florentine warre: Count, Raffe, and Parrolles. Florijb Cornets._

_King._ Farewell young Lords, these warlike principles
Do not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell:
Share the advice betwixt you, if both gaine, all
The guilt doth stretch it selfe as 'tis receu'd,
And is enought for both.

_Lord. G._ 'Tis our hope fir,
After well entred souldiers, to returne.
And finde your grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confesse he owes the malady.
That doth my life besiege: farwell yong Lords,
Whether I live or die, be you the sons.
Of worthy French men: let higher Italy
(Thofe bated that inherit but the fall
Of the laft Monarchy) fee that you come.
Not to woos honour, but to wed it, when
The braueft queftant flanke: finde what you feke,
That fame may cry you loud: I pay farewell.
L.G. Health at your bidding ferue your Maiesty.
King. Thofe girties of Italy, take heed of them,
They lay our French, lacke language to deny
If they demand: beware of being Captuies.
Before you ferue.
Do. Our hearts receive your warnings.
King. Farewell, come hither to me.
1. Lo. G. Oh my sweet Lord you will stay behind vs.
Parr. Tis not his fault the spark.
2. Lo. E. Oh 'tis braue warres.
Parr. Moft admirable, I haue seene those warres.
Roffill. I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,
Too young, and the next yeare, and 'tis too early.
Parr. And thy minde stand too boy,
Steale away brately.
Roffill. I shall stay here the for-horfe to a smocke,
Clecking my shoes on the plaine Mafony,
Till honour be bought vp, and no sword borne
But one to dance with: by heaven, Ie steele away.
1. Lo. G. There's honour in the theft.
Parr. Commit it Count.
2. Lo. E. I am your accaffary, and fo farewell.
Roj. I grow to you, & our parting is a tortur'd body.
1. Lo. G. Farewell Captaine.
2. Lo. E. Sweet Mounfier Parolles.
Parr. Noble Heroes: my sword and yours are kinne,
good sparkes and lustrous, a word good metals.
You shall finde in the Regiment of the Spinij, one Captaine
Sparte his feate with, and an Emblem of warre hereon
his fiquid cheere; it was this very sword entrench'd it:
ufing to him I live, and obferue his reports for me.
Lo. G. We fhall noble Captaine.
Parr. Mars doate on you for his noices, what will ye doe?
Roff. Stay the King.
Parr. Vfe a more fpacious ceremonie to the Noble
Lords, you haue refrained your felfe within the Lift
of too cold an adieu: be more exprefsive to them; for they
wear themfelves in the cap of the time, there do mufter
true gate; eat, speake, and move vnder the influence of the
moft receu'd flarde, and though the defill leade the measure,
such are to be followed: after them, and take a
more dilated farewell.
Roff. And I will doe fo.
Parr. Worthy fellowes, and like to prooue moft fin-
newe fword-men. 

Enter Lafco.
L.Laf. Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings.
King. Ile fee thee to fland vp. (pardon,
L. Laf. Then heres a man stands that has brought his
I would you had kneel'd my Lord to ask me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could fo fland vp.
King. I would I had, so I had broke thy pate.

And ask thee mercy for't.
Laf. Good faith a-croffe, but my good Lord, 'tis thus,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?
King. No.
Laf. O will you eat no grapes my royall foxe?
Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royall foxe could reach them: I haue seen a medicine
That's able to breath life into a stone,
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari
With fpriitely fire and motion, whose fpimle touch
Is powerfull to arayle King Pippen, nay
To give great Charlemaine a pen in's hand
And write to her a love-line,
King. What her is this?
Laf. Why do you fee: my Lord, there's one arriu'd,
If you will fee her: now by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may confouy my thoughts
In this my light delurience, I haue spooke
With one, that in her fexe, her yeeres, profeflion,
Wifdom and conffancy, hath amaz'd mee more
Then I dare blame my weakeffe: will you fee her?
For that is her demand, and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.
King. Now good Laffon,
Bring in the adoration, that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou tookft it.
Laf. Nay, Ie fit you,
And not be all day neither.
King. Thus he his speciall nothing euer prologues.
Laf. Nay, come your waies,
Enter Helien.
King. This haft hath wings indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your waies,
This is his Maiestie, fay your minde to him,
A Traitor you doe looke like, but fuch traitors
His Maiestie feldom fears, I am Oiffied Vncle,
That dare leue two together, far you well.
Exit. King.
Now faire one, do's your bufines follow vs?
Hel. I my good Lord,
Gerard de Marbon was my father,
In what he did profefse, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I Spare my praifes towards him,
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,
Many receiv he gave me, chiefe one,
Which as the deareft issue of his practive
And of his olde experience, th'olde darling,
He bad me store vp, as a triple eye,
Safer then mine owne two: more deare I haue so,
And hearing your high Maiestie is toucht
With that malignant caufe, wherein the honour
Of my deare fathers gift, flandes cheefe in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.
King. We thanke you maiden,
But may not be fo credulous of cure,
When our moft learned Doctors leue vs, and
The congregated College have concluded,
That labouring Art can never ranfome nature
From her inayible estate: I fay we muft not
So blame our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To prooue our paft-cure maladie
To empericks, or to differes fo
Our great felle and our credit, to esteeme
A feneeleffe helpe, when helpe paft fence we deeme.

Hel. My
Youth, Seard Traduc'd
A Worth
Health Hath Moift
Their

When

He

Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,
A modest one to bear me backe againe.

King. I cannot glue thee leave to be call'd grateful:
Thou thoughtst to helpe me, and fuch thankes I glue,
As one neere death to those that with him live:
But what at full I know, thou knowft no par,
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.

Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try:
Since you yet vp your reft' gainst remedy:
He that of greatest worke is finifher,
Oft does them by the weakest minifter:
So holy Writ, in babes hath judgement showne,
When Judges haue bin babes; great Floods haue showne
From simple fources: and great Seas haue dried
When Miracles haue by the great'ft beene denied.
Oft expectation faiies, and moft oft there
Where moft it promises: and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldeft, and despare most shifts.

King. I muft not heare thee, fare thee well kind maide,
Thy paines not vs'd, muft by thy felfe be paid,
Proffers not tooke, reape thanks for their reward.

Hell. Inspired Merit fo by breath is bard,
It is not fo wich him that all things knowes
As 'tis with vs, that square our gueffe by showes:
But moft it is prefumption in vs, when
The help of heauen we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavors glue confent,
Of heaven,not me, make an experiment,
I am not an Impofter, that proclaime
My felfe aginst the leuell of mine aire,
But know I thinke, and thinke I know moft sure,
My Art is not paft power, nor you paft cure.

King. Art thou fo confident? Within what space
Hop'ft thou my cure?

Hell. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horfes of the funne shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring,
Ere twice in marke and occidentall dampe
Moift Helferous hath quenched her sleepy Lampe:
Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glaffe
Hath told the theuell minutes, how they paffe:
What is infirme, from your sound parts flall fie,
Health flall live free, and fickenes affeely dye.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venter?

Hell. Taxe of impudence,
A trumpets boldneffe, a divulged fham
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maidens name
Seard otherwife, ne worfe of worft extended
With wildest torture, let my life be ended.

Kin. Methinks in thee fome uplift spirit doth fpeak
His powerfull found, within an organ weake:
And what impossibility would say
In common fence, fence faues another way:
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:
Youth, beauty, wifedome, courage, all
That happiness and prime, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs muft intimate
Skill infinite, or monftrous depreare,
Sweet practifier, thy Physicke I will try,
That minifters thine owne death if I die.

Hell. If I breake time, or flinch in property
Of what I fpoke, vnpitied let me die,

And well defera'd: not helping, death's my fee,
But if I helpe, what doe you promise me.

Kim. Make thy demand.

Hell. But will you make it euen?

Kim. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.

Hell. Then flall thou giue me with thyn kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance:
To choofe from forth the royall bloud of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy flate:
But fuch a one thy vaflall, whom I know
Is free for me to aske, thee to befow.

Kim. Here is my hand, the premier obseru'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be feru'd:
So make the choice of thy owne time,for I
Thy refolv'd Patient, on thee ftil relye,
More foould I quefion thee, and more I muft,
Though more to know, could not be more to truft:
From whence thou can't, how tended on, but reft
Vnquifition'd welcome, and undoubted bleft.
Give me some helpe here be ho, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

Florib. Exit.

Enter Counteffe and Clowne.

Lady. Come on sir, I shall now put you to the height
Of your breeding.

Clowne. I will shew my felfe highly fed, and lowly
Taught, I know my buttelfe is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you specially,
When you put off that with fuch contempt, but to the Court?

Clo. Truly Madam, if God have lent a man any manners,
Here may as eafily put it off at Court: hee that cannot make a legge, put off's cap, kiffe his hand, and fay nothing, has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and indeed fhould a fuch a fellow, to fay precisely, were not for the Court, but for me, I have an anfwer will ferue all men.

Lady. Marry that's a bountifull anfwer that fits all quefions.

Clo. It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttockes,
the pin buttocke, the quach-buttocke, the brawn buttocke, or any buttocke.

Lady. Will your anfwer fit euery queftion?

Clo. As fitt as ten greates is for the hand of an Attorney,
as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as Tobs ruth for Toms fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrouetsday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cockold to his horne, as a foulding quene to a wrangling knave, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth, as the pudding to his skin.

Lady. Have you, I fay, an anfwer of fuch fitneffe for all quefions?

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Conftable, it will fit any queftion.

Lady. It muft be an anfwer of moft monftrous fize,
that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned should fpeak truthe of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Ask mee if I am a Courtier, it shall doe you no harme to leerne.

Lady. To be young againe if we could: I will be a fool in queftion, hoping to bee the wifer by your anfwer.
La. I pray you sir, are you a Courtier?
Clo. O Lord sir, there's a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.
La. Sir I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.
Clo. O Lord sir, thick, thick, spare not me.
La. I think it sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.
Clo. O Lord sir, may put me too't, I warrant you.
La. You were lately whipt as I thinke.
Clo. O Lord sir, spare not me.
La. Does you cry? O Lord sir, at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed your O Lord sir, is very frequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping if you were but bound too.
Clo. Here had worse lucks in my life in my O Lord sir: I fee things may serve long, but serve ever.
La. I play the noble husband with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a foole.
Clo. O Lord sir, why there's fences well again.
La. And end sir to your businesse: gue Helen this,
And urge her to a present answer backe,
Command me to your kinsmen, and my sonne,
This is not much.
Clo. Not much commendation to them.
La. Not much employment for you, you understand me.
Clo. Most fruitfully, I am there, before my leges.
La. Haft you agen. Extent

Enter Count, Lafeuw, and Parolles.

Ol.Laf. They say miracles are past, and we have our Philosophical persons, to make moderne and familiar things supernaturall and caufeless. Hence is it, that we make triues of terrours, enforcing our selves into feeing knowledge, when we should submit our selves to an unknowne fear.
Par. Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.
Re∫. And so 'tis.
Ol.Laf. To be reliquintd of the Artifts.
Par. So I say both of Galen and Paracelsus.
Ol.Laf. Of all the learned and authenticke followers.
Par. Right so I say.
Ol.Laf. That gave him out incredible.
Par. Why there 'tis, so say I too.
Ol.Laf. Not to be help'd.
Par. Right, as 'twere a man affurd of a——
Par. Iuft, you say well: so would I have said.
Ol.Laf. I may truly say, it is a noytelic to the world.
Par. It is indeed if you will have it in shewing,you shall read it in what ye call there.
Ol.Laf. A shewing of a havenly effect in an earth-
ly Actor.
Par. That's it, I would have said, the verie fame.
Ol.Laf. Why your Dolphin is not luyter: fore mee
I speake in repect——
Par. Nay 'tis strange, 'tis very straunge, that is the briefe and the tedious of it, and he's of a moft facerious
spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——
Ol.Laf. Very hand of heaven.
Par. I, so I say.
Ol.Laf. In a moft weakes——
Par. And deblie minister great power, great tran-
cendence, which should indeeche gleue vs a further vie to
be made, then alone the recou'rey of the king, as to bee

Enter King, Helen, and attendants.
Par. I would have faid it, you fay well: heere comes the King.
Ol.Laf. Luftique, as the Dutchman faiés: Ie like a maide the Better whil't I have a tooth in my head: why he's able to leade her a Carranto.
Par. Mer du vinager, is not this Helen?
Ol.Laf. Fore God I thinke so.
King. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court,
Sit my prefuerre by thy patients fide.
And with this healthfull hand whose baniſht fence
Thou haft repeald, a fecond time receyue
The confirmacon of my promis'd guilt,
Which but attend thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.
Faire Maide send forth thine eye, this youthfull parcel
Of Noble Batchellors, fland at my beſowling,
Ore whom both Soueraine power, and fathers voice
I haue to fere; thy franke election make,
Thou haft power to chooſe, and they none to forfake.
Hel. To each of you, one faire and vertuous Miftris;
Fall when love pleafe, marry to each but one.
Old.Laf. I'de give bay curtail, and his furniture
My mouth no more were broken then these boyes,
And write as little heard.
King. Perufe them well:
Not one of thofe, but had a Noble father.
She adrefft her to a Lord.
Hel. Gentlemen, heauen hath through me, reftor'd
The king to health.
All. We vnderftand it, and thanke heauen for you.
Hel. I am a fimple Maide, and therein wealthy
That I profe, I fimply am a Maide:
Please it your Malefic, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheekes thus whisper mee,
We blaffh that thou shoulft chooſe, but be refufed;
Let the white death flit on thy cheekes for ever,
We'll neer come there again.
King. Make choife and fee,
Who fhus thy love, fhus all his love in mee.
Hel. Now Dion from thy Alter do I fay,
And to imperiall love, that God moft high
Do my fighes flame: Sir, wilt thou heare my fuite?
1.Lo. And grant it.
Hel. Thankes Sir, all the reft is mute.
Ol.Laf. I had rather be in this choife, then throw
Amel-ace for my life.
Hel. The honor fir that flames in your faire eyes,
Before I speake too threateningly replies:
Loure make your fortunes twentie times above
Her that fo vviſhes, and her humble loue
2.Lo. No better if you pleafe.
Hel. My with receue,
Which great loue grant, and fo I take my leave.
Ol.Laf. Do all they denie her? And they were fons
Of mine, I'de have them whip'd, or I would fend them
toth Turke to make Eunuches of.
Hel. Be not afraid that your hand should take,
Ie never do you wrong for your owne fake:
Bleffing upon your vowes, and in your bed
Finde faire fortune, if you euer wed.
Old.Laf. Thefe boyes are boyes of Ice, they're none
haue here : sure they are bawdarts to the English, the
French here got em.

Lu. You are too young, too happy, and too good
To make your selfe a bonnie out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I thinke not so.

Of Lord. There's one grace yet, I am sure thy father
drunk wine. But if thou be not an affe, I am a youth
of fourteen : I have knowne thee already.

Hel. I dare not say I take you, but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live
Into your guiding power: This is the man.

King. Why then young Bertram take her shee's thy
wife.

Ber. My wife my Leige? I shall befeech your highnes
In such a busines, give me leave to vse
The helpe of mine owne eies.

King. Know'st thou not Bertram what shee ha's
done for mee?

Ber. Yes my good Lord, but never hope to know
why I should marrie her.

King. Thou know'ft shee ha's rais'd me from my sick-
ly bed.

Ber. But follows it my Lord, to bring me downe
Muft answer for your raisings? I knowe her well:
Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge:
A poore Phisitian's daughter my wife? Diddaine
Rather corrupt me euere.

King. Tis onely title thou disdains't in her, the which
I can build vp: Strange it is that our bloods
Of a poore Phisitian, that thou disdains't
Of vertue for the name: but doe not soo:
From lowest place, whence vertuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doers deede.

Where great additions swell's, and vertue none,
It is a dropped honour.Good a lone,
Is good without a name! Vileneffe is so:
The propertie by what is, should go,
Not by the title. Shee is young, wife, faire,
In thefe, to Nature shee's immediate heire:
And these breed honour: that is honours fcone,
Which challenges it selfe as honours borne,
And is not like the fire: Honours thrive,
When rather from our afs we them derive
Then our fore-gores: the meere words, a flue
Debois'd on euerie tombe, on euerie grave:
A lying Trophée, and as oft is dumbe,
Where durt, and damn'd obllion is the Tombe.
Of honours dornes indeed, what should be false?
If thou canst like this creature, as a male,
I can create the reft: Vertue, and thee.

Is her owne dower: Honour and wealth, from mee.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will thrive to doo't.

King. Thou wrong'ft thy selfe, if thou holdeft thrive
to choose.

Hel. That you are well refer'd my Lord, I'me glad:
Let the reft go.

King. My Honor's at the stake, which to defeat
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud fcornfull boy, vnworthy this good gift,
That doft in vile misifpiration shackle vp
My loue, and her defert: that canst not dreame,
We poisings vs in her defctue fcale,

Shall weigh thee to the beame: That wilt not know,
It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where
We pleae to have it grow. Checke thy contempt:
Obey Our will, which tranuails in thy good:
Believe not thy diuaine, but pretendie
Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy dutie owes, and our power claims,
Or I will throw thee from my care for euere
Into the daggers, and the carelesse laple.

Of youth and ignorance: both my revenge and hate
Looking vpon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all termes of pittle. Speakes, thine answer.

Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord: for I submit
My fance to your eies, when I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it: I finde that the which late
Was in my Nobler thoughts, most base: is now
The prai'd of the King, who so ennobled,
Is as twere borne fo.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoize: If not to thy estate,
A ballance more replet.

Ber. I take her hand.

Kin. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
Smile vpon this Contract: whole Ceremonie
Shall seeme expedient on the now borne briefe,
And be perform'd to night: the solemnne Feast
Shall more attend vpon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lou'ft her,
Thy love's to me Religious: elze, do's erre.

Par. Let all the World, that is bane of his
Wife
Laf. And let his love to Thee be sung.

Laf. You are too old Sir: let it satsifie you, you are
too old.

Laf. I must tell thee firrah, I write Man: to which
title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinaries: to bee a
prettie wife fellow, thou didst make tolerable vent of
thy travel: it might passe: yet the carriues and the ban-
eretts about thee, did manifestlie disswade me from be-
leeving thee a vellelf of too great a burthen. I have now
found thee, when I looke thee againe, I care not yet art
thou good for nothing but taking vp, and that th' our
scarcely worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the pruilde of Antiquity vp-
on thee.

Laf. Do not pludge thy selfe to farre in anger, leaft thou
haften thy triall: which if, Lord have mercie on thee for a
hen, so my good window of Lettie faire thee well, thy casement I neede not open, for I look through
thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me most egressious indignity.

Laf.

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Laf. I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not my Lord dearer'd it.

Laf. Yes good faith, eu'ry dramme of it, and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Bu'n as soone as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smacke a'th contrarie. If ever thou be't bound in thy skarpe and beaten, thou shalt finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage, I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may lay in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell paines for thy sake, and my poore doing eternall for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. 

Par. Well, thou hast a sonne shall take this disgrace off me; scrunny, old, filthy, scrunny Lord: Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. Ile beat him (by my life) if I can meet him with any convenience, and he were double and double a Lord. Ile have no more pittie of his age then I would have of—Ile beat him, and if I could but meet him aget.

Enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirra, your Lord and masters married, there's newes for you: you have a new Milthris.

Par. I most wofully beseech your Lordshippe to make some reparation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I erue aboue is my master.

Laf. Who? God.

Par. I sirs.

Laf. The deuill it is, that's thy master. Why doest thou garter vp thy arms a this fashion? Do't make hole of thy sleeues? Do other feruants fo? Thou wert best fet thy lower part where thy nofe stands. By mine Honor, if I were but two houres younger, I'de bate thee: medl'mark't thou art a generall offence, and every man shold bate thee: I thinke thou wast created for men to breathe themselves vpvn thee.

Par. This is hard and vndeferred measurfe my Lord.

Laf. Go too sirs, you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranate, you are a vassal bond, and no true trouveller you are more favowd with Lordes and honourable personages, then the Commission of your birth and vertue gies you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, elfe I'de call you knaue. I leave you.

Enter Count Raffillion.

Par. Good, very good, it is so then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.

Rof. Vndone, and forfeited to cares for ever.

Par. What's the matter sweet-heart?

Roffill. Though before the solemn Priest I haue sware, I will not bed her.

Par. What what sweet heart?

Rof. O my Parvolles, they haue married me: Ile to the Tuscan warres, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits, the tread of a mans foot too'warres.

Rof. There's letters from my mother: What th'import is, I know not yet.

Par. That would be knowne: too'warres my boy, too'warres:

He weare his honor in a boxe vsenone, That hugges his kickie wickie heare at home, Spending his manlie marrow in her armes Which should sustaine the bound and high curuet Of Mars fumeri fseed: to other Regions, France is a stable, see that dwell in't Iades, Therefore too'warres.

Rof. It shall be so, Ile send her to my house, Acquaint my mother with my hate to her, And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King That which I durft not speake. His present gift Shall furnish me to those Italian fields Where noble fellowes strike: Warres is no Arie To the darke house, and the detected wife.

Par. Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art sure?

Rof. Go with me to my chamber, and advice me. Ile send her straight away: To morrow, Ile to the warres, she to her finge forrow.

Par. Why these bas bound, ther's nois in it. Tis hard A yong man maried, is a man that's marl'd: Therefore away, and leave her bravely: go, The King ha's done you wrong: but hush 'tis fo.

Enter Helena and Clavond.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is she well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet she has her health, she's very merrie, but yet she is not well: but thankes be giuen she's very well, and wants nothing I' th' world: but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be verie well, what do's she say, that she's not verie well?

Clo. Truly she's verie well indeed, but for two things

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heauen, whether God send her quickly: the other, that she's in earth, from whence God fend her quickly.

Enter Raffillion.

Par. Bless you my fortunate Ladie.

Hel. I hope sir I haue your good will to have mine owne good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to leade them on, and to keepe them on, haue them still. O my knaue, how do's my old Ladie?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would the did as you say.

Par. Why I say nothing.

Clo. Marry you are the wifer men: for many a mans tongue shakes out his matters vndoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to haue nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a verie little of nothing.

Par. Away, th'art a knaue.

Clo. You should haue said sir before a knaue, th'art a knaue, that's before me th'art a knaue: this had benes truth sir.

Par. Go too, thou art a wittie foole, I haue found thee.

Clo. Did you finde me in your selfe sir, or were you taught to finde me?

Clo. The seare sir was profitable, and much foole may you find in you, eu'n to the world's pleasure, and the encrease of laughter.

Par. A good knaue illsith and well fed.

Madam, my Lords will go awaie to night,
A verie ferious businesse call's on him:
The great prerogatiue and rite of loue,
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint:
Whole want, and whole delay, is strew'd with sweets
Which they distill now in the curbed time,
To make the comming houre oreflow with joy,
And pleasure drowne the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?
Par. That you will take your infant leave a' th' king,
And make this hast as your own good proceeding,
Strengthened with what Apologie you thinkes
May make it probable neede.

Hel. What more commands hee?
Par. That having this obtain'd, you prefentlie
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In euery thing I waite vpon his will.
Par. I shall report it fo. Exit Par.

Laf. I pray you make sirrah. Exit

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him a
soilder.
Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approoche.
Laf. You haue it from his owne delivereance.
Ber. And by other warranted testimonie.
Laf. Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this Larke
for a bunting.
Ber. I do affrue you my Lord he is very great in know-
ledge, and accordingly valiant.
Laf. I haue then finn'd against his experience, and
transgred against his valour, and my state that way is
dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent:
Here he comes, I pray you make vs freinds, I will pur-
fue the amitie.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done fir.
Laf. Pray you fir whose his Tairor?
Par. Sir?
Laf. O I know him well, I fir, hee fir's a good worke-
man, a verie good Tairor.
Ber. Is shee gone to the king?
Par. Shee is.
Ber. Will shee away to night?
Par. As you be haue her.
Ber. I haue writ my letters, casketted my treaure,
Given order for our horses, and to night,
When I shoule take possessiue of the Bride,
And ere I doe begin.
Laf. A good Truasiler is something at the latter end
of a sinner, but on that lies three thirds, and vse a
known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should
bee once hard, and thrice beaten. God saue you Cap-
taine.
Ber. Is there any vnkindnesse betweene my Lord and
you Monsieur?
Par. I know not how I have defferued to run into my
Lords displeasure.
Laf. You haue made shift to run into't, bootes and
spurrles and all : like him that leapt into the Cuttard, and
out of it you're runne againe, rather then suffe question
for your residence.
Ber. It may bee you have mistaken him my Lord.
Laf. And shall doe so euuer, though I tooke him at's
prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beloue this of
me, there can be no kornell in this light Nut : the soule
of this man is his clothes : Trust him not in matter of
heauie consequence : I haue kept of them tame, & know
their natures. Farewell Monsieur, I haue spoken better
of you, then you haue or will to deferue at my hand, but
we must do good against euill.

Par. An idle Lord, I swere.
Ber. I thinke so.
Par. Why do you not know him?
Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech
Gives him a worthy passe. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I haue fir as I was commanded from you
Spoke with the King, and haue procur'd his leave
For preuent parting, only he defires
Some private speech with you.
Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not morasie Helen at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration, and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a businesse, therefore am I found
So much vnsetled : This dries me to intreate you,
That prefentely you take your way for home,
And rather mow then ask why I intreate you,
For my respeicts are better then they terme,
And my appointments haue in them a neede
Greater then shews it selfe at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
'Twill be two daies ere I shall see you, fo
I leave you to your wisedome.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your moft obedient seruant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever shall
With true obedience seek to ecke out that
Wherein toward me my homely starrs have faild
To equall my great fortune.
Ber. Let that goe : my haft is verie great. Farwell:
He home.

Hel. Pray sir your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say 'tis mine : and yet it is,
But like a timorous theepe, moft faine would steale
What law does vouch mine owne.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something, and scarce fo much : nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord : Faith yes,
Strangers and foes do funder, and not kiffe.
Ber. I pray you stay not, but in haft to horfe.
Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my Lord;
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farwell. Exit
Ber. Go thou toward home, where I wil never come,
Whilst I can facke my sword, or hear the drumme :
Away, and for our flight.
Par. Brauely, Coragio.

Actus Tertius.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen,
with a troope of Souldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point, now haue you heard The
The fundamentall reasons of this warre,  
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth  
And more thirs after.  

Lord. Holy seemes the quarrell  
Upon your Graces part: blanke and fearfull  
On the oppoer.  

Duke. Therefore we mercuailie much our Cofin France  
Would in fo lust a businesse, shat his borome  
Against our borrowing prayers,  
French E. Good my Lord,  
The reasons of our state I cannot yeeld,  
But like a common and an outward man,  
That the great figure of a Counsailie frames,  
By felfe vnable motion, therefore dare not  
Say what I thinke of it, since I have found  
My felfe in my incertaine grounds to faile  
As often as I speate.  

Duke. Be it his pleasure.  
Fren.G. But I am sure the yonger of our nature,  
That surfeet on their caufe, will day by day  
Come heere for Physick.  

Duke. Welcome shalt they bee:  
And all the honors that can flye from vs,  
Shall on them settell: you know your places well,  
When better fall, for your auails they fell,  
To morrow to' th field.  

Enter Countesse and Clozowne.  

Count. It hath happen'd all, as I would have had it, saue  
that he comes not along with her.  

Clo. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a verie melancholly man.  

Count. By what obersuerance I pray you.  

Clo. Why he will looke vpon his boote, and fing:  
mend the Ruffle and fing, aske questions and fing, picke his teeth, and fing: I know a man that had this tricke of melancholly hold a goodly Mannor for a song.  

Lad. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come.  

Clo. I haue no mind to Ispeal since I was at Court.  
Our old Lings, and our Iabels a'th Country, are nothing like your old Ling and your Isbel a'th Court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to love, as an old man loues money, with no stomacke.  

Lad. What haue we heere?  

Clo. In that you haue there.  

Exit.  

A Letter.  

I haue sent you a daughter-in-law, she hath recovered the King, and undone me: I haue wedded her, not bedded her, and fwerne to make the not e'ternal: You shall heare I am runne away, know it before the report come: If there bee breth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.  

Your unfortunat fonne,  

Bertram.  

This is not well rafe and vnbridled boy,  
To flye the favours of fo good a King,  
To plucke his indignation on thy head,  
By the misprision of a Maide too vertuous  
For the contempt of Empire.  

Enter Clozowne.  

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heauie newes within betwene two fouldiers, and my yong Ladie.  

La. What is the matter.  

Clo. Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some comfort, your fonne will not be kild fo fone as I thought he would.  

Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.  

French E. Saue you good Madam.  

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.  

French G. Do not saie fo.  

La. Thinke vpon patience, pray you Gentlemen,  
I have felt so many quirkes of joy and greefe,  
That the first face of neither on the start  
Can woman me vn'too. Where is my fonne I pray you?  

Fren.G. Madam he's gone to stricke the Duke of Florence,  
We met him thitherward, for thence we came:  
And after some dispatch in hand at Court,  
Thither we bend againe.  

Hel. Lookes on his Letter Madam, here's my Paspot.  

When thou canst get the Ring vpon my firger, which nuer fell off, and show mee a childe begotten of thy bosie,  
that I am mother too, then call me husband: but in such a'then I write a Newer.  

This is a dreadful sentence.  

La. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?  

Fren.G. I Madam,  

La. And to be a fouldier.  

Fren.G. Such is his noble purpofe, and beleau't  
The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor  
That good convenience clames.  

La. Returne you thither.  

Fren.E. I Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.  

Hel. Till I haue no wife, I haue nothing in France,  
'Tis bitter.  

La. Finde you that there?  

Hel. I Madam.  

Fren.E. 'Tis but the boldneffe of his hand haply, which  
his heart was not confenting too.  

Lad. Nothing in France, untill he haue no wife:  
There's nothing heere that is too good for him  
But onely she, and she deferves a Lord  
That twenty fuch rude boyes might tend vpon,  
And call her hourly Miftris. Who was with him?  

Fren.E. A fervant onely, and a Gentleman: which I  
have sometime knowne.  

La. Parells was it not?  

Fren.E. I my good Ladie, hee.  

La. A verie taintif Fellow, and full of wickedneffe,  
My fonne corrupts a well derived nature  
With his inducement.  

Fren.E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of that, too much, which holds him much to hate.  

La. Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you  
when you see my fonne, to tell him that his word can  
never winne the honor that he looses: more Ie intreate  

You
All's Well that ends Well.

you written to bearealong.

From G. We ferue you Madam in that and all your
worthieft affaires.

La. Not fo, but as we change our courtesies,
Will you draw neere?
Exit.

Nothing in France unti this his nowife: I
Thou shalt have none Rossillion, none in France,
Then haft thou all againe: poore Lord, i't
That chafe thee from thy Countrie, and expose
Thofe tender limbes of thine, to the entent
Of the none-fearing wars? And is it I,
That drive thee from the sportive Court, where thou
Was't shot at with faire eyes, to be the markes
Of fmoakie Muskets? O you leadea meffengers,
That ride vpon the violent speepe of fire,
Fly with falle ayme, moue the fiil-peeking aire
That fings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:
Who euer floates at him, I let him there.
Who euer charges on his forward breaf,
I am the Cauiffe that do hold him too't,
And though I kill him not, I am the caufe
His death was fo effect'd: Better twere
I met the ruaine Lyon when he roard
With fharpe contraint of hunger: better twere,
That all the miliferies which nature owes
Were mine at once. No come thou home Rossillion,
Whence honor but of danger winnes a scarre,
As oft it lookes all. I will be gone:
My being heere it is, that holds thee hence,
Shall I stay heere to doo't? No, no, although
The alfe of Paradife did fan the houfe,
And Angles offi'd all: I will be gone,
That pitifull rumour may report my flight
To confoilate thine care. Come night, end day,
For with the darke (poore theefe) Ile flare away. Exit.

Flourijh. Enter the Duke of Florence, Rossillion,
rum and trumpets, soldiers, Parroilles.

Duke. The Generall of all our hoste thou art, and we
Great in our hope, lay our beft loue and credence
Vpon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir it is
A charge too heavye for my strenght, but yet
We'll flrie to bear it for thy worthy fake,
To th'extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play vpon thy prosperous helme
As thy auspicious mitriss.

Ber. This very day
Great Mars I put my falf into thy file,
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drumme, hater of love. Exeunt

Enter Counteffe & Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know the would do, as she has done,
By fending me a Letter. Reade it a gen.

Letter.
I am S. Laues Pilgrims, thither gone:
Ambitious loue hath feen me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon
With fiared vow all my faults to have amended.

Write, write, that from the bloodie course of warre,
My dear Sir, let your desire sometime may bee,
Baffe him at home in peace. While I from farre,
His name with zealous former familie:
He takes labours bid me forgive;
I bid you of fighfull fame, goe, let him forth,
From Courtly friends, with Burning eyes to live,
Where death and danger doth the bees of worthless.
He is too good and faire for death, and me,
Whom I my selfe embrace, to set him free.

Ah what sharde stings are in her mildeft words?
Rynaldo, you did never lacke advice fo much,
As letting her pace fo: had I spake with her,
I could have well diuerted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Ste. Pardon me Madam,
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have beene ore-tane: and yet she writes
Purfuite would be but vain.

