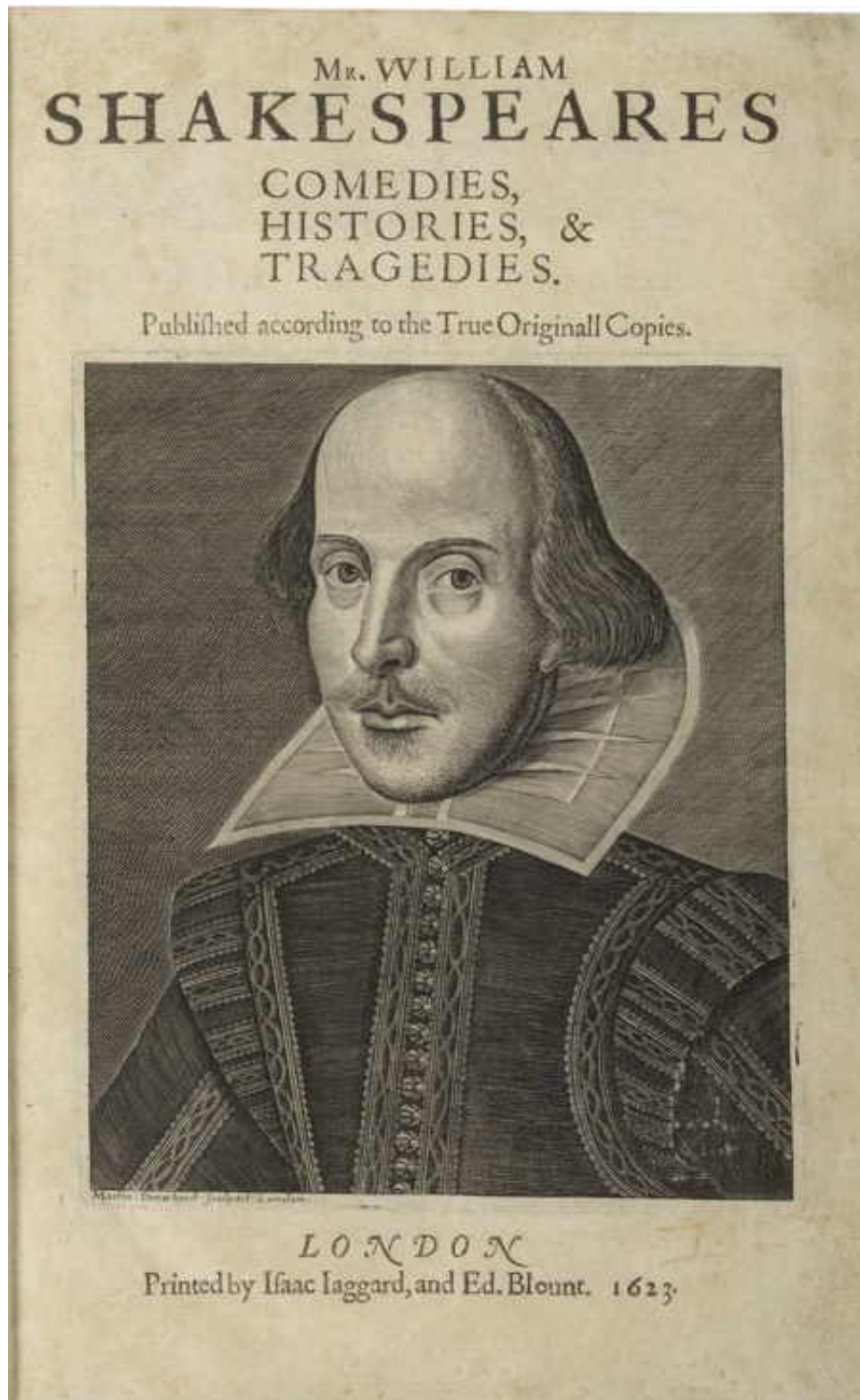


WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The Comedies (1623)





This is an e-Book from
THE DIGITAL LIBRARY OF LIBERTY & POWER
<davidmhart.com/liberty/Books>

Source

The collection of plays called "The Comedies" from *Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies. Published according to the True Originall Copies*. (London: Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623).

**The Workes of William Shakespeare, containing all his
Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies: Truely set forth,
according to their first ORIGINALL.**

The Comedies

- [*The Tempest. Folio.*, p. 1.](#)
 - [*The two Gentlemen of Verona.*, p. 20](#)
 - [*The Merry Wiues of Windsor.*, p. 38](#)
 - [*Measure for Measure.*, p. 61](#)
 - [*The Comedy of Errours.*, p. 85](#)
 - [*Much adoo about Nothing.*, p. 101](#)
 - [*Loues Labour lost.*, p. 122](#)
 - [*Midsommer Nights Dreame.*, p. 145](#)
 - [*The Merchant of Venice.*, p. 163](#)
 - [*As you Like it.*, p. 185](#)
 - [*The Taming of the Shrew.*, p. 208](#)
 - [*All is well, that Ends well.*, p. 230](#)
 - [*Twelfe-Night, or what you will.*, p. 255](#)
 - [*The Winters Tale.*, p. 304](#)
-

THE TEMPEST. ↩

[Page 1]

Actus primus, Scena prima.

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

Master. Bote-swaine.

Botes. Heere Master: What cheere?

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

Exit.

Enter Mariners.

Botes. Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts: yare, yare: Take in the toppe-sale: Tend to th' Masters whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if roome enough.

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

Alon. Good Boteswaine haue care: where's the Master? Play the men.

Botes. I pray now keepe below.

Anth. Where is the Master, Boson?

Botes. Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do assist the storme.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Botes. When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roars for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble vs not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Botes. None that I more loue then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, vse your authoritie: If you cannot, giue thanks you haue liu'd so long, and make your selfe readie in your Cabine for the mischance of the houre, if it so hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our way I say.

Exit.

Gon. I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our case is miserable.

Exit.

Enter Boteswaine.

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

A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.

vpon this howling: they are lowder then the weather, or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we giue ore and drowne, haue you a minde to sinke?

Sebas. A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blasphemous incharitable Dog.

Botes. Worke you then.

Anth. Hang cur, hang, you whoreson insolent Noyse-maker, we are lesse afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as an vnstanch'd wench.

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

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari. All lost, to prayers, to prayers, all lost.

Botes. What must our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's assist them,
for our case is as theirs.

Sebas. I'am out of patience.

An. We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards,
This wide-chopt-rascall, would thou mightst lye drow-
ning the washing of ten Tides.

Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet,
Though euery drop of water sweare against it,
And gape at widst to glut him.

A confused noyse within.

Mercy on vs.

We split, we split, Farewell my wife, and children,
Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split.

Anth. Let's all sinke with' King

Seb. Let's take leaue of him.

Exit.

Gonz. Now would I giue a thousand furlongs of Sea,
for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne
firrs, 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; alay them:
The skye it seemes would powre down stinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheeke,
Dashes the fire out. Oh! I haue suffered
With those that I saw suffer: A braue vessell
(Who had no doubt some noble creature in her)

[Page A1v]

Dash'd all to peeces: O the cry did knocke
Against my very heart: poore soules, they perish'd.
Had I byn any God of power, I would
Haue suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship so haue swallow'd, and
The fraughting Soules within her.

Pros. Be collected,
No more amazement: Tell your pitteous heart
there's no harme done.

Mira. O woe, the day.

Pros. No harme:
I haue done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art. naught knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Then *Prospero*, Master of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know
Did neuer medle with my thoughts.

Pros. '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, haue comfort,
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd
The very vertue of compassion in thee:
I haue with such prouision in mine Art
So safely ordered, that there is no soule
No not so much perdition as an hayre
Betid to any creature in the vessell
Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st sinke: Sit downe,
For thou must now know farther.

Mira. You haue often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt
And left me to a bootelesse Inquisition,
Concluding, stay: not yet.

Pros. The howr's now come
The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,
Obey, and be attentiuē. Canst thou remember
A time before we came vnto this Cell?
I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou was't not
Out three yeeres old.

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.

Pros. 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 my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Fowre, or fiue women once, that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst; and more *Miranda*: But how is it
That this liues in thy minde? What seest thou els
In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time?
Yf thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou maist.

Mira. But that I doe not.

Pros. Twelue yere since (*Miranda*) twelue yere since,
Thy father was the Duke of *Millaine* and
A Prince of power:

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

Pros. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Millaine*, and his onely heire,
And Princesse; no worse Issued.

Mira. O the heauens,
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?

Pros. Both, both my Girle.
By fowle-play (as thou saist) were we heau'd thence,
But blessedly holpe hither.

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

Pros. My brother and thy vnkle, call'd *Anthonio*:
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
The mannage of my state, as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And *Prospero*, the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,
Without a paralell; those being all my studie,
The Gouernment I cast vpon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies, thy false vnkle
(Do'st thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedefully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to graunt suites,
how to deny them: who t' aduance, and who
To trash for ouer-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or els new form'd 'em; hauing both the key,
Of Officer, and office, set all hearts i'th state
To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was
The Iuy which had hid my princely Trunck,
And suckt my verdure out on't: Thou attend'st not?

Mira. O good Sir, I doe.

Pros. I pray thee marke me:
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closenes, 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 trust
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great
As my trust was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my reuenew yeelded,

But what my power might els exact. Like one
Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a synner 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 prerogatiue: hence his Ambition growing:
Do'st thou heare ?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse.

Pros. To haue no Schreene between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
Absolute *Millaine*, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall roalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
(so drie he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas poore *Millaine*)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. Oh the heauens:

Pros. Marke his condition, and th' euent, then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sinne
To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother,
Good wombes haue borne bad sonnes.

[Page A2]

Pro. Now the Condition.
This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers suit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Millaine*
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpose, did *Anthonio* open
The gates of *Millaine*, and ith' dead of darkenesse
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying selfe.

Mir. Alack, for pittie:
I not remembring how I cride out then
Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too't.

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

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That howre destroy vs?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My Tale prouokes that question: Deare, they durst not,
So deare the loue my people bore me: nor set
A marke so bloody on the businesse; but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried vs a-boord a Barke,
Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkasse of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast, the very rats
Instinctiue haue quit it: There they hoyst vs
To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to sigh
To th' windes, whose pittie sighing 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 preserue me; Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heauen,
When I haue deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Vnder my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
An vndergoing stomacke, to beare vp
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we a shore?

Pro. By prouidence diuine,
Some food, we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble *Neopolitan Gonzalo*
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed

Master of this designe) did giue vs, with
Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessities
Which since haue steeded much, so of his gentlenesse
Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furnishd me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize aboue my Dukedome.

Mir. Would I might
But euer see that man.

Pro. Now I arise,
Sit still, and heare the last of our sea-sorrow:
Heere in this Iland we arriu'd, and heere
Haue I, thy Schoolemaster, made thee more profit
Then other Princesse can, that haue more time
For vainer howres; and Tutors, not so carefull.

Mir. Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,
For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reason
For raysing 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 prescience
I finde my *Zenith* doth depend vpon
A most auspitious starre, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes
Will euer after droope: Heare cease more questions,
Thou art inclinde to sleepe: 'tis a good dulnesse,
And giue it way: I know thou canst not chuse:
Come away, Seruant, come; I am ready now,
Approach my *Ariel*. Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All haile, great Master, graue Sir, haile: I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to diue into the fire: to ride
On the curld clouds: to thy strong bidding, taske
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.

Pro. Hast thou, Spirit,
Performd to point, the Tempest that I bad thee.

Ar. To euery Article.

I boorded the Kings ship: now on the Beake,
Now in the Waste, the Decke, in euery Cabyn,
I flam'd amazement, sometime I'ld diuide
And burne in many places; on the Top-mast,
The Yards and Bore-spritt, would I flame distinctly,
Then meete, and ioyne. *Ioues* Lightning, the precursors
O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
And sight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*
Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waues tremble,
Yea, his dread Trident shake.

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

Ar. Not a soule
But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell;
Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne *Ferdinand*
With haire vp-staring (then like reeds, not haire)
Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
And all the Diuels are heere.

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

Ar. Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they (*Ariell*) safe?

Ar. Not a haire perishd:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher then before: and as thou badst me,
In troops I haue dispersd them 'bout the Isle:
The Kings sonne haue I landed by himselfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with sighes,
In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting
His armes in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship,
The Marriners, say how thou hast disposd,
And all the rest o'th' Fleete?

Ar. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings shippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once
Thou calldst me vp at midnight to fetch dewe
From the still-vext *Bermoothes*, there she's hid;
The Marriners all vnder hatches stowed,
Who, with a Charme ioyn'd to their suffred labour
I haue left asleep: and for the rest o'th' Fleet
(Which I dispers'd) they all haue met againe,
And are vpon the *Mediterranian* Flote
Bound sadly home for *Naples*,
Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt,
And his great person perish.

[Page A2v]

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 Glasses: the time 'twixt six & now
Must by vs both be spent most preciously.

Ar. Is there more toyle? Since thou dost giue me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast 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 seruice,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou did promise
To bate me a full yeere.

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

Ar. No.

Pro. Thou do'st: & thinkst it much to tread the Ooze
Of the salt deepe;
To run vpon the sharpe winde of the North,
To doe me businesse in the veines o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ar. I doe not Sir.

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

Ar. No Sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak: tell me:

Ar. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh, was she so: I must
Once in a moneth recount what thou hast bin,
Which thou forgetst. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For mischiefes manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'st was banish'd: for one thing she did
They wold not take her life: Is not this true?