La. What Angell shall
Baffe this unworthy husband, he cannot thrive,
Vnleffe her prayers, whom heauen delights to heare
And loues to grant, reprehe from the wrath
Of greatest justice. Write, write Rynaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife,
Let euerie word weigh heauie of her worch,
That he do weigh too light; my greatest griefe,
Though little he do feel it, let downe sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient meaffenger,
When haply he shall heare that she is gone,
He will returne, and hope I may that thee
Hearing so much, will speede her foote againe,
Led hither by pure loue: which of them both
Is dearer to me, I have no skill in fcence.
To make distinction: prouide this Messenger:
My heart is haue, and mine age is weake,
Greefe would haue teares, and sorrow bids me speake.

Exeunt

A Tucket afarre off.

Enter old Widdow of Florence, her daughter, Violenta
and Mariana, with other Citizens.

Widdow. Nay come,
For if they do approach the City,
We shall looke all the fight,
Diana. They say, the French Count has done
Most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported,
That he has taken their great't Commander,
And that with his owne hand he slew
The Dukes brother: we have lost our labour,
They are gone a contrarie way: harke,
you may know by their Trumpets.

Maria. Come lea returne againe,
And suffice our felues with the report of it.
Well Diana, take heed of this French Earle,
The honor of a Maide is her name,
And no Legacie is so rich
As honifie.

Widdow. I haue told my neighbour
How you have beene solicited by a Gentleman
His Companion.
MAria. I know that knaue, hang him, one Paroles, a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earle, beware of them Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these lies of light, are not the things they go under: many a maide hath been seduced by them, and the mizerie is example, that so terrible flyes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot for all that diffwade succion, but that they are limned with the twigs which threaten them. I hope I neede not to advise you further, but I hope your owne grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger knowne, but the modelle which is so loft.

Dia. You shall not neede to feare me.

Enter Helen.

Wid. I hope so: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know she will lye at my howse, thither they send one another, Ile question her. God faue you pilgrim, whether are bound?

Hel. To S. Iagues la grand.

Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the S. Francis heere beside the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? A march afarre.

Wid. I marrie if. Harke you, they come this way:

If you will tarry holy Pilgrime
But till the troopes come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd,
The rather for I thinke I know your hoastes
As ample as my felfe.

Hel. Is it your felse?

Wid. If you shall please to Pilgrime.

Hel. I thanke you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came I thinke from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Heere you shall fee a Countrurn of yours
That has done worthy seruice.

Hel. His name I pray you?

Dia. The Count Rotifillon: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the care that heares most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. What fomere he is.

He's bravely taken heere. He stole from France
As 'tis reported: for the King had married him
Against his liking. Thinke you it is so?

Hel. I furly meere the truth, I know his Lady.

Dia. There is a Gentleman that ferues the Count,
Reports but curfely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monseur Paroles.

Hel. Oh I beleue with him,

In argument of praiie, or to the worth
Of the great Count himselfe, she is too meane
To have her name repeated, all her deferuing
Is a referved honefte, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas poore Lady,
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a defeting Lord,

Wid. I write good creature, wherefoere she is,
Her hart waighes fadly: this yong maid might do her
A flaved turne if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you meane?

May be the amorous Count solicites her
In the vnlawfull purpose.

Wid. He does indeede,
And brokes with all that can in such a suite

Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honeste defence.

Drumme and Colour.

Enter Count Rotifillon, Paroles, and the whole Armie.

Mar. The goddes forbid else.

Wid. So, now they come:

That is Antonio the Duke's eldste sonne,
That Ecques.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. Hee,

That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,
I would he lod'd his wife: if he were honeste
He was much goodlier. It's not a handfome Gentleman
Hel. I like him well.

Di.'Tis pity he is not honyfyonds that fame knaue
That leads him to these places: were I his Ladie,
I would poison that vie Raffael.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That Jacke an-apes with scarres. Why is hee
melancholly?

Hel. Perchance he has hurt i'th battale.

Par. Loose our drum? Well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vext at something. Looke he
has syped vs.

Wid. Marrie hang you.

Mar. And your curtefie, for a ring-carriuer.

Exit.

Wid. The troope is past: Come pilgrim, I will bring
you, Where you shall holte: Of injoynd penitents
There's four or five, to great S. Iagues bound,
Alreadie at my howse.

Hel. I humbly thankes you:
Pleae it this Matron, and this gentle Maide
To eate with vs to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me, and to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this Virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

Enter Count Rotifillon and the Frenchmen,
at as byf.

Cap.E. Nay good my Lord put him too't: let him
have his way.

Cap.G. If your Lordshippe finde him not a Hilding,
hold me no more in your respect.

Cap.E. On my life my Lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you thinkke I am so farre
Deceived in him.

Cap.E. Beleeue it my Lord, in mine owne direct
knowledge, without any malice, but to speake of him
as my kinman, hee's a most notable Coward, an in-"fite and endlesse Lyar, an hourly promife-breaker, the owner
of no one good qualitie, worthy your Lordships entertainment.

Cap.G. It were fit you knew him, lest repose too
farre in his vertue which he hath not, he might at some
great and trutifie businesse, in a maine daunger, fayle
you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch off his
drumme, which you heare him so confidently undertake to do.

C.E. I with a troop of Florentines wil sodainly fur-
prize him; such I will have whom I am sure he knowes not from the enemy: we will bine and hoodwinke him so, that he shall supposse no other but that he is carri-
ied into the Leager of the aduersaries, when we bring him to our owne tents: be but your Lordship preuent
at his examination, if he do not for the promife of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fcares, offer to
betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the duine forfeite of his
foule vpon oath, neuer trueth my judgment in anie thing.

Cap.G. O for the loue of laughter, let him fetch his
drumme, he syes he has a fratagem for't: when your Lordship sees the bottome of this successe in't, and to
what mettle this counterfeit lump of ours will be melted if you give him not John drummes entertainement,
your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parvolis.

Cap.E. O for the loue of laughter hinder not the ho-
or of his designe, let him fetch off his drumme in any
hand.

Ber. How now Monsieur?This drumme sticks fore-
ly in your disposition.

Cap.G. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.

Par. But a drumme: Ift but a drumme? A drum so
loft. There was excellent command, to charge in with
our horfe vpon our owne wings, and to rend our owne
fouldiers.

Cap.G. That was not to be blam'd in the command
of the loufe: it was a daifter of warre that Cefar him
felfe could not have prevented if he had beene there to
command.

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our suc-
cesse: some dishonor wee had in the loffe of that drum,
but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have bene recovered,

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered, but that the merit of ser-
vise is fildome attributed to the true and exact perfor-
mer, I would haue that drumme or another, or bic ia-
cet.

Ber. Why if you have a stomacke, too't Monsieur: if
you thinke your myseriee in stragem, can bring this
infrument of honour againe into his natural queare, be
magnanimous in the enterprise and go on, I will grace
the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speede well in
it, the Duke shall Both speake of it, and extend to you
what further becomes his greatnesse, euon to the vntmo
t syllable of your worthinesse.

Par. By the hand of a fouldier I will vndertake it.

Ber. But you muet not now flumber in it.

Par. Be about it this euening, and I will presently
pen downe my dilemna's, encourage my felle in my
caurante, put my felle into my mortall preparation:
and by midnight looke to haere further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are
gone about it.

Par. I know not what the successe will be my Lord,
but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant,
And to the possibility of thy fouldiership,
Will subscrib for thee: Farewell.

Par. I loue not many words.

Cap.E. No more then a fish loues water. Is not this

a strange fellow my Lord, that so confidently seemes to
vndertake this buisiness, which he knowes is not to be
done, damnes himselye to do, & dares better be damnd
then to doe.

Cap.G. You do not know him my Lord as we doe,
certaine it is that he will fesle himselye into a mans fa-
vour, and for a wekke etape a great deale of discou-
eries, but when you fine him out, you have him euer af-
ter.

Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at
all of this that so serioulous he does address himselye
to?

Cap.E. None in the world, but returne with an in-
vention, and clap vpon you two or three probable lies:
but we have almost imbent him, you shall fee his fall to
night; for indeede he is not for your Lordshippes re-
pect.

Cap.G. Weele make you some sport with the Foxe
er we cafe him. He was first smaile'd by the old Lord
Lafeau, when his difguife and he is parted, tell me what
a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall fee this ve-
rise night.

Cap.E. I must go looke my twiggis,

He shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Cap.G. As't pleace your Lordship, Ie leave you.

Ber. Now wil I lead you to the house, and shew you
The Laffe I spoke of.

Cap.E. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with hir but once,
And found her wondrous cold, but I tent to her
By this same Coscomb, that we have i'th winde
Tokens and Letters, which she did refend,
And this is all I have done: She's a faire creature,
Will you go fee her?

Cap.E. With all my heart my Lord.

Enter Hellen, and Widdow.

Hel. If you mis doubt me that I am not thee,
I know not how I shall affure you further,
But I shall loose the grounds I worke vpon.

Wid. Though my estate be falne, I was well borne,
Nothing acquainted with thefe buisinesse,
And would not put my reputation now
In any flaine act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First give me trueth, the Count he is my husband,
And what to your sworne counfaile I haue spoken,
Is fo from word to word: and then you cannot
By the good ayde that I of you shall borrow,
Erre in beflowing it.

Wid. I should beleue you,
For you have shew'd me that which well approvye
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of Gold,
And let me buy your friendlye helpe thus farre,
Which I will over-pay, and pay againe
When I have foun'd it. The Count he woes your
daughter,
Layes downe his wanton fledge before her beautie,
Refolue to carrie her: let her in fine content
As weel direct her how 'tis beft to bear it:
Now his important blood will naught denie,
That she'll demand: a ring the Countie weares,
That downward hath succeded in his house.
From hence to hence, some foure or five dicitens,  
Since the first father wore it. This Ring he holds  
In most rich choice: yet in his idle fire,  
To buy his will, it would not seeme too deere,  
How ere repented after.  

_Wid._ Now I see the bottome of your purpose.  
_Hel._ You see it lawfull then, it is no more,  
But that your daughter ere she fumes as wonne,  
Defires this Ring; appoints him an encounter;  
In fine, delivers to fill the time,  
Her felle most chaftly absent: after  
To marry her, Ile adde three thousand Crownes  
To what is past already.  

_Wid._ I have yeelded:  
Instruct my daughter how she shall perfuer,  
That time and place with this deceite so lawfull  
May procure coherent. Every night he comes  
With Musickes of all forts, and songs compos’d  
To her vnworthinesse: It nothing needs vs  
To chide him from our eues, for he perferts  
As if his life lay on’t.  

_Hel._ Why then to night  
Let vs asay our plot, which if it speed,  
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deed:  
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,  
Where both not finne, and yet a sinfull fact.  
But let’s about it.

**ACTUS QUARTUS.**

Enter one of the Frenchmen, with five or five other soldiers in ambush.

_I. Lord E._ He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: when you fallie upon him, speake what terrible Language you will: though you understand not your felues, no matter: for we must not seeme to understand him, vnlesse some one among vs, whom wee must produce for an Interpreter.  

_I. Sol._ Good Capitaine, let me be th’Interpreter.  

_Lor._ E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy voice?  

_I. Sol._ No sir I warrant you.  

_Lor._ E. But what linee wolly haft thou to speake to vs againe.  

_I. Sol._ E’n such as you speake to me.  

_Lor._ E. He must thinke vs some band of strangers, i’tth aduerterous entertainment. Now he hath a smacke of all neighbouring Languages: therefore we must euer one be a man of his owne fancie, not to know what we speake one to another: so we seeme to know, is to know straight our purpose: Choughs language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you interpreter, you must seeme very politick. But cock haos, heere hee comes, to beguile two hours in a sleepe, and then to returne & swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parrotles.

_Par._ Ten a clocke: Within these three hours ’twill be time enough to goe home. What shall I say I have done? It must bee a very plauide intention that carries it. They beginne to smake mee, and digresses hase of late, knock’d too often at my doore: I finde my tongue is too foole-hardie, but my heart hath the feare of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not dairing the reports of my tongue.  

_Lor._ E. This is the first truth that ere thine own tongue was guiltie of.  

_Par._ What the diuell should move mee to vnderstand the recoverye of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must glue my felle some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet flight ones will not carrie it. They will say, came you off with fo little? And great ones I dare not glue, wherefore what’s the inflance. Tongue, I must put you in a Butter-woman’s mouth, and buy my felle another of Salueret Mule, if you prattle mee into these perilles.  

_Lor._ E. Is it possible he should know what hee is, and be that he is.  

_Par._ I would the cutting of my garments would serue the turne, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.  

_Lor._ E. We cannot afford you so.  

_Par._ Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in stratagem.  

_Lor._ E. ’Twould not do.  

_Par._ Or to drowne my cloathes, and say I was stript.  

_Lor._ E. Hardly serue.  

_Par._ Though I sweare I leapt from the window of the Citadell.  

_Lor._ E. How deepe?  

_Par._ Thirty fadome.  

_Lor._ E. Three great oaths would scarce make that be beleuued.  

_Par._ I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I would sweare I recouer’d it.  

_Lor._ E. You shall heare one anon.  

_Par._ A drumme now of the enemies.

_Alarum within.  

_Lor._ E. Throca movens, cargo, cargo, cargo.  

_All._ Cargo, cargo, cargo, willanda par corbe, cargo.  

_Par._ O ranfome, ranfome,  

Do not hide mine eyes.  

_Int._ Beskos tromuldo baskos.  

_Par._ I know you are the Muskos Regiment,  
And I shall loose my life for want of language.  
If there be heere German or Dane, Low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speake to me,  
Ile difcouer that, which shal vnde the Florentine.  

_Int._ Beskos Evanvado, I vnderstand thee, & can speake thy tongue: Kerelybonto fir, betake thee to thy faith, for seuentenee ponyards are at thy boleme.  

_Par._ Oh.  

_Inter._ Oh pray, pray, pray,  

Manka reumia dulce.  

_Lor._ E. Ofcorbioludos دولو.  

_Int._ The Generall is content to spare thee yet,  
And hoodwinkt as thou art, will lead thee on  
To gather from thee. Happly thou mayft informe  
Something to faue thy life.  

_Par._ O let me live,  

And all the secrets of our camp we shew,  
Their force, their purposes: Nay, Ile speake that,  
Which you will wonder at.  

_Int._ But wilt thou faithfully?  

_Par._ If I do not, damme me.  

_Int._ Accord linta.  

Come on, thou are granted space,  
Ah! short Alarum within.  

_X 3_  

_Lor._ E.
Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest oblique i'th world,
In mee to looke. Thus your owne proper wisedome
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Against your vaineault.

Ber. Here, take my Ring,
My house, mine honors, yes my life be thine,
And Ile be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knocke at my cham-
ber window:
Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee:
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When backe againe this Ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger in the night, Ile put
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our past deeds.
Adieu till then, then fail not : you haue wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I haue won by wooling thee.

Di. For which, I live long to thank both heaven & me,
You may so in the end.
My mother told me iut how he would woo,
As if she hate in's heart. She fayes, all men
Have the like oathes: He had swore to marrie me
When his wife's dead; therfore Ile lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braise,
Marry that will, I lyve and die a Maid:
Onely in this disguife, I think't no finne,
To coven him that would vnshame winne.

Exit

Enter the two French Captaines, and some two or three
Souldiers.

Cap.G. You haue not given him his mothers letter.

Cap.E. I haue deliuer'd it an houre since, ther is some
thing in't that flings his nature : for on the reading it,
he chang'd almoast into another man.

Cap.G. He has much worthy blame laid vpon him,
for shacking of so good a wife, and so sweet a Lady.

Cap.E. Especially, hee hath incurred the everlast-
ing displeasure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty
To bring happiness to him, I will tell you a thing, but
you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

Cap.G. When you have spoken it 'tis dead, and I am
the graine of it.

Cap.E. Hee hath pereverned a young Gentiewoman
here in Florence, of a moft chafted renown, & this night
he shuffles his will in the spoyle of her honour: hee hath
given her his monumental Ring, and thinkes himselfe
made in the vnchaft composition.

Cap.G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our
felles, what things are we.

Cap.E. Mearely our owne traitours. And as in the
common course of all treasons, we still fee them reseale
themselves, till they attaine to their abhor'd ends: so
he that in this action continues against his owne Nobi-
ity in his proper streame, ore-flowes himselfe.

Cap.G. Is it not meant damnable in vs, to be Trum-
peters of our vnlawfull intent? We shall not then haue
his company to night?

Cap.E. Not till after midnight: for hee is disted to
his houre.

Cap.G. That approaches space : I would gladly haue
him see his company anathomis'd, that hee might take

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a measure of his owne judgements, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Cap.E. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Cap.G. In the meantime, what hearst thou of these Warres?

Cap.E. I heare there is an ouverture of peace.

Cap.G. Nay, I affure you a peace concluded.

Cap.E. What will Count Roffillion do then? Will he travel higher, or returne againe into France?

Cap.G. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogethers of his counsell.

Cap.E. Let it be forbid sir, so should I bee a great deal of his adv.

Cap.G. Sir, his wife some two months since fledde from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Leques & grand; which holy undertaking, with most auftere sanctimonie she accomplisht: and there reposing, the tenderness of her Nature, became as a prey to her greffe: in fine, made a groane of her laft breath, & now she lings in heauen.

Cap.E. How is this justified?

Cap.G. The stronger part of it by her owne Letters, which makes her storye true, even to the point of her death: her death it selfe, which could not be her office to say, is come: was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

Cap.E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap.G. Y, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verite.

Cap.E. I am heartily forrie that hee'l be gladde of this.

Cap.G. How mightily sometimes, we make vs comfort of our loyses.

Cap.E. And how mightily some other times, wee drowne our gaine in tears, the great dignite that his valoure hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

Cap.G. The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne, good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would dispaire if they were not cherisht by our vertues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? Where's your master?

Ser. He met the Duke in the street fir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leaue: his Lordship will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King.

Cap.E. They shall bee no more then needfull there, if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Count Roffillion.

Ber. They cannot be too sweene for the Kings tartness, here's his Lordship now. How now my Lord, i'th not after midnight?

Ber. I haue to night dispatch'd sixeene businesse, a moneths length a piece, by an abstract of successe: I haue congled with the Duke, done my adieu with his neereft; buried a wife, morned for her, writ to my Lady mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Convey, & betweene these maine parcells of dispatch, affected many nice needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Cap.B. If the businesse bee of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haft of your Lordship.

Ber. I mean the businesse is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: but shall we have this dialogue betwixt the Fooke and the Solidier. Come, bring forth this counterfeit module, has deceu'd mee, like a double-meaning Prophener.

Cap.E. Bring him forth, he's late i'th stocbes all night poor gallant knaue.

Ber. No matter, his heelees haue defuer'd it, in vsurping his spares so long. How does he carry himselfe?

Cap.E. I haue told your Lordship alreadie: The stocbes carrie him. But to answr you as you would be satisfied, hee weeps like a wench that had shed her milke, he haue confest himselfe to Morges, whom hee fupposes to be a Friar, for the time of his remembrance to this very instant disafther of his setting i'th stocbes: and what thinke you he hath confest?

Ber. Nothing of me, ha's a?

Cap.E. His confession is taken, and it shall bee read to his face, if your Lordship be in't, as I beleue you are, you must have the patience to heare it.

Enter Paroles with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague vpon him, mufselfe; he can say nothing of me: huff, huff.


Inter. He cales for the tortures, what will you say without em.

Par. I will confesse what I know without contraint,

If ye pinch me like a Pafty, I can say no more.

Int. Bateo Chimuroco.

Cap. Boblindo chicheruzzo.

Int. You are a mercifull General: Our General bids you answr to what I shall ask you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. First demand of him, how many force the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or fix thousand, but very weake and vnseruiceable: the troops are all scattered, and the Commanders very poore rogues, vpon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I set downe your answr so?

Par. Do, Ile take the Sacramont on't, how & which way you will: all's one to him.

Ber. What a paff-suing tale is this?

Cap.G. V'are deceu'd my Lord, this is Mounfieur Parroles the gallant militarist, that was his owne phaze that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot of his scarfe, and the prolifike in the shape of his dagger.

Cap.E. I will neuer tru't a man againe, for keeping his sward cleane, nor beleue he can have euery thing in him, by wearing his apparell neatly.

Int. Well, that's fet downe.

Par. Five or fix thousand horse I lod, I will say true, or thersabout set downe, for Ile speake truth.

Cap.G. He's very neere the tru't in this.

Ber. But I con him no thankes for't in the nature he delivres it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you say.

Int. Well, that's fet downe.

Par. I humbly thankes you sir, a truth's a tru't, the Rogues are maruoullous poore.

Inter. Demand of him of what strengthe they are a foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see, Sparro a hundred &
fifth, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Iagoes so many: Guiltian, Cypno, Lodewicke, and Gratij, two hundred fifthie each: Mine owne Company, Cheope, Oummond, Bentij, two hundred fifthie each: so that the muffer file, rotten and found, vpon my life amounts not to fifteen thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shade the snow from off their Captains Cascoke, least they shake them selves to peeces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

Cap. G. Nothing, but let him haue thankes, Demand of him my condition: and what credite I haue with the Duke.

Int. Well that's set done: you shall demand him, whether one Captaine Dumaine bee i'th Campes, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honofie, and expertnese in warres: or whether he thinks it were not possible with well-waighing fummes of gold to corrupt him to a reuolt. What say you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I befeech you let me anfwere to the particular of the interogatories. Demand them finfly.

Int. Do you know this Captaine Dumaine?

Par. I know him, I was a Botchers Prentize in Paris, from whence he was whipt for getting the Sirenes fowl with childe, a dumbe innocent that could not say him naue.

Ber. Nay, by your issue hold your hands, though I know his braines are forfeite to the next tile that fails.

Int. Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florence's campes?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowfe.

Cap. G. Nay looke not so vpon me: we shall hear of your Lord anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and wite to mee this other day, to turne him out a' th band. I thinke I haue his Letter in my pocet.

Int. Marry we'll search.

Par. In good fainefse I do not know, either it is there, or is vpon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent.

Int. Heere 'tis, heere's a paper, shall I reade it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap. G. Excellently.

Int. Dian, the Counts a foole, and full of gold.

Par. That is not the Dukes letter sir: that is an advertisement to a proper madde in Florence, one Dian, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rofflion, a foolish idle boy, but for all that very rufhie. I pray you sir put it vp again.

Int. Nay, I lie reade it first by your favour,

Par. My meaning in't I proteste was very honofie in the behalfe of the maid: for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and fclavish boy, who is a whale to Virginy, and doves vp all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue.

Int. Let. When he feawears oakes, bid him drop gold, and take it:

After he scores, be never payes the score:

Halfe wynn is match wynn made, match and well make it,
He never payes after-debts, take it before,
And say a soldier (Dian) told thee this:
Men are to mell with, boys are not to his.

For count of this, the Counts a Fowle I know it,
Who payes before, but when he does owe it
Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

Par. This is your devoted friend sir, the manifold Linguist, and the army-potent fouldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceive sir by your Generals looks, we shall be faire to hang you.

Par. My life sir in any case: Not that I am afraid to dye, but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me live sir in a dungeon, I'th stocks, or any where, I may live.

Int. We'll see what may bee done, so you confesse freely: therefore once more to this Captaine Dumaine: you haue anfwerd his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honofie?

Par. He will reale sir an Egge out of a Cloifiter: for rapes and rauifhments he paralels Neffe. He profefles not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then Hercules. He will lye sir, with fuch volubilitie, that you would thinke truth were a foole: drunkennesse is his belt vertue, for he will be wine-drunkes, and in his feephe he does little harme, faue to his bed-cloathes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in fraw. I haue but little more to say of his honofie, he haes earie thing that an honest man should not haue: what an honest man should haue, he has nothing.

Cap. G. I begin to lose him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honofie? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What say you to his expertnese in warre?

Par. Faith sir, he's led the drumme before the Englisht Tragedians: to belye him I will not, and more of his fouldiership I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruc for the doubling of filies. I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

Cap. G. He hath out-villain'd villanie fo farre, that the raritie redeemes him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a Cat still.

Int. His qualities being at this poore price, I neede not to aske you, if Gold will corrupt him to reuolt.

Par. Sir, for a Carderce he will fell the fee-fimple of his faction, the inheritance of it, and cut th'inteile from all remaners, and a perpetuall succession for it perpetuall.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captaine Dumaine?

Cap. E. Why do's he ask him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'n a Crow a'th same mea: not altogether so great as the first in goodnesse, but greater a great deal in cuill. He excells his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreate hee outruns any Lackey; marrie in comming on, hee ha's the Cramp.

Int. If your life be faued, will you undertake to betray the Florentine.

Par. I, and the Captaine of his horfe, Count Rofflion.

Int. Ile whisper with the Generall, and know the plafeur.

Par. Ile no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, onely to seeme to deferue well, and to beguile the supposition.
All's Well, that Ends Well.

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Time. Now, the Generall. To Your Lafev? So, the Generall fayes, you that have fo traitorously discoverd the secrets of your army, and made ftuch perifhous reports of men very nobly held, can ferue the world for no bonnet vie; therefore you must dye. Come head-fel, off with his head.

Par. O Lord fit me live, or let me fee my death.

Int. That fhall You, and take your leave of all your friends:

So, looke about you, know you any here?

Count. Good morrow noble Captain.

Lo.E. God bleffe you Captain Parolles.

Cap.G. God fave you noble Captain.

Lo.E. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafev? I am for France.

Cap.G. Good Captain will you give me a Copy of the fenet you write to Diana in behalf of the Count Reffilion, and I were not a verie Coward, I'de compell it of you, but far you well.

Int. You are vnfeen Captain all but your fcarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crufh'd with a plot?

Inter. If you could finde out a Countrie where but women were that had received fo much fame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare yee well sir, I am for France too, we fhall fpake of you there.

Exit. Par. Yet am I thankfull: if my heart were great 'Twould burn at this: Captain Ile be no more, But I will eate, and drink, and reape as oft As Captain fhall. Simply the thing I am Shall make me live: who knowes himselfe a braggar Let him feare this; for it will come to paffe, That every braggar fhall be found an Aspe. Ruft sword, coole blufhes, and Parolles liue Saueft in fame: being fool'd, by fool'rie thrie, There's place and meane for every man aliue. Ile after them.

Enter Hellen, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceu I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greateft in the Chriftian world

Shall be my furetie: for whole throne 'tisneedfull

Ere I can prufe mine intents, to kneele.

Time was, I did him a defired office

Deere almoft as his life, which gratitude

Through hintie Tartars bosome would pepe forth, And anfwier thankes. I dely am inform'd, His grace is at Marcella, to which place

We have conuenient conouy: you must know

I am fuppofed dead, the Army breaking,

My husband lies him home, where heauen ayding,

And by the leafe of my good Lord the King,

We'll be before our welcome.

Wil. Gentle Madam,

You never had a fermanuto to whose truft

Your bufines was more welcome.

Hel. Nor your Minifters

Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour To recompence your love: Doubt not but heauen Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dower, As it hath fated her to be my motiue

And helper to a husband. But O ftrange men,

That can fuch sweet vie make of what they hate,

When fawtie trufling of the cofin'd thoughts Defiles the pitchy night, fo luft doth play

With what it loathes, for that which is away,

But more of this hereafter: you Diana, Vnder my poore instructions yet muft fuffer

Something in my behalf.

Dis. Let death and honeftie

Go with your impositions, I am yours

Vpon your will to fuffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:

But with the word the time will bring on summer,

When Briis hall have leaves as well as thornes,

And be as sweet as sharpie: we muft away,

Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time reuiues vs.

All's well that ends well, still the fines the Crowne;

What ere the courfe, the end is the renowne.

Exit.

Enter Clowne, old Lady, and Lafev.

Laf. No, no, no, your fonne was milled with a snipt taffata fellow there, whole villainous faffion vold haue made all the vnbal'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had beene aliue at this howre, and your fonne heere at home, more aduaned by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I speake of.

Laf. I would I had not knowne him, it was the death of the moft vertues gentlewoman, that euer Nature had prufie for creating. If he had parted of my fleth and coft mee the deereft groanes of a mother, I could not have ow'd her a more rooted loue.

Laf. Twas a good Lady, twas a good Lady. Wee may pike a thoffand fallets ere wie light on such another heare.

Clo. Indeed fir she was the fweete Margerom of the fallet, or rather the heare of grace.

Laf. They are not hearbes you knauye, they are nof-hearbes.

Clowne. I am no great Nabuchadnesar fir, I haue not much skill in grace.

Laf. Whether doeft thou professe thy felife, a knauye or a foole?

Clo. A foole fir at a womans fervice, and a knauye at a mans.

Laf. Your difftinction.

Clo. I would confen the man of his wife, and do his fervice.

Laf. So you were a knauye at his fervice indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble fir to doe her fervice.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knauye and foole.

Clo. At your fervice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why fir, if I cannot ferve you, I can ferve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Whole that, a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith fir has an English maine, but his fimo- mie is more hotter in France then there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The blacke prince fir, alias the prince of darke- neffe, alias the diuell.

Laf. Hold thee there's my purge, I give thee not this to fugget thee from thy master thou talk it off, ferve him still.

Clo.
Clo. I am a wood-land fellow sir, that alwaies loved a great fire, and the matter I speak of ever keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his noble-ship remaine in's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: some that humbleth themsevles may, but the manie will be too chill and tender, and they be for the flowerie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy wayes, I begin to bee a wearie of thee, and I telle thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy wayes, let my horses be well look'd too, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks vpone em sir, they shall bee Iades tricks, which are their owne right by the law of Nature. exit

Laf. A shrewd knawe and an vnhappy.

Lady. So a is. My Lord that's gone made himselfe much sport out of him, by his authoritie he remaines here, which he thinkes is a pattend for his fawcinitie, and indeede he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiss:and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your fonne was vpon his returne home. I moued the King my master to speake in the behalf of my daughter, which in the minorie of them both, his Majestie out of a felfe-gracious remembrance did first propose, his Highnesse hath promis'd me to doe it, and to flappe vp the diuerspleasure he hath conceived against your fonne, there is no fitter matter. How do you your Ladyship like it?

La. With verie much content my Lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His Highnesse cometh post from Marcellus, of as able bodie as when he number'd thirty, a will be here to morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such Intel-ligence hath feldome fail'd.

La. Ir rejoice me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I haue letters that your fonne wiill be here to night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remaine with mee, till they meete together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Lad. You neede but please your honourable pruilege.

Laf. Ladie, of that I haue made a bold charter, but I thankne my God, it holds ye.

Enter Clowme.

Clo. O Madam, wonders my Lord your fonne with a patch of velvet on his face, whether there bee a scar under't or no, the Velvet knows, but 'clo a goodly patch of Velvet, his left cheeke is a cheeke of two pike and a halfe, but his right cheeke is wore bare.

Laf. A scarce nobly got, Or a noble scarre, is a good liu'rie of honor, So belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face.

Laf. Let vs see ye. your fonne I pray you, I long to talke With the yong noble fouldier.

Clowme. 'Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats, and mott courteoues feathers, which bow the head, and nod at euerie man. Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding nooting day and night, Must wear your spirits low, we cannot helpe it: But since you have made the daies and nights as one, To ware your gentle limbes in my affayres, Be bold you do so grow in my requital, As nothing can vrootee you. In happie time, Enter a gentle Aifierger.

This man may helpe me to his Maiesties care, If he would spend his power. God save you sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I haue see ne you in the Court of France.

Gent. I haue beene sometimmes there.

Hel. I do presume sir, that you are not vaine From the report that goes vpon your goodnesse, And therefore goaded with most sharpe occasions, Which lay nice manners by, I put you to The vse of your owne vertues, for the which I shall continue thankfull.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you To give this poore petition to the King, And syde me with that flore of power you haue To come into his presence.

Gent. The Kings not here.

Hel. Not heere sir?

Gent. Not indeed, He hence remou'd last night, and with more haft Then is his vse.

Wid. Lord how we loose our paines.

Hel. All's well that ends well yet, Though time see me so aduerse, and meanes vnfit: I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marrie as I take it to Raffilion, Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you sir, Since you are like to see the King before me, Comtrue the paper to his gracious hand, Which I presume shall render you no blame, But rather make you thanke your paines for it, I will come after you with what good speede Our meanes will make vs meanes.

Gent. This Its do for me.

Hel. And you shall finde your selfe to be well thank what ere falles more. We must to horse againe, Go, go, prouide.

Enter Clowme and Paroles.

Par. Good Mr Lanuch, giue my Lord Laffew this letter, I haue ere now fir beene better knowne to you, when I haue held familiaritie with frether clothens: but I am now fir muddied in fortunes mood, and smet somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truely, Fortunes displeasure is but shufilid if it smell so strongly as thou speake't of: I will henceforth eate no Fish of Fortunes butt'ring. Prethee allow the winde.

Par. Nay you neede not to stop your nose sir: I speake but by a Metaphor.

Clo. Indeed sir, if your Metaphor flinke, I will stop my nose, or against any mans Metaphor. Prethee get thee further.
Par. Pray you sir deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prethee stand away; a paper from fortunes close-foot, to glue to a Nobleman. Looke heere he comes himself.

Enter Lafew.

Clo. Heere is a purr of Fortunes fir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Mufcat, that ha's falne into the vncheere fifth-pond of her displeasure, and as he fayes is muddled withall. Pray you fir, vite the Carpe as you may, for he looks like a poore decayed, ingenious, foolifh, racyll knaue. I doe pittie his diftrefte in my smilies of comfort, and leaue him to your Lordship.

Par. My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you haue me to doe? 'Tis too late to paire her nailes now. Wherein ha you played the knaue with fortune that she should scratch you, who of her felic is a good Lady, and would not haue knaues thrive long vnder? There's a Cardeaque for you: Let the Turtles make you and fortune friends; I am for other businesse.

Par. I beseech your honour to heare mee one single word.

Laf. You begge a single penye more: Come you haue ha't, faue your word.

Par. My name my good Lord is Parroille.

Laf. You begge more then when then. Cox my pa-fion, give me your hand: How does your drumme?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the firft that found mee.

Laf. Was I inf buttoo? And I was the firft that loft thee.

Par. It lies in you my Lord to bring me in some grace for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out vpon thee knaue, deeff thou put vpon mee at once both the office of God and the dued: one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The Kings comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talke of you last night, though you are a foole and a knaue, you shall eate, go to, follow.

Par. I praffe God for you.

Flourish. Enter King, old Lady, Lafew, the two French Lords, with atten­dants.

Kin. We loft a jewel of her, and our affeeime
Was made much poorer by it: but your fonne,
As mad in folly, lack'd the fende to know
Her effimation home.

Old Laf. 'Tis past my Liege,
And I beseech your Maiestie to make it
Naturall, reformation, done 1' th' blade of youth;
When owle and fire, too strong for reafons force,
Ore-bears it, and burnes on.

Kin. My hono’rd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my reuenges were high bent vpon him,
And watch’d the time to foote.

Laf. This I must say,
But firft I begge my pardon: the yong Lord
Did to his Maiestie, his Mother, and his Ladie,
Offence of mighty note; but to himfelfe
The greatest wrong of all. He lof a wife,
Whole beauty did aftronom the furue
Of richeft eies: whole words all ears toteke captiue,
Whole deere perfection, hearts that fcornd to ferue,

Humbly call’d Miftris.

Kin. Praife what is loft,
Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither,
We are reconcil’d, and the firft view shall kill
All reuerence: Let him not ask our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper then oblivion, we do bury
Th’incensing reliques of it. Let him approach
A stranger, no offender; and informe him
So ‘tis our will he should.

Gent. I Shall my Liege.

Kin. What fayes he to your daughter,
Have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.

Kin. Then shall we have a match. I haue letters sent me, that fets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertram.

Laf. He lookees well on’t.

Kin. I am not a day of feaon,
For thou maifi fe a fun-shine, and a haile
In me at once: But to the brightest beames
Diffraeted clouds give way, lo hand thou forth,
The time is faire againe.

Ber. My high repeated blames
Deere Soueraigne pardon to me.

Kin. All is whole,
Not one word more of the confumed time,
Let’s take the infant by the forward top:
For we are old, and on our quick’t decrees
Th’inaudible, and noiselesse foot of time
Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly my Liege, at firft
I fucke my choice vpon her, ere my heart
Durfet make too bold a herauid of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfinking,
Contempt his fcornfull Perfpieuce did lend me,
Which warpt the line, of euerie other fauer,
Scorn’d a faire colour, or exprift it flione,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a moft hodie obieft. Thence it came,
That the whom all men prais’d, and whom my felfe,
Since I haue loft, haue lou’d; was in mine eye
The duft that did offend it.

Kin. Well excus’d:
That thou didn’t love her, strikes some scores away
From the great combt; but love that comes too late,
Like a remorefull pardon slowly carried
To the great fender, turns a fower offence,
Crying, that’s good that’s gone: Our raff faults
Make trivial price of ferior things we haue,
Not knowing them, untill we know their graue.
Oft our displeasures to our felues vnift,
Dreftroy our friends, and after wepe their duft:
Our owne love waking, cries to see what’s done,
While shamefull hate fleeps out the afternoone.
Be this sweet Helens knell, and now forget her.

Send forth your amorous token for faire Maudin,
The maine contentes are had, and heere we’ll fay
To fee our widowers fcond marriage day:
Which better then the firft, O deere heav’n bleffe,
Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature ceffe.

Laf. Come on my fonne, in whom my house’s name
Muff be digested: give a fauour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. By my old beard, And eu'ry hair that's on 't, Helen that's dead. Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this. The last that ere I tooks her leave at Court, I saw upon her finger.  

Ber. Hers it was not.  

King. Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye, While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd too't: This Ring was mine, and when I gave it Helen, I had her if her fortunes euer floode. Necessitied to help, that by this token I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reaue her Of what should she do her most?  

Ber. My gracious Soueraigne, How ere it pleases you to take it fo, The ring was never hers.  

Old La. Sonne, on my life I have seene her weare it, and she reckon'd it At her lives rate.  

Laf. I am sure I saw her weare it.  

Ber. You are deceiued my Lord, the never saw it: In Florence was it from a calem't throwne mee, Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name Of her that throw it: Noble she was, and though I floud ingag'd but when I had subscribe'd To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully, I could not answer in that course of Honour As she had made the ouverture, the scait In heauie satisfaction, and would never Receive the Ring again.  

Kin. Platus himselfe, That knowes the tinct and multiplying medicine, Hath not in natures mysterie more science, Than I have in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas Helen, Who euer gave it you: then if you know That you are well acquainted with your selfe, Confesse 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to foretie, That she would never put it from her finger. Vueffle she gave it to your selfe in bed, Where you have never come: or sent it vs Upon her great disfater.  

Ber. She never saw it.  

Kin. Thou speakeft it falsely as I love mine Honor, And makest connexionall fears to come into me, Which I would faine shut out, if it should prove That thou art fo inhumane, 'twill not prove so: And yet I know not, thou didst her deadly, And she is dead, which nothing but to clofe Her eyes my selfe, could win me to beleue, More then to see this Ring. Take him away, My fore-past proofs, how ere the matter fall Shall taze my fears of little vanity, Hauing vainly fear'd too little. Away with him, We'll fift this matter further.  

Ber. If you shall prove This Ring was euer hers, you shall as easie Prove that I hubbunded her bed in Florence, Where yet she neuer was.  

Enter a Gentleman.  

King. I am wrap d in diffmall thinkings.  

Gen. Gracious Soueraigne, Whether I have beene too blame or no, I know not, Here's a petition from a Florentine, Who hath for foure or five remoues come short, To tender it her selfe. I untouooke it, 

Vanquish'd thereto by the faire grace and speech Of the poor suppliante, who by this I know Is here attending: her businesse looketh in her With an importing village, and she told me In a sweet verball breefe, it did concerne Your Highnesse with her selfe.  

A Letter. 

Upon his many protestations to marrie mee: when his wife was dead, I blu'd to say it, he was mine. Now is the Count Ref- 

folian a Widdower, his vowes are forfaited to mee, and my honours payed to him. His selfe from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his Country for Justice: Grant me, O King, in you it best lieth, otherwise a seder fur-

rifbe, and a poore Maid is undone.  

Diana Capilet.  

Laf. I will buy me a fonnet in Law in a faire, and toulle for this. Ile none of him.  

Kin. The heavens haue thought well on thee Lafew, To bring forth this difcou'rie, feekke these fators: Go speedily, and bring againe the Count.  

Enter Bertram.  

I am a-feard the life of Helen (Lady) Was fowly finacth.  

Old La. Now Justice on the dies, And that you fye them as you swear them Lordship, Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?  

Enter Widow, Diana, and Parrelle.  

Dia. I am my Lord a wretched Florentine, Derived from the ancient Capilet, My suite as I do understand you know, And therefore know how farre I may be pittid.  

Wid. I am her Mother sir, whose age and honour Both suffer vnder this complaint we bring, And both shall cease, without your remedie.  

King. Come hether Count, do you know these Women?  

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will denie, But that I know them, do they charge me farther?  

Dia. Why do you looke so strange vpon your wife?  

Ber. She's none of mine my Lord.  

Dia. If you shall marrie You give away this hand, and that is mine, You give away heauens vowes, and those are mine: You give away my selfe, which is knowne mine: For I by yow am fo embodied yours, That the which marries you, must marrie me, Either both or none.  

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter, you are no husband for her.  

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and depreate creature, Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: Let your highnes Lay a more noble thought vpon mine honour, Then for to thinke that I would finke it heere.  

Kin. Sir for my thoughts, you have them il to friend, Till your deeds gaine them fairer: prove your honor, Then in my thought it lies.  

Dian. Good my Lord, Aske him vpon his oath, if hee do's thinke He had not my virginity.  

Kin. What faith thou to her?  

Ber. She's impudent my Lord, And was a common gamester to the Campe.  

Dia. He do's me wrong my Lord: if I were so, He might haue bought me at a common price.
Do not beleeue him. O behold this Ring, Whose high respect and rich validitie Did lacke a Parallell: yet for all that He gave it to a Commoner a' th' Campe If I be one.

_Coun._ He blusses, and 'tis hit: Of sxe preceding Ancestors, that Iemme Confer'd by testament to'th' fequent issue Hath it beeue owed and worn. This is his wife, That Ring's a thousand pooyes.

_King._ Me thought thou faide
You saw one heree in Court could witnesse it.

_Dia._ I did my Lord, but loath am to produce So bad an instrument, his names _Paroles._

_Laf._ I saw the man to day, if man he bee.

_Kin._ Find him, and bring him hether.

_Ref._ What of him:
He's quoted for a molt pe ficious flawe With all the spots a'th' world, text and debo'd, Whole nature ficknes : but to speake a truth, Am I, or that or this for what he'lt vter, That will speake any thing.

_Kin._ She hath that Ring of yours.

_Ref._ I think she has; certaine it is I lyk'd her, And boorded her 'th' wanton way of youth:
She knew her difance, and did angle for mee, Madding my eagnefnesse with her restraint, As all impediments in fancie course Are motifes of more fancie, and in fine, Her infinite coming with her moderne grace, Sub'du'de to her rate, she got the Ring, And I had that which any inferior might At Market price have bought.

_Dia._ I must be patient:
You that have turn'd off a first fo noble wife, May juuflly dyet me. I pray you yet, (Since you lacke vertue, I will loose a husband) Send for your Ring, I will return it home, And give me mine again.

_Ref._ I have it not.

_Kin._ What Ring was yours I pray you?

_Diam._ Sir much like the fame vpon your finger.

_Kin._ I know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.

_Dia._ And this was it I gave him being a bed.

_Kin._ The story then goes faile,you threw it him Out of a Caffemet.

_Dia._ I have spake the truth. _Enter Paroles._

_Ref._ My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.

_Kin._ You boogle shrewdly, every feather startes you:
Is this the man you speake of?

_Dia._ I, my Lord.

_Kin._ Tell me sirrah, but tell me true I charge you, Not fearing the difpleasure of your master: Which on your iuft proceeding, Ile keepe off, By him and by this woman heere, what know you?

_Par._ So pleace your Malefity, my master hath bin an honourable Gentleman. Trickes hee hath, had in him, which Gentlemen have.

_Kin._ Come, come, to'th'purpofe : Did hee love this woman?

_Par._ Faith sir he did love her, but how.

_Kin._ How I pray you?

_Par._ He did lose her sir, as a Gent. loves a Woman.

_Kin._ How is that?

_Par._ He lou'd her sir, and lou'd her not.

_Kin._ As thou art a knaue and no knaue, what an equi-

_Exit Paroles._

_Kin._ This Ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

_Dia._ It might be yours or hers for ought I know.

_Kin._ Take her away, I do not like her now, To prion with her : and away with him, Vnleffe thou telst me where thou hadst this Ring, Thou diel't within this hour.

_Dia._ Ile neuer tell you.

_Kin._ Take her away.

_Dia._ Ile put in baile my lidge.

_Kin._ I think thee now some common Cuftomer.

_Dia._ By foue if ever I knew man 'twas you.

_King._ Wherefore haft thou accuse him at this while.

_Dia._ Because he's guiltie, and he is not guilty:
He knowes I am no Maid, and he'e I sweare too't: Ile sweare I am a Maid, and he knowes not.

_Great King_ I am no strumpet, by my life,
I am either Maid, or else this old mans wife.

_Kin._ She do proue abus of our ears, to prion with her.

_Dia._ Good mother fetch my bysale. Stay Royall fir, The Jeweller that owes the Ring is lent for, And he shall surety me. But for this Lord,
Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himselfe, Though yet he neuer harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knowes himselfe my bed he hath defil'd, And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feales her yong one kicke:
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quicke,
And now behold the meaning.

_Enter Hellen and Widdow._

_Kin._ Is there no exercif
Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I fee?

_Hel._ No my good Lord,

'Tis
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.
   Ros. Both, both, O pardon.
Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,
And looke you, heeres your letter: this it sayes,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with childe, &c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?
   Ros. If she my Liege can make me know this clearly,
Hel. love her delyerly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appeares not plaine, and prove vntrue,
Deadly divorce step betweene me and you.
O my deere mother do I see you living?
   Las. Mine eyes smelionions, I shall weepe anon:
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, Ie make sport with thee: Let thy curtifies alone, they are fcuruy ones.

King. Let vs from point to point this storie know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:
If thou beeft yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and Ie pay thy dower.
For I can gueffe, that by thy honest ayde,
Thou keepest a wife her selfe, thy selfe a Maide.
Of that and all the progresse more and leffe,
Refolduely more leasure shall expresse:
All yet seemes well, and if it end so meete,
The bitter paft, more welcome is the sweet.
   Flourish.

The Kings a Begger, now the Play is done,
All is well ended, if this suite be wonne.
That you expresse Content: which we will pay,
With friends to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend vs, and take our hearts. Exeunt omn.

FINIS.
Twelfth Night, Or What You Will.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords.

Duke. Fustick be the food of Love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That braine agen, it had a dying fall:
O, it came ore my care, like the sweet found
That breathes from a bank of Violetes;
Stealing, and giving Odour. Enough, no more,
’Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of Love, how quick and fresh art thou,
That notwithstanding thy capacitie,
Receivest as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch fo ere,
But falls it into abatement, and low price
Even in a minute; so full of shapes is fancie,
That it alone, is high fantastical.
Cu. Will you go hunt my Lord?
Du. Why so I do, the Noblest that I have:
O when mine eyes did see Oliviæ first,
Me thought the purged the ayre of pettiscence;
That instant was I turn’d into a Hunt,
And my defires like fell and cruel hounds,
Ere since pursed me. How now what newes from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The Element it selfe, till seven yeares seate,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But like a Clowtreffe she will walked walk,
And water once a day her Chamber round.
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brothers dead loue, which she would keepe fresh
And lafting, in her fade remembrance.

Du. O she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill’d the flocke of all affections elfe.
That liue in her. When Luen, Braine, and Heart,
These fouersigne throns, are all supplyed and tint’d
Her sweete perpetues with one selfe king:
Away before me, to sweet beds of Flowres,
Louve-thoughts lye rich, when canopyd with bowres.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What Country (Friends) is this?
Cap. This is Illyria Lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
Cap. His brother he is in Elizium,
Perchance he is not drown’d; What thinkes you saylors?
Cap. It is perchance that you your selfe were saued?
Vio. O my poore brother, and so perchance may he be.
Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Affaire your selfe, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poore number saued with you,
Hung on our driving boate; I saw your brother.
Most prouident in peril, binde him selfe,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the pratife)
To a strong Maste, that liu’d upon the sea:
Where like Orion on the Dolphins backe,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waues,
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so, there’s Gold:
Mine owne ecape vnfoldeth to my hope,
Whereby thy speech ferues for authoritie
The like of him. Know’st thou this Countrey?
Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne.
Not three hours traualle from this very place:
Vio. Who gouernes her here?
Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino; I have heard my father name him.
He was a Batchelor then.
Cap. And so is now, or was so very late.
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then ’twas fresh in murmure (as you know)
What great ones do, the leffe will prattle of,
That he did seek the loue of faire Oliviæ.
Vio. What’s shee?
Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count,
That dide some twelue moneth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his sonne, her brother,
Who shortly also dide: for whose deere loue
(They say) she hath abiu’d the fight
And company of men.
Vio. O that I feare’d that Lady,
And might not be delivered to the world

Till
Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow
What my estate is.
   Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kindes of suite,
No, not the Dukes.
   To. There is a faire behauiour in thee Captain,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft clothe in pollution : yet of thee
I will beleue thou haft a minde that suite
With this thy faire and outward charactar,
Conceale me what I am, and be my aye,
For such disguife as haply shall become
The forme of my intent. Ile serve this Duke,
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy paines: for I can sing,
And speake to him in many forts of Muficke,
That will allow me very worth his seruice.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely shewe thou thy silence to my wit
Cap. Be his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile bee,
When my tongue blab, then let mine eyes not see.
   Vio. I thanke thee : Lead me on.  

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my Neece to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth sir Toby, you must come in early a nights : your Cofin, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Ma. I, but you must confine your selfe within the modest limits of order.

To. Confine! Ile confine my selfe no finer then I am: thefe clothes are good enough to drink in, and fo bee thefe boots too : and they be not, let them hang them-selues in their owne fraps.

Ma. That quaffing and drinking will vn doe you : I heard my Lady take of it yesterdays : and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here, to be his woor
To. Who, Sir Andrew Ague-chokes?

Ma. He.

To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria:

Ma. What's that to th' purpose?

To. Why he ha's three thousand ducates a yeare.

Ma. I, but he'll hauw but a yeare in all these ducates:
He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

To. Fie, that you'll say so: he plays o'th Viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

Ma. He hath indeed, almost naturall: for besides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and but that hee hath the gift of a Coward, to alay the guilt he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would Quicke-ly hauw the gift of a graue.

To. By this hand they are scorndrels and subfra-
fators that say so of him. Who are they?

Ma. They that adde moreor, he's drunke nightly in your company.

To. With drinking healths to my Neece: Ile drinke to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, & drinke in Illyria: he's a Coward and a Coyfrill that will not drinke to my Neece. till his brines turne o'th toe, like a paarith too. What wench? Casiliano vulgar for here coms Sir Andrew Aguesface.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir Toby Belch. How now sir Toby Belch?

To. Sweet sir Andrew.

And. Bless ye faire Shrew.

Mar. And you too sir.

Tob. Accoft Sir Andrew, accoft.

And. What's that?

To. My Neece Chamber-maid.

Ma. Good Misfris accoft, I desire better acquaintance

Ma. My name is Mary sir.

And. Good misfris Mary, accoft.

To. You mistake knight: Accost, is front her, boord her, woe her, affayle her.

And. By my troth I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of Accost?

Ma. Far ye well Gentleman.

To. And thou let part to Sir Andrew, would thou mightest never draw sword agen.

And. And you part to misfris, I would I might never draw sword agen: Fare Lady, doe you think you have foole in hand?

Ma. Sir, I have not you by'th hand.

An. Marry but you shall have, and heeres my hand.

Ma. Now Sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.

An. Wherefore (sweet-heart?) What's your Metaphor?

Ma. It's dry sir.

And. Why I think fo: I am not such an affe, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your left?

Ma. A dry left Sir.

And. Are you full of them?

Ma. Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry now I let go your hand, I am barren.

Exit Maria.

To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of Canarie: when did I see thee so put downe?

An. Neuer in your life I think: vnlesse you see Canarie put me downe: mee thinkes sometimes I have no more wit then a Christian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I am a great eater of beefe, and I beleue that does harme to my wit.

To. No question.

An. And I thought that, I'd forswear it. Ile ride home to morrow sir Toby.

To. Pur-guy my deere knight.

An. What is purguy? Do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I haue in dancing, and beare-bayting: O had I but followed the Arts.

To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

An. Why, would that have mended my hair? 

To. What question, for thou feest it will not coole my An. But it becomes we well enough, doth not? (nature

To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaffe: & I hope to see a hufwife take thee between her legs, & spin it off.

An. Faith Ile home to morrow sir Toby, your niece will not be seene, or if she be it four to one, she'll none of me: the Comt himselfe here hard by, woos her.

To. She'll none o'th Count, she'll not match above his degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit: I have heard her swear t. Tut there's life in't man.
And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th
strangest minde i'th world: I delight in Masques and Re-
uels sometimes altogether.
To. Art thou good at these kickoe-chawles Knight?
And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, vnder
the degree of my betters, & yet I will not compare with
an old man.
To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?
And. Faith, I can cut a caper.
To. And I can cut the Mutton too't.
And. And I thinke I haue the backe-trike, simply as
strong as any man in Illyria,
To. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore haue
these gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take
duft, like misfirs Mals picture? Why doft thou not goe
to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto?
My verie walkes should be a ligge: I would not so much
as make water but in a Sinke-a-pace: What doest thou
mean? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by
the excellent constitution of thy legge, it was form'd un-
der the starre of a Galliard.
And. I, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a
dam'd colour'd stocke. Shall we set about some Reues?
To. What shall we do else? were we not borne vnder
Taurus?
And. Taurus? That sices and heart.
To. No sir, it is legs and thighs: let me fee thee ca-
per. Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in mas s attire.
Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you
Cezario, you are like to be much aduanc'd, he hath known
you but three days, and already you are no stranger.
Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence,
that you call in question the continuance of his love.
he is inconstant sir, in his favours.
Val. Do belewe me.
Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.
Vio. I thank you: here comes the Count.
Duke. Who saw Cezario has?
Vi. On your attendance my Lord here.
Du. Stand you a-while aloofe. Cezario,
Thou knowest no leafe, but all I have vnclasp'd
To thee the bookue even of my secret foule.
Therefore good youth, address thy gate unto her,
Be not deni'd accesfe, stand at her doores,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou haue audience.
Vi. Sure my Noble Lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.
Du. Be clamorous, and leape all civill bounds,
Rather then make unprofited returns.
Vio. Say I do speake with her (my Lord)what then?
Du. O then, unfold the passion of my loue,
Surprise her with discourse of my deere faith;
It shall become thee well to act my woes:
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Then in a Nuttios of more gravce aspect.
Vio. I think not fo, my Lord.
Du. Deere Lad, beleue it;

Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria, and Cleone.
Ma. Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I will
not open my lippes so wide as a bristle may enter, in way
of thy excuse: my Lady will hang thee for thy absence.
Cle. Let her hang me: hee that is well hang'd in this
world, needs to feare no colours.
Ma. Make that good.
Cle. He shall feare none colours.
Ma. A good lenton answer: I can tell thee where y'
faying was borne, of I feare no colours.
Cle. Where good misfirs Mary?
Ma. In the wars, & that may you be bold to say in
your foolerie.
Cle. Well, God take them wifedome that have it: &
those that are fools, let them vs their talents.
Ma. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent,
or to be turn'd away: is not that as good as a hanging to
you?
Cle. Many a good hanging, prevents a bad marriage:
and for turning away, let summer bare it out.
Ma. You are refolute then?
Cle. Not so nother, but I am resolute on two points
Ma. That if one beake, the other will hold: or if both
beake, your gaskins fall.
Cle. Apt in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if
for Toby would leaue drinking, thou wert as witty a piece
of Seas flesh, as any in Illyria.
Ma. Peace you rogue, no more o' that: here comes my
Lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.
Enter Lady Oliua, with Malvolio.
Cle. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling:
those wits that thinke they haue thee, doe very oft proue
fooles: and I that am sure I lacke thee, may passe for a
wife man. For what faires Quinapalus, Better a witty foole,
then a foolish wit. God bleffe thee Lady.
Ol. Take the foole away.
Cle. Do you not heare fellows, take away the Ladie.
Ol. Go too, y'are a dry foole: Ie no more of youshe-
fides you grow dif-honeste.
Cle. Two faults Madona, that drinke & good counsell
wil amend: for guie the dry foole drink, then is the foole
not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend,
he is no longer dishonest: if he cannot, let the Botcher
mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patch?d: vertue
that tranfgresse, is but patch with finne, and fin that a-
menes, is but patch with vertue. If that this simple
Sillogisme will ferue, fo: if it will not, vwhat remedy?

Y 3
As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a
flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I
say againe, take her away.
Ol. Sir, I had them take you away.
Clo. Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, Cucullus
non facit monachum: that's as much to say, as I were not
motley in my braine: good Madona, give mee leave to
prone you a foole.
Ol. Can you do it?
Clo. Dexteriorly, good Madona.
Ol. Make your proofe.
Clo. I must accatize you for it Madona, Good my
Masque of venere answer mee.
Ol. Well fir, for want of other idlenes I'll hide your
proofs.
Clo. Good Madona, why mournest thou?
Ol. Good foole, for my brothers death.
Clo. I think his foule is in hell, Madona.
Ol. I know his foule is in heauen, foole.
Clo. The more foole (Madona) to mourn for your
Brothers foule, being in heauen. Take away the Foole,
Gentlemen.
Ol. What think you of this foole Maluolio, doth he
not mend?
Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake
him: Infirmity that deceives the wife, doth ever make
the better foole.
Clo. God send you fir, a speedy Infirmity, for the
better increasing your folly: Sir Toby shall be sworn that
I am no Fox, but he will not passe his word for two pence
that you are no Foole.
Ol. How say you to that Maluolio?
Mal. I maruell your Ladyship takes delight in such
a barren rattall: I saw him put down the other day, with
an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a stone.
Looke you now, he's out of his gard already: vnes you
laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest
I take these Wivesmen, that crowd so at these fek kindes of
fooles, no better then the fooles Zanies.
Ol. O you are fickle of selfe-lone Maluolio, and taste
with aديferner'd appetite. To be generous, gullifles,
and of free disposition, is to take those things for Bird-
bolts, that you deem Cannon bullets: There is no flan-
der in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle;
nor no rayling, in a knowne discreet man, though hee do
nothing but reproce.
Clo. Now Mercury induc thee with leasifg, for thou
speakeft well of fooles.
Enter Maria.
Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentle-
man, much desires to speake with you.
Ol. From the Count Orins, is it?
Ma. I know not (Madam) 'tis a faire young man, and
well attened.
Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay?
Ma. Sir Toby Madam, your kinman.
Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he speaks nothing but
madman: Tie on him. Go you Maluolio: If it be a suit
from the Count, I am sicke, or not at home. What you
will, to difmiss it. Exit Maluio.
Now you fee fir, how your fooling groves old, & peo-
ple dislike it.
Clo. Thou hast spoke for vs (Madona) as if thy eldelt
fonne should be a foole: whose fellul, Ioue cramme with
braines, for heere he comes. Enter Sir Toby.
One of thy kin has a most weake Pia-mater.

Ol. By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the
gate Cofin?
To. A Gentleman.
Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?
To, 'Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague o' these pickle
herrings: How now Sot.
Clo. Good Sir Toby,
Ol. Cofin, Cofin, how haue you com so early by
this Lethargie?
To. Letcherie, I defie Letchery: there's one at the
gate.
Ol. I marry, what is he?
To. Let him be the diuell and he will, I care not: give
me faith say I. Well, it's all one.
Exit Ol.
Ol. What's a drunken man like, foole?
Clo. Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madde man:
One draught aboue heate, makes him a foole, the second
maddes him, and a third drownes him.
Ol. Go thou and seeke the Crowner, and let him sitte
o' my Coss: for he's in the third degree of drinke: hee's
drown'd: go looke after him.
Clo. He is but mad yet Madona, and the foole shall
looke to the madman.

Enter Maluolio.
Mal. Madam, yond young fellow sweares hee will
speake with you. I told him you were sicke, he takes on
him to vnderstand fo much, and therefore comes to speake
with you. I told him you were aleepe, he seems to have
a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to
speake with you. What is to be said to him Lady, he's
fortified against any denial.
Ol. Tell him, he shall not speake with me.
Mal. He's beene told so: and hee says he'll stand at
your doore like a Sheriffes poft, and be the supporter to
a bench, but he'll speake with you.
Ol. What kinde o'man is he?
Mal. Why of mankind.
Ol. What manner of man?
Mal. Of verie ill manner: he'll speake with you, will
you, or no.
Ol. Of what personage, and yeeres is he?
Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough
for a boy: as a squah is before his pescord, or a Codling
when tis almost an Apple: Tis with him in flanding wa-
ter, betwene boy and man. He is verie well-fauour'd,
and he speakes verie shrewishly: One would thinke his
mothers milke were scarce out of him.
Ol. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlemans.
Mal. Gentlemans, my Lady calle.

Exit.

Enter Maria.
Ol. Goe me my valle: come throw it ore my face,
We'll once more heare Orins Embaflie.

Enter Violanta.
Vi. The honorable Lady of the house, which is she?
Ol. Speake to me, I will answer for her: you will.
Vi. Most radiant, exquisite, and vnmatchable beau-
tie. I pray you tell me if this bee the Lady of the house,
for I never saw her. I would bee loath to cast away my
speech: for besides that it is excellently well pend, I have
taken great pains to con it. Good Beauties, let mee fuf-
taine no scorne; I am very compitible, even to the least
finister viage.
Ol. Whence came you sir?
Vi. I can say little more then I have studied, & that
question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give mee
modest assurance, if you be the Ladie of the house, that
I
may proceede in my speech.

O. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No my profound heart : and yet (by the very phanges of malice, I (whear) I am not that I play. Are you the Ladie of the house?

O. If I do not vfurpe my selse, I am.

Vio. Moft certaine, if you are fhe, you do vfurpe your selse: for what is yours to befove, is, not yours to refcrue. But this is from my Commission: I will on with my speech in your praife, and then fhe you the heart of my meffege.

O. Come to what is important in' t: I forgive you the praife.

Vio. Alas, I tooke great paines to ehele it, and 'tis Poetical.

O. It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were fawcy at my gates, & allow your approche rather to wonder at you, then to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you have reafon, be breve: 'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in fo skipping a dialogue.

Ma. Will you hopft fayle fir, here lies your way.

Vio. No good fwbber, I am to huffe here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweete Ladie; tell me your minde, I am a mefferge.

O. Sure you have fome hidious matter to deliver, when the curtefe of it is fo fearefull. Speakes your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your eare: I bring no overture of warre, no taxation of hommage; I hold the Olyffe in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.

O. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

Vio. The rudeneffe that hath appeard in mee, have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your eares, Diuinity; to any others, prophanation.

O. Glue vs the place alone,

We will hear this diuinitie. Now fir, what is your text?

Vio. Moft sweet Ladie.

O. A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee fide of it. Where lies your Text?

Vio. In Orfines boforme.

O. In his boforme? In what chapter of his boforme?

Vio. To anfwer by the method. in the firft of his hart.

O. O, I have read it: it is hereffe. Have you no more to fay?

Vio. Good Madam, let me fee your face.

O. Have you any Commifion from your Lord, to negotiate with my face: you are now out of your Text: but we will draw the Curtain, and fhe you the picture. Looke you fir, fuch a one I was this prefent: lt not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

O. 'Tis in graine fir, 'twill endure winde and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white,
Nature owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruellft thee alive,
If you will leade these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copie.

O. O fir, I will not be fo hard-hearted: I will give out divers feculeles of my beautie. It fhall inventories and every particle and vتنفی label'd to my will: As, Item two lipps indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, & fo forth. Were you sent hither to praife me?

Vio. I fee you what you are, and are too proud:
But if you were the diall, you are faire:
My Lord, and matter loues you: O fuch loue Could be but recompence, though you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beautie.

O. How does he loue me?

Vio. With adorations, fervile teares,
With groanes that thunder loue, with fighes of fire.

O. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot loue him
Yet I fuppofe him vertuous, know him noble,
Of great edate, of fresh and maidenly youth;
In voyces well divulgd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimenfion, and the shape of nature,
A gracios perfon; But yet I cannot loue him:
He might have tooke his anfwer long ago.

Vio. If I did loue you in my matter flame,
With fuch a ferving, fuch a deadly life:
In your denial, I would finde no fence,
I would not vnderstand it.

O. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,
And call upon my soule within the house,
Write loyal Cantons of conmemted loue,
And sing them lowd even in the dead of night:
Hallow your name to the renerberate hilles,
And make the babbling Gofip of the aire,
Cry out Olilia: O you should not refi
Betweene the elements of ayre and earth,
But you should pittie me.

O. You might do much:
What is your Parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a Gentleman.

O. Get you to your Lord:
I cannot loue him: let him fend no more,
Vnleffe (perchance) you come to me againe,
To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well:
I thank you for your paines: fend this for mee.

Vio. I am no feede poft, Lady; keep your purfe,
My Matter, not my selfe, lackes recompence.
Louve make his heart of flint, that you flall loue,
And let your fervour like my matters be,
Plac'd in contempt: Farewell fayre crueltie.

O. What is your Parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well;
I am a Gentleman. Ile be fowne thou art,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too falt: foft, foft,
Vnleffe the Mafter were the man. How now?
Euen fo quickly may one catch the plagu:
Me thinkes I feele this youths perficitions
With an infiable, and subtle health.
To crepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.

What hoa, Maluilio.

Enter Maluilio.

Mal. Heere Madam, at your fervice.

O. Run after that fame pewviith Meffenger
The Countes man: he left this Ring behind him
Would I, or not: tell him, Ie none of it.
Defire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to morrow,
Ile give him reafons for': hie thee Maluilio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

O. I do I know not what, and fear to finde
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde:
Actus Secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer: nor will you not that I go with you.

Seb. By your patience, no: my starres shine darkely over me; the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps dis-stemper yours: therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my euils alone. It were a bad recom pense for your loue, to lay of them on you.

An. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No sooth sir: my determinate voyage is meerz extravagance. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modestie, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to kepe in: therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to expresse my selfe: you must know of mee then Antonio, my name is Sebastian (which I call'd Rodrigo) my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, my selfe, and a litter, both borne in an hour: if the Heavens had beene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you sir, alter'd that, for some houre before you tooke me from the breach of the sea, was my litter drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady sir, though it was fawd shee much rememb red me, was yet of many accounted beautifull: though I could not with such estimable wonder over-farre beleue that, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her. Shee bore a minde that enuy could not but call faire: Shee is drown'd already sir with salt water, though I seeme to drowne her remembrance againe with more.

Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my loue, let me be your fervant.

Seb. If you will not vndo what you have done, that is kill him, whom you have recover'd, defore it not. Fare ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindnesse, and I am yet so neere the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count Orfino's Court, farewell.