Ar. I, Sir.

Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th' Saylor; thou my slaue,
As thou reportst thy selfe, was then her seruant,
And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy, and abhord commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee
By helpe of her more potent Ministers,
And in her most vnmittigable rage,
Into a clouen Pyne, within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painefully remaine
A dozen yeeres: within which space she di'd,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes
As fast as Mill-wheeles strike: Then was this Island
(Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere,
A frekelld whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A humane shape.

Ar. Yes: *Caliban* her sonne.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keepe in seruice, thou best know'st
What torment I did finde thee in; thy grones
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breasts
Of euer-angry Beares; it was a torment
To lay vpon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,
When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ar. I thanke thee Master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oake
And peg-thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelue winters.

Ar. Pardon, Master,
I will be correspondent to command
And doe my spryting, gently.

Pro. Doe so: 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 subiect to no sight but thine, and mine: inuisible
To euery eye-ball else: goe take this shape
And hither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence.

Exit.

Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake.

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

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
Wee'll visit *Caliban*, my slaue, who neuer
Yeelds vs kinde answere.

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 serues in Offices
That profit vs: What hoa: slaue: *Caliban:*
Thou Earth, thou: speake.

Cal. within. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a water-Nymph.*
Fine apparision: my queint *Ariel*,
Hearke in thine eare.

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done.

Exit.

Pro. Thou poysonous slaue, got by the diuell himselfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd
With Rauens feather from vnwholesome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southwest blow on yee,
And blister you all ore.

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

Cal. I must eat my dinner:
This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou cam'st first
Thou stroakst me, & made much of me: wouldst giue me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse
That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
Curs'd be I that did so: All the Charmes
Of *Sycorax*: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:

For I am all the Subjects that you haue,
Which first was min owne King: and here you sty-me
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
The rest o'th' Island.

[Page A3]

Pro. Thou most lying slaue,
Whom stripes may moue, not kindnes: I haue vs'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate
The honor of my childe.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:
Thou didst preuent me, I had peopel'd else
This Isle with *Calibans*.

Mira. Abhorred Slaue,
Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each houre
One thing or other: when thou didst not (Sauage)
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldst gabble, like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them knowne: But thy vild race
(Tho thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deseruedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst
Deseru'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.

Pros. Hag-seed, hence:
Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt best
To answer other businesse: shrug'st thou (Malice)
If thou neglectst, or dost vnwillingly
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
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 *Setebos*,
And make a vassaile of him.

Pro. So slaue, hence.

Exit Cal.

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuisible playing & singing.

Ariel Song.

*Come vnto these yellow sands,
and then take hands:
Curtsied when you haue, and kist
the wilde waues whist:
Foote it featly heere, and there, and sweete Sprights beare
the burthen. Burthen dispersedly.
Harke, harke, bowgh wawgh: the watch-Dogges barke,
bowgh-wawgh.*

Ar. Hark, hark, I heare, the straine of strutting Chanticleere
cry cockadiddle-dowe.

Fer. Where shold this Musick be? I'th aire, or th' earth?
It sounds no more: and sure it waytes vpon
Some God o'th' Iland, sitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
This Musicke crept by me vpon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins againe.

Ariell Song.

*Full fadom fiae thy Father lies,
Of his bones are Corall made:
Those are pearles that were his 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.
Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.*

Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall busines, nor no sound
That the earth owes: I heare it now aboue me.

Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,
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 senses
As we haue: such. This Gallant which thou seest
Was in the wracke: and but hee's something stain'd
With greefe (that's beauties canker) thou might'st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellowes,
And strays about to finde 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing diuine, for nothing naturall
I euer saw so Noble.

Pro. It goes on I see
As my soule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this.

Fer. Most sure the Goddesses
On whom these ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine vpon this Island,
And that you will some good instruction giue
How I may beare me heere: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?

Mir. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.

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

Pro. How? the best?
What wer't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee speake of *Naples*: he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I weepe: my selfe am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (neuer since at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.

Mir. Alacke, for mercy.

Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of *Millaine*
And his braue sonne, being twaine.

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

Mir. Why speakes my father so vngently? This
Is the third man that ere I saw: the first
That ere I sigh'd for: pittie moue 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 sir, one word more.
They are both in eythers pow'rs: But this swift busines
I must vneasie make, least too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'st heere vsurpe
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy selfe
Vpon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple,
If the ill-spirit haue so fayre a house,
Good things will striue to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.

[Page A3v]

Pros. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come,
Ile manacle thy necke and feete together:
Sea water shalt thou drinke: thy food shall be
The fresh-brooke Mussels, wither'd roots, and huskes
Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

He drawes, and is charmed from mouing.

Mira. O deere Father,
Make not too rash a triall of him, for
Hee's gentle, and not fearfull.

Pros. What I say,
My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword vp Traitor,
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike: thy conscience
Is so possest with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
For I can heere disarme thee with this sticke,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you Father.

Pros. Hence: hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir haue pity,
Ile be his surety.

Pros. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An aduocate for an Impostor? Hush:
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
(Hauing seene but him and *Caliban*;) Foolish wench,
To th' most of men, this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I haue no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pros. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerues are in their infancy againe.
And haue no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp:
My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am subdude, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day

Behold this Mayd: all corners else o'th' Earth
Let liberty make vse of: space enough
Haue I in such a prison.

Pros. It workes: Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine *Ariell*: follow me,
Harke what thou else shalt do mee.

Mira. Be of comfort,
My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appeares by speech: this is vnwonted
Which now came from him.

Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountaine windes; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ariell. To th' syllable.

Pros. Come follow: speake not for him.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, and others.*

Gonz. Beseech you Sir, be merry; you haue cause,
(So haue we all) of ioy; for our escape
Is much beyond our losse; our hint of woe
Is common, euery day, some Saylor's wife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Haue iust our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,
(I meane our preseruatiō) few in millions
Can speake like vs: then wisely (good Sir) weigh
Our sorrow, with our comfort.

Alons. Prethee peace.

Seb. He receiues comfort like cold porredge.

Ant. The Visitor will not giue him ore so.

Seb. Looke, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit,
By and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb. One: Tell.

Gon. When euery greefe is entertaind,
That's offer'd comes to th' entertainer.

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you haue spoken
truer then you purpos'd.

Seb. You haue taken it wiselier then I meant you
should.

Gon. Therefore my Lord.

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

Alon. I pre-thee spare.

Gon. Well, I haue done: But yet

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,
First begins to crow?

Seb. The old Cocke.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So: you'r paid.

Adr. Vninhhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

Seb. Yet

Adr. Yet

Ant. He could not misse't.

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

Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

Seb. I, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliuer'd.

Adr. The ayre breathes vpon vs here most sweetly.

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

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

Gon. Heere is euery thing aduantageous to life.

Ant. True, saue meanes to liue.

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

Gon. How lush and lusty the grasse lookes?
How greene?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of greene in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No: he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almost
beyond credit.

Seb. As many voucht rarieties are.

Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht
in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshnesse and
glosses, being rather new dy'de then stain'd with salte
water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speake, would
it not say he lyes?

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

[Page A4]

Gon. Me thinkes our garments are now as fresh as
when we put them on first in Affricke, at the marriage
of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.

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

Adri. *Tunis* was neuer grac'd before with such a Pa-
ragon to their Queene.

Gon. Not since widdow *Dido's* time.

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

Seb. What if he had said Widdower *Aeneas* 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*.

Gon. This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage*.

Adri. *Carthage*?

Gon. I assure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

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

Ant. What impossible matter wil he make easy next?

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

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

Gon. I.

Ant. Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seeme now as fresh 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*? I, Widdow *Dido*.

Gon. Is not Sir my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I meane in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine eares, against the stomacke of my sense: would I had neuer Married my daughter there: For comming thence My sonne is lost, and (in my rate) she too,

Who is so farre from *Italy* remoued,
I ne're againe shall see her: O thou mine heire
Of *Naples* and of *Millaine*, what strange fish
Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may liue,
I saw him beate the surges vnder him,
And ride vpon their backes; he trod the water
Whose enmity he flung aside: and brested
The surge most swolne that met him: his bold head
'Boue the contentious waues he kept, and oared
Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke
To th' shore; that ore his waue-worne basis bowed
As stooping to relecue him: I not doubt
He came aliue to Land.

Alon. No, no, hee's gone.

Seb. Sir you may thank your selfe for this great losse,
That would not blesse our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loose her to an Affrican,
Where she at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the greefe on't.

Alon. Pre-thee peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwise
By all of vs: and the faire soule her selfe
Waigh'd betweene loathnesse, and obedience, at
Which end o'th' beame should bow: we haue lost your son,
I feare for euer: *Millaine* and *Naples* haue
Mo widdowes in them of this businesse making,
Then we bring men to comfort them:
The faults your owne.

Alon. So is the deer'st oth' losse.

Gon. My Lord *Sebastian*,
The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse,
And time to speake it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most Chirurgonly.

Gon. It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Fowle weather?

Ant. Very foule.

Gon. Had I plantation of this Isle my Lord.

Ant. Hee'd sow't with Nettle-seed.

Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.

Gon. I'th' Commonwealth I would (by contraries)
Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke
Would I admit: No name of Magistrate:
Letters should not be knowne: Riches, pouerty,
And vse of seruice, none: Contract, Succession,
Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, 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 Soueraignty.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets
the beginning.

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce
Without sweat or endeuour: Treason, felony,
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine
Would I not haue: but Nature should bring forth
Of it owne kinde, all foyzon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subiects?

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

Gon. I would with such perfection gouerne Sir:
T' Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Saue his Maiesty.

Ant. Long liue *Gonzalo*.

Gon. And do you marke me, Sir?

Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou dost talke nothing to me.

Gon. I do well beleue your Highnesse, and did it to minister occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vse to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. 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 giuen?

Seb. And it had not falne flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of braue mettall: you would lift the Moone out of her spheare, if she would continue in it fiue weekes without changing.

Enter Ariell playing solemn Musicke.

Seb. We would so, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not aduenture my discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleepe, for I am very heauy.

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare vs.

Alon. What, all so soone asleepe? I wish mine eyes Would (with themselues) shut 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 sildome visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

[Page A4v]

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your person,
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

Alon. Thanke you: Wondrous heauy.

Seb. What a strange drowsines possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o'th' Clymate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke? I finde
Not my selfe dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:

They fell together all, as by consent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might
Worthy *Sebastian*? O, what might? no more:
And yet, me thinkes I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination see's a Crowne
Dropping vpon thy head.

Seb. What? art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not heare me speake?

Seb. I do, and surely

It is a sleepy Language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleepe
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, mouing:
And yet so fast asleepe.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou do'st snore distinctly,

There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious then my custome: you

Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebbles thee o're.

Seb. Well: I am standing water.

Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebbe

Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mocke it: how in stripping it
You more inuest it: ebbing men, indeed
(Most often) do so neere the bottome run

By their owne feare, or sloth.

Seb. 'Pre-thee say on,
The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.

Ant. Thus Sir:
Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded
(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely
Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's aliue,
'Tis as impossible that hee's vndrown'd,
As he that sleepes heere, swims.

Seb. I haue no hope
That hee's vndrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is
Another way so high a hope, that euen
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
But doubt discouery there. Will you grant with me
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd.

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples*?

Seb. *Claribell*.

Ant. She that is Queene of *Tunis*: she that dwels
Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from *Naples*
Can haue no note, vnlesse the Sun were post:
The Man i'th Moone's too slow, till new-borne chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast againe,
(And by that destiny) to performe an act
Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come
In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stufte is this? How say you?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis*,
So is she heyre 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 let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse
Then now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that sleepes: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and vnnecessarily
As this *Gonzallo*: I my selfe 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 thinkes I do.

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

Seb. I remember
You did supplant your Brother *Prospero*.

Ant. True:
And looke how well my Garments sit vpon me,
Much feater then before: My Brothers seruants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.

Seb. But for your conscience.

Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not
This Deity in my bosome: 'Twentie consciences
That stand 'twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,
And melt ere they mollest: 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 steele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put
This ancient morsell: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not vpbraide our course: for all the rest
They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke,
They'l tell the clocke, to any businesse that
We say befits the houre.

Seb. Thy case, deere Friend
Shall be my president: As thou got'st *Millaine*,
I'll come by *Naples*: Draw thy sword, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paie'st,
And I the King shall loue 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 Musicke and Song.

Ariel. My Master through his Art foresees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and sends me forth
(For else his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing.

Sings in Gonzaloes eare.

*While you here do snoaring lie,
Open-ey'd Conspiracie
His time doth take:
If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off slumber and beware.
Awake, awake.*

[Page A5]

Ant. Then let vs both be sodaine.

Gon. Now, good Angels preserue the King.

Alo. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
(Euen now) we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like Buls, or rather Lyons, did't not 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*?

Gon. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:
I shak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend,
I saw their weapons drawne: there was a noyse,
That's verily: 'tis best 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 sonne.

Gon. Heauens keepe him from these Beasts:
For he is sure i'th Island.

Alo. Lead away.

Ariell. *Prospero* my Lord, shall know what I haue done.
So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

*Enter Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a noyse of
thunder heard.)*

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prosper* fall, and make him
By yench-meale a disease: his Spirits heare me,
And yet I needes must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with Vrchyn-shewes, pitch me i'th mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, vnlesse he bid 'em; but
For euery trifle, are they set 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-foote way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues
Doe hisse me into madnesse: Lo, now Lo,
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat,
Perchance he will not minde me.