Exit

Ant. The gentlenesse of all the gods go with thee: I have many enemies in Orfino's Court, Else would I very shortly fee thee there: But come what may, I do adore thee so: That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at feuerall doores.

Mal. Were not you eu'n now, with the Countess Oliuia?

Vio. Even now sir, on a moderate pace, I have since ariu'd but hither.

Mal! She returns this Ring to you (sir) you might have faued mee my paines, to have taken it away your selfe. She adds moreover, that you should put your Lord into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be neuer so hardie to come againe in his affaires, violese it bee to report your Lords taking of this: receive it fo.

Vio. She tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it.

Mal. Come sir, you percutu'll throw it to her: and her will is, it should be to return'd: if it bee worth floo ping for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that finds it.

Exit.

Vio. I left no Ring with her: what means this Lady? Fortune forbid my out-side have not charm'd her:

She made good view of me, indeed so much,

That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speake in starts disraffledly.

She loues me sure, the cunning of her passion

Invites me in this churlish messenger:

None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none;

I am the man, if it be so, as tis,

Poor Lady, she were better loue a dreame:

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedneffe,

Wherein the pregant enemie does much.

How eafe it is, for the proper false

In womens waxen hearts to set their forms:

Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not wee,

For such as we are made, if such we bee:

How will this fudge? My mafter loyest her dearly,

And I (poore monfter) fond afmuch on him:

And the (mistaken) feemes to dote on me:

What will become of this? As I am man,

My flate is desperate for my maiters loue:

As I am woman (now alas the day)

What thristeles fighes shall spare Oliuia breath?

O time, thou must vntangle this, not I,

It is too hard a knot for me t'vnty.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach Sir Andrew: not to bee a bedde after midnight, is to be vp betimes, and Delicul jogures, thou knowft.

And. Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to be vp late, is to be vp late.

To. A faile conclussion: I hate it as an vnfill'd Canne.

To be vp after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: so that to go to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed betimes. Does not our affaires constr of the foure Elements?

And. Faith so they say, but I thinke it rather consists of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a scholler; let vs therefore eate and drinke.

Marian I say, a spoone of wine.

Enter Closow.

And. Heere comes the fooles yfaith.

Clo. How now my harts? Did you neuer see the Picture of we three?

To. Welcome affe, now let's have a catch.

And. By my troth the fool has an excellent breath. I had rather then forty shillings I had such a legge, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. Insoth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'ft of Pigromonitius, of the Capians palseing the Equinocial of Syenus: 'twas very good yfaith: I lent thee fixe pence for
To. We did keeppe time fir in our Catches. Snecke vp.

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that though she harbors you as her kin-

man, he's nothing ally'd to your disorderes. If you can

separate your falles and your midlemans, you are wel-

come to the houfe : if not, and it would please you to take

leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

To. Farewell deere heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do shew his dayes are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

To. But I will never eye.

Clo. Sir Toby there you lye.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

To. Shall I bid him go,

Clo. What and if you do?

To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

To. Out o'tune fir, ye lye : Art any more then a Stew-

ard? Doth thou thinke because thou art vertuous, there

shall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Clo. Yes by S.Anne, and Ginger shall bee bette y' th' mouth too.

To. Th'art i'th right. Goe fir, rub your Chaine with

crumbs. A fcape of Wine Maria.

Mal. Mister Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies favoure

at any thing more then contempt, you would not give

meanes for this vciuil rule ; the shall know of it by this

hand.

Exit

Mar. Go shakke your eares.

An. 'Twere as good a deade as to drink when a mans

a hungrie, to challenge him the field, and then to breake

promife with him, and make a fool of him.

To. Doo's knight, Ile write thee a Challenge : or Ile
deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night : Since

the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, she

is much out of quiet. For Monfieur Maluolio,let me alone

with him : If I do not gull him into an ayword, and make

him a common recreation, do not thinke I have witte

enough to lye straight in my bed : I know I can do it.

To. Poiffe vs, poiffe vs, tell vs something of him.

Mar. Marrie fir, sometymes he is a kinde of Puritane.

An. O, if I thought that, Ile beate him like a dogge.

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquitile rea-

deer knight.

An. I have no exquitile rea
to-night, but I have rea

good enough.

Mar. The diu'll a Puritanze that hee is, or any thing

confantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd Aife, that

can State without booke, and vters it by great swaurs.

The best perfwaded of himselfe : so cram'd(as he thinkes)

with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all

that looke on him, love him ; and on that vice in him, will

my revenge finde notable cause to worke.

To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure Epiftles of

love, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his

leges, the manner of his gate, the expressur of his eye,

forehead, and complexion, he shall finde himselfe most

feelingly perforated. I can write very like my ladie

your Niecee, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make

difinction of our hands.

To. Excellent, I smell a deuce.

An. I haue in my nefe too.

To. He shall think by the Letters that thou wilt drop

that
that they come from my Niece, and that she's in loue with him.

*Mar.* My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.
*An.* And your horse now would make him an Affe.
*Mar.* Affe, I doubt not.
*An.* O twill be admirable.

*Mar.* Spoft royall I warrant you: I know my Physick will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let the Fools make a third, where he shall finde the Letter: obferve his construction of it: For this night to bed, and dreame on the event: Farewell. 

To Good night Pentfibilis.
*An.* Before me she's a good wench.
*To.* She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me: what o'that?
*An.* I was ador'd once too.
*To.* Let's to bed knight: Thou hadst neede fend for more money.
*An.* If I cannot recover your Niece, I am a foule way out.
*To.* Send for money knight, if thou haft her not i'th end, call me Cut.
*An.* If I do not, never truit me, take it how you will.
*To.* Come, come, Ilc go burne some Sack, tis too late to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight. 

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Cesario, and others.

*Duke.* Give me some Mufick; Now good morow frends.

Now good Cesario, but that pece of song,
That old and Antick song we heard laft night;
Me thought it did releue my passion much,
More then light ayres, and recollected termes
Of thes moist briske and giddy-paced termes.
Come, but one verse.

*Cur.* He is not here (so pleae your Lordhippe) that should sing it?
*Duke.* Who was it?

*Cur.* Fyrst the fletter my Lord, a foole that the Ladie

Oliviue Father tooke much delight in. He is about the houfe.

*Du.* Seeke him out, and play the tune while the Mufick plays.

Come hither Boy, if ever thou shalt love
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For such as I am, all true Louers are,
Unflaid and skittifh in all motions eile,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belou'd. How doft thou like this tune?

*Vio.* It gives a verie eccho to the fete
Where loue is thron'd.

*Duke.* Thou doft speake matterly,
My life vpon't, yong though thou art, thine eye
Hath flaid vpon fome favour that it loues:
Hath it not boy?

*Vio.* A little, by your favour.

*Duke.* What kinde of woman lift it?

*Vio.* Of your completion.

*Duke.* She is not worth thee then. What yeares ifalith?

*Vio.* About your yeares my Lord.

*Duke.* Too old by heauen: Let fill the woman take

An elder then her felfe, so weares she to him;
So iawes she louell in her husbands heart:
For boy, however we do praise our felues,
Our fancies are more giddie and unforme,
More longing, wauering, sooner loft and worn,
Then womens are.

*Vio.* I thinke it well my Lord.

*Duke.* Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy felfe,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as Rofes, whose faire floweres
Being once displaid, doth fall that are belou'd.

*Vio.* And so they are: alas, that they are so:
To die, even when they to perfection grow.

*Cur* & Cloime.

*Duke.* O fellow come, the fong we had laft night:
Mark it Cesario, it is old and plaie:
The Spinflers and the Knitters in the Sun,
And the free maides that weaze their thred with bones,
Do bfe to chaunt it: it is filly foofth,
And dallyes with the innocence of loue,
Like the old age.

*Clo.* Are you ready Sir?

*Duke.* I prethee ling.

*Mufick.*

The Song.

Come awaie, come awaie death,
And in sad cypreffe let me be laid:
Eye awaie, eye awaie breath,
I am slaine by a faiue cruelle maide:
My fervant of white, buck all with Enn O prepare it.
My part of death no one so true did fhowe it.

Not a flower, not a fower bowset,
On my blacke coffin, let there be firewae:
Not a friend, not a friend greet,
My poore corpes, where my bones shall be bowne:
A thouand thouand fofores to fawe, lay me & wber
Sad true louer never find my graue, to weipe there.

*Duke.* There's for thy paines.

*Clo.* No paines sir, I take pleafure in finging sir.

*Duke.* Ile pay thy pleafure then.

*Clo.* Truely sir, and pleafure will be paiie one time, or another.

*Duke.* Give me now leave, to leave thee.

*Clo.* Now the melancholly God proteffe thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffite, for thy minde is a very Opall. I would have men of fuch conffance put to Sea, that their busineffe might be everie thing, and their intent euerie where, for that's it, that alaways makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. Exit

*Duke.* Let all the reft give place: Once more Cesario,

Get thee to yond fame foweraigne crueltie:
Tell her my loue, more noble then the world
Prizes not quantitie of driece lands,
The parts that fortune hath beftow'd vpon her:
Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:
But 'tis that miracle, and Queen of lems
That nature pranke's her in, attractes my foule.

*Vio.* But if she cannot loue you fir.

*Duke.* It cannot be fo anfwerd,

*Vio.* Sooth but you muft.

Say that fome Lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart
As you haue for Olivia: you cannot loue her:
You tel her fo: Muf't she not then be anfwerd?

*Duke.* There is no womens fides
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As loue doth give my heart: no womans heart
So biggs, to hold so much, they lacke retention.
Alas, their loue may be call'd appeite,
No motion of the Lueer, but the Pallet,
That suffer fret, cloyment, and revoult,
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digest as much, make no compare
Betweene those loue a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

"Us. I but I know.
Du. What doft thou knowst?
Us. Too well what loue women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
My Father had a daughter lou'd as a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
I shoulde your Lordship.
Du. And what's her hitory?
Us. A blanke my Lord: the neuer told her loue,
But let concealement like a worme i'th buede
Feede on her damaske cheeke: she pin'd in thought,
And with a greene and yellow melancholly,
She fate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at greefe. Was not this loue indeede?
We men may say more, sweare more, but indeed
Our threwes are more then will: for will we proue
Much in our vowels, but little in our loue.
Du. But didst thy fitter of her loue my Boy?
Us. I am all the daughters of my Fathers house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this Lady?
Du. I thank the Theame,
To her in harte: give her this Jewell: say,
My loue can giue no place, bide no deny.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.
To. Come thy ways Signior Fabian.
Fab. Nay I le come: if I looche a scruple of this sport,
Let me be boy'd to death with Melancholly.
To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the nigardly
Rafcaly sheepe-biter, come by some notable shame?
Fa. I would exult man: you know he brought me out
ofavour with my Lady, about a Bear-baiting here.
To. To anger him wee'l have the Bear againe, and
we will foole him blacke and blew, shall we not Sir
Andrew?
An. And we do not, it is pittie of our lives.
Enter Maria.
To. Heere comes the little villain: How now my
Mettle of India?
Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: Malvolio's
comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder i'the
Sune pradising behauioyr to his owne shadow this halfe
houre: obtene him for the loue of Mockerie: for I know
this Letter will make a contemplative Ideot of him. Clofe
in the name of leafing, ly thon there: for heere comes
the Trowt, that must be caught with tickling.
Exit Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. Maria once
told me she did affect me, and I haue heard her self comre
thus neere, that should fawe fannie, it should bee one of
my complection. Besides the vses me with a more ex-
alted respect, then any one else that follows her. What
should I thinke on't?
To. Here's an ouer-weening rogue.
Fa. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey
Cocke of him, how he jets versus his advanc'd plumes.
And. Slight I could to beate the Rogue.
To. Peace I say.
Mal. To be Count Malvolio.
To. Ah Rogue.
An. Priffil him, pifstil him.
To. Peace, peace.
Mal. There is example for't: The Lady of the Stra-
cby, married the yeoman of the wardrobe.
An. Fie on him Iezabel.
Fa. O peace, now he's deeply in: looke how imagi-
nation blows him.
Mal. Having beene three moneths married to her,
fitting in my state.
To. O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye.
Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd
Velvet gowne: haung come from a day bedde, where I
have left Olivia sleeping.
To. Fire and Brimtone.
Fa. O peace, peace.
Mal. And then to have the humor of state: and after
a demure trauaile of regard: telling them I knowe my
place, as I would they should doe theirs: to ask for my
kinnman Toby.
To. Botes and shackles.
Fa. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.
Mal. Seauen of my people with an obedient start,
make out for him: I_SLAVE the while, and perchance
winde vp my watch, or play with my some rich Jewell:
Toby approches; cursties there to me.
To. Shall this fellow liue?
Fa. Though our silence be drawne vs with cars,
yet peace.
Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my
familiar smile with an autere regard of controll.
To. And do's not Toby take you a blow o'the lippes,
then?
Mal. Saying, Confine Toby, my Fortunes hauing caft
me on your Neece, giue me this prerogative of speech.
To. What, what?
Mal. You must amend your drunkenenesse.
To. Out fceab.
Fab. Nay patience, or we breake the finewes of our
plot?
Mal. Besides you waste the treasure of your time,
with a foolish knight.
And. That's mee I warrant you.
Mal. One Sir Andrew.
And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call mee foole.
Mal. What employment haue we here?
Fa. Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin.
To. Oh peace, and the spirit of humors intimate rea-
ding aloud to him.
Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: these bee her
very C's, her U's, and her T's, and thus makes shee her
great P's: It is in contempt of question her hand.
An. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?
Mal. To the unknowne belou'd, this, and my good Wifes:
Her very Phrases: By your lease wax. Soft, and the im-
pressure her Lucre, with which the vses to scale: tis my
Lady: To whom should this be?
Fab. This winnes him, Liuer and all.

Mal.
264 Twelfth Night, or, What you will.

Mal. Ione knows I Ione, but who, Lips do not move, no man must know. No man must know. What follows? The numbers alter: No man must know, If this should be thee Malvolio?
To. Marry hang thee brooke.
Mal. I may command where I adore, but silence like a Las
craft: With bloodstiffs stroke my heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. doth fancy my life.
To. Excellent Wench, say I.
Mal. M. O. A. I. doth sway my life. Nay but first let me see, let me see, let me see.
Fab. What did he payon has she dreft him?
To. And with what wing the fafion checks at it?
Mal. I may command, where I adore: Why thee may command me: I ferve her, she is my Lady. Why this is eudent to any formal capacitie. There is no obftrution in this, and the end: What should that Alphabetical po
tion portend, if I could make that reftembling something in me? Softly, M. O. A. I.
To. O I, make vp that, he is now at a cold fent. Fab. Sower will cry youon for all this, though it bee as ranke as a Fox.
Mal. M. Malvolio, M. why that begins my name. Fab. Did not I fay he would work it out, the Curfe is excellent at faults.
Mal. M. But then there is no confonancy in the sequell that fuffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.
Pa. And O shall end, I hope.
To. I, or I he cudgel him, and make him cry O.
Mal. And then I comes behind. Pa. I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might see more deftruction at your heels, then Fortunees before you.
Mal. M. O. A. I. This simulation is not as the former: and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to mee, for ev- ery one of these Letters are in my name. Softly, her here fol
toares: If this fail into this hand, resolve. In my fars I am about thee, but be not afraid of greatnefe: Some are become great, some atcheuees greatnefe, and some have greatnefe thru vpon em. Thy fates open theyr hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to in-vre thy felfe to what thou art like to be: caft humbe flough, and appeare freh. Be oppoite with a kinsman, furly with fervantes: Let thy tongue tang argufies of frate; put thy felfe into the tricke of singularite. Shee thus aduifes thee, that fighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow flockings, and would to fee thee ever croffe garder'd: I fay remember, goe too, thou art made if thou defir' to be fo: If not, let me fee thee a frownd film, this fellow of fervantes, and not worthe to touch Fortunees fingers Farewell, Shee that would alter fervanices with thee, tht fortunate vnhappy daylighth and champion difcouers not more: This is open, I will bee proud, I will reade polliticks Authors, I will battle Sir Toby, I will wash off groffe acquaintance, I will be point dense, the very man. I do not now foole my felfe, to let imagination idle mee; for every reafon exciteth to this, that my Lady loues me. She did commend my yellow flockings of late, thee did praffe my legge being croffe
garter'd, and in this she manifeftes her felfe to my love, & with a kinde of inunction dries mee to these habites of her liking. I thanke my faries, I am happy: I will bee strange, fout, in yellow flockings, and croffe Garder'd,
Clo. Troth sir, I can yield you none without wordes, and wordes are grounded so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

VI. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and can't for nothing.

Clo. Not so sir, I do care for something, but in my confidence sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing sir, I would it would make you invisible.

VI. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No indeed sir, the Lady Olivia has no folly, she will keep no fool, till she be married, and fools are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Hervings, the Husband the bigger, I am indeed not her fool, but his corrupted of words.

VI. Saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery sir, doth walk about the Orbe like the Sun, it shineth everywhere. I would be sorry sir, but the Fool should be as of with your Master, as with my Mistres: I thinke I saw thy welcome there.

VI. Nay, and thou passe upon me, Ile no more with thee: Hold there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now loue in his next commodity of hayre, fend thee a beard.

VI. By my troth Ile tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chinne: Is thy Lady within?

Clo. Would not a pare of these have bred sir?

VI. Yes being kept together, and put to vle.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandaros of Phrygia sir, to bring a Crepsila to the Trojans.

VI. I undersand you sir, tis well biddid.

Clo. The Master hope is not great Sir; beggling, but a begger: Crepsila was a begger. My Lady is within sir. I will confer with themsele you come, who you are, and what you would be out of my welkin, I may say Element, but the word is ouer-worne.

VI. This fellow is wife enough to play the foole, And to do that well, crave a kinde of wit: He must obserue their mood on whom he lefts, The quality of perons, and the time: And like the Haggard, checke at every Feather That comes before his eye. This is practice, As full of labour as a Wife-mans Art: For folly that he wifely shewes, is fit; But wifemans folly false, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

To. Sausie you Gentleman.

VI. And you sir.

And. Dieu vous guard Monsieur.

VI. Et vouz voizs faire furniture.

Am. I hope sir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you encounter the house, my Neece is defirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

VI. I am bound to your Neece sir, I mean she is the lift of my voyage.

To. Taste your legges sir, put them to motion.

VI. My legges do better undersand me sir, then I undersand what you mean by bidding me taste my leggs.

To. I mean to go sir, to enter.

VI. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia, and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heavens raine Odours on you.

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, wel.

VI. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne

most pregnant and vouchsafed care.

And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: Ile get 'em all three already.

O1. Let the Garden doore be shut, and leave mee to my hearing. Give me your hand sir.

O2. My dutie Madam, and most humble service.

O1. What is your name?

Vio. Celia is your servants name, faire Princeffe.

O1. My servant sir? Twas neuer merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd complement:

Vio. And he is yours, and his mutt needs be yours: your servants servan, is your servant Madam.

O1. For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blankers, rather then fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to what your gentle thoughts

On his behalfe.

O1. O by your leve I pray you.

I bad you spake againe of him;

But would you undertake another suite

I had rather heare you, to sollicit that,

Then Musick from the sphere.

Vio. Deare Lady.

O1. Give me leve, because you: I did send,

After the last enchantment you did heare,

A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse

My self, my servant, and I feare me you:

Vnder your hard construccion must I sit,

To force that on you in a shamefull cunning

Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?

Have you not let mine Honor at the stake,

And baited it with all th'muscled thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receivin

Enough is shewn, a Cipresse, not a boforme,

Hides my heart: So let me heare you spake.

Vio. I pittie you.

O1. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No not a grize: for tis a vulgar proofe

That verie oft we pitty enemies.

O1. Why then me thinks tis time to smile aiken,

O world, how apt the poore are to be proud?

If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Clocke strikes.

The clocke vpbraides me with the waffe of time:

Be not affraid good youth, I will not haue you,

And yet when wit and youth is come to harueet,

Your wife is like to reape a proper man:

There lies your way, due Wilt.

Vio. Then Walford howe.

Grace and good dispoition attend your Ladyship:
you'ld nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:

O1. Stay: I prethee tell me what thou thinkst of me?

Vio. That you do thinke you are not what you are.

O1. If I thinke so, I thinke the fame of you,

Vio. Then thinke you right: I am not what I am.

O1. I would you were, as I would have you be.

Vio. Would it be better Madam, then I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your foole.

O1. O what a deale of scorne, lookses beautefull?

In the contempt and anger of his lip,

A murdrous guilt shewes not it selfe more soone,

Then love that would seeme hid: Loues night, is noone.

Celia, by the Roses of the Spring,

By maid-hood, honor, truth, and every thing,

I loue thee so, that maugre all thy pride,

Nor
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide:
Do not extort thy reasons from this clausel,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But rather reason thus, with reason better;
Love fought, is good: but given unforth, is better.

Dis. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosome, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor never none
Shall mistris be of it, face I alone.
And so adieu good Madam, never more,
Will I my Mafters tears to ye deplore.

Ol. Yet come againe: for thou perhaps mayst more
That heart which now abhorres, to like his lone. Exeunt

**Scena Secunda.**

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Ile not stay a jot longer:
To. Thy reason deere venom, give thy reason.
Fab. You must needs yeeld the thy reason, Sir Andrew.
And. Marry I saw thine Neece do more favourites to the
Counts Seruing-man, then euer the beffow'd on thee mee:
I faw'th Orchard.
To. Did the fee the while, old boy, tell me that.
And. As plain as I fee you now.
Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.
And. Slight; will you make an Affe o'one.
Fab. I will prove it legitimate sir, vpon the Oathes of
judgement, and reason.
To. And they have beene grand Iurie men, fince before
Noab was a Saylor.
Fab. Shee did shew favour to the youth in your sight,
onely to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour,
to put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Luer:
you should then have accoeted her, and with some excellant lefts,
fire-new from the mint, you should have bangd
the youth into dumbe state: this was look'd for at your hand,
and this was baulk'd: the double gilt of this opportunitie
you let time waff off, and you are now fayld into the
North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang
like an yickle on a Dutchmans beard, vnslee you do re-
deeme it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or
policie.

And. And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for
policie I hate: I had as liefe be a Browniff, as a Politician.

To. Why then build me thy fortunes vpon the baas of
valour,Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him
hurt him in euen places, my Neece shall take note of it,
and affure thy selfe, there is no loue-Broker in the world,
can more preuailse in mans commendation with woman,
then report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this Sir Andrew.

An. Will either of you beare me a challenge to him?
To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curt and briefe:
it is no matter how wittie, so it bee eloquent, and full of
intention: taunt him with the license of Inke: if thou
thou't him some thrice, it shall not be amiss, and as ma-
ny Lyes, as will lye in th' sheet of paper, although the
scheete were bigge enough for the bedde of Ware in Eng-
land, let 'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gauile e-
ough in thy inke, though thou write with a Goofe-pen,
no matter: about it.

And. Where shall I finde you?
To. We'll call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.

Exeunt Sir Andrew.

Fa. This is a deere Manakin to you Sir Toby.
To. I have beene deere to him lad, some two thousand
strong, or so.

Fa. We shall have a rare Letter from him: but you're
do not deliver't.

To. Never trust me then: and by all means Steele on
the youth to an Answer. I thinke Oxen and waine-ropes
cannot hale them together, For Andrew, if he were open'd
and you finde so much blood in his Luer, as will clog
the fote of a flea, Ile eate the rest of th'anatomy.

Fab. And his opposit the youth beares in his vifage no
great preface of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

To. Lookke where the youngest Wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you defire the spleene, and will laughe your
felues into fitches, follow me; yond gull Maluzione is tur-
ned Heathen, a very Renegathe: for there is no chritian
that means to be faued by believing rightly, can ever
beleeue such impossible passages of groffenesse. Hee's in
yellow flockings.

To. And croffe garner'd?

Mar. Most villanously: like a Pedant that keeps a
Schoole i'th Church: I have dogg'd him like his murche-
rer. He does obey every point of the Letter that I drop,
to betray him: He does smile his face into more lynes,
then in the new Mapp, with the augmentation of the
Indies: you have not seen such a thing as this: I can hard-
ly forbear huring tlinges at him, I know my Ladie will
frire him: if shee doe, he'll smile, and take't for a great
favour.

To. Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.

Exeunt Omnes.

**Scena Tertia.**

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you,
But since you make your pleasure of your paines,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behinde you: my desire
(More sharpe then fled thee) did spurre me forth,
And not all louse to fee you (though so much
As might have drawne one to a longer voyage)
But Jealousie, what might befall your trouell,
Being skillese in these parts: which to a Stranger,
Vnguided, and vnfriends, often prove
Rough, and vnhostilable. My willing louse,
The rather by these arguments of feare
Set forth in your pursuite.

Seb. My kinde Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks: and euer oft good returns,
Are shuffled off with such vncurrent pay:
But were my worth, as is my conscience firme,
You should finde better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this Towne?
Sw. To morrow sir, beft first go fee your Lodging?
Swb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night
I pray you let vs fatifie our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renowne this City.
Ant. Would youl'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walke these ftreets.
Once in a fte-fea' gainft the Count his gallies,
I did fome feruice, of fuch note indeede,
That were I tane heere, it would Scarfe be anſwer'd.
Swb. Belike you flew great number of his people.
Ant. Th' offence is not of fuch a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel
Might well have given vs bloody argument:
It might have fince bene anſwer'd in repaying
What we tooke from them, which for Traffiques fake
Most of our City did. Onely my felfe fpoke out,
For which if I be lapSED in this place
I fhall pay deere.
Swb. Do not then walke too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me: hold fir, here's my purfe,
In the South Suburbs at the Elephant
Is beft to lodge: I will beftake our dyert,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Towne, there fhall you have me.
Swb. Why is your purfe?
Ant. Happily your eye fhall light vpon fome toy
You haue to defire to purchafe: and your foore
I thinke is not for idle Markets, fir.
Swb. Ile be your purfe—bearer, and leave you
For an hour.
Ant. To th'Elephant.
Swb. I do remember. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Oliuia and Maruia.

Ol. I haue fent after him, he fayes he'll come:
How can I fear him? What befow of him?
For youth is bought more of, then begg'd, or borrow'd.
I fpoke too loud: Where's Maluolio, he is sad, and cuill,
And fuites well for a fervant with my fortunes,
Where is Maluolio?
Mar. He's coming Madame:
But in a very strange manner. He is sure poftex Madam
Ol. Why what's the matter, does he rave?
Mar. No Madam, he does nothing but fmiere your Ladyship were beft to haue some guard about you, if hee coms, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.
Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Maluolio.

I am as made as hee,
If sad and metry madnefe equall bee.
How now Maluolio?
Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho.
Ol. Smilt thou? I fent for thee vpon a fad occafion.
Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad:
This does make some obstruction in the blood:
This croffe-gartnering, but what of that?

If it pleafe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true
Sonnet is: Pleafe one, and pleafe all.
Mal. Why how doeft thou man?
What is the matter with thee?
Mal. Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my legses: It did come to his hands, and Commandes shall be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane hand.
Ol. Wilt thou go to bed Maluolio?
Mal. To bed? I fweet heart, and Ile come to thee.
Ol. God comfort thee: Why doft thou smile fo, and kiffe thy hand fo oft?
Mar. How do you Maluolio?
Malu. At your request:
Yes Nightingales anfwere Dawes.
Mar. Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldneffe before my Lady.
Mal. Be not afraid of greatneffe: 'twas well writ.
Ol. What meanes thou by that Maluolio?
Mal. Some are borne great.
Ol. Ha?
Mal. Some atcheue greatneffe.
Ol. What fayft thou?
Mal. And fome have greatneffe thwart vpon them.
Ol. Haue reftore thee.
Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,
Ol. Thy yellow stockings?
Mal. And with'd to fee thee croffe garter'd.
Ol. Croffe garter'd?
Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou defirft to be fo.
Ol. Am I made?
Mal. If not, let me fee thee a fervant still.
Ol. Why this is vere MidSommer madneffe.

Enter Servant.

Sr. Dame, the young Gentleman of the Count Orfino's is return'd, I could hardly entreate him backe: he attends your Ladyships pleafure.
Ol. Ile come to him.
Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my Cofine Toby, let some of my people have a fpeacall care of him, I would not haue him milcarrie for the halfe of my Dowry.
Mal. Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worfe man then sir Toby to looke to me. This concures direcftly with the Letter, he fends him on purpofe, that I may appeare lubborn to him: for he incites me to that in the Letter. Caft thy humbe flouf fayes thee: be oppoite with a Kinfman, furly with fervants, let thy tongue langer with arguments of state, put thy felfe into the tricke of singularitie: and confequently fetts downe the manner how: as a fad face, a reuerend carriage, a lowe tongue, in the habite of fome Sir of note, and fo forth. I haue lynde her, but it is loues doing, and loue make me thankfull. And when she went away now, let this Felowe be look'd too: Fellow? not e Maluolio, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why every thing adhers together, that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obfacle, no incredulous or vnfafe circumftance: What can be faile? Nothing that can be, can come betweene me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well Ione, not I, is the deer of this, and he is to be thankfull.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maruia.
To. Which way is hee in the name of sanctity. If all the ditches of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himselfe poffeft him, yet Ie speakes to him.

Fab. Heere he is, heere he is : how ift with you Sir ? How ift with you man?

Mal. Go off, I discard you : let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speakes within him; did not I tell you ? Sir Toby, my Lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does she fo ?


Mal. Do you know what you say ?

Mar. La you, and you speake ill of the dureen, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th'wife woman.

Mar. Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning if I live. My Lady would not loose him for more then ile say.

Mal. How now mistris ?

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way : Doe you not see you move him? Let me alone with him.

Fa. No way but gentleness, gently, gently : the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly v'd.

To. Why how now my sawcoock? how doft ye chuck ?

Mal. Sir. I biddy, come with me. What man, tis not for gravity to play at cherie-pit with fathan. Hang him foul Colliar.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good sir Toby gette him to pray.

Mal. My prayers Minx.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godly-neffe.

Mal. Go hang your selues all : you are yde shallowe things, I am not of your element, you shall know more hearer after.

To. Is tis possible ?

Fa. If this were plaid vpon a stage now, I could condemne it as an improbable fiction.

To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the deuice man.

Mar. Nay pursue him now, leaft the deuice take ayre, and taunt.

Fa. Why we shall make him mad indeede.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

To. Come, wee'l have him in a darke room & bound.

My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad : we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his penance, til our very patience tyred out of breath, prompt vs to have mercy on him : at which time, we wil bring the deuice to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen : but see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning.

An. Heere's the Challenge, reade it : I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. It do fauey?


To. Give me.

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scrawny fellow.

Fa. Good, and valiant.

To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy minde why I doe call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

(Law)

To. Thou cont to the Lady Oliviua, & in my sight she uses thee kindly : but thou liest in thy throat, that it is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fa. Very briefe, and to exceeding good fence-leffe.

To. Iwill way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.

Fa. Good.

To. Thou kille me like a rogue and a villaine.

Fa. Still you kepee o'th windie side of the Lawgood.

Tob. Parthecuell, and God have mercie upon one of our soules. He may have mercie upon mine, but my hope is better, and so looke to thy selfe. Thy friend as thou mayt him, & thy favorne enemie, Andrew Ague-checke.

To. If this Letter move him not, his leggcs cannot : Ie giu't him.

Mar. Yon may haue verie fit occasion for't : he is now in some commerce with my Lady, and will by and by depart.

To. Go sir Andrew : scout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baylle : so foone as euer thou sees him, draw, and as thou draw'st, fwear horrible : for t comes to paife oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation, then euer proofe it felte would have earne'd him.

Away.

And. Nay let me alone for swearing.

Exit

To. Now will not I deliver his Letter : for the behauiour of the yong Gentleman, gives him out to be of good capacity, and breeding : his employment betweene his Lord and my Neece, conrimes no leffe. Therefore, this Letter being fo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth : he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But fir, I will deliver his Challenge by word of mouth ; fet vpon Ague-checke a notable report of valor, and drive the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a moft hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuositie. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the looke, like Cockstracies.

Enter Oliuia and'Viola.

Fab. Heere he comes with your Neece, glue them way till he take leave, and prefently after him.

To. I will meditate the while vpon some horrid message for a Challenge.

Ol. I have said too much vnto a hart of stone, And laide mine honour too vncheerefull on't : There's something in me that reproves my fault : But such a head-strong potent fault it is, That it but mockes reproofs.

Vio. With the fame hauintour that your passion beares, Goes on my Masters greeses.

Ol. Heere, weare this Jewell for mee, tis my picture : Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you ; And I beseech you come againe to morrow. What shall you aske of me that Ie deny, That honour (fa'd) may vpon asking giue.

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Ol. How with mine honor may I giue him that, Which I have giuen to you.

Vio. I will acquite you.

Ol. Well, come againe to morrow : far-thee-well,

A Fiend like thee might beare my soule to hell.

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God faue thee.
Twelfth Night, or What you will.

And you fir.

To. That defence thou haft, betake the too't: of what nature the wrongs are thou haft done him, I know no not: but thy interpreter full of desplight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end: dismount thy tucke, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assaylant is quick, skilfull, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake sir I am sure, no man hath any quarrell to me: my remembrance is very free and clearer from any image of offence done to any man.

To. You'll finde it otherwise I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your quarrell: for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withall.

Vio. I pray you sir what is he?

To. He is knight dubb'd with vnhatche'd Rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a diuell in private brall, foules and bodies hath he divorc'd three, and his incencement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulcher: Hob, nob, is his word: gu't or take't.