Enter Trinculo.

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beare off any weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it sing ith' winde: yond same blacke cloud, yond huge one, lookes like a foule bumbard that would shed his licquor: if it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by paile-fuls. What haue we here, a man, or a fish? dead or aliue? a fish, hee smels like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the newest poore-Iohn: a strange fish: were I in *England* now (as once I was) and had but this fish painted; not a holiday-foole there but would giue a peece of siluer: there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange beast there, makes a man: when they will not giue a doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to see a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like Armes: warme o'my troth: I doe now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an Islander, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas, the storme is come againe: my best way is to creepe vnder his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows: I will here shrowd till the dregges of the storme be past.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye ashore.
This is a very scuruy tune to sing at a mans
Funerall: well, here's my comfort.

Drinkes.

Sings.

*The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-swaine & I;
The Gunner, and his Mate
Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,
But none of vs car'd for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:
She lou'd not the sauour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did itch.*

Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.

This is a scuruy tune too:

But here's my comfort.

drinks.

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.

Ste. What's the matter?

Haue we diuels here?

Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saluages, and Men of Inde? ha? I haue not scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your foure legges: for it hath bin said; as proper a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him giue ground: and it shall be said so againe, while *Ste-phano* breathes at' nostrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.

Ste. This is some Monster of the Isle, with foure legs; who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the diuell should he learne our language? I will giue him some reliefe if it be but for that: if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Present for any Emperour that euer trod on Neates-leather.

Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the wisest; hee shall taste of my Bottle: if hee haue neuer drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remoue his Fit: if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not take too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou do'st me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Prosper* workes vpon thee.

Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here is that which will giue language to you Cat; open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open

your chaps againe.

Tri. I should know that voyce:
It should be,
But hee is dround; and these are diuels; O defend me.

[Page A5v]

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces; a most delicate
Monster: his forward voyce now is to speake well of
his friend; his backward voice, is to vtter foule speeches,
and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recouer
him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will
poure some in thy other mouth.

Tri. Stephano.

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy:
This is a diuell, and no Monster: I will leaue him, I
haue no long Spooone.

Tri. Stephano: if thou beest *Stephano*, touch me, and
speake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afeard, thy
good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou bee'st *Trinculo*: come forth: I'll pull
thee by the lesser legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges,
these are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how
cam'st thou to be the siege of this Moone-calfe? Can
he vent *Trinculo's*?

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-strok; but
art thou not dround *Stephano*: I hope now thou art
not dround: Is the Storme ouer-blowne? I hid mee
vnder the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of
the Storme: And art thou liuing *Stephano*? O *Stephano*,
two *Neapolitanes* scap'd?

Ste. 'Prethee doe not turne me about, my stomacke
is not constant.

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

Ste. How did'st thou scape?
How cam'st thou hither?
Sweare by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd
vpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylors heaued o're-
board, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of
a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast a'-shore.

Cal. I'll sweare vpon that Bottle, to be thy true sub-
iect, for the liquor is not earthly.

St. Heere: sweare then how thou escap'dst.

Tri. Swom ashore (man) like a Ducke: I can swim
like a Ducke i'll be sworne.

Ste. Here, kisse the Booke.
Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made
like a Goose.

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

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke
by th' sea-side, where my Wine is hid:
How now Moone-Calfe, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'st thou not dropt from heauen?

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

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

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

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Mon-
ster: I afeard of him? a very weake Monster:
The Man ith' Moone?
A most poore creadulous Monster:
Well drawne Monster, in good sooth.

Cal. Ile shew thee euery fertill ynych o'th Island: and
I will kisse thy foote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken
Monster, when's god's a sleepe he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. Ile kisse thy foot, Ile sweare my selfe thy Subiect.

Ste. Come on then: downe and sweare.

Tri. I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi-headed Monster: a most scuruie Monster: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kisse.

Tri. But that the poore Monster's in drinke:
An abhominable Monster.

Cal. I'll shew thee the best Springs: I'll plucke thee Berries: I'll fish for thee; and get thee wood enough.
A plague vpon the Tyrant that I serue;
I'll beare him no more Stickes, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A most ridiculous 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;
show thee a Iayes nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet: I'll bring thee to clustring Philbirts, and sometimes I'll get thee young Scamels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?

Ste. I pre'thee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company else being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by againe.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,
Ban' ban' Cacalyban
Has a new Master, get a new Man.
Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-

day, freedome.

Ste. O braue Monster; lead the way.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor
Delight in them set off: Some kindes of basenesse
Are nobly vndergon; and most poore matters
Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske
Would be as heauy to me, as odious, but
The Mistris which I serue, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is
Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshnesse. I must remoue
Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp,
Vpon a sore iniunction; my sweet Mistris
Weepes when she sees me worke, & saies, such basenes
Had neuer like Executor: I forget:
But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours,
Most busie lest, when I doe it.

Enter Miranda and Prospero.

Mir. Alas, now pray you
Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioynd to pile:
Pray set it downe, and rest you: when this burnes
'Twill weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father
Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe,
Hee's safe for these three houres.

[Page A6]

Fer. O most deere Mistris
The Sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must striue to do.

Mir. If you'l sit downe
Ile beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,
Ile carry it to the pile.

Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather cracke my sinewes, breake my backe,
Then you should such dishonor vndergoe,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it do's you; and I should do it
With much more ease: for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,
This visitation shewes it.

Mir. You looke wearily.

Fer. No, noble Mistris, 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night: I do beseech you
Cheefely, that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda, O my Father,
I haue broke your hest to say so.

Fer. Admir'd Miranda,
Indeede the top of Admiration, worth
What's deerest to the world: full many a Lady
I haue ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent eare: for seuerall vertues
Haue I lik'd seuerall women, neuer any
With so full soule, but some defect in her
Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foile. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerlesse, are created
Of euerie Creatures best.

Mir. I do not know
One of my sexe; no womans face remember,
Saue from my glasse, mine owne: Nor haue I seene
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my deere Father: how features are abroad
I am skillesse of; but by my modestie
(The iewell in my dower) I would not wish
Any Companion in the world but you:

Nor can imagination forme a shape
Besides your selfe, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildely, and my Fathers precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King
(I would not so) and would no more endure
This wodden slauerie, then to suffer
The flesh-flie blow my mouth: heare my soule speake.
The verie instant that I saw you, did
My heart flie to your seruice, there resides
To make me slaue to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient Logge-man.

Mir. Do you loue me?

Fer. O heauen; O earth, beare witnes to this sound,
And crowne what I professe with kinde euent
If I speake true: if hollowly, inuert
What best is boaded me, to mischiefe: I,
Beyond all limit of what else i'th world
Do loue, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a foole
To weepe at what I am glad of.

Pro. Faire encounter
Of two most rare affections: heauens raine grace
On that which breeds betweene 'em.

Fer. Wherefore weepe you?

Mir. At mine vnworthinesse, that dare not offer
What I desire to giue; and much lesse take
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it seekes to hide it selfe,
The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence bashfull cunning,
And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
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 seruant
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My Mistris (deerest)
And I thus humble euer.

Mir. My husband then?

Fer. I, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedome: heere's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell
Till halfe an houre hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

Exeunt.

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all; but my reioycing
At nothing can be more: Ile to my booke,
For yet ere supper time, must I performe
Much businesse appertaining.

Exit.

Scoena 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' Seruant Monster, drinke to me.

Trin. Seruant Monster? the folly of this Iland, they
say there's but fiue vpon this Isle; we are three of them,
if th' other two be brain'd like vs, the State totters.

Ste. Drinke seruant Monster when I bid thee, thy
eies are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they bee set else? hee were a
braue Monster indeede if they were set in his taile.

Ste. My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in
sacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I swam
ere I could recouer the shore, fiue and thirtie Leagues
off and on, by this light thou shalt bee my Lieutenant
Monster, or my Standard.

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

Ste. Weel not run Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'l lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moone-calfe, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good Moone-calfe.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy shooe: Ile not serue him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest most ignorant Monster, I am in case to iustle a Constable: why, thou debosh'd Fish thou, was there euer man a Coward, that hath drunk so much Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but halfe a Fish, and halfe a Monster?

Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my Lord?

[Page A6v]

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monster should be such a Naturall?

Cal. Loe, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee.

Ste. Trinculo, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you proue a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Mon-ster's my subiect, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the suite I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it, I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariell inuisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subiect to a Tirant, A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the Island.

Ariell. Thou lvest.

Cal. Thou lvest, thou iesting 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 supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this Isle
From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will
Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st)
But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certaine.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serue thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compast?
Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee asleepe,
Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head.

Ariell. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou scuruy patch:
I do beseech thy Greatnesse giue him blowes,
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, Ile 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?

Ariell. Thou liest.

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

Trin. I did not giue 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: Come proceede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him I'th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him, Hauing first seiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember First to possesse his Bookes; 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 braue Vtensils (for so he calles them) Which when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall. And that most deeply to consider, is The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe Cals her a non-pareill: I neuer saw a woman But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and she; But she as farre surpasseth *Sycorax*, As great'st do's least.

Ste. Is it so braue a Lasse?

Cal. I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth braue brood.

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

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Giue me thy hand, I am sorry I beate thee: But while thou liu'st keepe a good tongue in thy head.

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

Ste. I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Master.

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

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

Sings.

*Flout 'em, and cout 'em: and skowt 'em, and flout 'em,
Thought is free.*

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

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

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes:
If thou beest a diuell, take't as thou list.

Trin. O forgiue me my sinnes.

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee;
Mercy vpon vs.

Cal. Art thou affeard?

Ste. No Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard, the Isle is full of noyses,
Sounds, and sweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not:
Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments
Will hum about mine eares; and sometime 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 proue a braue kingdome to me,
Where I shall haue my Musicke for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'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,
Wee'l follow: I would I could see this Taborer,
He layes it on.

Trin. Wilt come?
Ile follow *Stephano*.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzallo,
Adrian, Francisco, &c.*

[Page B1]

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,
My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede
Through fourth-rights, & Meanders: by your patience,
I needes must rest me.

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 droun'd
Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: well, let him goe.

Ant. I am right glad, that he's so out of hope:
Doe not for one repulse forgoe the purpose
That you resolu'd t' effect.

Seb. The next aduantage will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to night,
For now they are oppress'd with trauaile, they
Will not, nor cannot vse such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

*Solemne and strange Musicke: and Prosper on the top (inui-
sible:)Enter seuerall strange shapes, bringing in a Banket;
and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations, and
inuiting the King, &c. to eate, they depart.*

Seb. I say to night: no more.

Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harke.

Gon. Maruellous sweet Musicke.

Alo. Giue vs kind keepers, heaue[n]s: what were these?

Seb. A liuing *Drolierie*: now I will beleeue
That there are Vnicornes: that in *Arabia*
There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne, one Phoenix
At this houre reigning there.

Ant. Ile beleeue both:
And what do's else want credit, come to me
And Ile besworne 'tis true: Trauellers nere did lye,
Though fooles at home condemne 'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*
I should report this now, would they beleeue me?
If I should say I saw such Islands;
(For certes, these are people of the Island)
Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of
Our humane generation you shall finde
Many, nay almost any.

Pro. Honest Lord,
Thou hast said well: for some of you there present;
Are worse then diuels.

Al. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing
(Although they want the vse of tongue) a kinde
Of excellent dumbe discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.

Fr. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue stomacks.
Wilt please you taste of what is here?

Alo. Not I.

Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were Boyes
Who would beleeeue that there were Mountayneeres,
Dew-lapt, like Bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their brests? which now we finde
Each putter out of fiue for one, will bring vs
Good warrant of.

Al. I will stand to, and feede,
Although my last, no matter, since I feele
The best is past: brother: my Lord, the Duke,
Stand too, and doe as we.

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpey) claps
his wings vpon the Table, and with a quiet deuice the
Banquet vanishes.*

Ar. You are three men of sinne, whom destiny
That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't: the neuer surfeited Sea,
Hath caus'd to belch vp you: and on this Island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,
Being most vnfit to liue: I haue made you mad;
And euen with such like valour, men hang, and drowne
Their proper selues: you fooles, I and my fellowes
Are ministers of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at-Stabs
Kill the still closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plumbe: My fellow ministers
Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,
And will not be vplifted: But remember
(For that's my businesse to you) that you three
From *Millaine* did supplant good *Prospero*,
Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,

The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) haue
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures
Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonso*
They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me
Lingring perdition (worse then any death
Can be at once) shall step, by step attend
You, and your wayes, whose wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else fals
Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-sorrow,
And a cleere life ensuing.

*He vanishes in Thunder: then (to soft Musicke.) Enter the
shapes againe, and daunce (with mockes and mowes) and
carrying out the Table.*

Pro. Brauely the figure of this *Harpie*, hast thou
Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a grace it had deuouring:
Of my Instruction, hast thou nothing bated
In what thou had'st to say: so with good life,
And obseruation strange, my meaner ministers
Their seuerall kindes haue done: my high charmes work,
And these (mine enemies) are all knit vp
In their distractions: they now are in my powre;
And in these fits, I leaue them, while I visit
Yong *Ferdinand* (whom they suppose is droun'd)
And his, and mine lou'd darling.

Gon. I'th name of something holy, Sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Al. O, it is monstrous: monstrous:
Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it,
The windes did sing it to me: and the Thunder
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd
The name of *Prosper*: it did base my Trespasse,
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and
I'll seeke him deeper then ere plummet sounded,
And with him there lye mudded.

Exit.