Vio. I will returne againe into the house, and defire some conduce of the Lady. I am no fighter, I have heard of some kine of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quire.

To. Sir, no: his indigination derives it false out of a very comptent injure, therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, ynslee you vndertake that with me, which with as much sate you might anwer him: therefore on, or strippe your sword (karte nak'd) for meddle you must that certain, or forswarce to weare iron about you.

Vio. This is as vnsuill as strange. I beseech you doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpos.

To. I will doe so. Signiour Fabian, say you this Gentleman, till my returne. Exit Toby.

Vio. Pray you sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incinent against you, even to a mortall arbritment, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderfull promise to read him by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the prooe of his valour. He is indeede sir, the most skilfull, bloudy, & fallall opposite that you could possibly have found in anie part of Illyria: will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall bee much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir Friet, then sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. Exeunt. Enter Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hees a verie diuell, I have not seen such a fraigo: I have a paffe with him, rapier, scaberd, and all: and he gives me the stuche in with such a mortall motion that it is inesuicte: and on the answer, he payes you as sureilly, as your feete hits the ground they step on. They say, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

And. Pox on't, Ile not meddle with him.

To. I but he will not now be pacified, Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

And. Plague on't, and I thought he had beene valiant, and fo cunning in Fencer, I'd have seen him damnd ere I'd have challenge him. Let him let the matter slip, and Ile give him my horse, gray Capilet.

To. Ile make the motion: stand here, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdution of foules, marry Ile ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse to take vp the quarrell, I have persuaded him the youths a diuell.

To. He is as horribly conceited of him: and pants, & looks pale, as if a Bear were at his necles.

To. There's no remedy sir, he will fight with you for's oath fake: marry hee hath better bethought him of his quarrell, and hee findes that now scarce to bee worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vowe, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me: a little thing would make me tell them how much I lacke of a man.

Fab. Grey ground if you see him furious.

To. Come sir Andrew, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honors sake have one bowt with you: he cant by the Duelle aside it: but hee has promised me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you. Come on, too't.

And. Pray God he keepe his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you his against my will.

Ant. Put vp your sword: if this yong Gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me:

To. If you offend him, I for him defie you.

Ant. Why, what are you?

Ant. One sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Then you have heard him brag to you he will,

To. Nay, if you be an vndertake, I am for you.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good sir Toby hold: here come the Officers.

To. Ile be with you anon.

Vio. Pray sir, put your sword vp if you please.

Ant. Marry will I sir: and for that I promis'd you Ile be as good as my word. Hee will beare you easilly, and raines well.

1 Off. This is the man, do thy Office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me sir.

1 Off. No sir, no lot: I know your favour well:

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head:

Take him away, he knowes I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you:

But there's no remedie, I shall anwer it:

What will you do: now my necessitie

Makes me to ask you for my purse. It greeues mee

Much more, for what I cannot do for you,

Then what behalts my selfe: you stand amaz'd,

But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come sir away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money sir?

For the sayre kindnesse you have shewed me here,

And part being prompted by your present trouble,

Out of my leane and low ability

Ile lend you something: my hauing is not much,

Ile make diuision of my present with you:

Hold, there's halfe my Cofer.

Ant. Will you deny me now,

If possible that my defects to you

Can lacke perfivation. Do not tempt my misery,

Leaft that it make me so vnfound a man

As to vpbraud you with those kindnesse

That
Twelfth Night, or, What you will.

That I have done for you.
Vis. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Then lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.
Ant. Oh heauens themselfes.

Ant. Let me speake a little. This youth that you see
I snatch'd one halfe out of the lawes of death, (here, Releeu'd him with such fanfichete of loue;
And to his image, which me thought did promis
Most venerable worth, did I denotion.
1. Off. What's that to vs, the time goes by : Away.
Ant. But oh, how vile an idol proves this God:
Thou haft Sebassian done good feature, forme,
In Nature, there's no blemish but the minde:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the vknide.
Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous euill
Are empty trunkes, ore-fleureth'd by the deuell.
1. Off. The man grows mad, away with him:
Come, come sir.
Ant. Leade me on.

Vis. Me thinkes his words do from such passion flye
That he beleues himselfe, fo do not I:
Prose true imagination, oh prose true,
That I deere brother, be now tane for you.
To. Come hither Knight, come hither Fabian : Weel
whisper ore a couplet or two of moft fage sawes.
Vis. He nam'd Sebassian : I my brother know
Yet living in my gaffe: even fuch, and fo
In favour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate : Oh if it prose,
Tempefts are kinde, and salt waves fresh in loue.
To. A very difhonest paltry boy, and more a coward
then a Hare, his dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend
here in necessity, and denying him: and for his cowards
ship aske Fabian.
Fab. A Coward, a moit deceuving Coward, religious in
it.
And. Sild Ile after him againe, and beate him.
To. Do, cuffe him foundly, but never draw thy fword
And. And I do not.
Fab. Come, let's see the event.
To. I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet.

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter Sebastian and Clowne.

Cl. Will you make me beleue, that I am not sent for you?
Seb. Go too, go too, thou art a foolish fellow,
Let me be clear of thee.
Cl. Well held out yafith : No, I do not know you,
or I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come
speake with her : nor your name is not Master Cefario,
or this is not my nefe neyther : Nothing that is fo, is fo.
Seb. I prethee vent thy folly fome-where elfe, thou
know'st not me.
Cl. Vent my folly : He has heard that word of fome
great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my fol-
ly: I am afraid this great lubber the World will prowe a
Cockney : I prethee now vngird thy stranegnes, and tell
me what I shall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to hir that thou art comming?
Seb. I prethee foolish greeke depart from me, there's
money for thee, if you tarre longer, I shall give worke
paiment.
Cl. By my troth thou haft an open hand:thefe Wife-
men that give foules money, get themfelves a good re-
port, after foureteene years purchase.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now sir, have I met you again : ther's for you.
Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there,
Are all the people mad?
To. Hold sir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the house.
Cl. This will I tell my Lady straight, I would not be
in some of your costs for two pence.
To. Come on sir, hold.
An. Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to workes
with him : Ile haue an action of Battery against him, if
there be any law in Illyria : though I stroke him firft, yet
it's no matter for that.
Seb. Let go thy hand.
To. Come sir, I will not let you go. Come my yong
foulber put vp your yron : you are well ffeh'd : Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy fword.
To. What, what? Nay then I must haue an Ounce or
two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Ol. Hold Toby, on thy life I charge thee hold.
To. Madam.
Ol. Will it be euere thus ? Vngracious wretch,
Fit for the Mountains, and the barbarous Caues,
Where manners were no prech'd : out of my fight.
Be not offended, deere Cefario:
Rudesbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,
Let thy fayre wifedom, not thy pasion fway
In this vncaiui, and vniuef extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my houfe,
And heare thou there how many fruiteleffe pranks
This Ruffian hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby
Mayft smile at this : Thou shalt not choose but goe:
Do not denie, befhrew his foule for mee,
He started one poore heart of mine, in thee.
Seb. What releff is in this? How runs the ftreame?
Or I am mad, or elfe this is a dreame :
Let fancie fill my fene in Lethe fleep,
If it be thus to dream, still let me fleep.
Ol. Nay come I prethee, whould't be rul'd by me
Seb. Madam, I will.
Ol. O lay fo, and fo be.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Maria and Clowne.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard,
make him beleue thou art fir Topas the Curate, doe it
quickly. Ile call fir Toby the wiftift.

Cl. Well, Ile put it on, and I will difemble my felfe
in't, and I would I were the firft that euer defembled in
such
in such a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good Student: but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairely, as to say, a carefull man, & a great scholar. The Competitors enter.

    Enter Toby.
    Clo. Bons dies sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prape
    that never saw pen and inke, very wittily sayd to a Neece
    of King Gorbeodacce, that that is, is: so I being M.Parfon,
    am M.Parfon; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?
    To. To him sir Topas.
    Clo. What hoa, I say, Peace in this prison.
    To. The knaue counterfets well: a good knaue.

    Mal. Who calis there?
    Clo. Sir Topas the Curate, who comes to visit Malu-
    lio the Lunaticke.
    Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas goe to my
    Ladie.
    Clo. Out hyperbolically, and, what vexeth thou this
    man? Talkeft thou nothing but Ladies? 
    Top. Well saide M.Parfon.
    Mal. Sir Topas, neuer was man thus wronged, good
    sir Topas do not thinke I am mad: they have layde mee
    heere in hideous darknes.
    Clo. Fye, thou dishonest sathan: I call thee by the
    most modeste terms, for I am one of those gentle ones,
    that will vfe the diuell himselfe with certes: sayst thou
    that house is darke?
    Mal. As hell sir Topas.
    Clo. Why it hath bay Windowes transparant as bari-
    cardoes, and the clere stores toward the South north, are
    as lustrous as Ebyony: and yet complaineast thou of ob-
    strucion?
    Mal. I am not mad sir Topas, I say to you this house is
    darke.
    Clo. Madman thou errest: I say there is no darknesse
    but ignorance, in which thou art more pusil' than the
    Egyptians in their fogge.
    Mal. I say this house is as darke as Ignorance, thoug
    h ignorance were as darke as hell: and I say there was ne-
    ver man thus abus'd, I am no more madde then you are,
    make the triall of it in any constant question.
    Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning
    Wildes-fowl?
    Mal. That the soule of our grandam, might happily
    inhabite a bird.
    Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?
    Mal. I thinke nobly of the soule, and no way aprope
    his opinion.
    Clo. Fare thee well: remaine thou still in darkenesse,
    thou faith hold th'opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow
    of thy wits, and feare to kil a Woodcocke, lest thou dif-
    poimage thy soule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.
    Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas.
    Tob. My most exquitiste sir Topas.
    Clo. Nay I am for all waters.
    Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy herd
    and gowne, he fees thee not.
    To. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word
    how thou findest him: I would we were well ridde of this
    knauary. If he may bee conueniently delier'd, I would
    he were, for I am now to farre in offence with my Niece,
    that I cannot purre with any safety this sport the vpper-
    flot. Come by and by to my Chamber.

    Mal. Hey Robin, iolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady
    does.
    Mal. Foose.
    Clo. My Lady is vnkind, perde.
    Mal. Foose.
    Clo. Alas why is she so?
    Mal. Foose, I say.
    Clo. She loves another. Who calleth, ha?
    Mal. Good foole, as euers thou wilt deferue well at
    my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke and paper:
    as I am a Gentleman, I will bue to bee thankfull to thee
    for't.
    Clo. M. Malulio?
    Mal. I good Foose.
    Clo. Alas sir, how fell you besides your fiue witts?
    Mal. Foose, there was never man so notoriouall a
    bus'd: I am as well in my witts (foole) as thou art.
    Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeed, if you be
    no better in your witts then a foole.
    Mal. They have heere propoised me: keepe mee in
    darkenesse, send Minifters to mee, Aifes, and doe all they
    can to face me out of my witts.
    Clo. Advise you what you say: the Minifter is heere.

    Malulio, Malulin, thy wittes the heauens refoire: en-
    deavour thy selfe to sleepe, and leave thy vaine bibble
    babble.
    Mal. Sir Topas.
    Clo. Maintaine no words with him good fellow.
    Who I sir, not I sir. God buy you good sir Topas: Mar-
    ry Amen. I will sir, I will.
    Mal. Foose, foole, foole I say.
    Clo. Alas sir be patient. What say you sir, I am shent
    for speaking to you.
    Mal. Good foole, helpe me to some light, and some
    paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes, as any man in
    Ilyria.
    Clo. Well-a-day, that you were sir.
    Mal. By this hand I am: good foole, some inke, pa-
    per, and light: and conuey what I will set downe to my
    Lady: it shall advantage thee more, then euers the bea-
    ring of Letter did.
    Clo. I will help you too't. But tel me true, are you not
    mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit.
    Mal. Beleeue me I am not, I tell thee true.
    Clo. Nay, Ile here beleevue a madman till I fee his brains
    I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.
    Mal. Foose, Ile require it in the highest degree: I
    prethee be goo.
    Clo. I am gone sir, and anon sir,
    Ile be with you againe:
    In a trice, like to the old vice,
    your neede to fustaine.
    Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,
    cries ha, to the diuell:
    Like a mad lad, pare thy nayles dad,
    Adieu good man diuell.

    Scena Tertia.

    Enter Sebastian.

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,
This pearlie she gave me, I do feel', and see',
And though tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madonna. Where's Antbonio then, I could not finde him at the Elephant, Yet there he was, and there I found this credite, That he did range the towne to seeke me out, His counsell now might do me golden seruices, For though my foule disputes well with my fence, That this may be some error, but no madonna, Yet doth this accident and floode of Fortune, So farre exceed all incence, all discourses, That I am ready to distrust mine eyes, And wrangle with my reason that perfwades me To any other trust, but that I am mad, Or else the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere so, She could not swaye her house, command her followers, Take, and give backe affayres, and their dispatch, With such a smooth, diséré, and fable bearing As I perceive the do's: there's something inn That is decendable. But heere the Lady comes.

Enter Olivia, and Priest.
Ol. Blame not this hate of mine: if you mean well Now go with me, and with this holy man Into the Chantry by: there before him, And underneath that confecrated rooff, Plight me the full assurance of your faith, That my most leslous, and too doubtfull foole May live at peace. He shall conceal it, Whiles you are willing it shall come to note, What time we will our celebration keeps According to my birth, what do you say? Sc. He follow this good man, and go with you, And having foworne, ever will be true. Ol. Then lead the way good father, & heauen so shine, That they may fairely note this acte of mine. Exeunt. Finis Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cloane and Fabian.
Fab. Now as thou lou'rt me, let me see his Letter. Clo. Good Mr Fabian, grant me another request. Fab. Any thing. Clo. Do not desire to see this Letter. Fab. This is to give a dogge, and in recom pense desire my dogge againe.

Enter Duke, Volta, Curio, and Lords.
Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivis, friends? Clo. I sir, we are some of her trappings. Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou my good fellow? Clo. Truely sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends. Du. Tuit the contrary: the better for thy friends. Clo. No sir, the worse. Du. How can that be? Clo. Marry sir, they praise me, and make an affe of me, now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Affe: so that by my foes sir, I profit in the knowledge of my selfe, and by my friends I am abased: so that conclusions to be as kisseis, if your foule naturaues make you your two confirmations, why then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Du. Why this is excellent.
Clo. By my truth sir, no: though it please you to be one of my friends.
Du. Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold. Clo. But that it would be double dealing sir, I would you could make it another.
Du. O you give me ill counsell.
Clo. Put your grace in your pocket sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.
Du. Well, I will be so much a firmer to be a double dealer: there's another.
Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play, and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex fir, is a good tripping measure, or the belles of S. Bennet sir, may put you in minde, one, two, three.
Du. You can foole no more money out of mee at this throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.
Clo. Marry sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go sir, but I would not have you to think, that my desir of hauling is the fisne of couetousneffe: but as you say sir, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it anon.

Enter Antbonio and Officers.
Vio. Here comes the man sir, that did rescue mee. Du. That face of his I do remember well, yet when I saw it last, it was bemear'd As blakke as Vulcan, in the smoke of warre: A bawbling Vessell was he Captaine of, For shalow draught and bulke unpriznable, With which such faithful grapple did he make, With the most noble botomme of our Fleete, That very eny, and the tongue of offce

Cride fame and honor on him: What's the matter? 1 Off. Orfano, this is that Antbonio. That tooke the Phoenix, and her fraught from Candy, And this is he that did the Tiger boord, When your yong Nephew Timus lost his legge; Heere in the streets, desperate of shame and state, In private babble did we apprehend him. "Vio. He did me kindnesse fir, drew on my fide, But in conclusion put strange speech vpon me, I know not what 'twas, but distraction. Du. Notable Pyrate, thou wilt-water Theefe, What foolish boldnesse brouhte thee to their mercies, Whom thou in terms so bloudie, and so deere Haft made thine enemies? Ant. Offs. Noble sir, Be pleas'd that I shoke off these names you give mee: Antbonio never yet was Theefe, or Pyrate, Though I confess, on base and ground enough Orfano's enemie. A witchcraft drew me hither: That most ingratiatle boy there by your side, From the rude feas enrag'd and foamy mouth Did I redeeme: a wracke past hope he was: His life I gave him, and did thereto addde My loue without retention, or restraint, All his in dedication. For his sake, Did I expose my selfe (pure for his loue) Into the danger of this aduerse Towne, Drew to defend him, when he was beset: Where being apprehended, his falle cunning (Not meaning to partake with me in danger) Taught him to face me out of his acquaintane,
And grew a twentie yeares removed thing
While one would winke: deside me mine owne purse,
Which I had recommended to his vfe,
Not halfe an houre before.

**Vio.** How can this be?

**Du.** When came he to this Towne?
**Ant.** To day my Lord: and for three months before,
No intrim, not a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we keepe companie.

Enter Oliuia and attendants.

**Du.** Heere comes the Countesse, now heauen walkes
on earth:
But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madeneffe,
Three months this youth hath tended vpon mee,
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

**Ol.** What would my Lord, but that he may not haue,
Wherein Oliuia may seeme ferociusse?

**Cefario,** you do not keep me promise with me.

**Vio.** Madam:

**Du.** Gracious Oliuia.

**Ol.** What do you say Cefario? Good my Lord.
**Vio.** My Lord would speake, my dutie hushes me.

If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine eare
As howling after Muficke.

**Du.** Still so cruell?
**Ol.** Still so confant Lord.

**Du.** What to peruerfeneffe? you vacuill Ladie
To whose ingrate, and vnafficiusse Altar,
My foule the faithfull'ft offerings have breath'd out
That ere devotion tender'd. What shall I do?

**Ol.** Even what it please my Lord, that shal becom him
**Du.** Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)
Like to th'Egyptian theeke, at point of death
Kill what I love: (a sauage sealloufe,
That sometyme favours nobly) but heare me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favoure:
Lye you the Marble-brefted Tyrant still.
But this your Minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heauen I swear, I tender dearely,
Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,
Where he sits crowned in his matters Spight.
Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischiefe:
Ie sacrifice the Lambe that I do love,
To spight a Raunens heart within a Done.

**Vio.** And I moit locund, apt, and willinglie,
To do you reft, a thousand deaths would dye.

**Ol.** Where goes Cefario?

**Vio.** After him I love,
More then I love thee eyes, more then my life,
More by all more, then ere I shall love wife.
If I do felace, you witnesse above
Punifh my life, for tainting of my louve.

**Ol.** Ayce me defteeted, how am I beguil'd?
**Vio.** Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

**Ol.** Haft thou forgot thy selfe? is it so long?

Call forth the holy Father.

**Du.** Come away.

**Ol.** Whether my Lord? Cefario, Husband, fly.
**Du.** Husband?

**Ol.** Husband. Can he that deny?
**Du.** Her husband, sirrah?

**Vio.** No my Lord, not I.

**Ol.** Alas, it is the baseneffe of thy feare,

That makes thee strange thy propriety:
Fear not Cefario, take thy fortunes vp,
Be that thou know'ft th'art, and then th'art
As great as that thou fear't.

Enter Priest.

O welcome Father,

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Heere to unfold, though lately we intended
To keepe in darkeneffe, what occasion now
Reuels before 'ts ripe: what thou dost know
Hath newly paft, betwixte this youth, and me.

**Priest.** A Contract of eternall bond of loue,
Confirm'd by mutualiy, what of your hands,
Attested by the holy clos of lippes,
Strengthened by enterechange of your rings,
And all the Ceremonie of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimonie:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travailled but two houres.

**Du.** O thou dissembling Cub: what wilt thou be
When time hath fow'd a grizzle on thy cafe?
Or will not else thy craft fo quickly grow,
That thine owne trip shall be thine overthrow:
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feetes,
Where thou, and I (henceforth) may never meet.

**Vio.** My Lord, I do protest.

**Ol.** O do not swear,
Hold little faith, though thou haft too much feare.

Enter Sir Andrew.

**And.** For the love of God a Surgeon, send one presently to sir Toby.

**Ol.** What's the matter?

**And.** He has broke my head a-croffe, and has given Sir Toby a bloody Coxcombe too: for the loue of God your helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home.

**Ol.** Who has done this Sir Andrew?

**And.** The Counts Gentleman, one Cefario: we took him for a Coward, but he the verie diuell incarnate.

**Du.** My Gentleman Cefario?

**And.** Odd's lifelings heere he is: you broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

**Vio.** Why do you speake to me, I never hurt you: you drew your sword vpon me without caufe,
But I bespake you faire, and hurt you not.

Enter Toby and Cleowre.

**And.** If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt, you haue hurt me: I thinke you set nothing by a bloody Coxcombe.
Heere comes Sir Toby halting, you shall heare more: but if he had not beene in drinke, hee would haue tickled you other gates then he did.

**Du.** How now Gentleman? how lift with you?

**To.** That's all one, has hurt me, and there's th'enon on't:
Sot, didst see Dicke Surgeon, set?

**Clo.** O he's drunke Sir Toby an houre agone: his eyes were fett at eight i'th morning.

**To.** Then he's a Rogue, and a paffy mesures pany: I hate a drunken rogue.

**Ol.** Away with him? Who hath made this haucocke with them?

**And.** He helpe you Sir Toby, because we'll be dref't to-gether.

**To.** Will you helpe an Affe-head, and a coxcombe, & a knave: a thin fac'd knave, a gull?

**Ol.**
Twelve Night, or, What you will.

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look’d too.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry Madam I have hurt your kinsman: But had it bee the brother of my blood, I must have done no less with wit and safety. You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that I do perceive it hath offended you: Pardon me (sweet one) even for the vowes We made each other, but so late ago.

Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons, A natural Persepective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio: O my deere Antonio, How haue the hours rack’d, and torture’d me, Since I haue loft thee? 

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear’st thou that Antonio?

Ant. How haue you made diuision of your selfe, An apple cleft in two, is not more twin Then these two creatures. Which is Sebastian? 

Ol. Moft wonderfull.

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother: Nor can there be that Deity I my nature Of heere, and every where. I had a sister, Whom the blinde waues and surges have devour’d: Of charity, what kinne are you to me? 

What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage? 

Vio. Of Maffaline: Sebastian was my Father, Such a Sebastian was my brother too: So went he vowed to his watery tome: If spirits can assume both forme and sute, You come to fright vs.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed, But am in that dimension groffely clad, Which from the wombbe I did participate. Were you a woman, as the rest goes even, I should my tears let fall upon your cheekes, And say, thrice welcome drowned Viola.

Vio. My father had a moale upon his brow. 

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dide that day when Viola from her birth Had numbered thirteene yeares. 

Seb. O that record is lively in my soule, He finished indeed his mortall acts. That day that made my father thirteene yeares. 

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both, But this my masculine vurn’d attyre: Do not embrace me, till each circumstance, Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and jumpe That I am Viola, which to confirm, Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne, Where lye my maiden weeds : by whose gentle helpe, I was prefuer’d to serve this Noble Count: All the occurrence of my fortune since Hath beeene betwene this Lady, and this Lord. 

Seb. So comes it lady, you have beene misheokee: But Nature to her bias draw in that.

You would have bin contracted to a Maid, Nor are you therein (by my life) deci’d, You are betroth’d both to a maid and man.

Du. Be not amaz’d, right noble is his blood: If this be so, as yet the glaffe seemes true, I shall have share in this most happy wraacque, Boy, thou haft faide to me a thousand times, Thou never shou’dst lose woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings, will I ouer sweare, And all those sweareings kepe as true in foule, As doth that Orbe Continent, the fire,

That feuers day from night.

Du. Give me thy hand, And let me fee thee in thy womanes weedes.

Vio. The Captaine that did bring me first on shore Hath my Maides garments: he upon some Action Is now in durance, at Maluolio’s fuite,

A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

Ol. He shall inlarge him: fetch Maluolio hither, And yet alas, now I remember me,

They lay poore Gentleman, he’s much diftract.

Enter Cloven with a Letter, and Fabian.

A moft extracfting frenzie of mine owne From my remembrance, clearly baniﬁe his. 

How does he ftrive?

Ol. Truely Madam, he holds Belzebub at the staues end as well as a man in his cafe may do: has heere write a letter to you, I should have guene’t you to day morning. But as a madmans Eplities are no Gospels, fo it skilles not much when they are deliver’d.

Ol. Open’t, and read it.

Clo. Look to then to be well edified, when the Foeole delivers the Madman. By the Lord Madam.

Ol. How now, arth thou mad?

Clo. No Madam, I do but reade madnesse: and your Ladyship will have it as it ought to bee, you must allow Voice.

Ol. Prethee reade i’thy right wits.

Clo. So I do Madons: but to reade his right wits, is to reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princesse, and giue ear.

Ol. Read it you, firrah.

Fab. Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: Though you have put mee into darkeness: and giuen your drunken Cofine rule over me, yet haue I the beneﬁt of my senes as well as your Ladyship. I haue your owne letter, that induced mee to the famous I put on; with which I doubt not, but to do my felfe much right, or you much shame: thinke of me as you pleafe. I leave my duty a little vnthoght of, and ipeake out of my iury: The madly or’d Maluolio.

Ol. Did he write this?

Clo. I Madame.

Du. This favours not much of distraction.

Ol. See him deliver’d Fabian, bring him hither: My Lord, fo please you, thefe things further thought on, To thinke me as well a fitter, as a wife: One day shall crowne th’alliance on’t, fo please you, Hereat at my house, and at my proper cot. 

Du. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer: Your Mafter quits you: and for your service done him, So much againft the mettle of your sex, So farre beneath your fowt and tender breeding, And since you call’d me Mafter, for fo long: Hereat is my hand, you shall from this time bee your Masters Misris.

Ol. A fitter, you are she.

Enter Maluolio.

Du. Is this the Madman?

Ol. I my Lord, this fame: How now Maluolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, Notorious wrong.

Ol. Haue I Maluolio? No,

Mal. Lady you have, pray you perufe that Letter. You muft not now deifie it is your hand, Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,
Or say, tis not your seale, not your invention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modestie of honor,
Why you have given me such clear干线 of good,
Bad me come smiling, and croffe-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to browne
Vpon sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a darke house, visited by the Priest,
And made the most notorious gecke and gull,
That ere invention plaid on? Tell me why?
Ol. Alas Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though I confesse much like the Character:
But out of question, tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethinke me, it was thee
First told me thou wast mad; then can't in smiling,
And in such formes, which here were presuppos'd
Vpon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,
This practice hath most firewydly past vpon thee:
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the Plaintiff and the Judge
Of thine owne cause.

Fab. Good Madam heare me speake,
And let no quarrell, nor no brawle to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confesse my felie, and Toby
Set this deuice against Malvolio heere,
Vpon some stubborn and vn courteuse parts
We had concei'd against him. Maria writ
The Letter, at fir Toby's great importance,
In recompense whereof, he hath married her:
How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather placke on laughter then revenge,
If that the injuries be iustly weigh'd,
That haue on both sides past.

Ol. Alas poore Foole, how haue they baffled thee?
C1. Why soome are borne great, some atchieue greatnesse,
And some haue greatnesse throwne vpon them. I
was one fir, in this Enterlude, one fir Topas fir, but that's

all one: By the Lord Foole, I am not mad: but do you re-
member, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren raftall,
and you smile not he's gag'd: and thus the whirligigge
of time, brings in his reuenges.

Mal. He be reueng'd on the whole packe of you?
Ol. He hath bene most notoriously abus'd.
Du. Pursue him, and entreate him to a peace:
He hath not told vs of the Captaine yet,
When that is knowne, and golden time conuents
A solemnne Combination shall be made
Of our deere foules. Meane time sweet sifter,
We will not part from hence. Cifari come
(For so you shall be while you are a man)
But when in other habitts you are seene,
Orsino's Misris, and his fancies Queene.

FINIS.

When that I was and a little tine boy,

With hey bo, the winde and the rain:

A foolish thing was but a toy,

For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to mans estate,

With hey bo, &c.

Gainst Knaues and Theues men butt their gate,

For the rain, &c.

But when I came alas to wine,

With hey bo, &c.

By swaggering could I never thrive,

For the rain, &c.

But when I came onto my beds,

With hey bo, &c.

With tosettes still had drunken heades,

For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,

Hey bo, &c.

But that's all one, our Play is done,

And wee'l friue to please you every day.
The Winters Tale.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance (Camillo) to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my seruices are now on-foot, you shall see (as I have said) great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

Camillo. I think, this comming Summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the Visitation, which hee loyally doth owe him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment shall shame vs: we will be loyali in our Louses: for indeed--

Camillo. Believe you--

Arch. Verely I speake it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence--in so rare--I know not what to say-- Wee will give you sleepe Drinks, that your Sences (yn-intelligent of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot prayfe vs, as little acceue vs.

Camillo. You pay a great deale to desere, for what’s gien freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speake as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honestie puts it to verterance.

Camillo. Sicilia cannot shew himselfe over-kind to Bohemia: They were tray’d together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chufe but bruach now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Necesities, made seperation of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Perfo-nall) hath been Royally attorneyed with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, louing Embaies, that they have feem’d to be together, though absent: shooke hands, as over a Vaft; and embrac’d as it were from the ends of oppossed Winds. The Heauens continue their Louses.

Arch. I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You have an unpapeable comfort of your young Prince Mamilius; it is a Gentleman of the greatest Promise, that ever came into my Note.

Camillo. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child; one, that (indeed) Physicks the Subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches ere he was borne, desire yet their life, to see him a Man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Camillo. Yes; if there were no other excuse, why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would desire to live on Crutches till he had one.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamilius, Polixenes, Camillo.

Pol. Nine Changes of the Watry-Starre hath been

The Shepheards Note, since we have left our Throne Without a Burthen: Time as long againe
Would be fill’d vp (my Brother) with our Thanks,
And yet we shoul’d, for perpetuitie,
Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher
(Yet standing in rich place) I multiply
With one we thank you, many thousands moe,
That goo before it.

Leontes. Stay your Thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that’s to morrow:
I am question’d by my feares, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our silence, that may blow
No snapping Winds at home, to make vs say,
This is put forth too truly: besides, I have say’d
To trye your Royaltie.

Leontes. We are tougher (Brother)
Then you can put vs to’t.

Pol. No longer say.

Leontes. One See’night longer.

Pol. Very footh, to morrow.

Leontes. Wee’le part the time betwenee’s then: and in that
till no gaine-saying.

Pol. Preffe me not (beefeech you) fo:
There is no Tongue that moves none, none i’the World
So foone as yours, could win me; so it should now,
Were there necesitie in your request, although
’Twere needfull I deny’d it. My Affaires
Doe even drag me home-ward: which to hinder,
Were (in your Loue) a Whip to mee; my say,
To you a Charge, and Trouble: to faue both,
Farewell (our Brother.)

Leontes. Tongue-ty’d our Queene? speake you.

Hermione. I had thought (Sir) to have held my peace, vntill
You had drawn Oathes from him, not to say: you(Sir)
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia’s well: this satisfaction,
The by-gone-day proclaym’d, say this to him,
He’s best from his selfeeward.

Leontes. Well said, Hermione.

Hermione. To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong:
But let him say fo then, and let him goo;
But let him sweare fo, and he shall not say,
Weel’thwack him hence with Diuaffes.
Yet of your Royall presence, Ie adventure
The borrow of a Wecke. When at Bohemia
You take my Lord, Ie give him my Commision,
To let him there a Moneth, behind the Geft
Prefix’d for’s parting: yet (good-deed) Leontes,
I loue thee not a larre o’th’Clock, behind

A

What
What Lady the her Lord. You'll stay?

Pol. No, Madame.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not verely.

Her. Verely?

You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,
Though you would seek t'vnsphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going: Verely
You shall not goe; a Ladies Verely 'is
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?
Force me to keepe you as a Prifoner,
Not like a Guest : so you shall pay your Fees
When you depart, and faue your Thanks. How say you?
My Prifoner? or my Guest? by your dread Verely,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your Guest then, Madame:
To be your Prifoner, should import offending ;
Which is for me, leffe safe to commit,
Then to punish.

Her. Not your Gaoler then,
But your kind Hotelfee. Come, Ic question you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boys:
You were pretty Lordsings then?

Pol. We were (fare Queene)
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy esternall.

Her. Was not my Lord
The veryer Wag o'th' two?

Pol. We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did frisk i'th'Sun,
And bleat the one at th'other: what we chang'd,
Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of Ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weakse Spirits ne're been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have anwer'd Heaven
Boldly,not guilty; the Impofition clear'd,
Hereditarie ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations have since then been borne to's; for
In those vnflaged dayes, was my Wife a Girle;
Your precious felic has then not crost'd the eyes
Of my young Play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot:
Of this make no conclusion, leeft you say
Your Queene and I are Deuils: yet goe on,
Th'offences we have made you doe, we're answere,
If you first finn'd with vs and that with vs
You did continue fault; and that you lipt not
With any, but with vs.

Leo. Is he woon yet?

Her. Hee'll stay (my Lord.)

Leo. At my request, he would not:

Hermione (my dearest) thou never spok'ft
To better purpose.

Her. Neuer?

Leo. Neuer, but once.

Her. What haue I twice said well? when wasn't before?
I prethee tell me: cram's with praye and make's
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand, wayting vpnon that.
Our praye are our Wages. You may ride's
With one foft Kiffe a thousand Furlongs, ere
With Sprar we heat an Acre. But to th' Goale:

My last good deed, was to entreat his stay.
What was my first? it ha's an elder Sifer,
Or I mistake you: O, would her Name were Grace.
But once before I spoke to th' purpose? when?
Nay, let me haue't: I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabb'd Moneths had fowrd themselfes to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:
A clap thy felfe my Loue; then didst thou vttre,
I am yours for euer,

Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.

Why lo-you now? I haue spoke to th' purpose twice:
The one, for euer earn'd a Royall Husband;
Th'other, for some while a Friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendship farre, is mingling bloods.
I haue Tremor Cordis on me: my heart dances,
But not for joy; not joy. This Entertainment
May a free face put on: derine a Libertie
From Heartineffe, from Bountie, fertile Bosome,
And well become the Agent: 't may; I grant;
But to be padding Palmes, and pinching Fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles
As in a Looking-Glass; and then to figh, as 'twere
The Mort o' th' Deere: oh, that is entertainment
My Bosome likes not, nor my Browes. Mamillius,
Art thou my Boy?

Mam. I, my good Lord,
Leo. I fecks
Why that's my Bawcock:what's that finch'd thy Nofe?
They say it is a Coppie out of mine. Come Captaine,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captaine:
And yet the Steere, the Heyfer, and the Calfe,
Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginaling
Vpon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?

Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)

Leo. Thou want't a rough path, & the floods that I have
To be full, like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as Eggs; Women say fo,
(That will say any thing.) But were they false
As o're-dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters-false
As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No borne'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To fay this Boy were like me. Come(Sir Page)
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villaine,
Moff dear't, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be
Affection? thy Intention fads the Center.
Thou do'lt make possible things not so hold,
Communicat'ft with Dreams( how can this be?)
With what's varell; thou confine art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may't co-iyne with something, and thou do'lt,
(And that beyond Commision) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Brains,
And hardning of my Browes.)

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something femeas vnsetled.

Pol. How? my Lord?

Leo. What cheere? how is't with you, beft Brother?

Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction:
Are you mou'd (my Lord?)

Leo. No, in good earneft.

How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly?
It's tenderness; and make it felle a Paffime
To harder bosomes? Looking on the Lynes

Of
Of my Boyes face, me thoughtes I did requoyle
Twentie three yeeres, and saw my selfe vn-breach'd,
In my greene Velvet Coat; my Dagger muszled,
Leaff it should bite it's Maker, and fo proue
(As Ornaments oft do) too dangerous:
How like (me thoughtes) I then was to this Kernell,
This Squash, this Gentleman. Mine honest Friend,
Will you take Eggs for Money ?

**Man.** No (my Lord) Ile fight.

**Leo.** You will: why happy man be's done. My Brother
Are you fo fond of your young Prince, as we
Doe feeme to be of ours?

**Pol.** If at home (Sir)
He's all my Exerclife, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my sworne Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Parafite, my Souldier; Statef-man; all:
He makes a Julys day, short as December,
And with his varying child-neffe, cures in me
Thoughts, that would thicken my blood.

**Leo.** So flands this Squire
Offic'd with me : We two will walke (my Lord)
And leave you to your grauer pens. **Hermione,**
How thou lou'ft vs, saw in our Brothers welcome;
Let what is deare in Sicily, be cheape
Next to thy selfe, and my young Rouer, he's
Apparant to my heart.

**Her.** If you would feeke vs,
We are yours i' th' Garden: Shall's attend you there?

**Leo.** To your owne bents diplofe you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am anging now,
(Though you perceiue me not how I giue Lyne)
Goe too, goe too.
How she holds vp the Neb? the Byll to him?
And armes her with the boldneffe of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Ynch-thick, knee-deepere; or head and ears a fork'd one.
Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother players, and I
Goe play too: But so diligence a part, whose influe
Will hiffe me to my Graue; Contempt and Clamor
Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there have been
(Or I am much deceu'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (even at this present,
Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by th' Arm,
That little thinkes the ha's been fluy'd in's absence,
And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbor (by
Sir Smilc, his Neighbor) say, there's comfort in't,
While other men haue Gates, and those Gates open'd
(As mine) against their will. Should all despare
That have resoluted Wues, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themselues. Phystick for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike
Where 'ts predominant; and 'ts powerfull: thinke it:
From East, Weft, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Barricado for a Belly. Know'r,
It will let in and out the Enemy,
With bag and bagage: many thousand on's
Have the Diſpenſe, and feel'st not. How now Boy?

**Cam.** I am like you say.

**Leo.** Why, that's some comfort.

What? **Camillo there ?**

**Cam.** I, my good Lord.

**Leo.** Goe play (Mamillus) thou'rt an honest man:
**Camillo,** this great Sir will yet day longer.
**Cam.** You had much ado to make his Anchor hold,
When you caft out, it fell came home.

**Leo.** Didst note it?

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**Cam.** He would not stay at your Petitions, made
His Businesse more material.

**Leo.** Didst perceiue it?

_They're here with me already; whifpering, rounding:_
Sicilia is a fo-forth: 'tis farre gone,
When I shall guft it last. How can't (Camillo)
That he did stay?

**Cam.** At the good Queens entreatie.

**Leo.** At the Queens be't: Good should be pertinent,
But fo it is, it is not. Where was this taken
By any understanding Pace but thine?
For thy Conceit is foaking, will draw in
More than the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Nature? by some Seuerals
Of Head-peece extraordinary? Lower Messes
Perchance are to this Businesse purblind I say.

**Cam.** Businesse, my Lord? I thinkst moft vnderstand
_Bohemia _stayes here longer.

**Leo.** Ha?

**Leo.** Stayes here longer.

**Leo.** I, but why?

**Cam.** To satisfie your Highness, and the Entreaties
Of your most gracious Miftresse.

**Leo.** Satisfie?

_Th'entreaties of your Mistresse? Satisfie?_
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee (Camillo)
With all the necer things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Councel, wherein (Prieſt-like) thou
Haft cleans'd my Bofome; I, from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceu'd in thy Integritie, deceit'd
In that which feeses fo.

**Cam.** Be it forbid (my Lord.)

**Leo.** To hide vpon't: thou art not honest: or
If thou inceinat that way, thou art a Coward,
Which hoxes honnestie behind, reftraining
From Courſe requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A Seruant, grafted in my serious Truf,
And therein negligent: or else a Foole,
That feeth a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,
And tak'd it all for inef.

**Cam.** My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, foolifh, and fearfull,
In every one of these, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, feare,
Among the infinite doings of the World,
Sometime putth forth in your affairs (my Lord.)
If ever I was wilfull-neglectful,
It was my folly: if injudiciously
I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearfull
To doe a thing, where I the iffue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wifte: thefe (my Lord)
Are such allow'd Infirmities, that honest
Is never free of. But befeech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my Trefpas
By it's owne vifage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

**Leo.** Ha! not you feene Camillo?

_But that's past doubt; you have, or your eye-glaffe_
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?
(For to a Viſion so apparant, Rumor
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cognition
Resides not in that man, that do's not thinke)
My Wife is slipperie? If thou wilt confesse,
Or else be immodently negble,
To have new Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then say
My Wife's a Holy-Horfe, defends a Name
As ranke as any Flax-Wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and iuftify't.

Cam. I would not be a fandler-by, to hear
My Soueraigne Mistrefle clouded fo, without
My present vengeance taken: 'twas my heart,
You neuer spoke what did become you lefte
Then this; which to reiterate, were fin
As deepe as that, though true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning Cheele to Cheele? is meeting Nofes?
Kifing with in-fide Lip? fopping the Cariere
Of Laughter, with a fight? (a Note infallible
Of breaking Honofie) horror foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing Clocks more fweit?
Hours, Minutes? None, Mid-night? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs onely,
That would vnfeene be wicked? It this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in, is nothing,
The couering Skie is nothing, Bohemia nothing,
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing have thefe Nothinges,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this difeas'd Opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my Lord.
Leo. It is: you lie, you lyce
I fay thou lyeft Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a groffe Lowt, a mindleffe Slave,
Or else a houering Temporizer, that
Can't with thine eyes at once fee good and euill,
Inclinig to them both: were my Wifes Lier
Infefted (as her life) she would not lie
The running of one Glaffe.

Cam. Who do's infect her?
Leo. Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging
About his neck (Bohemia) who, if I
Had Servants true about me, that bare eyes
To fee alike mine Honor, as their Profitis,
(The owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that
Which should vnnee more doing: I, and thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme
Haufe Bench'd, and rear'd to Worship, who may't fee
Plainly, as Heaven fees Earth, and Earth fees Heaven,
How I am call'd, might't be fpice a Cup
To give mine Enemy a laffing Winke:
Which Draught to me, were cordiall:

Cam. Sir (my Lord)
I could doe this, and that with no rath Potion,
But with a lingering Dram, that should not worke
Maliciously, like Poyfon: But I cannot
Beleeuee this Crack to be in my dread Miftreff
(So Soueraigne being Honorable.)
I have lou'd thee,
Leo Make that thy quefion, and got re:
Do't thinke I am fo muddy, so vnfefted,
To appoint my selfe in this vexation?
Sully the puritie and whiteneffe of my Sheete
(Which to preferre, is Sleep; which being fpotted,
Is Goades, Thorne, Nettes, Tayles of Wafpes)
Glie scandal to the blood o'th Prince, my Sonne,
(Who I doe thinke is mine, and lome as mine)

Without ripe moving to't? Would I doe this?
Could man fo brench?

Cam. I muft beleue you(Sir)
I doe, and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Provided, that when hee's remou'd, your Highneffe
Will take againe your Queene, as yours at firft,
Euen for your Sonnes fake, and thereby for fealing
The Iniuriue of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes
Knowne, and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou do't aduife me,
Euen fo as I mine owne courfe have set downe:
I leue no blemish to her Honor, none.

Cam. My Lord,
Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare
As Friendship weares at Feasts, keepe with Bohemia.
And with your Queene; I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he have wholesome Beueridge,
Account me not your Servant.
Leo. This is all:
Do't, and thou haft the one halfe of my heart;
Do't not, thou split't thine owne.

Cam. Ile do't, my Lord.
Leo. I wil feme friendly, as thou haft aduised me. Exit

Cam. O mirable Lady. But for me,
What cafe fhand I in? I muft be the poyfoner
Of good Polixenes, and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Master; one,
Who in Rebellion with himselfe, will haue
All that are his, fo too.
To doe this deed,
Promotion followes: If I could find example
Of thousand's that had fruck anonyted Kings,
And flourifh'd after, I'll not do't: But fince
Nor Brife, nor Stone, nor Parchment bears not one,
Let Villanice it felfe forwear't. I muft
Forfake the Court: to do't, or no, is certaine
To me a breake-neck. Happy Starre raigne now,
Here comes Bohemia. Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange: Me thinkes
My favor here begins to warpe. Not speake?

Good day Camillo.

Cam. Hayle moft Royall Sir.
Pol. What is the Newes I th' Court?
Cam. None rare (my Lord.)

Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance,
As he had loft some Province, and a Region
Lou'd, as he loves himelfe: even now I met him
With cuftomarie complemente, when hee
Wafing his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A Lipke of much contempt, speedes from me, and
So leaues me, to confider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.

Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)

Pol. How, dare not doe doe? doe you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to your selfe, what you doe know, you muft,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexiones are to me a Mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too:for I muft be
A partie in this alteration, finding
My selfe thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a rickenne
Which puts some of vs in ditemper, but
I cannot name the Diflafe, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not fighted like the Basilifque.

I have
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none to: Camillo,
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto
Clerke-like experience'd, which no leffe adorns our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whole successe we are gentle: I beseech you, If you know ought which do's behove my knowledge, Therof to be inform'd, imploion't not In ignorant concealment.
Cam. I may not answer.
Pol. A Sicknesse caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. Do'th thou hear Camillo,
I coniou thee, by all the parts of man,
Which Honor do's acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidencie thou do's thefte of harme
Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how neere, Which way to be prevented, if to be:
If not, how beft to beare it.
Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That I think honorable: therefore marke my counfaile,
Which must be eu'n as swiftly followed, as
I meant to vter it; or both your selfe, and me,
Cry loft, and so good night.
Pol. On good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed him to murther you.
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the King.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinke's, nay with all confidence he sweares, As he had leen't, or beene an Instrument
To vice you to, that you have toucht his Queene Forbidden.
Pol. Oh then, my best blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be youk'd with his, that did betray the Beft:
Turse then my frearest Reputation to A favoure, that may strike the dullst Noth-off
Where I arrive, and my approch be shun'd,
Nay hated too, worfe then the greast Infection
That ere was heard, or read.
Cam. Swearre his thought ever
By each particular Starre in Heauen, and
By all their Influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,
As (or by Oath) remove, or (Counfaile) make
The Fabrick of his folly, whose foundation Is pyl'd upon his Faith, and will continue
The standing of his Body.
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to Avoid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne.
If therefore you dare truft my honettie,
That lies enclosed in this Trunk, which you Shall bear along impawnd, away to Night,
Your Followers I will whisper to the Business,
And will by twoes, and threees, at severall Pottes, Clear them o'th Title: For my selfe, Ile put
My fortunes to your service (which are here By this discourie loft.) Be not uncertaine,
For by the honor of my Parents, I Have vttred Truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,
Then one condemnd by the Kings owne mouth: Thereon his Execution sware.

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Pol. I doe beleue thee:
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand,
Be Pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days agoe. This jealousie
Is for a precious Creature: as thee's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his Peron's mightie,
Must it be violent: and, as he do's conceive,
He is diu'nor'd by a man, which ever
Profes'd to him: why his Reuenges must
That he be made more bitter. Peare ore-foades me:
Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queene, part of his Theme; but nothing
Of his ill-to'ne Jufpition. Come Camillo,
I will repect thee as a Father, if
Thou beart my life off, hence: Let vs avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authoritie to command
The Keys of all the Poternes: Please your Highnesse
To take the urgent houre. Come Sir, away. Extent.

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Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leontes, Antigonus, Lords.

Her. Take the Boy to you: he do troubles me,
'Tis paft enduring.
Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow?
Mam. No, Ile none of you.
Lady. Why (my sweet Lord?)
Mam. You'll kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if
I were a Baby still. I love you better.
2. Lady. And why so (my Lord?)
Mam. Not for becaue
Your Brows are blacker (yet black-brows they say)
Become some Women best, so that there be not
Too much hairr there, but in a Cemicircle,
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)
2. Lady. Who taught 'this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of Womans faces: pray now,
What colour are your eye-brows?
Lady. Blew (my Lord.)
Mam. Nay, that's a mock; I have seene a Ladies Nofe
That he's beene blew, but not her eye-brows.
Lady. Harke ye,
The Queene(your Mother)rounds aspace we shall
Prevent our services to a fine new Prince
One of these days, and then you'd wanton with vs,
If we would have you.
2. Lady. She is spreading late
Into a goodly Belike (good time encounter her.)
Her. What wisdom firs amongst you? Come Sir, now
I am for you again: 'Pray you fit by vs,
And tell's a Tale.
Mam. Merry, or sad, that be's?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad Tale's best for Winter:
I have one of Sprights, and Goblins.
Her. Let's have that (good Sir.)
Come-on, fit downe, come-on, and doe your beft,
To fright me with your Sprights: you're powrelfull at it.

A 3 Mam. There
Mam. There was a man.
Her. Nay, come sit down: then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard; I will tell it softly,
Yond Crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on, then, and gi' me in mine ear.
Leon. Was hee met there? his Traine? Camillo with him?
Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, never
Saw I men scorwe fo on their way: I eyed them
Even to their Ships.
Leo. How blest am I
In my last Confurse? in my true Opinion?
Alack, for leffer knowledge, how accur'd,
In being fo blest? There may be in the Cup
A Spider feast'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom: (for his knowledge
Is not infected) but if one prefer
Th'abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne
How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent Hefts: I haue drunke, and seen the Spider.
Camillo was his helpe in this his Pandar
There is a Plot against my Life, my Crown;
All's true that is mistrusted: that falle Vaine,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He ha's discover'd my Designe, and I
Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yes, a very Trick
For them to play at will: how came the Postneres
So easily open?
Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no lesse preuall'd, then so,
On your command.
Leo. I know't not well.
Give me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurfe him:
Though he do's bear some signes of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? Sport?
Leo. Beare the Boy hence, he shall not come about her,
Away with him, and let her sport her selfe
With that thee's big-with, for 'tis Polixenes
Ha's made thee wwell thus.
Her. But I'd say he had not;
And Ile be wforme you would beleue my saying,
How e're you lean to this Nay-ward.
Leo. You (my Lords)
Looke on her, marke her well: be about
To say she is a goodly Lady, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto addde
'Tis pitty thee's not honest: Honorable;
Prayze her but for this her without-dore-Forme,
(Which on my faith deferef high speech) and straignt
The Shrugs, the Hum, or Ha, these Petty-brands
That Camullie doth vfe: Oh, I am out,
That Mercy do's, for Camullie will feare
Vertue it selfe) these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's,
When you haue said thee's goodly, come beweenee,
Ere you can say thee's honest: But be't knowne
(From him that ha's most cause to grieue it should be)
Shee's an Adultere.
Her. Should a Villaine say so,
(The most repeninth Villaine in the World)
He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)
Doe but mistrake.
Leo. You have mislooke (my Lady)
Polixenes for Leonts: O thou Thing,
(Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,
Leafe Barbarifme (making me the precedent)
Should a like Language vfe to all degrees,
And mannerly diftinguishment leave out,
Bellwixt the Prince and Begger:) I haue said
Shee's an Adulteresse, I haue said with whom:
More: shee's a Traytor, and Camillo is
A Federarie with her, and one that knowes
What the shou'd chame to know her felle,
But with her moft vild Principall: that shee's
A Bed-swarmer, even as bad as those
That Vulgars glue bold's Titles; I, and privy
To this their late escape.
Her. No (by my life)
Privity to none of this: how will this grieue you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,
You feare can right me throughly, then, to lay
You did mistake.
Leo. No: if I mistake
In thole Foundations which I build vpon,
The Centre is not bigge enough to bear
A Schole-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prison:
He who shall speake for her, is a farre off guilte,
But that he speaks.
Her. There's some ill Planet reignes:
I must be patient, till the Hecanua looke
With an alpeft more favorable. Good my Lords,
I am not proue to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew
Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I haue
That honorable Grieue lodg'd here, which burnes
Worre then Tears drowne: beseech you all (my Lords)
With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities
Shall beft infruct you, measure me; and so
The Kings will perform'd.
Leo. Shall I be heard?
Her. Who is't that goes with me? beseech your Highnes
My Women may be with me, for you fee
My plight requires it. Doe not wepe (good Fools)
There is no caufe:When you shall know your Miftirs
Ha's defer'd Prison, then abound in Teares,
As I come out; this Action I now goe on,
It is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)
I never with'd to see you forty, now
I trust I shall: my Women come, you have leave.
Leo. Goe, doe our bidding: hence,
Lord. Beseech your Highnesse call the Queene againe.
Antig. Be certaine what you do(Sir) leafe your fultice
Prove violence, in which the three great ones suffer,
Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.
Lord. For her (my Lord)
I dare my life lay downe, and will doe (Sir)
Please you t'accept it, that the Queene is spotlefe
I' th' eyes of Hecanue, and to you (I mean
In this, which you accuse her.)
Antig. If it prove
Shee's otherwife, Ile keep my Stables where
I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:
Then when I feel, and fee her, no farther truft her:
For every ynhc of Woman in the World,
I, every dram of Womans fleth is false,
If she be.
Leo. Hold your peaces.
Lord. Good my Lord,
Antig. It is for you we speake, not for our felues:
You are abus'd, and by some putter on,
That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,
I would
I would Land-damne him: be the honor-law'd,
I have three daughters: the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine: and some sue:
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honor
Ile gell'd em all: fourteen they shall not fee
To bring false generations: they are co-heyers,
And I had rather gibb my elfe, then they
Should not produce faire infue.

Leo. Ceafe, no more:
You smell this business with a fence as cold
As is a dead-mans nose: but do fe'nt, and feel't,
As you feele doing thus: and fee withall
The Instruments that feele.

Antig. If it be fo,
We need no grate to bury honestly,
There's not a graine of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dunge-earth,

Leo. What lacke I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lacke then I (my Lord)
Vpon this ground: and more it would content me
To haue her Honor true, then your suspicious
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forcefull infigation? Our prerogatue
Calls not your Counsailles, but our natural goodness
Imports this: which, if you, or flupified,
Or feeming fo, in skill, cannot, or will not
Recollect a truth, like vs: informe your felues,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loffe, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,
Is all proper ours.

Antig. And I wish (my Liege)
You had onely in your silent judgement tride it,
Without more oseruets.

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wen't borne a foole: Camillo's flight
Added to their Familiarity
(Which was as groffe, as ever touch'd) coniecture,
That lack'd fitcionaly, nought for approbation
But onely seeing, all other circumstances
Made wp to'th deed) doth pufh-on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation
(For in an Acte of this importance, twere
Moft pittores to be wilde) I have dispatch'd in poft,
To sacred Delfos, to Apollo's Temple,
Cleomines and Dion, whom you know
Of flup'd sufficiency: Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whole spirituall counsails had
Shall flop, or tipure me. Haue I done well?

Lord. Well done (my Lord.)

Leo. Though I am satisfied, and neede no more
Then what I know, yet shall the Oracle
Give reft to th'mindest of others; such as he
Whose ignorant credulity, will not
Come vp to the truth. So haue we thought it good
From our free perfon, she shold be confin'd,
Leaft that the treachery of the two, fied hence,
Be left her to performe. Come follow vs,
We are to speake in publique: for this businesse
Will raffe vs all.

Antig. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth, were knowne.

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Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gasler, Emiliana.

Paul. The Keeper of the prifon, call to him:
Let him have knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What doft thou then in prifon? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not?

Gas. For a worthy Lady,
And one, who much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queene.

Gas. I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I have expireffe commandment.

Paul. Here's a do to locke vp honesty & honour from
Th'acceffe of gentle visitors. Is't lawfull pray you
To see her Women? Any of them? Emilia?

Gas. So pleafe you (Madam)
To put a-part thefe your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now call her:
With draw your felues.

Gas. And Madam,
I must be prætent at your Conference.

Paul. Well: be't fo: prethee.
Here's such a doe, to make no flaine, a flaine,
As paffes colouring: Dear Gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?

Emila. As well as one fo great, and fo forlorn
May hold together: On her frights, and greefes
(Which neuer tender Lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, deliuer'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emila. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Luft, and like to live: the Queene receuies
Much comfort in't: Sayes, my poor prifoner,
I am innocent as you,

Paul. I dare be sworn:
These dangerous, vsafe Lunes i'th'King, befhrew them:
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman. Ile take it upon me,
If I prove hony-mouth'd, let my tongue blister.
And nearer to my red-look'd Anger bee.
The Trumpet any more: pray you (Emila)
Commend my bafe obedience to the Queene,
If he dares truft me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the King, and vndertake to bee
Her Advocate to th'low'd it. We do not know
How he may flent in the fight o'th'Childe:
The silence often of pure innocence
Periwades, when speaking fakes.

Emila. Moft worthy Madam,
your honor, and your goodness is fo eviuent,
That your free vndertaking cannot miff
A thriving ifeue: there is no Lady living
So mette for this great errand: pleafe your Ladifhip
To vifit the next roome, Ile prefently
Acquaint the Queene of your moft noble offer,
Who, but to day hammered of this designe,
But durft not tempt a minifter of honour
Leaft she should be deny'd.
Paul. Tell her (Emilia)
Ile vfe that tongue I haue: If wit flow from't
As boldneffe from my bofome, le't not be doubted
I fhall do good.
Emil. Now be you blest for it.
Ile to the Queene: plesa you come something neerer.
Gao. Madam, if't plesa the Queene to fend the babe,
I know not what I fhall incurre, to pafs it,
Having no warrant.
Pau. You neede not feare it (Sr)
This Childe was prisoner to the wombe, and is
By Law and proceede of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfanchi'd, not a partie to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the trefpaffe of the Queene.
Gao. I do beleue it.
Pau. Do not you feare: vpon mine honor, I
Will stand betwixt you, and danger.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Servants, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weakneffe
To beare the matter thus: meere weakneffe, if
The caufe were not in being: part o'th caufe,
She, th'Adultrefs: for th'harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke
And leuell of my braine: plot-proofes: but fiee,
I can hooke to me: fiey that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moity of my reft
 Might come to me againe. Whose there?
Ser. My Lord.
Leo. How do's the boy?
Ser. He tooke good reft to night: 'tis hop'd
His ficknesse is difcharg'd.
Leo. To fee his Noblenesse,
Conceyuing the difhonour of his Mother.
He frighten declin'd,droop'd, toooke it deeply,
Fafien'd, and fix'd the flame on't in himselfe:
Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,
And down-right languifi'd. Leave me folely: goe,
See how he fares: Fie, fie, no thought of him,
The very thought of my Reuenges that way
Recoyle vpon me: in himselfe too mightie,
And in his parties, his Alliance; Let him be,
Vanish a time may farce. For preuent vengeance
Take it on her: Camilao, and Polixenes
Laugh at me: make their pafftime at my sorrow:
They shou'd not laugh, if I could reaeh them, nor
Shall fie, within my powre.

Enter Paulina.

Lord. You must not enter.
Pau. Nay rather (good my Lords) be fecond to me:
Fear ye his tyrannous paflion more (alas)
Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent foule,
More free, then he is Jealous.
Antig. That's enough.
Ser. Madam; he hath not flept to night, commanded
None shou'd come at him.
Pau. Not fo hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him fieepe. 'Tis fuch as you
That creepe like shadowes by him, and do figh
At each his needleffe heauings: fuch as you
Nourifh the caufe of his awaking.
Do come with words, as medicinal, as true;
(Honest, as either:) to purge him of that humor,
That preffes him from fieepe.
Leo. Who noyfe there, hoe?
Pau. No noyfe (my Lord) but needfull conference,
About some Gofsips for your Highnesse.
Leo. How?
Away with that audacious Lady, Antigonus,
I charg'd thee that fie should not come about me,
I knew fie would.
Ant. I told her fo (my Lord)
On your difpleasures perill, and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leo. What? can't not rule her?
Pau. From all dishonestie he can: in this
(Vnleffe he take the courfe that you have done)
Commit me, for committing honor, truft it,
He shall not rule me:
Ant. La-you now, you heare,
When fie will take the raine, I let her run,
But fiee'lt not rumble.
Pau. Good my Liege, I come:
And I befeech you hearre, who profeffes
My felfe your loyall Servant, your Phyffian,
Your moft obiedient Counsellor: yet that dares
Leffe appeare fo, in comforting your Eunilles,
Then fuch as moft feeme yours. I fay, I come
From your good Queene.
Leo. Good Queene?
Pau. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,
I fay good Queene,
And would by combate, make her goode as were I
A man, the worke about you.
Leo. Force her hence.
Pau. Let him that makes but triffes of his eyes
First hand me: on mine owne accord, Ike off,
But firft, Ike do me errand. The good Queene
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Heere 'tis: Commends it to your blef sing.
Leo. Out:
A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o'dore:
A moft intelligencing bawd.
Pau. Not fo:
I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In fo enti'ling me: and no leffe honest
Then you are mad: which is enough, Ike warrant
(As this world goes) to paffe for honest:
Leo. Traitors:
Will you not push her out? GIVE her the Bastard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-ty'd: vnrooted
By thy dam'd Partie heere. Take vp the Bastard,
Take't vp, I fay: give't to thy Croane.
Paul. For euer
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak't vp the Princeffe, by that forced baseness\
Which he ha's put vpn't.
Leo. He dreads his Wife.
Pau. So I would you did: then twere paff all doubt
You'd call your children, yours.
Leo. A nest of Traitors.
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Pau. Nor I: nor any
But one that's heere: and that's himfelfe: for he,
The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queenes,
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrays to Slander,
Whoe soe fling is sharper then the Swords; and will not
(For as the cates now stands, it is a Curie
He cannot be compell'd too't) once remove
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As euuer Oake, or Stone was found.

Leo. A Callat
Of boundleffe tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,
And now byes mee: This Brat is not of mine, It is the Issue of Polixenes.
Hence with it, and together with the Dam, Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours:
And might we lay th'old Proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold (my Lords)
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Copy of the Father: (Eye, Nofe, Lippe,
The trick of's Frowne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley,
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheekes; his Smiles:
The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.)
And thou good Godfesse Nature, which haft made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haft
The ordering of the Mind too, 'mongst all Colours
No Yellow in't, least she fulcept, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husbands.

Leo. A groffe Haggie:
And Loozell, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That will not heer Tongue. Antig. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot doe that Feat, you'le leave your selfe
Hardly one Subiect.

Leo. Once more take her hence.
Paul. A moft unworthy, and vvnaturall Lord Can doe no more.

Leo. Ile ha'the burnt.
Paul. I care not:
It is an Heretique that makes the fire,
Not the which burns in't, Ile not call you Tyrant:
But this moft cruel vflage of your Queene
(Not able to produce more acculation
Then your owne weake-hindg'd Fancy) somthing fators
Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,
Yes, scandalous to the World.

Leo. On your Alleegance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life? she durft not call me fo,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you do not pull me, Ile be gone.
Looke to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: Ile send her
A better guiding Spirit. What needs thes hands?
You that are thus to tender o're his Pollyes,
Will never doe him good, not one of you.
So, fo, Farewell, we are gone. Exit.

Leo. Thou (Traytor) haft fet on thy Wife to this.
My Child? say with't? even thou, that haft
A heart to tender o're it, take it hence,
And see it infantly consum'd with fire.
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it vp straight:
Within this house bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimonie) or Ile feize thy life,
With what thou elfe call'rt thine: if thou refufe,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, fly fo;
The Baftard-braynes with thefe my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire,
For thou stellt on thy Wife.

Antig. I did not, Sir:
These Lords, my Noble Fellows, if they pleafe,
Can cleare me in't.

Lords. We can: my Royall Liege,
He is not guiull of her comming hither.
Leo. You're lyers all.
Lords. Befeech your Highnesse, give us better credit.
We have alwayes truly serv'd you, and beseech'
So to e Scheeme of us: and on our knees we begge,
(As remembrance of our dear services
Past, and to come) that you doe change this purpose,
Which being fo horrible, fo bloody, must
Lead on to some foule Ifue. We all kneele.

Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to see this Baftard kneele,
And call me Father? better burne it now,
Then curse it then. But be it: I let it live.
It shall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither:
You that have beene fo tenderly officious
With Lady Marget, your Mid-wife there,
To faue this Baftards life; for 'tis a Baftard,
So sure as this Beard's gray. What will you aduenture,
To faue this Brats life?

Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
That my abilitie may vndergoe,
And Noblenesse impoie: at least thus much;
He pawne the little blood which I haue left,
To faue the Innocent: any thing possiblle.
Leo. It shall be possiblle: Swear by this Sword
Thou wilt performe my bidding.

Antig. I will (my Lord.)
Leo. Marke, and performe it: feast thou'rt for the faile
Of any point in't, shall not onely be
Death to thy selfe, but to thy lowd-tongu'd Wife,
(Whom for this time we pardon,) We enjoyne thee,
As thou art Liege-man to vs, that thou carry
This female Baftard hence, and that thou beare it
To some remote and defart place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that thou leave it
(Without more mercy) to it owne protection,
And fauour of the Climate: as by strange fortune
It came to vs, I doe in Justice charge thee,
On thy Soules, and thy Bodyes torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where Chance may nurse, or end it: take it vp.

Antig. I sweare to doe this: though a present death
Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)
Some powerfull Spirit instruct the Kytes and Rauens
To be thy Nurfes. Wolves and Beares, they say,
(Calling their faugenesse aside) have done
Like offices of Pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more then this deed do's require; and Blessing
Against this Crueltie, fight on thy side
(Poore Thing, condemn'd to losse.) Exit.

Leo. No: Ile not reare
Anothers Ifue. Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your Highnesse, Poets
From those you sent to th'Orclaces, are come
An houre fince: Clomeses and Dion,
Being well arra'td from Delphos, are both landed,
Hafting to th'Court.

Lords. So please you (Sir) their speed
Hath beene beyond accomplt.
Leo. Twentie three days
They have beene absente: 'tis good speed: fore-tells
The great Apollo suddenly will haue

The Winters Tale.
The truth of this appeareth: Prepare you Lords, 
Summon a Seffion, that we may arraigne 
Our most disloyall Lady: for as the hath 
Been publikely accus'd, so shall the haue 
A luft and open Triall. While the lives, 
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me, 
And thinke upon my bidding. Exeunt.

Auctus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cleo. The Clymats delicate, the Ayre most sweet, 
Fertile the Ille, the Temple much surpassing 
The common praye it beares.

Dion. I shall report, 
For moft it caught me, the Celestiall Habits, 
(Me thinke I fo hould terme them) and the reverence 
Of the graue Wearer. O, the Sacrifice, 
How ceremonious, solene, and vn-earthly 
It was i'th'Offering? 
Cleo. But of all the buff 
And the care-deads' ning Vyce o'th'Oracle, 
Kyn to Jesus Thunder,so surpriz'd my Sence, 
That I was nothing.

Dis. If th'euent o'th'Journey 
Prove as successfull to the Queene(O be't fo) 
As it hath beene to vs,rare,pleasant,spedie, 
The time is worth the vs on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo 
Turne all to th'beft: these Proclamations, 
So forcing faults upon Hermione, 
I little like.

Dis. The violent carriage of it 
Will cleare,or end the Buhnese, when the Oracle 
(Thus by Apollo's great Divine feat'd wp) 
Shall the Contents discouer: something rare 
Euen then will ruth to knowledge. Goest fresh Horfes, 
And gracious be the issue. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Leonato, Lords, Officers: Hermione (as to her 
Triall) Ladies: Cleomines, Dion.