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

[Page B1v]

Ant. Ile be thy Second.

Exeunt.

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt
(Like poyson giuen to worke a great time after)
Now gins to bite the spirits: I doe beseech you
(That are of supplier ioynts) follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this extasie
May now prouoke them to.

Ad. Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I haue too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,
Or that for which I liue: who, once againe
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heauen
I ratifie this my rich guift: O *Ferdinand*,
Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,
For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise
And make it halt, behinde her.

Fer. I doe beleeeue it
Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right, be ministred,
No sweet aspersion shall the heauens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
Sower-ey'd disdaine, and discord shall bestrew
The vnion of your bed, with weedes so loathly

That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life,
With such loue, as 'tis now the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strongst suggestion,
Our worser *Genius* can, shall neuer melt
Mine honor into lust, to take away
The edge of that dayes celebration,
When I shall thinke, or *Phoebus* Steeds are founderd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairely spoke;
Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne;
What *Ariell*; my industrious serua[n]t *Ariell*.

Enter Ariell.

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

Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last seruice
Did worthily performe: and I must vse you
In such another tricke: goe bring the rabble
(Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:
Incite them to quicke motion, for I must
Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ar. Presently?

Pro. I: with a twincke.

Ar. Before you can say come, and goe,
And breathe twice; and cry, so, so:
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with mop, and mowe.
Doe you loue me Master? no?

Pro. Dearely, my delicate *Ariell*: doe not approach
Till thou do'st heare me call.

Ar. Well: I conceiue.

Exit.

Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not giue dalliance
Too much the raigne: the strongest oathes, are straw
To th' fire ith' blood: be more abstenious,
Or else good night your vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heart
Abates the ardour of my Liuer.

Pro. Well.
Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolary,
Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & pertly.

Soft musick.

No tongue: all eyes: be silent.

Enter Iris.

Ir. *Ceres*, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Pease;
Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where liue nibling Sheepe,
And flat Medes thetchd with Stouer, them to keepe:
Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
Which spungie *Aprill*, at thy hest betrimms;
To make cold Nymphes chaste crownes; & thy broome-groues;
Whose shadow the dismissed Batchelor loues,
Being lasse-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy Sea-marge stirrile, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thy selfe do'st ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I.
Bids thee leaue these, & with her soueraigne grace, *Iuno descends*.
Here on this grasse-plot, in this very place
To come, and sport: here Peacocks flye amaine:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere
Do'st disobey the wife of *Iupiter*:
Who, with thy saffron wings, vpon my flowres
Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,
And with each end of thy blew bowe do'st crowne
My boskie acres, and my vnshrubd downe,

Rich scarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene?

Ir. A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the bles'd Louers.

Cer. Tell me heauenly Bowe,
If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'st know,
Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot
The meanes, that duskie *Dis*, my daughter got,
Her, and her blind-Boyes scandall company,
I haue forsworne.

Ir. Of her societie
Be not afraid: I met her deitie
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her Son
Doe-drawn with her: here thought they to haue done
Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Marses hot Minion is returnd againe,
Her waspish headed sonne, has broke his arrowes,
Swears he will shoote 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

Iu. How do's my bounteous sister? goe with me
To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be,
And honourd in their Issue.

They sing.

Iu. Honor, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance, and encreasing,
Hourely ioyes, be still vpon you,
Iuno sings her blessings on you.
Earths increase, foyzon plentie,
Barnes, and Garners, neuer empty.
Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the farthest,

[Page B2]

*In the very end of Haruest.
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres blessing so is on you.*

Fer. This is a most maiesticke vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To thinke these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I haue from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me liue here euer,
So rare a wondred Father, and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Iuno and *Ceres* whisper seriously,
There's something else to doe: hush, and be mute
Or else our spell is mar'd.

Iuno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Iris. You Nimphs cald *Nayades* of the windring brooks,
With your sedg'd crownes, and euer-harmeslesse lookes,
Leaue your crispe channels, and on this green-Land
Answer your summons, *Iuno* do's command.
Come temperate *Nimphes*, and helpe to celebrate
A Contract of true Loue: be not too late.

Enter Certaine Nimphes.

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 these fresh *Nimphes* encounter euery one
In Country footing.

*Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they ioyn with
the Nimphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end where-
of, Prospero starts sodainly and speakes, after which to a
strange hollow and confused noyse, they heauily vanish.*

Pro. I had forgot that foule conspiracy
Of the beast *Calliban*, and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come: Well done, auoid: no more.

Fer. This is strange: your fathers in some passion
That workes him strongly.

Mir. Neuer till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.

Pro. You doe looke (my son) in a mou'd sort,
As if you were dismaid: be cheerefull Sir,
Our Reuels now are ended: These our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the baselesse fabricke of this vision
The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantiall Pageant faded
Leaue not a racke behinde: we are such stuffe
As dreames are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleepe: Sir, I am vext,
Beare with my weakenesse, my old braine is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmitie,
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repose, a turne or two, Ile walke
To still my beating minde.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace.

Exit.

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariell*: come.

Enter Ariell.

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleaue to, what's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit: We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ar. I my Commander, when I presented *Ceres*
I thought to haue told thee of it, but I fear'd
Least I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leaue these varlots?

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they smote the ayre
For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
For kissing of their feete; yet alwaies bending
Towards their proiect: then I beate my Tabor,
At which like vnback't colts they prickt their eares,
Aduanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noses
As they smelt musicke, so I charm'd their eares
That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, sharpe firzes, pricking gosse, & thorns,
Which entred their fraile shins: at last I left them
I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
There dancing vp to th' chins, that the fowle Lake
Ore-stunck their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy shape inuisible retaine thou still:
The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither
For stale to catch these theeues.

Ar. I go, I goe.

Exit.

Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whose nature
Nurture can neuer sticke: on whom my paines
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost,
And, as with age, his body ouglie growes,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

*Enter Ariell, loaden with glistering apparell, &c. Enter
Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.*

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

St. Monster, your Fairy, which you say is a harmles Fairy,
Has done little better then plaid the Iacke with vs.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-pisse, at which
My nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you heare Monster: If I should
Take a displeasure against you: Looke you.

Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour stil,
Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too
Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly,
All's husht as midnight yet.

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

Ste. There is not onely disgrace and dishonor in that
Monster, but an infinite losse.

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

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

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

Ste. Giue 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, Monster: wee know what belongs to a
frippery, O King *Stephano*.

[Page B2v]

Ste. Put off that gowne (*Trinculo*) by this hand Ile
haue that gowne.

Tri. Thy grace shall haue it.

Cal. The dropsie drowne this foole, what doe you meane
To doate thus on such luggage? let's alone
And doe the murther first: if he awake,
From toe to crowne hee'l fill our skins with pinches,
Make vs strange stuffe.

Ste. Be you quiet (Monster) Mistris line, is not this my Ierkin? how is the Ierkin vnder the line: now Ierkin you are like to lose your haire, & proue a bald Ierkin.

Trin. Doe, doe; we steale by lyne and leuell, and't like your grace.

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

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

Cal. I will haue none on't: we shall loose our time, And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or Ile turne you out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this.

A noyse of Hunters heard. Enter diuers Spirits in shape of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey Mountaine, hey.

Ari. Siluer: there it goes, Siluer.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke. Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts With dry Convulsions, shorten vp their sinewes With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them, Then Pard, or Cat o' Mountaine.

Ari. Harke, they rore.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this houre Lies at my mercy all mine enemies: Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little Follow, and doe me seruice.

Actus quintus: Scoena Prima.

Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Proiect 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 sixt 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. Confin'd together
In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge,
Iust as you left them; all prisoners Sir
In the *Line-groue* which weather-fends your Cell,
They cannot boudge till your release: The King,
His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning ouer them,
Brim full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly
Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzallo*,
His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops
From eaues of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe,
One of their kinde, that rellish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art?
Thogh with their high wrongs I am strook to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie
Doe I take part: the rarer Action is
In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frowne further: Goe, release them *Ariell*,
My Charmes Ile breake, their sences Ile restore,
And they shall be themselues.

Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir.

Exit.

Pro. Ye Elues of hils, brooks, sta[n]ding lakes & groues,
And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote
Doe chase the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flie him
When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that
By Moone-shine doe the greene sowre Ringlets make,
Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-Mushrumps, that reioyce
To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde
(Weake Masters though ye be) I haue bedymn'd
The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes,
And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault
Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder
Haue I giuen fire, and rifted *Ioues* stowt Oke
With his owne Bolt: The strong bass'd promontorie
Haue I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt vp
The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command
Haue wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke
I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd
Some heauenly Musicke (which euen now I do)
To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that
This Ayrie-charme is for, I'll breake my staffe,
Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,
And deeper then did euer Plummet sound
Ile drowne my booke.

Solemne musicke.

*Heere enters Ariel before: Then Alonso with a franticke ge-sture,
attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in
like manner attended by Adrian and Francisco: They all
enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand
charm'd: which Prospero obseruing, speakes.*

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter,
 To an vnsetled fancie, Cure thy braines
 (Now vselesse) boile within thy skull: there stand
 For you are Spell-stopt.
 Holy *Gonzallo*, Honourable man,
 Mine eyes ev'n sociable to the shew of thine
 Fall fellowly drops: The charme dissolues apace,
 And as the morning steales vpon the night
 (Melting the darkenesse) so their rising sences
 Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their cleerer reason. O good *Gonzallo*
 My true preseruer, and a loyall Sir,
 To him thou follow'st; 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't now *Sebastian*. Flesh, and bloud,
 You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
 Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with *Sebastian*
 (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
 Would heere haue kill'd your King: I do forgiue thee,
 Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderstanding
 Begins to swell, and the approching 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: *Ariell*,
 Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
 I will discase me, and my selfe present
 As I was sometime *Millaine*: quickly Spirit,
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

[Page B3]

Ariell sings, and helps to attire him.

*Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,
 In a Cowslips bell, I lie,
 There I cowch when Owles doe crie,
 On the Batts backe I doe flie
 after Sommer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily, shall I liue now,
 Vnder the blossom that hangs on the Bow.*

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariell*: I shall misse
Thee, but yet thou shalt haue freedome: so, so, so,
To the Kings ship, inuisible as thou art,
There shalt thou finde the Marriners asleepe
Vnder the Hatches: the Master and the Boat-swaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pre'thee.

Ar. I drinke the aire before me, and returne
Or ere your pulse twice beate.

Exit.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits heere: some heauenly power guide vs
Out of this fearefull Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King
The wronged Duke of *Millaine*, *Prospero*:
For more assurance that a liuing 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'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
(As late I haue beene) I not know: thy Pulse
Beats as of flesh, and blood: and since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my minde amends, with which
I feare a madnesse held me: this must craue
(And if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy Dukedome I resigne, and doe entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how shold *Prospero*
Be liuing, and be heere?

Pro. First, noble Frend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gonz. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not sweare.

Pro. You doe yet taste
Some subtleties o'th' Isle, that will nor let you
Beleeue things certaine: Wellcome, my friends all,

But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded
I heere could plucke his Highnesse frowne vpon you
And iustifie you Traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. The Diuell speakes in him:

Pro. No:

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

Alo. If thou beest *Prospero*

Giue vs particulars of thy preseruatiō,
How thou hast met vs heere, whom three howres since
Were wrackt vpon this shore? where I haue lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is)
My deere sonne *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.

Alo. Irreparable is the losse, and patience
Saies, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather thinke

You haue not sought her helpe, of whose soft grace
For the like losse, I haue her soueraigne aid,
And rest my selfe content.

Alo. You the like losse?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and supportable

To make the deere losse, haue I meanes much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I
Haue lost my daughter.

Alo. A daughter?

Oh heauens, that they were liuing both in *Naples*
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish
My selfe were mudded in that oo-zie bed
Where my sonne lies: when did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last Tempest. I perceiue these Lords
 At this encounter doe so much admire,
 That they deuoure their reason, and scarce thinke
 Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words
 Are naturall breath: but howsoe'r you haue
 Beene iustled from your sences, 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-fast, nor
 Befitting this first meeting: Welcome, Sir;
 This Cell's my Court: heere haue I few attendants,
 And Subiects none abroad: pray you looke in:
 My Dukedome since you haue giuen 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 discouers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Chesse.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Fer. No my dearest loue,
 I would not for the world.

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

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

Seb. A most high miracle.

Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
 I haue curs'd them without cause.

Alo. Now all the blessings
 Of a glad father, compasse thee about:
 Arise, and say how thou cam'st heere.

Mir. O wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there heere?
How beauteous mankind is? O braue new world
That has such people in't.

[Page B3v]

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three houres:
Is she the goddesse that hath seuer'd vs,
And brought vs thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortall;
But by immortall prouidence, she's mine;
I chose her when I could not aske my Father
For his aduise: nor thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millaine*,
Of whom, so often I haue heard renowne,
But neuer saw before: of whom I haue
Receiu'd a second life; and second Father
This Lady makes him to me.

Alo. I am hers.
But O, how odly will it sound, that I
Must aske my childe forgiuenesse?

Pro. There Sir stop,
Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with
A heauinesse that's gon.

Gon. I haue inly wept,
Or should haue spoke ere this: looke downe you gods
And on this couple drop a blessed crowne;
For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way
Which brought vs hither.

Alo. I say Amen, *Gonzallo*.

Gon. Was *Millaine* thrust from *Millaine*, that his Issue
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O reioyce
Beyond a common ioy, and set it downe
With gold on lasting Pillers: In one voyage
Did *Claribell* her husband finde at *Tunis*,
And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,
Where he himselfe was lost: *Prospero*, his Dukedome

In a poore Isle: and all of vs, our selues,
When no man was his owne.