Leo. This Sessions(to our great griefe we pronounce) 
Euen pushes 'gainst our heart. The partie try'd, 
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one 
Of vs too much belou'd. Let vs be clear'd 
Of being tyrannous, since we do openly 
Proceed in Iustice,which shall haue due course, 
Euen to the Guilt,or the Purgation: 
Produce the Prisoner.

Officer. It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene 
Appeare in person,here in Court. Silence.

Leo. Reade the Indictment.

Officer. Hermione, Queene to the worthy Leonato, King 
of Sicilia, thou art here accus'd and arraign'd of High Treason, 
in committing Adulterie with Polixenes King of Bohemia,

and conspiring with Camillo to take away the Life of our Sovereign Lord the King, thy Royal Husband: the pretense whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou (Hermione) contrary to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subject, didst countenance, and aidst them, for their better safety, to flye away by Night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that 
Which contradicts my Accusation,and 
The testimonie on my part, no other 
But what comes from my selfe, shall scarce boot me 
To say, Not guildie: mine Integritie 
Being counted Falshood, shall (as I expresse it) 
Be so receiu'd. But thus, if Poweres Divine 
Behold our humane Actions (as they doe) 
I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make 
False Accusation blufh, and Tyrannie 
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know 
(Whom leaff will seeme to doe so) my past life 
Hath beene as continent, as chaste, as true, 
As I am now vnhappy; which is more 
Then Historie can patterne, though deus'd, 
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me, 
A Fellow of the Royal Bed, which owe 
A Moitie of the Thrones: a great Kings Daughter, 
The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here standing 
To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, fore 
Who pleafe to come, and heare. For Life, I prise it 
As I weigh Griefe (which I would spare;) For Honor, 
'Tis a derivate from me to mine, 
And onely that I stand for. I appeal 
To your owne Conscience (Sir) before Polixenes 
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace, 
How merited to be so: Since he came, 
With what encounter so vncurrant, I 
Haue stray'd t'apare; thus; if one lot beyond 
The bound of Honor, or in act, or will 
That way enclin'd, harden'd be the hearts 
Of all that heare me, and my near'st of Kin 
Cry me upon my Grace.

Leo. I ne're heard yet, 
That any of these bolder Vices wanted 
Leffe Impedence to gaine-fay what they did, 
Then to performe it first. 

Her. That's true enough, 
Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me. 
Leo. You will not owne it. 
Her. More then Mistrust of, 
Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not 
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes 
(With whom I am accus'd) I doe confesse 
I lou'd him, as in Honor he requir'd: 
With such a kind of Love, as might become 
A Lady like me; with a Love, even such, 
So, and no other, as your selfe commanded: 
Which, not to have done, I thinke had been in me 
Both Difobedience, and Ingrateful 
To you, and toward your Friend, whose Love had spoke, 
Euen since it could speake, from an Infant, freely, 
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie, 
I know not how it taketh, though it be diff'd 
For me to try how: All I know of it, 
Is, that Camillo was an honest man; 
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves 
(Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know 
What you have underta'ne to doe in's absence.

Her. Sir,
The Sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.
Ser. My Lord the King: the King?
Leo. What is the business?
Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.
The Prince your Sonne, with mere conceit and fear
Of the Queenes speed, is gone.
Leo. How? gone?
Ser. Is dead.
Leo. Apollo’s angry, and the Heauens themselfes
Do you like at my Injuicke. How now there?
Pau. This newes is mortall to the Queene: Look downe
And fee what Death is doing.
Leo. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o’re-charg’d: she will recover.
I have too much beleu’d mine owne supposition:
Beleeu she tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. Apollo pardon
My great prophaneness, ‘gainst thine Oracle.
Ille reconcile me to Polixenes,
New wo,e my Queene, recall the good Camillo
(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy:)
For being transported by my Jealousies
To bloody thoughts, and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to paylon
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command: though I with Death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he(most humane,
And fill’d with Honor) to my Kingly Gueft
Vinclasp’d my prafield, quit his fortunes here
(Which you knew great) and to the hazard
Of all Incertainties, himselfe commended,
No richer then his Honor: How he glitters
Through my Ruff, and how his Piety
Do’s my deeds make the blacker?
Pau. Woe the while:
O cut my Lace, leaft my heart (cracking it)
Break too.
Lord. What fit this? good Lady?
Pau. What studied torments Tyrant) haft for me?
In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or newer Torture
Muft I receive’ whose every word deferves
To taste of thy most worst: Thy Tyranny
(Together working with thy Jealousies,
Fancies too weake for Boyes, too Greene and idle
For Girles of Nine) O think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed: flanke-mad: for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray’dst: Polixenes, twas nothing,
(That did but shew thee, of a Foole, Inconstant,
And damnable ingratitude:) Nor was’t much,
Thou would’st haue paylon’d good Camillo’s Honor,
To haue him kill a King: poore Trespassers,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The calling forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a Deuill
Would have herd water out of fire, ere don’t:
Nor is’t direcly layd to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) left the heart
That could conceive a groffe and foolish Sire
Biemilh’d his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Layd to thy answer: but the last: O Lords,
When I have said, cry wo: the Queene, the Queene,
The sweet'rt, deerp't creature's dead: & vengeance for't
Not drop'd downe yet.

*Lord.* The higher powres forbid.

*Pau.* I say she's dead: Ile sweart'. If word, nor oath
Preuail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tinhure, or lufbre in her lip, her eye
Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile ferue you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Do not repent these things, for they are heauier
Then all thy woes can flirre: therefore betake thee
To nothing but difpaire. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand yeares together, naked, ftesing,
Vpon a barren Mountaine, and still Winter
In florne perpetuall, could not move the Gods
To looke at that way thou wert.

*Leo.* Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speake too much, I have defeu'd
All tongues to talke their bitrefl.

*Lord.* Say no more;
How ere the businesse goes, you have made fault
I' th' boldnesse of your speech.

*Pau.* I am sorry for't;
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have shew'd too much
The raifehne f a woman: she is toucht.
To th' noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe
Should be past greene: Do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royall Sir, forfue a foolifh woman:
The loue I bore your Queene (Lo, fool'e againe)
Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,
(Who is lost too:) take your patience to you,
And Ile say nothing.

*Leo.* Thou didn't speake but well,
When moft the truth: which I receyue much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One graue shall be for both: Vpon them shal
The caufes of their death appeare (vnto
Our fame perpetuall) once a day, Ile vift
The Choppell where they lye, and teares shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will bear vp with this exercife, fo long
I dayly vow to vie it. Come, and lead me
To these foroweres.

**Scena Tertia.**

Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepe-
beard, and Clowne.

*Ant.* Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht vpon
The Dearts of Bohemia.

*Mar.* 1 (my Lord) and feare
We have Landed in ill time: the skies looke grily,
And threaten prefent bluters. In my confience
The heaues with that we haue in hand, are angry,
And frowne vpon's.

*Ant.* Their facred wil's be done: go get a-boord,
Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before

I call vpon thee.

*Marr.* Make your beft haftes, and go not
Too-farre i'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,
Befides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe vpon't.

*Antig.* Go thou away,
Ile follow instantly.

*Mar.* I am glad at heart
To be fo ridde o'th businesse.

*Ant.* Come, poore babe;
I haue heard (but not beleue'd) the Spirits o'th' dead
May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother
Appeare'd to me left night: for ne're was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one fide, some another,
I neuer saw a vsell of like forrow
So fill'd, and so becomming: in pure white Robes
Like very fancifhe she did approach
My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And (gaping to begin fome speach) her eyes
Became two fpoints: the furie spent, anon
Did this breakre from her. Good Antigonus,
Since Fate (againft thy better dispoilion)
Hath made thy perfon for the Thower-out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There wepepe, and leave it crying: and for the babe
Is count'd loft for ever, Perdite.

*Pau.* I prethee call't: For this vngentle businesse
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne'er shalt fee
Thy Wife Paulina more: and fo, with shrinckes
She melt'd into Ayre. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my felfe, and thought
This was fo, and no flumber: Dreams are toyes,
Yet for this once, yea superflittiously,
I will be fquar'd by this. I do beleue
Hermione hath fuffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeede the ifue
Of King Polixenes) it should heere be laide
(Either for life, or death) vpon the earth
Of it's right Father. Blofome, ipeed thee well,
There yere, and there thy charaffter: there thefe,
Which may if Fortune pleafe, both breed thee (pretty)
And fift right thine. The fformen beginnes, poore wretch,
That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
to loffe, and what may follow. Wepe I cannot,
But my heart bleedes: and moft accurf am I
To be by cath enloyn'd to this. Farewell,
The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to haue
A lullable too rough: I neuer saw
The heaues fo dim, by day. A fuage clamor?
Well may I get a-boord: This is the Chace,
I am gone for ever.

*Exit pursu'd by a Beare.*

*Shp.* I would there were no age betweene ten and
three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the ret
for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wench
es with childe, wronging the Auncientie, fealing,
fighting, heareke you now: would any but these boyle
braines of nineteeene, and two and twenty hunt this weath
? They have feare'd away two of my beft Sheepe,
which I feare the Wolfe will sooner finde then the Maf
fer; if any where I haue them, 'tis by the sea-fide, brou
zing of Iuy. Good-lucke (and be thy will) what haue
we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne? A
boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A pretty one, a verie prettie
one) fure fome Scape; Though I am not bookish, yet I
can

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Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I that please some, try all : both joy and terror
Of good, and bad : that makes, and vnfoldes error,
Now take vpon me (in the name of Time)
To vfe my wings : Impute it not a crime
To me, or my twift passage, that I sliede
Ore fixteene yeeres, and leave the growth vntride
Of that wide gap, since it is in my powre
To orethrow Law, and in one felle-borne howre
To plant, and ore-whelme Cufome. Let me paffe
The fame I am, ere ancien't Order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witnife to
The times that brought them in, fo shall I do
To th'fireneft things now reigning, and make stale
The gliftering of this prefent, as my Tale
Now feemes to it : your patience this allowing,
I turne my glaffe, and glue my Scene fuch growing
As you had flipt betweene : Leones leaving
Th'effeets of his fond lealoufes, fo greeling
That hee fhut vp himfelfe. Imagine me
(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be
In faire Bohemia, and remember well,
I mentioned a fonne o' th'Kings, which Florizell
I now name to you: and with speed fo pace
To speake of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equall with wand'ring. What of her infues
I lift not prophifie : but let Times newes
Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A shepherds daugh-
And what to her adheres, which followes after, (ter
Is th'argument of Time : of this allow,
If euer you haue spent time worfe, ere now :
If newer, yet that Time himfelle doth lay,
He wifhes earneffly, you never may.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pelixenes, and Camillo.

Pel. I pray thee (good Camillo) be no more importune : 'tis a ficknefe denying thee any thing : a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen yeeres since I saw my Countrey: though I haue (for the moft part) bin ayred abroad, I defire to lay my bones there. Befides, the penitent King (my Mafter) hath fent for me, to whose feeling forrowes I might be fome alay, or I orewene to think fo)which is another fpurre to my departure.

Pel. As thou loueft me (Camillo) wipe out not the reft of thy ferules, by leaving me now : the neede I haue of thee, thine owne goodffe hath made : better not to haue had thee, then thus to want thee, thou haueing made me Bufnifes, (which none (without thee) can sufficiently manage) mufte either fay to execute them thye felfe, or take away with thee the very ferules thou haft done: which if I haue not enough confidered (as too much I cannot) to bee more thankefull to thee, shall bee my studie, and my profites therein, the heaping friendfhippes.

Of that fatal Countrey Sicillia, prethes speakes no more, whole very naming, punnithes me with the remembrance.
of that penitent (as thou cal'st him) and reconciled King
my brother, whose lofe of his moft precious Queene &
Children, are even now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to
me, when saw'ft thou the Prince Florizell my fon? Kings
are no leffe vnhappy, their issue, not being gracious, then
they are in looking them, when they have approved their
Vertues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the Prince: what
his happier affayres may be, are to me unknowne: but I haue
(misgivingly) noted, he is of late much retir'd from
Court, and is leffe frequent to his Princely exercises then
formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I haue confidered fo much (Camillo) and with
some care, fo farre, that I haue eyes vnder my fenuece,
which looke upon his remoundnesse: from whom I haue
this Intelligence, that he is solfome from the houle of a
moft homely shepheard: a man (they say) that from very
nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors,
is growne into an unfeakeable estate.

Cam. I haue heard (Sir) of such a man, who hath
a daughter of moft rare note: the report of her is extended
more, then can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my Intelligence: but (I
fear) the Angle that plucks our fonnes thither. Thou
flalt accompany vs to the place, where we will (not
appearing what we are) haue some question with the
shepheard; from whose simplenesse, I thinke it not vnfease
to get the caufe of my fonnes refort therewith. Prethe be my
prefent partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts
of Sicillia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My beft Camillo, we must disguife ourfelues. Exit

Scena Tertia.

Enter Autolicus finging.
When Daffadils begin to peer,
With heigh the Doges over the daie,
Why then comes in the sweet o'the yeares,
For the red brawes raines in winters pale.

The white fheete bleaching on the hedge,
With hey the fweete birds, O bow they fing:
Dost set my pugying tongue an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.

The Larks, that tirra-Lyra chaunt,
With heigh, the Thrush and the Jay:
Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts
While we lye tumbling in the bay.

I haue ser'd Prince Florizell, and in my time wore three
pale, but now I am out of feruice.

'But shall I go mourn for that (my deere)
the pale Moore fhyes by night:
And when I wonder here, and there
I then do most go right?
If Tinkers may haue trauel to live,
and hear the Sew-skin Bouquet,
Then my account I tell may glue,
and in the Stockes aushew-it.

My Traffickes are thefeets: when the Kite builds, looke
to leffer Linnen. My Father nam'd me Autolicus, who be-
ing (as I am) lytter'd vnder Mercurie, was likewife a
snapper-vp of vnconsidered trifles: With Dye and drab,
I purchas'd this Caparison, and my Reuennew the filly
Cheate. Gallowes, and Knockes, are too powerfull on
the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to mee:
For the life to come, I sleepe out the thought of it. A
prize, a prize.

Enter Cloone.

Clo. Let me fee, euer Leuuen-weather todde, euer
tod yeeldes pound and oddle hilling: fifteen hundred
shorne, what comes the wooll too?

Aut. If the springe hold, the Cocke's mine.

Clo. I cannot o'thout Compters. Let mee fee,
what am I to buy for our Shep-pearing-Feast? Three
pound of Sugar, five pound of Currence, Rice: What
will this fifter of mine do with Rice? But my father hath
made her Miftres of the Feast, and she lays it on. Shee
hath made me four and twenty Nose-gays for the shee-
mares, three-man fong-men, all, and very good ones) but
they are moft of them Meanes and Bafes; but one Purit-
an amongst them, and he sings Pflumes to horne-pipes.
I haue Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace: 
Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, seven ;
a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Four
pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reayfons o'th Sun.

Aut. Oh, that euer I was borne.

Clo. I'th name of me.

Aut. Oh helpe mee, helpe mee: plucke but off these
ragges: and then, death, death.

Clo. Alacke poore foule, thou haft need of more rags
to lay on thee, rather then haue thefe off.

Aut. Oh fir, the leathomnesse of them offend mee,
more then the stripes I haue recuied, which are mightie
onces and millions.

Clo. Alas poore man, a million of beating may come
to a great matter.

Aut. I am rob'd fir, and beaten: my money, and
apparel tane from me, and these deareable things put
up on me.

Clo. What, by a horfe-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A footman (sweet fir) a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments
he has left with thee: If this bee a horsemans Coate, it
hath feene very hot feruice. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe
thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. Oh good fir, tenderly, oh.

Clo. Alas poore foule.

Aut. Oh good fir, softly, good fir: I feare (fyr) my
shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? Can't stand?

Aut. Softly, deere fir: good fir, softly: you ha done
me a charitable office.

Clo. Doest lacke any mony? I have a little mony for
thee.

Aut. No, good sweet fir: no, I beekech you fir: I haue
a Kinfman not pait three quarters of a mile hence, vnto
whome I was going: I shall there haue money, or anie
thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that kills
my heart.

Clow. What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow (Sir) that I have knowne to goe about
with Troll-my-dames: I knew him once a fennent of the
Prince: I cannot tell good fir, for which of his Ver-
tues it was, but hee was certainly Whipt out of the
Court.

Clo.
The Winters Tale.

Clown. His vices you would say: there's no vertue whipt out of the Court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath bene since an Ape-bearer, then a Processe-furer (a Bayliffe) he then compleat a Motion of the Prodigious Jonson, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Liuing lye; and (having flowne over many knavery professions) he settled onely in Rogue: some call him Aulicus.

Clo. Out upon him: Prig, for my life Prighee haunts Wakes, Faires, and Beare-hatings.

Aut. Very true sir: he sir hee: that's the Rogue that put me into this apparrill.

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but look'd bigger, and spit at him, he'd have runne.

Aut. I must confesse to you (Sir) I am no fighter: I am falfe of heart that way, & that he knew I warrant him.

Clown. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better then I was: I can stand, and walke: I will even take my leave of you, & peace forthly towards my Kinffmans.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good fac'd sir, no sweet sir.

Clo. Then fartheewell, I must go buy Spices for our sheepe-shearing. Exit.

Aut. Prosper you sweet sir. Your purse is not e-ough to purchase your Spicke: Ile be with you at your sheepe-shearing too: if I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the sheerers prove sheepe, let me be vnrold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue.

Song. Log-on, Log-on, the foot-path way, And merrily how the Stile-a: A mery heart goes all the day, Your sad tyers in a Mile-a. Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowes, Policenes, Camillo, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants, Aulicus.

Florizel. These your vnfitfull weeds, to each part of you Do's give a life: no Shepherdesse, but Flora Pearing in Aprils front. This your sheepe-shearing, Is as a meeting of the petty Gods, And you the Queen on't.

Perdix. Sir: my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me: (Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high selfe The gracious marke o'th Land, you haue obfur'd With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide) Most Goddesse-like prank'd vp: But that our Feasts In every Meffe, hawe folly; and the Feades Digest with a Custome, I should blush. To fee you so attyr'd: I waone I thinke, To shew my felse a glaffe.

Flo. I bleffe the time When my good Falcon, made her flight a-croffe Thy Fathers ground.

Perdix. Now Iose afford you cause: To me the difference forges dread (your Greatnesss

Hath not beene vs'd to feare:) even now I tremble To think your Father, by some accident Should passe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates, How would he looke, to see his worke, so noble, Wildenly bound vp? What would he say? Or how should I (in thefe my borrowed Flaunts) behold The hermophynge of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend Nothing but iollity: the Goddes themselfes (Humbling their Deities to looke) have taken The shapes of Beasts upon them. Jupiter, Became a Bull, and bellows: the greene Neptune A Ram, and bleateing: and the Fire-roab'd-God Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine, As I feeme now. Their transformations, Were neuer for a pece of beauty, rarer, Nor in a way so chaft: since my desires Run not before mine honor: nor my Laufes Burne hotter then my Faith,

Perdix. O but Sir, Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis Oppos'd (as it must be) by th'powre of the King:
One of these two must be necessaries, Which then will speake, that you must change this pur-
Or I my life.

(pole,

Flo. Thou clever Perdix,
With these forçd thoughts, I prethee darken not The Mirth o'th Feast: Or Ile be thine (my Faire) Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if I be not thine. To this I am most constant, Though destyne fay no. Be merry (Gentle) Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing That you behold the while. Your guestes are comming:

Lift vp your countenance, as it were the day Of celebration of that nuptiall, which We two haue sworn shall come.

Perdix. O Lady Fortune, Stand you auspicious.

Florizel. See, your Guests approach,
Addrest your felse to entertaine them sprightly, And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. fy (daughter) when my old wife liu'd: upon This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke, Both Dame and Servant: Welcom'd all: erud't all, Would finge her fong, and dance her turne: neuer heere At vpper end o'th Table; now, I'th middle: On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire With labour, and the thing she tooke to quench it She would to each one fp. You are retyr'd, As if you were a feated one: and not The Hofteffe of the meeting: Pray you bid Thes vnknowne friends te's welcome, for it is A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne. Come, quench your blusses, and present your felse That which you are, Misfris o'th Feast. Come on, And bid vs welcome to your sheepe-shearing, As your good flocke shrall prosper.

Perdix. Sir, welcome:
It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee The Hofteffhip o'th day: you're welcome Sir, Gue me those Flowres there (Dorcas) Reuerend Sirs, For you, there's Rofemary, and Rue, thefe keepe Seeming, and favour all the Winter long: Grace, and Remembrance be to you both, And welcome to our Shearing.
The Winters Tale.

Pol. Shepherdesse,
(A faire one are you!) well you fit our ages
With flowers of Winter.

Perd. Sir, the yeare growing ancient,
Not yet on fummers death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the hayreft flowers o'th feast
Are our Carnations, and ake'd Gilly-vors,
(Which some call Nature's bafards) of that kind
Our rufickle Gardens barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherfore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them?

Perd. For I have heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their pidenese shares
With great creating-Nature.

Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
But Nature makes that Meane: so ouer that Art,
(Which you say addes to Nature) is an Art
That Nature makes : you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sien, to the wilden Stocke,
And make conceyue a barke of bafer kinde
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it selfe, is Nature.

Perd. So it is.

Pol. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly'vors,
And do not call them bafards.

Perd. Ie ne put
The Bible in earth, to set one slip of them :
Nor more then was I painted, I would with
This youth shoul say 'twer well : and only therefore
Defire to breed by me. Here's flowers for you:
That Anne auerad, Mints, Savoury, Maritorum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with Sun,
And with him rifes, weeping: These are flowers
Of middle summer, and I thinke they are gien
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grafting, were I of your flocke,
And only lie by gazing.

Perd. Out alas:
You'd be so leane, that blasts of January
(Friend, Would blow you through and through.Now (my fairest
I would I had some Flowers o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That weare upon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden heads growing: O Perferpina,
For the Flowers now, that (frighted thou) let fall fall
From Diffes Waggon: Daffadill,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The winde of March with beauty: Violets (dim,
But sweeter then the lids of Inno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath) pale Prime-roles,
That dye unmarrried, ere they can behold
Bright Phæbus in his strength (a Maligne
Most incident to Maids') bold Oxips, and
The Crowne Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds,
(The Flower-de-Luce being one.) O, these I lacke,
To make you Garlands of) and my sweet friend,
To shew him o're, and ore.

Flo. What like a Coarefe?

Perd. No, like a bandie, for Loue to lye, and play on:
Not like a Coarefe: or if: not to be buried,
But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your scours,
Me thinke I play as I have seene them do
In Whitton-Pafforais: Sure this Robe of mine

Do's change my disposition:

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speake (Sweet)
I'll have you do it euer: When you sing,
I'd have you buy, and sell fo: fo glue Almes,
Pray fo: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
To fing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'th Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but that: more still, Hill fo:
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(Singular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Aces, are Queens.

Perd. O Doricles,
Your praires are too large: but that your youth
And the true blood which peepes fairely through't,
Do plainly give you out a vnstain'd Shepheard
With wisedome, I might feare (my Doricles)
You wou'd me the false way.

Flo. I thinke you haue
As little skill to feare, as I haue purpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my Perdites:) fo Turtles paire
That newer meanes to part.

Perd. Ile have one for 'em.

Po. This is the prettiest Low-borne Laffe, that euer
Ran on the greene-foord: Nothing she do's, or feemes
But fmackes of something greater then her selfe,
Too Noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood looke on't: Good sooth she is
The Queene of Cards and Creame.

Cl. Come on: strike vp.

Dor. Mistris must be your Mistris: marry Garlick
to mend her kissing with.

Map. Now in good time.

Cl. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners,
Come, strike vp.

Here a Daunce of Shepheards and Shepheardisses.

Pol. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

Scep. They call him Doricles, and boaste himselfe
To have a worthy Feeding: but I have it
Vpon his owne report, and I beleue it:
He looks like sooth: he fayes he loues my daughter,
I thinke fo to; for neuer gas'd the Moonen
Vpon the water, as hee'l stand and reade
As twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,
I thinke there is not halfe a kiffe to chooaze
Who loues another better.

Pol. She dances fealty.

Scep. So she do's any thing, though I report it
That should be silente: if yong Doricles
Do light upon her, she shal bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Ser. O Mafter: if you did but heare the Peeler at the
doore, you would never dance againe after a Tabor
Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not move you: hee finges
several Tunes, faster then you'll tell money: hee vterts
them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens cares grew to
his Tunes.

Cl. He could never come better: hee shall come in:
I love a ballad but even too well, if it be dolefull
matter merrily set downe: or a very plesant thing indeede,
and fung lamentably.

Ser.
The Winters Tale.

Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes: No Milliner can so fit his customers with Gloues: he has the prettiest Loue-songs for Maids, so without bardrie (which is strange,) with such delicate burthen of Dido's and Fadings: Jump-her, and thump-her, and where some fret-mouth'd Rascall, would (as it were) meane milcheefe, and brake a fowle gap into the Matter, hee makes the maid to anfwer, Wbop, doe me no harme good man: put a him off, flights him, with Wbop, doe mee no harme good man.

Pol. This is a braue fellow.

Clo. Beleeeue mee, thou talkeft of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any vnbrailed Wares?

Ser. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th Rainebow, Points, more then all the Lawyers in Bohemia, can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th'groffe: Jackles, Caddyffes, Cambickes, Lawnes: why he fings em ouer, as they were Gods, or Goddesse: you would think a Smocke were a Ghee-Angell, he fo chantes to the sfeene-hand, and the worke about the fquare on't.

Clo. Pre'thee bring him in, and let him approach finging.

Perd. Forewarnme him, that he vfe no scurrilous words in's tunes.

Glow. You have of these Pedlers, that have more in them, then you'd thinke (Sifter.)

Perd. I, good brother, or go about to thinke.

Enter Autolycus finging.

Lace mon bible as driven Snow, 
Cypriffes blake as ever was Crow, 
Glowes as fweate at Damaske Rose, 
Maskes for faces, and for noles: 
Bangle-bracelet, Necke-lace Amber, 
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber: 
Golden Ruffes, and Stomachers 
For my Lads, to give their deers: 
Pins, and poaking-fitches of steel. 
What Maids lace from head to heele: 
Come buy of me, come come buy, 
Buy Lads, or else your Laffers cry: Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mop, thou shooldt take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloues.

Mop. I was promis'd them againe the Feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd me more then that, or there be yeares.

Mop. He hath paid you all hee promis'd you: 'May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him againe.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they weare their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time? When you are going to bed? Or kill-hole? To whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tatteering before all our guests? "Tis well they are whispering:clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done; Come you promis'd me a tawdry- lace, and a pair of sweet Gloues.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and loft all my money.

Aut. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therefor it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou man, thou shalt doe nothing here, Aut. I hope to fir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What haft here? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy some: I love a ballet in print, a life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, how a Vfurers wife was brought to bed of twenty money baggis at a burthen, and how the long'd to eate Adders heads, and Toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, thinkse you?

Aut. Very true, and but a moneth old.

Dor. Bleffe me from marrying a Vfurers.

Aut. Here's the Midwives name to't: one Mist. Tale Porter, and fuce or fix honest Wives, that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come-on, lay it by: and let's firl see mee Ballads: Wei'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a Fish, that appeared upon the caft, on wednesday the fourcore of April, fortie thousand famon above water, & fung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she wold not exchange flesh with one that lou'd her: The Ballad is very pittifull, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, thince you.

Autol. Fife Insufes hands at it, and witnesse more then my packe will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a paffing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids weaning a man: there's scarce a Maide weftward but the fings it: 'tis in requerit, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both fing it: if thou'll beare a part, thou shalt have, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't, a month agoe.

Aut. I can beare my part, you must know 'tis my occupation: Have at it with you.

Song. Get you henc, for I must goe

Aut. Where it fits not you to know.

Dor. Whether?

Mop. O whether?

Dor. Whether?

Mop. It becomes th' earl full well, 
Thou to me thy secrets tell.

Dor. Me too: Let me go ther.

Mop. Or thou goest to th'Grange, or Mill,

Dor. If to either thou doft ill,

Aut. Neither.

Dor. What neither?

Aut. Neither:

Dor. Thou haft faymme my Love to be,

Mop. Thou haft faymme to me to mee,

Then whether goest? Say whether ?

Clo. Wei'll have this songe out anon by our felues: My Father, and the Gent, are in sad talkis, & we'll not trouble them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches Ile buy for you both:Pedler let's have the first choice; follow me girlis.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

Song. Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Crpe?

Mop. My scanty Dukes, my deer-a-a?

Any Silke, any Tread, any Toyes for your head
Of the nestt's, and fainst's, fainst's ware-a.

Come to the Pedler, Money's a medler,
That doth utter all mens ware-a.

Exit.

Servant. Mayster, there is three Carters, three Shop 

herds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds j have made them.
themselfes all men of haires, they cal themselfes Saltiers, and they have a Dance, which the Wrenches say is a gal-
ly-mauffrey of Gambols, because they are not in : but they
themselfes are o'th: minde (if it be not too rough for
some, that know little but bowling) it will please
plentifull.

Slop. Away: We'll none on't; here be beene too
much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) wee wea-
rie you.

Pol. You wairie those that refresh vs: pray let's see
thee four-theres of Heardenmen.

Sir. One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,)
hath danc'd before the King : and not the worft of the
three, but iumpes twelue foote and a halfe by th'aire.

Slop. Leave your prating, since these good men are
plea'd, let them come in ; but quickly now.

Sir. Why, they ray at doore Sir.

Hear a Dance of twelue Satyres.

Pol. O Father, you'll know more of that hereaft:
Is it not too farre gone ? Tis time to part them,
He's simple, and tels much. How now (faire shepheard)
Your heart is full of someting, that do's take
Your minde from feeling. Sooth, when I was yong,
And handed love, as you do; I was wont
To load my Shee with knacks: I would haue ranfackt
The Pedlers fikken Treasury, and haue powrd it
To her acceptance: you haue let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your Laffe
Interpretation shoulb abuite, and call this
Your lacke of lour, or bounty, you were straited
For a reply at leaft, if you make a care
Of happie holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizses not fuch trifles as these are :
The gifts the lookes from me, are packt and lockt
Vp in my heart, which I have givn already,
But not defier'd. O heare me breath my life
Before this ancient Sir, whom (it should seeme)
Hath sometime lou'd: I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as Doues-downe, and as white as it,
Or Ethyplains tooth, or the fan'd snow, that's bolted
By th'Norterne blasts, twice ore.

Pol. What follows this?
How prettily th'yon Swaine seemes to wafh
The hand, was faire before? I have put youout,
But to your protestation : Let me heare
What you professe.

Flo. Do, and be witnese too't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too.

Flo. And he, and more
Then he, and men : the earth, the heavens, and all ;
That were I crown'd the moft Imperiall Monarch
Thereof most worthy : were I the fayreft youth
That euer made eye fweare, had force and knowledge
More then euer mans, I would not prize them
Without her Loue; for her, employ them all,
Commend them, and commend them to her service,
Or to their owne perdition.

Pol. Fairely offer'd.

Cam. This shewes a found affection.

Slop. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him.

Per. I cannot speake
So well, (nothing fo well) no, nor meane better
By th'pattern of mine owne thoughts, I cut out
The puritie of his.

Slop. Take hands, a bargain;
And friends vndonowne, you shall haue witnese to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her Portion, equal his.

Flo. O, that must bee
I'th Vertue of your daughter: One being dead,
I shall haue more then you can dreame of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come-on,
Contrat vs fore these Witnese.

Slop. Come, your hand :
And daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft Swaine a-while, beseech you,
Have you a Father

Flo. I haue: but what of him?

Pol. Knowes he of this?

Flo. He neither do's, nor shal.

Pol. Me-thinkes a Father,
Is at the Nuptiall of his sonne, a guest
That beft becomes the Table : Pray you once more
Is not your Father growne incapable
Of reasonable affayres? Is he not fupid
With Age, and altring Rheumes? Can he speake? heare?
Know man, from man? Dispute his owne estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? And againe, do's nothing
But what he did, being childife?

Flo. No good Sir:
He has his health, and ampler strength indeede
Then moft haue of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him (if this be fo) a wrong
Something vnfulliall: Reafon my sonne
Should choose himselfe a wife, but as good reason
The Father (all whose io is nothing elfe
But faire politerity) shoulb hold some cunfaile
In such a busineffe.

Flo. I yead all this;
But for some other reafons (my graue Sir)
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint

My Father of this busineffe.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prethee let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Slop. Let him (my sonne) he shall not need to greue
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:
Markes our Contract.

Pol. Markes your diuorce (yon Sir)
Whom sonne I dare not call: Thou art too base
To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters heire,
That thus affects a theepe-hooke? Thou, old Traitor,
I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can
but shorten thy life one weke. And thou, fresh pece
Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force must know
The royall Foose thou coop't with.

Slop. Oh my heart.

Pol. Ie haue thy beauty scratcht with briers & made
More homely then thy flate. For thee (fond boy)
If I may ever know thou doft but fish,
That thou no more shalt never fee this knacke (as neuer
I meane thou shalt) we'll barre thee from succeffion,
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin,
Farre then Deception off: (marke thou my words)
Follow vs to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time
(Though full of our diplafeature) yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,
Worthy enough a Heerdman: yea him too,
That makes himselfe (but for our Honor therein)
Vnworthy thee. If ever henceforth, thou
These rullt Latches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
I will defile a death, as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to't.

Perd. Even here vnload: I was not much a-fear'd: for once, or twice
I was about to speake, and tell him plainly,
The false fame Sun, that shines vpon his Court,
Hides not his vifage from our Cottage, but
Lookes on alake. Wilt please you (Sir) be gone?
I told you what would come of this: Befeech you
Of your owne free take care: This dreame of mine
Being now awake, Ie Queene it no inch farther,
But milke my Eues, and wepe.

Cam. Why how now Father,
Speake ere thou dyest.

Slep. I cannot speake, nor thinke,
Nor dare to know, that which I know: O Sir,
You have vnload a man of foure core three,
That thought to fill his graue in quiet: yea,
To dye vpon the bed my father dy'de,
To lye close by his honest bones: but now
Some Hangman must put on my shradow, and lay me
Where no Priest shoules in duft. Oh curled wretch,
That know'st this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him. Vndone, vnload:
If I might dye within this house, I haue liu'd
To die when I desire.

Flo. Why looke you fo vpon me?
I am but forre, not affaere'd: delaid,
But nothing altrue: What I was, I am:
More draining on, for plucking backe; not following
My leafe vnwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no speche: (which I doe gheffe
You do not purpose to him,) and as hardly
Will be endure your fight, as yet I fear;
Then till the fury of his Hightneffe settle
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it: I thinke Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my Lord.

Per. How often haue I told you 'twould be thus?
How often said my dignity would laff
But till 'twer knowne?

Flo. It cannot laff, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature crush the fides o' th earth together,
And marre the seeds within. Lift vp thy looke:
From my succession wipe me (Father) I
Am heyre to my affection.

Cam. Be aduise'd.

Flo. I am: and by my fancie, if my Reason
Will thereto be obedient: I haue reason: I
If non, my fencies better pleas'd with madneffe,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate (Sir.)

Flo. So call it: but it do's fulfill my vow:
I needs must thinke it honeyly. Camillo,
Not for Bosomia, nor the pompe that may
Be threat glean'd; for all the Sun fees, or
The clofe earth wombes, or the profound fear, hides

In vnknowne fadomes, will I brake my oath
To this my faire belou'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have euer bin my Fathers honou'red friend,
When he shall meffe me, (as in faith I meane not
To see him any more) caft your good counsails
Vpon his passion: Let my selfe, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And fo deliver, I am put to Sea
With her, who heere I cannot hold on shore:
And moft opportune to her neede, I haue
A Veffell rides fait by, but not prepar'd
For this designe. What course I meane to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concerne me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your neede.

Flo. Hearke Perdie,
Ile heare you by and by.

Cam. Hee's irremouerable,
Refoul'd for flight: Now were I happy if
His going, I could frame to serve my turne,
Save him from danger, do him loue and honor,
Purchase the flight againe of deere Sicillia,
And that vnhappy King, my Master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious businesse, that
I leave out cerimony.

Cam. Sir, I thinke
You haue heard of my poore seruices, I' th loue
That I haue borne your Father?

Flo. Very nobly
Haue you defuer'd: It is my Fathers Musick
To speake your deeds: not liitle of his care
To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may please to thinke I loue the King,
And through him, what's neerest to him, which is
Your gracious selfe; embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration. On mine honor,
Ie point you where you shall have such receueng
As shall become your Highneffe, where you may
Enjoy your Mistra: from the whom, I see
There's no difunction to be made, but by
(As heauens foredoend) your ruine: Marry her,
And with my best endeavour, in your abstinence,
Your discontenting Father, strive to qualifie
And bring him vp to liking.

Flo. How Camillo
May this (almost a miracle) be done?
That I may call thee something more then man,
And after that truth to thee.

Cam. Haue you thought on
A place whereeto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th'vnthougt-on accident is guiltie
To what we wildely do, fo we professe
Our felues to be the flaves of chance, and flies
Of every winde that blowes.

Cam. Then lift to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But vndergo this flight; make for Sicillia,
And there present your selfe, and your fayre Princeffe,
(For fo I fee the must be) fore Leoneti;
The Winters Tale.

She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Me thinks I see
Leontes opening his five arms, and weeping
His welcomes forthasks thee there Sienne forgive of
As t'were I the Fathers paramour kiss the hands
Of your fresh Princess, ere and ore diu'd him,
'Twixt his vnkindnes, and his Kindnes: the one
He chides to HELL, and bids the other grow
Faster then Thought, or Time.
Flo. Worthy Camillus,
What colour for my Vifitation, shall I
Hold vp before him?
Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to give him comfort. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliver,
Things knowne betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe,
The which shall point you forth at every fitting
What you must say: that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your Fathers Bosome there,
And speake his very Heart.
Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some fappe in this.
Cam. A Course more promising,
Then a wild dedication of your fules
To vnpath'd Waters, vnkind'm Shores: most certaine,
To Miseries enough; no hope to helpe you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing to certaine, as your Anchors, who
Doe their best office, if they can but stay you,
Where you'll be loth to be: besides you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of Loue,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.
Perd. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the Cheek,
But not take-in the Mind.
Cam. Yea? say you so?
There shall not, at your Fathers House, these feuen yeeres
Be borne another fuch.
Flo. My good Camillo,
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is 'th' reare our Birth.
Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks Instructions, for the seemen a Miftresse
To moft that teach.
Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this,
Ile blufh you Thanks.
Flo. My prettieft Perdita.
But O, the Thornes we stand vpon: (Camillo)
Preferrer of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our House: how shall we doe?
We are not furnished like Bohemia's Sonne,
Nor shall appeare in Scilla.
Cam. My Lord,
Fear none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there: it shall be to my care,
To have you royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play, were mine. For instance Sir,
That you may know you shall not want one word,
Enter Autelius.
Aut. Ha, ha, what a Fooloe hoffles is? and Truth (his
sworne brother) a very simplex Gentleman. I haue sold
all my Tromperie: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon,
Glaffes, Pomander, Brouch, Table-bookes, Ballad, Knife,
Tape, Glove, Shoe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe
my Pack from fafting: they throug who should buy first,
as if my Trinkets had bene hallowed; and brought a be-
nefition to the buyer: by which means, I swow whole
Purfe was blest in Picture; and what I saw, to my good
vife, I remembered. My Clowne (who wants but some-
ing to be a reasonable man) grew fo in loue with the
Wench's Song, that he would not fre the Petty-toes,
till he had both Tune and Words, which fo drew the ref
of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences fluck in
Eares: you might have pincht a Placket, it was fience-
left: [twas nothing to gue a Coa-piece of a Purfe: I
would have fill'd Keyes of that hang in Chaynes: no
hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the
Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie, I picked
and cut moft of their Fellinall Purfes: And had not the
old-man come in with a Whoo-bub againft his Daugh-
ter, and the Kings Sonne, nor fear'd my Chowges from
the Chaffe, I had not left a Purfe aliue in the whole
Army.
Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, hall cleare that doubt.
Flo. And thole that you procure from King Leontes?
Cam. Shall satisifie your Father.
Perd. Happy be you:
All that you speake, shewes faire.
Cam. Who haue we here?
Wele make an Infrument of this: omit
Nothing may glie va aide.
Aut. If they have ouer-heard me now:why hanging.
Cam. How now (good Fellow)
Why shak't thou fo? Fear not (man)
Here's no harme intended to the.
Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir.
Cam. Why, be fo still: here's no body will steal that
from thee: yet for the out-side of thy powrie, we muft
make an exchange; therefore dif-cate thee infantly (thou
muft thinke there's a necessitie in't) and change Garments
with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his
side) be the worft, yet hold thee, there's some boot.
Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir:
Cam. Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is half
flid already.
Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? (I smell the trick on't.)
Flo. Dispatch, I prethee.
Aut. Indeed I haue had Earneft, but I cannot with
conience take it.
Cam. Vnbuckle, vnbuckle.
Fortunate Mistrefse (let my prophecie
Come home to ye:) you must retire your selfe
Into some Court: take your sweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,
Def-mante you, and (as you can) dililken
The truth of your owne freming, that you may
(For I doe fear eyes ouer) to Ship-board
Get vndeffer'd.
Perd. I see the Play fo lyes,
That I must brea a part.
Cam. No remedie:
Have you done there?
Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Sonne.
Cam. Nay, you shall have no Hat:
Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)
Aut. Adieu, Sir.
Flo. O Perdita: what have we twaine forgot?
'Pray you a word.

Cam. What I doe next, shall be to tell the King
Of this escape, and whither they be bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall fo prevaile,
To force him after : in which company
I shall re-view Sicilia; for whole sight,
I have a Womans Longing.

Fio. Fortune speed vs:
Thus we set on (Camillo) to th'Sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better. Exit.

Aut. I understand the busines, I hear it: to have an
open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for
a Cut-purse; a good Nose is requisite also, to smell out
worke for th'other Senses. I see this is the time that
the vniust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been,
without boot? What a boot is here, with this exchange?
Sure the Gods doe this yeere conniue at vs, and we may
do any thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about
a piece of Iniquitie (steealing away from his Father,
with his Clog at his heels:) if I thought it were a piece of
honestie to acquire the King withall, I would not do't: I
hold it the more knuraerie to conceal it; and therein am
I constant to my Profession.

Enter Cloclune and Shepherdd.

Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot braine: Every
Lanes end, every Shop, Church, Seffion, Hanging, yeilds
a carefull man workes.

Clowlune. See, see: what a man you are now? there is no
other way, but to tell the King she's a Changeling,
and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but heare me.

Clowlune. Nay but heare me.

Shep. Go too then.

Clowlune. She being none of your flesh and blood, your
flesh and blood ha's not offend'd the King, and so your
flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those
things you found about her (thofe secret things, all but
what she ha's with her) This being done, let the Law goe
whilfe: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his
Sonners prankcs too; who, I may say, is no honest man,
neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me
the Kings Brother in Law.

Clowlune. Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you
could haue beene to him, and then your Blood had beene
the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wifely (Puppies.)

Shep. Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this
Farthell, will make him scrath his Beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this Complaint
may be to the flight of my Master.

Clo. Pray, heartily he be at Palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am fo
sometimes by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excre-
ment. How now (Fugitives) whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' Palace (and it like your Worship.)

Aut. Your Affairs there? what? with whom? the
Condition of that Farthell? the place of your dwelling?
your names? your ages? of what hauing? breeding, and
any thing that is fitting to be knoune, discourse?

Clo. We are but plaine fellowes, Sir.

Aut. A Lye, you are rough, and haylie: Let me haue
no lying; it becomes none but Trade-men, and they of-
ten give vs. (Souldiers) The Lye, but wee pay them for it
with stamp'd Coyne, not flabbing Steele, therefore they
do not give vs the Lye.

Clo. Your Worship had like to have gien vs one, if
you had not taken your selfe with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courthier, and'll like you Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. See this
tho' not the aire? of the Court, in these enfoldings? Hath
not my gate in it, the measure of the Court? Receives not
they Nose Court-Ordour from me? Releafe I not on thy
Businesse, Court-Contempt? Think't thou, for that I
infinite, at toasse from thee thy Businesse, I am therefore
no Courtier? I am Courtier Cap-a-pe; and one that
will euery put-on, or pluck-back, thy Businesse there:
whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.

Shep. My Businesse, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Advocate ha'ft thou to him?

Shep. I know not (and't like you.)

Clo. Advocate's the Court-word for a Pheasant: say
you have none.

Shep. None, Sir: I have no Pheasant Cock, nor Hen.

Aut. How blessed are we, that are not simple men?
Yet Nature might haue made me as these are,
Therefore I will not difaine.

Clowlune. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he weares them not
hand-omely.

Clowlune. He seemes to be the more Noble, in being fant-
casticall: A great man, Ile warrant; I know by the picking
on's Teeth.

Aut. The Farthell there? What's i'th' Farthell?

Shep. Wherefore that Box?

Shep. Sir, there Ies such Secrets in this Farthell and
Box, which none must know but the King, and which hee
shall know within this hour, if I may come to th' speech
of him.

Aut. Age, thou haft lost thy labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Palace, he is gone aboord
a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himselfe: for
thou bee'st capable of things serious, thou must know
the King is full of griefe.

Shep. So 'tis said (Sir,) about his Sonne, that should
have marrie a Shepheards Daughter.

Aut. If that Shepheard be not in hand-falt, let him
flye; the Curles he shall haue, the Tortures he shall feele,
will breake the back of Man, the heart of Mounster.

Clowlune. Thinke you fo', Sir?

Aut. Not hee alone shall suffer what Wit can make
haue, and Vengeance bitter but those that are lernaine
to him (though remou'd fifty times) shall all come vnder
the Hang-man: which, though it be great pity, yet it is
necessarie. An old Sheepe-whisting Rogue, a Ram-tender,
to offer to haue his Daughters into grace; Some
eye shall be fond: but that death is too soft for him
(fay I.) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coate? all deaeths
are too few, the sharpest too safe.

Clowlune. Ha's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare)
and it like you, Sir?

Aut. Hee ha's a Sonne: who shall be flayd alene, then
'nyount over with Honey, fet on the head of a Wafjes
Nes, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead:
then recover'd againe with Aquavit, or some other hot
Infusion: then, raw as he is (and in the hoteft day Progno-
sitation proclaymes) shall he be set against a Brick-wall,
(tho' the Sunne looking with a Southward eye vpon him;
where hee is to behold him, with Flies blown to death.)
But what talke we of these Traitory-Rafcahs, whose mi-
series are to smill at, their offences being so capital?

Tell
Tell me (for you seeme to be honest plaine men) what you have to the King: being something gently consider'd, I'll bring you where he is abroad, tender your persona to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your Suits, here is man shall doe it.

Cloe. He seemes to be of great authoritie: close with him, give him Gold; and though Authority be a stubborn Beare, yet he is oft led by the Nose with Gold: shew the in-side of your Purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more ado. Remember Avon, and flap'd alius.

Step. And't please you(Sir) to undertake the businesse for vs, here is that Gold I have: It make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawne, till I bring it you.

Avt. After I have done what I promised?
Step. I Sir.
Avt. Well, give me the Moitie: Are you a partie in this businesse?
Cloe. In some sort, Sir: but though my cafe be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.
Avt. Oh, that's the cafe of the Shepheard Sonne: hang him, hee'll be made an example.

Cloe. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the King, and shew our strange fights: he must know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Sister: wee are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man do's, when the businesse is performed, and remain (as he fay's) your pawne till it be brought you.

Avt. I will trust you. Walke before toward the Sea-side, goe on the right hand, I will but looke upon the Hedge, and follow you.

Cloe. We are blest, in this man: as I may say, even blest.

Step. Let's before, as he bids vs: he was prouided to doe vs good.

Avt. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer mee: shee drops Booties in my mouth. I am counterd now with a double occasion: Gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Master good; which, who knows how that may turne backe to my advancement? I will bring these two Muses, these blind-ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to flay them againe, and that the Complaint they have to the King, concerns him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so farre officious, for I am proofs against that Title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, Servants: Florisel, Perdita.

Cloe. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe More penitence, then done trespass: At the last Doe, as the Heauens have done; forget your cuill, With them, forgive your selfe.

Leo. Whilst I remember Her, and her Vertue, I cannot forget My blemishes in them, and so still thinke of The wrong I did my selfe: which was so much, That Heire-leffe it hath made my Kingdom, and Defroy'd the sweete Companion, that ere man Bred his hopes out of true.

Paul. Too true (my Lord!)

If one by one, you wedded all the World, Or from the All that are, tooke something good, To make a perfect Woman; she you kill'd, Would be vnparelled'd.

Leo. I thinke fo. Kill'd?

She I kill'd? I did fo: but thou strilkit me Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter Upon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now, Say fo but feldome.

Cloe. Not at all, good Lady:
You might have spoked a thousand things, that would Have done the time more benefit, and grace'd Your kindnesse better.

Paul. You are one of those Would have him wed againe.

Dio. If you would not fo,
You pity not the State, nor the Remembrance Of his most Soueraigne Name: Consider little, What Dangers, by his Highnesse fail of Issue,
May drop upon his Kingdome, and devoure Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy, Then to rejoyce the former Queene is well?
What holier, then for Royalties repaire,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To bleffe the Bed of Malefice againe
With a sweet Fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
(Respecting her that's gone:) besides the Gods Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes: For ha's not the Divine Apollo said?
Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an Heire,
Till his loft Child be found? Which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our humane reason,
As my Antigonus to break his Graue,
And come againe to me: who, on my life,
Did perishe with the Infant. 'Tis your counsell,
My Lord shoul'd to the Heauens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. Care not for Issue,
The Crowne will find an Heire. Great Alexander Left his to th' Worthieft: fo his Successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good Paulina,
Who haft the memorie of Hermione
I know in honor: O, that euer I
Had squar'd me to thy counsell: then, even now,
I might haue look'd'd upon my Queenes full eyes,
Haue taken Treasure from her Lippes.

Paul. And let them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speake'st truth:
No more fuch Winces, therefore no Wife: one worse,
And better ye'd, would make her Sainted Spirit
Again posseffe her Corps, and on this Stage
(Where we Offendore now appeare) Soule-vest,
And begin, why to me?

Paul. Had she fuch power,
She had iust fuch caus.

Leo. She had, and would incenfe me
To murther her I married.

Paul. I
Paul. I should so:
Were I the Ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you marke
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'll shrive, that even your cares
Should rife to heare me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine.
Leo. Starres, Starres,
And all eyes else, dead coales: fear thou no Wife;
Ile haue no Wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear?
Neuer to marry, but by my free leave?
Leo. Neuer (Paula) fo be bless'd my Spirit.
Paul. Then good my Lords, bear witness to his Oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Vnlefe another,
As like Hermione, as is her Picture,
Afront his eye.
Cleo. Good Madame, I haue done.
Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No remedie but you will: Give me the Office
To chuse you a Queene: the shall not be fo young
As was your former, but she shall be fuch
As (was) your first Queenes Ghost: it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
Leo. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidst vs.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first Queene's againe in breath:
Neuer till then.

Enter a Serving Man.
Ser. One that giues out himselfe Prince Floriszell,
Sonne of Polixenes, with his Princeffe (she
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires access
To your high presence.
Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greatnesse: his approach
(So out of circumstance, and fuddaine) tells vs,
'Tis not a Vifitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Trayne?
Ser. But few,
And those but mean.
Leo. His Princeffe (say you) with him?
Ser. I: the most peereffe piece of Earth, I thinke,
That ere the Sunne thone bright on.
Paul. Oh Hermione,
An euerie present time doth boast it selfe
Above a better, gone: so must thy Grane
Glue way to what's scene now. Sir, you felfe:
Have said, and writ fo; but your writing now
Is colder then that Theame: she had not beene,
Nor was not to be equal'd, thus your Verfe
Flow'd with her Beautie once; 'tis shrudly ebb'd,
To say you have scene a better.
Ser. Pardon, Madame:
The one, I have almoast forgot (your pardon):
The other, when she ha's obtayned your Eye,
Will have your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would she begin a Seft, might quench the zeal
Of all Prefforrs else; make Profelytes
Of who she but bid follow.
Paul. How? not women?
Ser. Women will loue her, that she is a Woman
More worth then any Man: Men, that she is
The rarest of all Women.
Leo. Goe Cleomines,
Your selfe (affisted with your honord Friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,
He thus should speake upon vs. Exit.
Paul. Had our Prince
(Iewell of Children) scene this houre, he had payr'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth
Befweene their births.
Leo. Prethee no more; ceafe: thou know'st
He dyes to me againe, when talk'd of: sure
When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speaches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Vnfhall me of Reason. They are come.

Enter Floriszell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.
Your Mother was moft true to Wedlock, Prince,
For the did print your Royall Father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenite one,
Your Fathers Image is fo hit in you,
(His very ayre) that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and speake of something wildly
By vs perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
And your faire Princeffe (Goddeffe) oh alas,
I loft a couple, that 'twixt Heaven and Earth
Might thus have found, begueting wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I lost
(All mine owne Foly) the Societie,
Amite too of your brave Father, whom
(Though bearing Miferie) I defire my life
Once more to looke on him.
Flo. By his command
Haue I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Gue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)
Can send his Brother: and but Infirmite
(Which waits vpon worn times) hath somethings fels'd
His with'Abilitie, he had himfelfe
The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his,
Meafur'd, to looke vpon; whom he loues
(He bad me say) more then all the Scepters,
And thofe that bear them, fuing.
Leo. Oh my Brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee, firre
Afreth within me: and these thy offices
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand ftackneft. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th'Earth. And here he too
Expo'd this Paragon to th'bearefull ftate
(At leaft vngethe) of the dreadfull Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her paines; much leffe,
Th'advenure of her perfon?
Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from Libia.
Leo. Where the Warlike Smalus,
That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lou'd?
Flo. Most Royall Sir,
From thence: from him, whose Daughter
His Tears proclaim'd his parting with her: thence
(A prosperouf South-wind friendly) we haue croft'd;
To execute the Charge my Father gave me,
For vistiting your Highnesse: My belt Traine
I haue from your Sicilian Shores difmiff'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to dignifie
Not onely my successe in Libia (Sir)
But my arrauiu, and my Wifes, in faetic
Here, where we are.
Leo. The bleffed Gods
Purge all Infeflion from our Ayre, whileft you
Doe Clymate here: you haue a holy Father,
A gracefull Gentleman, againft whose perfon
(So sacred as it is) I have done fine, 
For which, the Heavens (taking angry note) 
Have left me five-leaf'd: and your Father's blest'd 
(As he from Heavens merits it) with you, 
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been, 
Might I a Sonne and Daughter now haue look'd on, 
Such goodly things as you? 

Enter a Lord. 

Lord. Most Noble Sir, 
That which I shall report, will bear no credit, 
Were not the proofs so nigh. Please you (great Sir) 
Bobemia greets you from him(like, by me: 
Defers you to attach his Sonne, who ha's 
(He's Dignite, and Dutie both caft off) 
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with 
A Shepheard's Daughter. 

Leo. Where's Bobemia? speake: 

Lord. Here, in your Citie: I now came from him. 
I speake amazedly, and it becomes 
My merricals, and my Meassege. To your Court 
While he was happening (in the Chafe, it seems) 
Of this faire Couple) meets he on the way 
The Father of this fleeing Lady, and 
Her Brother, having both their Country quitted, 
With this young Prince. 

Flo. Camillo ha's betray'd me; 
Whose honor, and whose honeste till now, 
Endur'd all Weather. 

Lord. Lay's to his charge: 
He's with the King your Father. 

Leo. Who is Camillo? 

Lord. Camillo (Sir:) I speake with him: who now 
Ha's these poore men in question. Neuer saw I 
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the Earth; 
Forwarde themselfes as often as they speake: 
Bobemia steps his cares, and threatens them 
With divers deaths, in death. 

Perd. Oh my poore Father: 
The Heaven fets Spyes upon vs, will not haue 
Our Contract celebrated. 

Leo. You are married? 

Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be: 
The Starres (I fee) will kisse the Valleyes first: 
The odds for high and low's alike. 

Leo. My Lord, 
Is this the Daughter of a King? 

Flo. She is, 
When once she is my Wife, 

Leo. That once (I fee) by your good Fathers speed, 
Will come-on very flowly. I am forry 
(Most forry) you have broken from his liking, 
Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as forry, 
Your Choise is not so rich in Worth, as Beautie, 
That you might well enjoy her. 

Flo. Deare, looke vp: 
Though Fortune, vible an Enemie, 
Should chafe vs, with my Father; powre no lot 
Hath she to change our Loues. Beseech you (Sir) 
Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time 
Then I do now: with thought of such Affections, 
Step forth mine Adovocate: at your request, 
My Father will grant precious things, as Trifles. 

Leo. Would he doe so, I'd beg your precious Miftris, 
Which he counts but a Trifle. 

Paul. Sir (my Liege) 
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth 

'Fore your Queene dy'd, she was more worth such gazes, 
Then what you looke on now. 

Leo. I thought of her, 
Even in these Lookes I made. But your Petition 
Is yet vns-answert: I will to your Father: 
Your Honours o're throwne by your desires, 
I am friend to them, and you: Upon which Errand 
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me, 
And mark what I make: Come good my Lord. 

Exeunt... 

Scæna Secunda. 

Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman. 

Aut. Beseech you (Sir) were you present at this Relation? 

Gent. 1. I was by at the opening of the Fartheil, heard 
The old Shepheard deliver the manner how he found it: 
Whereupon (after a little amazedness) we were all commanded 
out of the Chamber: only this (I thought) I heard the Shepheard say, he found the Child. 

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it. 

Gent. 1. I make a broken deliverie of the Bunefesse; 
but the changes I perceived in the King, and Camillo, were 
very Notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with flaring 
on one another, to teare the Cafes of their Eyes. 
There was speech in their dumbnesse, Language in their very gestures: they look'd as they had heard of a World 
random'd, or one destroy'd: a notable passion of Wonder 
appeared in them: but the wisef持 beholder, that knew 
no more but seeing, could not say, if th'importance were 
Joy, or Sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must 
needs be. 

Enter another Gentleman. 

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knows more: 
The News, Regero. 

Gent. 2. Nothing but Bon-fires: the Oracle is fulfilled: 
The Kings Daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is 
broken out within this house, that Ballad-makers cannot 
be able to express it. 

Enter another Gentleman. 

Here comes the Lady Paulina's Steward, she can deliver 
you more. How goes it now (Sir) This News (which is 
call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the verity of it is 
in strong suspension: He's the King found his Heire? 

Gent. 3. Most true, if ever Truth were pregnant by 
Circumstance: That which you heare, you'll swear 
you see, there is suth notice in the proffes. The Mantle 
of Queene Hermione: her Jewell about the Neck of it: 
the Letters of Auentous found with it, which they know 
to be his Character: the Maffe of the Creature, in re- 
semblance of the Mother: the Affection of Noblenesse, 
which Nature shews about her Breeding, and many o- 
er Evidences, proclaime her, with all certaintie, to be 
the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the 
two Kings? 

Gent. 2. No. 

Gent. 3. Then have you loft a Sight which was to bee 
seene, cannot bee spokon of. There might you have be- 
held one Joy crowne another, and in such manner, that 
it seem'dt Sorrow wept to take leaque of them: for their 
Joy waded in teares. There was casting vp of Eyes, hold- 
ing vp of Hands, with Countenance of such distrac- 
tion, that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Favor. 

Our
Our King being ready to leape out of himselfe, for joy of his found Daughter; as if that joy were now become a Loffe, cries, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then asks Bohemia forgivenesse, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law: then againe worries he his Daughter, with crying her. Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which stands by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes. I) heuer heard of such another Encounter; which Iames Report to follow it, and vndo's description to doe it.

Gent. 2. What, 'pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the Child?

Gent. 3. Like an old Tale still, which will have matter to rehearfe, though Credit be asleep, and not an eare open; he was borne to pieces with a Beare: This awouches the Shephards Sonne; who ha's not only his Innocence (which femees much) to juififie him, but a Hand-kerschief and Rings of his, that Paulina knowes.

Gent. 1. What became of his Barke, and his Followers?

Gent. 3. Wrackt the same instant of their Masters death, and in the view of the Shepherd, for that all the Instruments which ayd to expel the Child, were then then loft, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that 'twixt Joy and Sorrow was fought in Paulina. Shee had one Eye declin'd for the loffe of her Husband, another elevated, that the Oracle was full: Shee lifted the Princeff from the Earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if fhee would pin her to her heart, that fhee might no more be in danger of looing.

Gent. 1. The Dignitie of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by fuch was it acted.

Gent. 3. One of the prettieft touches of all, and that which ang'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fifth) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes death (with the manner how fhee came to't, bravely confess'd, and lamented by the King) how attentuenee wounded him into his Daughter, till (from one figne of colour to another) fhee did (with an Alas) I would faine fay, bleed Tetras; for I am sure, my heart weep blood. Who was most Marble, there changed colour; fome fwooned, all forrowed: if all the World could have feen't, the Woe had beene victorious.

Gent. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gent. 3. No: The Princeff hearing of her Mothers Statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, a Pece many yeares in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare Italian Master, Iulio Romano, who (had he himfelfe Eternity, and could put Breath into his Works) would begin Guile of her Cuftome, fo perfectly he is her Ape: He fo neere to Hermione, hath done Hermione, that they fay one would speake to her, and fand in hope of awnser, Thither (with all greeneffe of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup.

Gent. 2. I thought he had some great matter there in hand, for fhee hath privately, twice or thrice a day, euer since the death of Hermione, visitied that removed House. Shall wee thither, and with our companie pece the Rejoycing?

Gent. 1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit of Accesse? every winke of an Eye, some new Grace will be borne: our Abfence makes vs vnthriftie to our Knowledge. Let's along. Exit.

Aut. Now (had I not the daith of my former life in me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talke of a Farthell; and I know not what: but he at that time over-fond of the Shepheardes Daughter (so he then took her to be) who began to be much Sea-fick, and himfelfe little better, extremite of Weather continuine, this Myterie remained vndiſcover'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I bene the finder-out of this Secret, it would not have rellift'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepheard and Cloone.

Here come thofe I have done good to againt my will, and alreadie appearing in the blossomes of their Fortune.

Sbp. Come Boy, I am past moe Children: but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

Clo. You are well met (Sir,) you deny'd to fight with mee this other day, because I was no Gentleman borne. See you thesee Clothes? fay you fee them not, and thinke me fyll no Gentleman borne: You were bleft fay thefe Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Give me the Lyce: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

Avt. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne.

Sbp. I, and have been fo any time thefe fouere houre.

Avt. And fo faue I, Boy.

Clo. So you han'te: but I was a Gentleman borne before my Father: for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the hand, and call'd mee Brother; and then the two Kings call'd my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my Brother) and the Princeff (my Sister) call'd my Father, Father; and so wee wept: and there was the firft Gentleman-like teares that euer we shed.

Sbp. We may liue (Sonne) to shed many more.

Clo. I: or elfe twere hard luck, being in fo prefforite effate as we are.

Avt. I humbly befeech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince my Mafter.

Sbp. 'Prethee Sonne doe: for we must be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Avt. I, and it like your good Worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will fwear to the Prince, thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Sbp. You may fay it, but not fwear it.

Clo. Not fwear it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Bores and Francklins fay it, he fwear it.

Sbp. How if it be fale (Sonnes?)

Clo. If it be ne're fo false, a true Gentleman may fwear it, in the behalf of his Friend: And Ie fwear to the Prince, thou art a Fell Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunke: but I know thou art no tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but Ie fwear it, and I would thou woldt be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

Avt. I will prove fo (Sir) to my power.

Clo. I, by any means proue a tall Fellow: if I do not wonder, how thou dar'ft venture to be drunke, not being a tall Fellow, trust me not. Harke, the Kings and the Princes (our Kindred) are going to fee the Queens Picture: Come, follow vs: wee'le be thy good Masters. Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Lovers, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue): Lords, &c.

Lev. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee?
Let me have some from you, that you may euer be afhamed, and think your condition worse, than that of others.


does not the stone rudge you, for being stone then it? OhRoyallPece:

There's Magic in thy Majeftie, which ha's
My Bulls conur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee.

And give me leave, and doe not eue 'tis Superfition, that
I kneele and then implore her Blessing, Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiffe.

Paul. O, patience:
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was tooe fore lay'd-on,
Which fixtene Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry; scarce any Joy
Did euer fo long live; no Sorrow.
But kill'd it felle much sooner.

Pol. Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the caufe of this, haue powre
To take-off fo much griefe from you, as he
Will preece vp in himselfe.

Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the fight of my poore Image
Would thus have wrought you (for the Stone is mine)


does not haue shew'd it.

Pol. Doe not draw the Curtaine.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, leaf your Fancie
May thinkes anon, it moves.

Let he, be leaue:
Would I were dead, but that me thinkes alreadie.
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that those veins
Did euer bear blood?

Pol. 'Matterly done:
The very Life leemes warme vpon her Lippe.

Lea. The figure of her Eye ha's motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.

Paul. Ile draw the Curtaine:
My Lord's almost so farre transported, that
Hee'le thinkes ane it liues.

Lea. Oh sweet Paulina,
Make me to thinkes fo twentie yeeres together:
No fretted Sences of the World can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.

Paul. I am forry (Sir) I haue thus farre fhir'd you: but
I could affliet thee farther.

Lea. Doe Paulina:
For this Affiction ha's a taste as sweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell
Could euer yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiffe her.

Paul. Good my Lord, forbear:
The ruddieffe vpon her Lippe, is wet:
You're marre, if you kiffe it; layne your owne
With Oyly Painting: shall I draw the Curtaine.

Lea. No: not thefe twentie yeeres.

Perd. So long could I
Stand-by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quite presently the Chappell, or refolute you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
Ile make the Statue move indeed; dead,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll thinkes
(Which I protest against) I am affliet
By wicked Powers.

Lea. What you can make her doe,
I am content to looke on: what to speake,
I am content to heare: for 'tis no cafe
To make her speake, as more.

Paul. It is requir'd
You doe awake your Faith: then, all stand still:
On: thole that thinkes it is unlawfull Bussifie
I am about, let them depart.

Lea. Proceed:
No foot shall fhirre.

Paul. Musick; awake her: Strike:
'Tis time: deaden: be Stone no more: approach:
Strike all that looke vpon with meruais: Come:
Ile fill your Gauze vp: fhirre: Nay, come away:
Bequest to Death your numneffe: (for from him,
Deere Life redeemes you) you perceiue the fhirres:
Start not: her Actions shall be holy, as
You heare my Spell is lawfull: doe not shun her,
Vntill you see her dye again: for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your Hand:
When she was young, you woold her: now: in age,
Is she the become the Suitor?

Lea. Oh she's warme:
If this be Magick, let it be an Art
The Names of the Actors.

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FINIS.