Alo. Giue me your hands:
Let griefe and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you ioy.

Gon. Be it so, Amen.

*Enter Ariell, with the Master and Boatswaine
amazedly following.*

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

Bot. The best newes is, that we haue safely found
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glasses since, we gaue out split,
Is tyte, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when
We first put out to Sea.

Ar. Sir, all this seruice
Haue I done since I went.

Pro. My tricksey Spirit.

Alo. These are not naturall euent, they strengthen
From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?

Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd striue to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,
And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,
Where, but euen now, with strange, and seuerall noyses
Of roring, shreeking, howling, gingling chaines,
And mo diuersitie of sounds, all horrible.
We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty;
Where we, in all our trim, freshly beheld
Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Master
Capring to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them,
And were brought moaping hither.

Ar. Was't well done?

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

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

Pro. Sir, my Leige,
Doe not infest your minde, with beating on
The strangenesse of this businesse, at pickt leisure
(Which shall be shortly single) I'll resolue you,
(Which to you shall seeme probable) of euery
These happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set *Caliban*, and his companions free:
Vntye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your Companie
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.

*Enter Ariell, driuing in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo in their stolne Apparell.*

Ste. Euery man shift for all the rest, and let
No man take care for himselfe; for all is
But fortune: *Coragio* Bully-Monster *Coragio*.

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

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be braue Spirits indeede:
How fine my Master is? I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha:
What things are these, my Lord *Anthonio*?
Will money buy em?

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

Pro. Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords,
Then say if they be true: This mishapen knaue;
His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
That could controle the Moone; make flowes, and ebs,

And deale in her command, without her power:
These three haue robd me, and this demy-diuell;
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these Fellowes, you
Must know, and owne, this Thing of darkenesse, I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pincht to death.

Alo. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?

Seb. He is drunke now;
Where had he wine?

Alo. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where should they
Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Tri. I haue bin in such a pickle since I saw you last,
That I feare me will neuer out 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'ld be King o'the Isle, Sirha?

Ste. I should haue bin a sore one then.

Alo. This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on.

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

Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wise hereafter,
And seeke for grace: what a thrice double Asse
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worship this dull foole?

Pro. Goe to, away.

Alo. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it rather.

[Page B4]

Pro. Sir, I inuite your Highnesse, and your traine
To my poore Cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which part of it, Ile waste
With such discourse, 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 Isle: And in the morne
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to *Naples*,
Where I haue hope to see the nuptiall
Of these our deere-belou'd, solemnized,
And thence retire me to my *Millaine*, where
Euery third thought shall be my graue.

Alo. I long
To heare the story of your life; which must
Take the eare strangely.

Pro. I'll deliuer all,
And promise you calme Seas, auspicious gales,
And saile, so expeditious, that shall catch
Your Royall fleete farre off: My *Ariel*; chicke
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: please you draw neere.

Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGVE,
spoken by Prospero.

*Now my Charmes are all ore-throwne,
And what strength I haue's mine owne.
Which is most faint: now 'tis true
I must be heere confinde by you,
Or sent to Naples, Let me not
Since I haue my Dukedome got,
And pardon'd the deceiuer, dwell
In this bare Island, by your Spell,
But release me from my bands
With the helpe of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
Must fill, or else my proiect failes,*

*Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,
And my ending is despaire,
Vnlesse I be relieu'd by praier
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence set me free.*

Exit.

The Scene, an vn-inhabited Island

Names of the Actors.

Alonso, K[ing]. of Naples:

Sebastian his Brother.

Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine.

Anthonio his brother, the vsurping Duke of Millaine.

Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.

Gonzalo, an honest old Councillor.

Adrian, & Francisco, Lords.

Caliban, a saluage and deformed slaue.

Trinculo, a Iester.

Stephano, a drunken Butler.

Master of a Ship.

Boate-Swaine.

Marriners.

Miranda, daughter to Prospero.

Ariell, an ayrie spirit.

Iris

Ceres

Iuno

Nymphes

Reapers

Spirits.

FINIS.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine: Protheus, and Speed.

Valentine. Cease to perswade, my louing *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth, haue euer homely wits,
Wer't not affection chaines thy tender dayes
To the sweet glaunces of thy honour'd Loue,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (liuing dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Weare out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse.
But since thou lou'st; loue still, and thriue therein,
Euen as I would, when I to loue begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* adew,
Thinke on thy *Protheus*, when thou (hap'ly) seest
Some rare note-worthy obiect in thy trauaile.
Wish me partaker in thy happinesse,
When thou do'st meet good hap; and in thy danger,
(If euer danger doe enuiron thee)
Commend thy grieuance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beades-man, *Valentine*.

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

Pro. Vpon some booke I loue, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow *Storie* of deepe loue,
How yong *Leander* crost the *Hellespont*.

Pro. That's a deepe *Storie*, of a deeper loue,
For he was more then ouer-shooes in loue.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are ouer-bootes in loue,
And yet you neuer swom the *Hellespont*.

Pro. Ouer the Bootes? nay giue me not the Boots.

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

Pro. What?

Val. To be in loue; where scorne is bought with grones:
Coy looks, with hart-sore sighes: one fading moments mirth,
With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights;
If hap'ly won, perhaps a haplesse gaine;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
How euer: but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit, by folly vanquished.

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

Val. So, by your circumstance, I feare you'll proue.

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

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

Pro. Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest Bud,
The eating Canker dwels; 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,
Euen so by Loue, the yong, and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the Bud,
Loosing his verdure, euen in the prime,
And all the faire effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my Father at the Road
Expects my comming, there to see me ship'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee *Valentine*.

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: Now let vs take our leaue:
To *Millaine* let me heare from thee by Letters
Of thy successe in loue; and what newes else
Betideth here in absence of thy Friend:
And I likewise will visite thee with mine.

Pro. All happinesse bechance to thee in *Millaine*.

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

Exit.

Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Loue;
He leaues his friends, to dignifie them more;
I loue my selfe, my friends, and all for loue:
Thou *Iulia*, thou hast metamorphis'd me:
Made me neglect my Studies, loose my time;
Warre with good counsaile; set the world at nought;
Made Wit with musing, weake; hart sick with thought.

Sp. Sir *Protheus*: 'saue you: saw you my Master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for *Millain*.

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

Pro. Indeede a Sheepe doth very often 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 hornes are his hornes, whether I
wake or sleepe.

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

Sp. This proues me still a Sheepe.

Pro. True: and thy Master a Shepheard.

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

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

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

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

Sp. Such another prooffe will make me cry baa.

Pro. But do'st thou heare: gau'st thou my Letter
to *Iulia*?

Sp. I Sir: I (a lost-Mutton) gaue your Letter to her
(a lac'd-Mutton) and she (a lac'd-Mutton) gaue mee (a
lost-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a Pasture for such store of
Muttons.

Sp. If the ground be ouer-charg'd, you were best
sticke her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray: 'twere best pound
you.

Sp. Nay Sir, lesse then a pound shall serue me for car-
rying your Letter.

Pro. You mistake; I meane the pound, a Pinfold.

Sp. From a pound to a pin? fold it ouer and ouer,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your louer

Pro. But what said she?

Sp. I.

Pro. Nod-I, why that's noddy.

Sp. You mistooke Sir: I say she did nod;
And you aske me if she did nod, and I say I.

Pro. And that set together is noddy.

Sp. Now you haue taken the paines to set it toge-
ther, take it for your paines.

Pro. No, no, you shall haue it for bearing the letter.

Sp. Well, I perceiue I must be faine to beare with you.

Pro. Why Sir, how doe you beare with me?

Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very orderly,
Hauing nothing but the word noddy for my paines.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you haue a quicke wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot ouer-take your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in briefe; what
said she.

Sp. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter
may be both at once deliuered.

Pro. Well Sir: here is for your paines: what said she?

Sp. Truely Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'st thou perceiue so much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceiue nothing at all from her;
No, not so much as a ducket for deliuering your letter:
And being so hard to me, that brought your minde;
I feare she'll proue as hard to you in telling your minde.
Giue her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steele.

Pro. What said she, nothing?

Sp. No, not so much as take this for thy pains:
To testifie your bounty, I thank you, you haue cestern'd me;
In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your
selfe; And so Sir, I'll commend you to my Master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to saue your Ship from wrack,
Which cannot perish hauing thee aboarde,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:
I must goe send some better Messenger,
I feare my *Iulia* would not daigne my lines,
Receiuing them from such a worthlesse post.

Exit.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul. But say *Lucetta* (now we are alone)
Would'st thou then counsaile me to fall in loue?

Luc. I Madam, so you stumble not vnheedfully.

Iul. Of all the faire resort of Gentlemen,
That euery day with par'le encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest loue?

Lu. Please you repeat their names, ile shew my minde,
According to my shallow simple skill.

Iu. What thinkst thou of the faire sir *Eglamoure*?

Lu. As of a Knight, well-spoken, neat, and fine;
But were I you, he neuer should be mine.

Iu. What think'st thou of the rich *Mercatio*?

Lu. Well of his wealth; but of himselfe, so, so.

Iu. What think'st thou of the gentle *Protheus*?

Lu. Lord, Lord: to see what folly raignes in vs.

Iu. How now? what meanes this passion at his name?

Lu. Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a passing shame,
That I (vnworthy body as I am)
Should censure thus on louely Gentlemen.

Iu. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the rest?

Lu. Then thus: of many good, I thinke him best.

Iul. Your reason?

Lu. I haue no other but a womans reason:
I thinke him so, because I thinke him so.

Iul. And would'st thou haue me cast my loue on him?

Lu. I: if you thought your loue not cast away.

Iul. Why he, of all the rest, hath neuer mou'd me.

Lu. Yet he, of all the rest, I thinke best loues ye.

Iul. His little speaking, shewes his loue but small.

Lu. Fire that's closest kept, burnes most of all.

Iul. They doe not loue, that doe not shew their loue.

Lu. Oh, they loue least, that let men know their loue.

Iul. I would I knew his minde.

Lu. Peruse this paper Madam.

Iul. To *Iulia*: say, from whom?

Lu. That the Contents will shew.

Iul. Say, say: who gaue it thee?

Lu. Sir *Valentines* page: & sent I think from *Protheus*;
He would haue giuen 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 goodly Broker:
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper, and conspire against my youth?
Now trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place:
There: take the paper: see it be return'd,
Or else returne no more into my sight.

Lu. To plead for loue, deserues more fee, then hate.

Iul. Will ye be gon?

Lu. That you may ruminate.

Exit.

Iul. And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter;
It were a shame to call her backe againe,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
What 'foole is she, that knowes I am a Maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since Maides, in modesty, say no, to that,
Which they would haue the profferer construe, I.
Fie, fie: how way-ward is this foolish loue;
That (like a testie Babe) will scratch the Nurse,
And presently, all humbled kisse the Rod?
How churlishly, I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly, I would haue had her here?
How angerly I taught my brow to frowne,
When inward ioy enforc'd my heart to smile?
My pennance is, to call *Lucetta* backe
And aske remission, for my folly past.
What hoe: *Lucetta*.

Lu. What would your Ladiship?

Iul. Is't neere dinner time?

Lu. I would it were,
That you might kill your stomacke on your meat,
And not vpon your Maid.

[Page B5v]

Iu. What is't that you
Tooke vp so gingerly?

Lu. Nothing.

Iu. Why didst thou stoope then?

Lu. To take a paper vp, that I let fall.

Iul. And is that paper nothing?

Lu. Nothing concerning me.

Iul. Then let it lye, for those that it concernes.

Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concernes,
Vnlesse it haue a false Interpreter.

Iul. Some loue of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.

Lu. That I might sing it (Madam) to a tune:
Giue me a Note, your Ladiship can set

Iul. As little by such toyes, as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light O, Loue*.

Lu. It is too heauy for so light a tune.

Iu. Heauy? belike it hath some burden then?

Lu. I: and melodious were it, would you sing it,

Iu. And why not you?

Lu. I cannot reach so high.

Iu. Let's see your Song:
How now Minion?

Lu. Keepe tune there still; so you will sing it out:
And yet me thinkes I do not like this tune.

Iu. You doe not?

Lu. No (Madam) tis too sharpe.

Iu. You (Minion) are too saucie.

Lu. Nay, now you are too flat;
And marre the concord, with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.

Iu. The meane is dround with you vnruely base.

Lu. Indeede I bid the base for *Protheus*.

Iu. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me;
Here is a coile with protestation:
Goe, get you gone: and let the papers lye:
You would be fingring them, to anger me.

Lu. She makes it stra[n]ge, but she would be best pleas'd
To be so angred with another Letter.

Iu. Nay, would I were so angred with the same:
Oh hatefull hands, to teare such louing words;
Iniurious Wasps, to feede on such sweet hony,
And kill the Bees that yeelde it, with your stings;
Ile kisse each seuerall paper, for amends:
Looke, here is writ, kinde *Iulia*: vnkinde *Iulia*,
As in reuenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruizing-stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ, *Loue wounded Protheus*.
Poore wounded name: my bosome, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a soueraigne kisse.
But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written downe:
Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,
Till I haue found each letter, in the Letter,
Except mine own name: That, some whirle-winde beare
Vnto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke,
And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:
Poore forlorne Protheus, passionate Protheus:
To the sweet Iulia: that ile teare away:
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it, to his complaining Names;
Thus will I fold them, one vpon another;
Now kisse, embrace, contend, doe what you will.

Lu. Madam: dinner is ready: and your father staies.

Iu. Well, let vs goe.

Lu. What, shall these papers lye, like Tel-tales here?

Iu. 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.

Iu. I see you haue a months minde to them.

Lu. I (Madam) you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you iudge I winke.

Iu. Come, come, wilt please you goe.

Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Panthino. Protheus.

Ant. Tell me *Panthino*, what sad talke was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyster?

Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, 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 preferment out.
Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discouer Islands farre away:
Some, to the studious Vniuersities;
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Protheus*, 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 impeachment to his age,
In hauing knowne no trauaile in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon, this month I haue bin hamering.
I haue consider'd well, his losse of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tryed, and tutord in the world:
Experience is by industry atchieu'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then tell me, whether were I best to send him?

Pan. I thinke your Lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthfull *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperour in his royall Court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordship sent him
(thither,
There shall he practise Tilts, and Turnaments;
Heare sweet discourse, conuerse with Noble-men,
And be in eye of euery Exercise
Worthy his youth, and noblenesse of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsaile: well hast thou aduis'd:
And that thou maist perceiue how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make knowne;
Euen with the speediest expedition,
I will dispatch him to the Emperors Court.

Pan. To morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,
With other Gentlemen of good esteeme
Are iourning, to salute the *Emperor*,
And to commend their seruice to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them shall *Protheus* 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;
O that our Fathers would applaud our loues
To seale our happinesse with their consents.

Pro. Oh heauenly *Iulia*.

Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your Lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations sent from *Valentine*;
Deliu'er'd by a friend, that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me see what newes.

Pro. There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes
How happily he liues, how well-belou'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

[Page B6]

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your Lordships will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus sodainly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end:
I am resolu'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With *Valentinus*, in the Emperors Court:
What maintenance he from his friends receiues,
Like exhibition thou shalt haue from me,
To morrow be in readinesse, to goe,
Excuse it not: for I am peremptory.

Pro. My Lord I cannot be so soone prouided,
Please you deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look what thou want'st shalbe sent after thee:
No more of stay: to morrow thou must goe;
Come on *Panthino*; you shall be imployd,
To hasten on his Expedition.

Pro. Thus haue I shund the fire, for feare of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to shew my Father *Iulias* Letter,
Least he should take exceptions to my loue,
And with the vantage of mine owne excuse
Hath he excepted most against my loue.
Oh, how this spring of loue resembleth
The vncertaine glory of an Aprill day,
Which now shewes all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a clowd takes all away.

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, your Fathers call's for you,
He is in hast, therefore I pray you go.

Pro. Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answer's no.

Exeunt. Finis.

Actus secundus: Scoena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Siluia.

Speed. Sir, your Gloue.

Valen. Not mine: my Gloues are on.

Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.

Val. Ha? Let me see: I, giue it me, it's mine:
Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing diuine,
Ah *Siluia*, *Siluia*.

Speed. Madam *Siluia*: Madam *Siluia*.

Val. How now Sirha?

Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir.

Val. Why sir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your worship sir, or else I mistooke.

Val. Well: you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Goe to, sir, tell me: do you know Madam *Siluia*?

Speed. Shee that your worship loues?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in loue?

Speed. Marry by these speciall markes: first, you haue
learn'd (like Sir *Protheus*) to wreath your Armes like a
Male-content: to relish a Loue-song, like a *Robin-red-*
breast: to walke alone like one that had the pestilence:
to sigh, like a Schoole-boy that had lost his *A.B.C.* to
weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam:
to fast, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that
feares robbing: to speake puling, like a beggar at Hal-low-Masse:
You were wont, when you laughed, to crow
like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the
Lions: when you fasted, it was presently after dinner:
when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: And
now you are Metamorphis'd with a Mistris, that when I
looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Master.

Val. Are all these things perceiu'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiu'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certaine: for without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an Vrinall: that not an eye that sees you, but is a Physician to comment on your Malady.

Val. But tell me: do'st thou know my Lady *Silvia*?

Speed. Shee that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou obseru'd that? euen she I meane.

Speed. Why sir, I know her not.

Val. Do'st thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-fauour'd, sir?

Val. Not so faire (boy) as well fauour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That shee is not so faire, as (of you) well-fauoured?

Val. I meane that her beauty is exquisite,
But her fauour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry sir, so painted to make her faire, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You neuer saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she beene deform'd?

Speed. Euer since you lou'd her.

Val. I haue lou'd her euer since I saw her,
And still I see her beautifull.

Speed. If you loue her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Loue is blinde: O that you had mine eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont to haue, when you chidde at Sir *Protheus*, for going vn-garter'd.

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your owne present folly, and her passing deformitie: for hee beeing in loue, could not see to garter his hose; and you, beeing in loue, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike (boy) then you are in loue, for last morning You could not see to wipe my shooes.

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 to chide you, for yours.

[Page B6v]

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enioyn'd me,
To write some lines to one she loues.

Speed. And haue you?

Val. I haue.

Speed. Are they not lamely writt?

Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here she comes.

Speed. Oh excellent motion; oh exceeding Puppet:
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam & Mistres, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. Oh, 'giue ye-good-ev'n: heer's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine*, and seruant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should giue her interest: & she giues it him.

Val. As you inioynd me; I haue writ your Letter
Vnto the secret, nameles friend of yours:
Which I was much vnwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladiship.

Sil. I thanke you (gentle Seruant) 'tis very Clerkly-done.

Val. Now trust me (Madam) it came hardly-off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at randome, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No (Madam) so it steed you, I will write
(Please you command) a thousand times as much:
And yet — —

Sil. A pretty period: well: I ghesse the sequell;
And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.
And yet, take this againe: and yet I thanke you:
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will: and yet, another yet.

Val. What meanes your Ladiship?
Doe you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very queintly writ,
But (since vnwillingly) take them againe.
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Silu. I, I: you writ them Sir, at my request,
But I will none of them: they are for you:
I would haue had them writ more mouingly:

Val. Please you, Ile write your Ladiship another.

Sil. And when it's writ: for my sake read it ouer,
And if it please you, so: if not: why so:

Val. If it please me, (Madam?) what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good-morrow Seruant.

Exit. Sil.

Speed. Oh Iest vnseene: inscrutable: inuisible,
As a nose on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a steeple:
My Master sues to her: and she hath taught her Sutor,
He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.
Oh excellent deuise, was there euer heard a better?
That my master being scribe,
To himselfe should write the Letter?

Val. How now Sir?
What are you reasoning with your selfe?

Speed. Nay: I was riming: 'tis you that haue the reason.

Val. To doe what?

Speed. To be a Spokes-man from Madam *Siluia*.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To your selfe: why, she woes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a Letter, I should say.

Val. Why she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she,
When shee hath made you write to your selfe?
Why, doe you not perceiue the iest?

Val. No, beleeue me.

Speed. No beleeuing you indeed sir:
But did you perceiue her earnest?

Val. She gaue me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why she hath giuen you a Letter.

Val. That's the Letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And the letter hath she deliuer'd, & there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often haue you writ to her: and she in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not againe reply,
Or fearing els some messe[n]ger, that might her mind discouer
Her self hath taught her Loue himself, to write vnto her louer.

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.

Why muse you sir, 'tis dinner time.

Val. I haue dyn'd.

Speed. I, but hearken sir: though the Cameleon Loue
can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nourish'd by my
victuals; and would faine haue meate: oh bee not like
your Mistresse, be moued, be moued.

Exeunt.

Scoena secunda.

Enter Protheus, Iulia, Panthion.

Pro. Haue patience, gentle *Iulia*:

Iul. I must where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will returne.

Iul. If you turne not: you will return the sooner:
Keepe this remembrance for thy *Iulia's* sake.

Pro. Why then wee'll make exchange;
Here, take you this.

Iul. And seale the bargaine with a holy kisse.

Pro. Here is my hand, for my true constancie:
And when that howre ore-slips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not (*Iulia*) for thy sake,
The next ensuing howre, some foule mischance
Torment me for my Loues forgetfulnesse:
My father staies my comming: answeare not:
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of teares,
That tide will stay me longer then I should,
Iulia, farewell: what, gon without a word?
I, so true loue should doe: it cannot speake,
For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.

Panth. Sir *Protheus*: you are staid for.

Pro. Goe: I come, I come:
Alas, this parting strikes poore Louers dumbe.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Launce, Panthion.

Launce. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I haue done weeping: all the kinde of the *Launces*, haue this very fault: I haue receiu'd my proportion, like the prodigious Sonne, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperialls Court: I thinke *Crab* my dog, be the sowrest natured dogge that liues: My Mother weeping: my Father wayling: my Sister crying: our Maid howling: our Catte wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curre shedde one teare: he is a stone, a very pibble stone, and has no more pittie in him then a dogge: a Iew would haue wept to haue seene our parting: why my Grandam hauing no eyes, looke you, wept her selfe blinde at my parting: nay, Ile shew you the manner of it. This shooe is my father: no, this left shooe is my father; no, no, this left shooe is my mother: nay, that cannot bee so neyther: yes; it is so, it is so: it hath the worser sole: this shooe with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father: a veng'ance on't, there 'tis: Now sir, this staffe is my sister: 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 selfe: I; so, so: now come I to my Father; Father, your blessing: now should not the shooe speake a word for weeping: now should I kisse my Father; well, hee weepes on: Now come I to my Mother: Oh that she could speake now, like a would-woman: well, I kisse her: why there 'tis; heere's my mothers breath vp and downe: Now come I to my sister; marke the moane she makes: now the dogge all this while sheds not a teare: nor speakes a word: but see how I lay the dust with my teares.

[Page C1]

Panth. *Launce*, away, away: a Boord: thy Master is ship'd, and thou art to post after with oares; what's the matter? why weep'st thou man? away asse, you'l loose the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tide were lost, for it is the vnkindest Tide, that euer any man tide.

Panth. What's the vnkindest tide?

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

Pant. Tut, man: I meane thou'lt loose the flood, and in loosing the flood, loose thy voyage, and in loosing thy voyage, loose thy Master, and in loosing thy Master, loose thy seruice, and in loosing thy seruice: — — why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For feare thou shouldst loose thy tongue.

Panth. Where should I loose my tongue?

Laun. In thy Tale.

Panth. In thy Taile.

Laun. Loose the Tide, and the voyage, and the Master, and the Seruice, and the tide: why man, if the Riuer were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the winde were downe, I could driue the boate with my sighes.

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

Lau. Sir: call me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou goe?

Laun. Well, I will goe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

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

Sil. Seruant.

Val. Mistris.

Spee. Master, Sir *Thurio* frownes on you.

Val. I Boy, it's for loue.

Spee. Not of you.

Val. Of my Mistresse then.

Spee. 'Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Seruant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I seeme so.

Thu. Seeme you that you are not?

Val. Hap'ly I doe.

Thu. So doe Counterfeyts.

Val. So doe you.

Thu. What seeme I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quoad you my folly?

Val. I quoad it in your Ierkin.

Thu. My Ierkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, Ile double your folly.

Thu. How?

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

Val. Giue him leaue, Madam, he is a kind of *Camelion*.

Thu. That hath more minde to feed on your bloud,
then liue in your ayre.

Val. You haue said 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, gentleme[n], & quickly shot off

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

Sil. Who is that Seruant?

Val. Your selfe (sweet Lady) for you gaue the fire,
Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your Ladships lookes,
And spends what he borrowes kindly in your company.

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

Val. I know it well sir: you haue an Exchequer of words,
And I thinke, no other treasure to giue your followers:
For it appeares by their bare Liueries
That they liue by your bare words.

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

Duk. Now, daughter *Siluia*, you are hard beset.
Sir *Valentine*, your father is in good health,
What say you to a Letter from your friends
Of much good newes?

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

Duk. Know ye *Don Antonio*, your Countriman?

Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert 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 selfe: for from our Infancie
We haue conuerst, and spent our howres together,
And though my selfe haue beene an idle Trewant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To cloath mine age with Angel-like perfection:
Yet hath Sir *Protheus* (for that's his name)
Made vse, and faire aduantage of his daies:
His yeares but yong, but his experience old:
His head vn-mellowed, but his Iudgement ripe;

And in a word (for far behinde his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow.)
He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.

Duk. Beshrew me sir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Empresse loue,
As meet to be an Emperors Councillor:
Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And heere he meanes to spend his time a while,
I thinke 'tis no vn-welcome newes to you.

Val. Should I haue wish'd a thing, it had beene he.

Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I speake to you, and you Sir *Thurio*,
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it,
I will send him hither to you presently.

Val. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladship
Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Christall looks.

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

Val. Nay sure, I thinke she holds them prisoners stil.

Sil. Nay then he should be blind, and being blind
How could he see his way to seeke out you?

Val. Why Lady, Loue hath twenty paire of eyes.

Thur. They say that Loue hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such Louers, *Thurio*, as your selfe,
Vpon a homely obiect, Loue can winke.

Sil. Haue done, haue done: here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, deer *Protheus*: Mistris, I beseech you
Confirme his welcome, with some speciall fauor.

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

Val. Mistris, it is: sweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-seruant to your Ladiship.

Sil. Too low a Mistres for so high a seruant.

Pro. Not so, sweet Lady, but too meane a seruant
To haue a looke of such a worthy a Mistresse.

Val. Leaue off discourse of disabilitie:
Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Seruant.

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

Sil. And dutie neuer yet did want his meed.
Seruant, you are welcome to a worthlesse Mistresse.

Pro. Ile die on him that saies so but your selfe.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthlesse.

Thur. Madam, my Lord your father wold speak with you.

Sil. I wait vpon his pleasure: Come Sir *Thurio*,
Goe with me: once more, new Seruant welcome;
Ile leaue you to confer of home affaires,
When you haue done, we looke too heare 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[m] much co[m]mended.

Val. And how doe yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your Lady? & how thriues your loue?

Pro. My tales of Loue were wont to weary you,
I know you ioy not in a Loue-discourse.

Val. I *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now,
I haue done pennance for contemning Loue,
Whose high emperious thoughts haue punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitentiall grones,
With nightly teares, and daily hart-sore sighes,
For in reuenge 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 so humbled me, as I confesse
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his Seruice, no such ioy on earth:
Now, no discourse, except it be of loue:
Now can I breake my fast, 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 so?

Val. Euen She; and is she not a heauenly Saint?

Pro. No; But she is an earthly Paragon.

Val. Call her diuine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

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

Pro. When I was sick, you gaue me bitter pils,
And I must minister the like to you.

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

Pro. Except my Mistresse.

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:
Shee shall be dignified with this high honour,
To beare my Ladies traine, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse,
And of so great a fauor growing proud,
Disdaine to roote the Sommer-swelling flowre,
And make rough winter euerlastingly.

Pro. Why *Valentine*, what Bragadisme is this?

Val. Pardon me (*Protheus*) all I can is nothing,
To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing;
Shee 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 Iewell
As twenty Seas, if all their sand were pearle,
The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold.
Forgiue me, that I doe not dreame on thee,
Because thou seest me doate vpon my loue:
My foolish Riual 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 is full of iealousie.)

Pro. But she loues you?

Val. I, and we are betroathd: nay more, our mariage howre,
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of: how I must climbe her window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happinesse.
Good *Protheus* goe with me to my chamber,
In these affaires to aid me with thy counsaile.

Pro. Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth:
I must vnto the Road, to dis-embarque
Some necessities, that I needs must vse,
And then Ile presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Exit.

Pro. I will.

Euen as one heate, another heate expels,
Or as one naile, by strength driues out another.
So the remembrance of my former Loue
Is by a newer obiect quite forgotten,
It is mine, or *Valentines* praise?
Her true perfection, or my false transgression?
That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus?
Shee is faire: and so is *Iulia* that I loue,

(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 zeale to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I loue him not as I was wont:
O, but I loue his Lady too-too much,
And that's the reason I loue him so little.
How shall I doate on her with more aduice,
That thus without aduice begin to loue her?
'Tis but her picture I haue yet beheld,
And that hath dazel'd my reasons light:
But when I looke on her perfections,
There is no reason, but I shall be blinde.
If I can checke my erring loue, I will,
If not, to compasse her Ile vse my skill.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. *Launce*, by mine honesty welcome to *Padua*.

Laun. Forsweare not thy selfe, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is neuer vndon till hee be hang'd, nor neuer welcome to a place, till some certaine shot be paid, and the Hostesse say welcome.

Speed. Come-on you mad-cap: Ile to the Ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of fiue pence, thou shalt haue fiue thousand welcomes: But sirha, how did thy Master part with Madam *Iulia*?

Lau. Marry after they cloas'd in earnest, they parted very fairely in iest.

Spee. But shall she marry him?

Lau. No.

Spee. How then? shall he marry her?

Lau. No, neither.

Spee. What, are they broken?

Lau. No; they are both as whole as a fish.

Spee. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Lau. Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Spee. What an asse art thou, I vnderstand thee not.

Lau. What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not?
My staffe vnderstands me?

Spee. What thou saist?

Lau. I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but leane,
and my staffe vnderstands me.

Spee. It stands vnder thee indeed.

Lau. Why, stand-vnder: and vnder-stand is all one.

Spee. But tell me true, wil't be a match?

Lau. Aske my dogge, if he say I, it will: if hee say
no, it will: if hee shake his taile, and say nothing, it
will.

Spee. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Lau. Thou shalt neuer get such a secret from me, but
by a parable.

Spee. 'Tis well that I get it so: but *Launce*, how saist
thou that that my master is become a notable Louer?

Lau. I neuer knew him otherwise.

Spee. Then how?

Lau. A notable Lubber: as thou reportest him to
bee.

Spee. Why, thou whorson Asse, thou mistak'st me,

Lau. Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy
Master.

Spee. I tell thee, my Master is become a hot Louer.

Lau. Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne
himselke in Loue. If thou wilt goe with me to the Ale-

house: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth
the name of a Christian.

Spee. Why?

Lau. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as
to goe to the Ale with a Christian: Wilt thou goe?

Spee. At thy seruice.

Exeunt.

Scoena Sexta.

Enter Protheus solus.

Pro. To leaue my *Iulia*; shall I be forsworne?
To loue faire *Silui*a; shall I be forsworne?
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworne.
And ev'n that Powre which gaue me first my oath
Prouokes me to this three-fold periurie.
Loue bad mee sweare, and Loue bids me for-sweare;
O sweet-suggesting Loue, if thou hast sin'd,
Teach me (thy tempted subiect) to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling Starre,
But now I worship a celestiall Sunne:
Vn-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit, that wants resolued will,
To learne his wit, t' exchange the bad for better;
Fie, fie, vnreuerend tongue, to call her bad,
Whose soueraignty so oft thou hast preferd,
With twenty thousand soule-confirming oathes.
I cannot leaue to loue; and yet I doe:
But there I leaue to loue, where I should loue.
Iulia I loose, and *Valentine* I loose,
If I keepe them, I needs must loose my selfe:
If I loose them, thus finde I by their losse,
For *Valentine*, my selfe: for *Iulia*, *Silui*a.
I to my selfe am deerer then a friend,
For Loue is still most precious in it selfe,
And *Silui*a (witness heauen that made her faire)
Shewes *Iulia* but a swarthy Ethiop.

I will forget that *Iulia* is aliue,
Remembring that my Loue to her is dead.
And *Valentine* Ile hold an Enemye,
Ayming at *Siluia* as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now proue constant to my selfe,
Without some treachery vs'd to *Valentine*.
This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder
To climbe celestiall *Siluia's* chamber window,
My selfe in counsaile his competitor.
Now presently Ile giue her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight:
Who (all inrag'd) will banish *Valentine*:
For *Thurio* he intends shall wed his daughter,
But *Valentine* being gon, Ile quickly crosse
By some slie tricke, blunt *Thurio's* dull proceeding.
Loue lend me wings, to make my purpose swift
As thou hast lent me wit, to plot this drift.

Exit.

[Page C2v]

Scoena septima.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul. Counsaile, *Lucetta*, gentle girle assist me,
And eu'n in kinde loue, I doe coniure thee,
Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly Character'd, and engrau'd,
To lesson me, and tell me some good meane
How with my honour I may vndertake
A iourney to my louing *Protheus*.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long.

Iul. A true-deuoted Pilgrime is not weary
To measure Kingdomes with his feeble steps,
Much lesse shall she that hath Loues wings to flie,
And when the flight is made to one so deere,
Of such diuine perfection as Sir *Protheus*.

Luc. Better forbear, till *Protheus* make returne.

Iul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soules food?
Pitty the dearth that I haue pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of Loue,
Thou wouldst as soone goe kindle fire with snow
As seeke to quench the fire of Loue with words.

Luc. I doe not seeke to quench your Loues hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extreame rage,
Lest it should burne aboue the bounds of reason.

Iul. The more thou dam'st it vp, the more it burnes:
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'st) being stop'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his faire course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musicke with th' enameld stones,
Giuing a gentle kisse to euery sedge
He ouer-taketh in his pilgrimage.
And so by many winding nookes he straies
With willing sport to the wilde Ocean.
Then let me goe, and hinder not my course:
Ile be as patient as a gentle streame,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step haue brought me to my Loue,
And there Ile rest, as after much turmoile
A blessed soule doth in *Elizium*.

Luc. But in what habit will you goe along?

Iul. Not like a woman, for I would preuent
The loose encounters of lasciuious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weedes
As may besee me some well reputed Page.

Luc. Why then your Ladiship must cut your haire.

Iul. No girle, Ile knit it vp in silken strings,
With twentie od-conceited true-loue knots:
To be fantastique, may become a youth
Of greater time then I shall shew to be.

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

Iul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compasse will you weare your Farthingale?
Why eu'n what fashion thou best likes (*Lucetta.*)

Luc. You must needs haue the[m] with a cod-peece Ma-[dam]

Iul. Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that wilbe illfauourd.

Luc. A round hose (Madam) now's not worth a pin
Vnlesse you haue a cod-peece to stick pins on.

Iul. *Lucetta*, as thou lou'st me let me haue
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For vndertaking so vnstaid a iourney?
I feare me it will make me scandaliz'd.

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

Iul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then neuer dreame on Infamy, but go:
If *Protheus* like your iourney, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I feare me he will scarce be pleas'd with all.

Iul. That is the least (*Lucetta*) of my feare:
A thousand oathes, an Ocean of his teares,
And instances of infinite of Loue,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

Luc. All these are seruants to deceitfull men.

Iul. Base men, that vse them to so base effect;
But truer starres did gouerne *Protheus* birth,
His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,
His loue sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His teares, pure messengers, sent from his heart,
His heart, as far from fraud, as heauen from earth.

Luc. Pray heau'n he proue so when you come to him.

Iul. Now, as thou lou'st me, do him not that wrong,
To beare a hard opinion of his truth:
Onely deserue my loue, by louing him,
And presently goe with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I stand in need of,

To furnish me vpon my longing iourney:
All that is mine I leaue at thy dispose,
My goods, my Lands, my reputation,
Onely, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:
Come; answer not: but to it presently,
I am impatient of my tarriance.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

*Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus, Valentine,
Launce, Speed.*

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, giue vs leaue (I pray) a while,
We haue some secrets to confer about.
Now tell me *Protheus*, 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 fauours
Done to me (vnderstanding as I am)
My dutie pricks me on to vtter that
Which else, no worldly good should draw from me:
Know (worthy Prince) Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to steale away your daughter:
My selfe am one made priuy to the plot.
I know you haue determin'd to bestow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates,
And should she thus be stolne away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chose
To crosse my friend in his intended drift,
Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
A pack of sorrowes, which would presse you downe
(Being vnpreuented) to your timelesse graue.

Duke. *Protheus*, I thank thee for thine honest care,
Which to requite, command me while I liue.
This loue of theirs, my selfe haue often seene,
Haply when they haue iudg'd me fast asleepe,
And oftentimes haue purpos'd to forbid

[Page C3]

Sir *Valentine* her companie, and my Court.
But fearing lest my iealous ayme might erre,
And so (vnworthily) disgrace the man
(A rashnesse that I euer yet haue shun'd)
I gaue him gentle lookes, thereby to finde
That which thy selfe hast now disclos'd to me.
And that thou maist perceiue my feare of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soone suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an vpper Towre,
The key whereof, my selfe haue euer kept:
And thence she cannot be conuay'd away.

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they haue deuis'd a meane
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:
For which, the youthfull Louer 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 so 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. Vpon mine Honor, he shall neuer 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. Please it your Grace, there is a Messenger
That stayes to beare my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliuer them.

Duk. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenure 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 affaires
That touch me neere: wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not vnknown to thee, that I haue sought
To match my friend Sir *Thurio*, 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
Beseeming such a Wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him?

Duk. No, trust me, She is peeuish, sullen, froward,
Prowd, disobedient, stubborne, 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 cherish'd by her child-like dutie,
I now am full resolu'd 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 possessions she esteemes not.

Val. What would your Grace haue me to do in this?

Duk. There is a Lady in *Verona* heere
Whom I affect: but she is nice, and coy,
And naught esteemes my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I haue thee to my Tutor
(For long agoe I haue forgot to court,
Besides the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way I may bestow my selfe
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words,
Dumbe Iewels often in their silent kinde
More then quicke words, doe moue a womans minde.

Duk. But she did scorne a present that I sent her,

Val. A woman sometime scorns what best co[n]tents her.
Send her another: neuer giue her ore,
For scorne at first, 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 haue you gone,
For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, what euer she doth say,
For, get you gon, she doth not meane away.

Flatter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces:
Though nere so blacke, say they haue Angells faces,
That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duk. But she I meane, is promis'd by her friends
Vnto a youthfull Gentleman of worth,
And kept seuerely from resort of men,
That no man hath accesse by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duk. I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What letts but one may enter at her window?

Duk. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so sheluing, that one cannot climbe it
Without apparant hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords
To cast vp, with a paire of anchoring hookes,
Would serue to scale another *Hero's* towre,
So bold *Leander* would aduenture it.

Duk. Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood
Aduise me, where I may haue such a Ladder.

Val. When would you vse it? pray sir, tell me that.

Duk. This very night; for Loue is like a childe
That longs for euery thing that he can come by.

Val. By seauen a clock, ile get you such a Ladder.

Duk. But harke thee: I will goe to her alone,
How shall I best conuey 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 serue the turne?

Val. I my good Lord.

Duk. Then let me see thy cloake,
Ile get me one of such another length.

Val. Why any cloake will serue the turn (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 same? what's here? to *Siluia*?
 And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,
 Ile be so bold to breake the seale for once.
My thoughts do harbour with my Siluia nightly,
And slaues they are to me, that send them flying.
Oh, could their Master come, and goe as lightly,
Himselfe would lodge where (senceles) they are lying.
My Herald Thoughts, in thy pure bosome rest-them,
While I (their King) that thither them importune
Doe curse the grace, that with such grace hath blest them,
Because my selfe doe want my seruants fortune.
I curse my selfe, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their Lord should be.
 What's here? *Siluia*, *this night I will enfranchise thee.*
 'Tis so: and heere's the Ladder for the purpose.
 Why *Phaeton* (for thou art *Merops* sonne)
 Wilt thou aspire to guide the heauenly Car?
 And with thy daring folly burne the world?
 Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
 Goe base Intruder, ouer-weening Slaue,
 Bestow thy fawning smiles on equall mates,
 And thinke my patience, (more then thy desert)
 Is priuiledge for thy departure hence.
 Thanke me for this, more then for all the fauors
 Which (all too-much) I haue bestowed on thee.
 But if thou linger in my Territories
 Longer then swiftest expedition
 Will giue thee time to leaue our royall Court,
 By heauen, my wrath shall farre exceed the loue
 I euer bore my daughter, or thy selfe.
 Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuse,
 But as thou lou'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[Page C3v]

Val. And why not death, rather then liuing torment?
 To die, is to be banisht from my selfe,
 And *Siluia* is my selfe: banish'd from her
 Is selfe from selfe. A deadly banishment:
 What light, is light, if *Siluia* be not seene?
 What ioy is ioy, if *Siluia* be not by?

Vnlesse it be to thinke that she is by
And feed vpon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Silui*a in the night,
There is no musicke in the Nightingale.
Vnlesse I looke on *Silui*a in the day,
There is no day for me to looke vpon.
Shee is my essence, and I leaue to be;
If I be not by her faire influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept aliue.
I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome,
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
But flie I hence, I flie away from life.

Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and seeke him out.

Lau. So-hough, Soa hough — —

Pro. What seest thou?

Lau. Him we goe to finde,
There's not a haire on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine*.

Pro. *Valentine*?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his Spirit?

Val. Neither,

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Lau. Can nothing speake? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike?

Lau. Nothing.

Pro. Villaine, forbear.

Lau. Why Sir, Ile strike nothing: I pray you.

Pro. Sirha, I say forbear: friend *Valentine*, a word.

Val. My eares are stopt, & cannot hear good newes,
So much of bad already hath possest them.

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

Val. Is *Silvia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine* indeed, for sacred *Silvia*,
Hath she forsworne me?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

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

Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation, that you are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banish'd: 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 excesse of it will make me surfet.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am banish'd?

Pro. I, I: and she hath offered to the doome
(Which vn-reuerst stands in effectuall force)
A Sea of melting pearle, which some call teares;
Those at her fathers churlish feete she tenderd,
With them vpon her knees, her humble selfe,
Wringing her hands, whose whitenes so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp,
Sad sighes, deepe grones, nor siluer-shedding teares
Could penetrate her vncompassionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be tane, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeale was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more: vnles the next word that thou speak'st
Haue some malignant power vpon my life:
If so: I pray thee breath it in mine eare,
As ending Antheme of my endlesse dolor.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not helpe,
And study helpe for that which thou lament'st,
Time is the Nurse, and breeder of all good;
Here, if thou stay, thou canst not see thy loue:

Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a louers staffe, walke hence with that
And manage it, against despairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliuer'd
Euen in the milke-white bosome of thy Loue.
The time now serues not to expostulate,
Come, Ile conuey thee through the City-gate.
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concerne thy Loue-affaires:
As thou lou'st *Silui*a (though not for thy selfe)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

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

Pro. Goe sirha, finde him out: Come *Valentine*.

Val. Oh my deere *Silui*a; haplesse *Valentine*.

Launce. I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I haue
the wit to thinke my Master is a kinde of a knaue: but
that's all one, if he be but one knaue: He liues not now
that knowes me to be in loue, yet I am in loue, but a
Teeme of horse shall not plucke that from me: nor who
'tis I loue: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I
will not tell my selfe: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis
not a maid: for shee hath had Gossips: yet 'tis a maid,
for she is her Masters maid, and serues for wages. Shee
hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is
much in a bare Christian: Heere is the Cate-log of her
Condition. *Inprimis*. Shee can fetch and carry: why
a horse can doe no more; nay, a horse cannot fetch, but
onely carry, therefore is shee better then a Iade. *Item*.
Shee can milke, looke you, a sweet vertue in a maid with
cleane hands.

Speed. How now Signior *Launce*? what newes with
your Mastership?

La. With my Mastership? why, it is at Sea:

Sp. Well, your old vice still: mistake the word: what
newes then in your paper?

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

Sp. Why man? how blacke?

La. Why, as blacke as Inke.

Sp. Let me read them?

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

Sp. Thou lyest: I can.

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

[Page C4]

Sp. Marry, the son of my Grand-father.

La. Oh illiterate loyterer; it was the sonne of thy Grand-mother: this proues that thou canst not read.

Sp. Come foole, come: try me in thy paper.

La. There: and S[aint]. *Nicholas* be thy speed.

Sp. Inprimis she can milke.

La. I that she can.

Sp. Item, she brewes good Ale.

La. And thereof comes the prouerbe: (*Blessing of your heart, you brew good Ale.*)

Sp. Item, she can sowe.

La. That's as much as to say (*Can she so?*)

Sp. Item she can knit.

La. What neede a man care for a stock with a wench,
When she can knit him a stocke?

Sp. Item, she can wash and scoure.

La. A speciall vertue: for then shee neede not be
wash'd, and scowr'd.

Sp. Item, she can spin.

La. Then may I set the world on wheelles, when she
can spin for her liuing.

Sp. Item, she hath many namelesse vertues.

La. That's as much as to say *Bastard-vertues*: that indeede know not their fathers; and therefore haue no names.

Sp. Here follow her vices.

La. Close at the heeles of her vertues.

Sp. Item, shee is not to be fasting in respect of her breath.

La. Well: that fault may be mended with a break-fast: read on.

Sp. Item, she hath a sweet mouth.

La. That makes amends for her soure breath.

Sp. Item, she doth talke in her sleepe.

La. It's no matter for that; so shee sleepe not in her talke.

Sp. Item, she is slow in words.

La. Oh villaine, that set this downe among her vices; To be slow in words, is a womans 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 loue crusts.

Sp. Item, she is curst.

La. Well: the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Sp. Item, she will often praise her liquor.

La. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Sp. Item, she is too liberall.

La. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ downe she is slow of: of her purse, shee shall not, for that ile keepe shut: Now, of another thing shee may, and that

cannot I helpe. Well, proceede.

Sp. Item, shee hath more haire then wit, and more faults then haire, and more wealth then faults.

La. Stop there: Ile haue her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last Article: rehearse that once more.

Sp. Item, she hath more haire then wit.

La. More haire then wit: it may be ile proue it: The couer of the salt, hides the salt, and therefore it is more then the salt; the haire that couers the wit, is more then the wit; for the greater hides the lesse: What's next?

Sp. And more faults then haire.

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 staies for thee at the *North gate*.

Sp. For me?

La. For thee? I, who art thou? he hath staid for a better man then thee.

Sp. And must I goe to him?

La. Thou must run to him; for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serue the turne.

Sp. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your loue Letters.

La. Now will he be swing'd for reading my Letter; An vnmanly slaue, that will thrust himselfe into secrets: Ile after, to reioyce in the boyes correctio[n].

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus.

Du. Sir *Thurio*, feare not, but that she will loue you
Now *Valentine* is banish'd from her sight.

Th. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
Forsworne my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Du. This weake impresse of Loue, is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an houres heate
Dissolues to water, and doth loose his forme.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthlesse *Valentine* shall be forgot.
How now sir *Protheus*, is your countriman
(According to our Proclamation) gon?

Pro. Gon, my good Lord.

Du. My daughter takes his going grieuously?

Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that grieve.

Du. So I beleeeue: but *Thurio* thinkes not so:
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast showne some signe of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer then I proue loyall to your Grace,
Let me not liue, to looke vpon your Grace.

Du. Thou know'st how willingly, I would effect
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 her against my will?

Pro. She did my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Du. I, and peruersly, she perseuers so:
What might we doe to make the girle forget
The loue of *Valentine*, and loue sir *Thurio*?

Pro. The best way is, to slander *Valentine*,
With falsehood, 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 deliuer it.
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Du. Then you must vndertake to slander him.

[Page C4v]

Pro. And that (my Lord) I shall be loath to doe:
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

Du. Where your good word cannot aduantage him,
Your slander neuer can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You haue preuail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it
By ought that I can speake in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue loue to him:
But say this weede her loue from *Valentine*,
It followes not that she will loue sir *Thurio*.

Th. Therefore, as you vnwinde her loue from him;
Least it should rauell, and be good to none,
You must prouide to bottome it on me:
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you, in worth dispraise, sir *Valentine*.

Du. And *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this kinde,
Because we know (on *Valentines* report)
You are already loues firme votary,
And cannot soone reuolt, and change your minde.
Vpon this warrant, shall you haue accesse,
Where you, with *Siluiia*, may conferre at large.
For she is lumpish, heauy, mellancholly,
And (for your friends sake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perswasion,
To hate yong *Valentine*, and loue my friend.

Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect:
But you sir *Thurio*, are not sharpe enough:

You must lay Lime, to tangle her desires
By walefull Sonnets, whose composed Rimes
Should be full fraught with seruiceable vowes.

Du. I, much is the force of heauen-bred Poesie.

Pro. Say that vpon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your teares, your sighes, your heart:
Write till your inke be dry: and with your teares
Moist it againe: and frame some feeling line,
That may discouer such integrity:
For *Orpheus* Lute, was strung with Poets sinewes,
Whose golden touch could soften steele and stones;
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leuiathans*
Forsake vnsounded deepes, to dance on Sands.
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Visit by night your Ladies chamber-window
With some sweet Consort; To their Instruments
Tune a deploing dumpe: the nights dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grieuance:
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Du. This discipline, shoves thou hast bin in loue.

Th. And thy aduice, this night, ile put in practise:
Therefore, sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giuer,
Let vs into the City presently
To sort some Gentlemen, well skil'd in Musicke.
I haue a Sonnet, that will serue the turne
To giue the on-set to thy good aduise.

Du. About it Gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait vpon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Du. Euen now about it, I will pardon you.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-lawes.

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

2.*Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

3.*Out.* Stand sir, and throw vs that you haue about 'ye.
If not: we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Sp. Sir we are vndone; these are the Villaines
That all the Trauailers doe feare so much.

Val. My friends.

1.*Out.* That's not so, sir: we are your enemies.

2.*Out.* Peace: we'll heare him.

3.*Out.* I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know that I haue little wealth to loose;
A man I am, cross'd with aduersitie:
My riches, are these poore habiliments,
Of which, if you should here disfurnish 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 *Millaine*.

3.*Out.* Haue you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteene moneths, and longer might haue staid,
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 torments me to rehearse;
I kil'd a man, whose death I much repent,
But yet I slew him manfully, in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1.*Out.* Why nere repent it, if it were done so;
But were you banisht for so small a fault?

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

2.*Out.* Haue you the Tongues?

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

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

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

Sp. Master, be one of them:
It's an honourable kinde of theeury.

Val. Peace villaine.

2.Out. Tell vs this: haue 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 practising to steale 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 such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose: for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawlesse liues;
And partly seeing you are beautifide
With goodly shape; and by your owne report,
A Linguist, and a man of such perfection,
As we doe in our quality much want.

2.Out. Indeede because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, aboue the rest, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our Generall?
To make a vertue of necessity,
And liue as we doe in this wilderness?

3.Out. What saist thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say I, and be the captaine of vs all:
We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King.

1.Out. But if thou scorne our curtesie, thou dyest.

2.*Out.* Thou shalt not liue, to brag what we haue of-fer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will liue with you,
Prouided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poore passengers.

3.*Out.* No, we detest such vile base practises.
Come, goe with vs, we'll bring thee to our Crewes,
And show thee all the Treasure we haue got;
Which, with our selues, all rest at thy dispose.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Protheus, Thurio, Iulia, Host, Musitian, Siluia.

Pro. Already haue I bin false to *Valentine*,
And now I must be as vniust to *Thurio*,
Vnder the colour of commending him,
I haue accesse my owne loue to prefer.
But *Silvia* is too faire, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthlesse guifts;
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vowes,
She bids me thinke how I haue bin forsworne
In breaking faith with *Iulia*, whom I lou'd;
And notwithstanding all her sodaine quips,
The least whereof would quell a louers hope:
Yet (Spaniel-like) the more she spurnes my loue,
The more it growes, and fawneth on her still;
But here comes *Thurio*; now must we to her window,
And giue some euening Musique to her eare.

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

Pro. I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that loue
Will creepe in seruice, 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, Siluia, for your sake.

Th. I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen
Let's tune: and too it lustily a while.

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

Iu. Marry (mine *Host*) because I cannot be merry.

Ho. Come, we'll haue you merry: ile bring you where
you shall heare Musique, and see the Gentleman that
you ask'd for.

Iu. But shall I heare him speake.

Ho. I that you shall.

Iu. That will be Musique.

Ho. Harke, harke.

Iu. Is he among these?

Ho. I: but peace, let's heare'm.

Song.

*Who is Siluia? what is she?
That all our Swaines commend her?
Holy, faire, and wise is she,
The heauen such grace did lend her,
that she might admired be.
Is she kinde as she is faire?
For beauty liues with kindnesse:
Loue doth to her eyes repaire,
To helpe him of his blindnesse:
And being help'd, inhabits there.
Then to Siluia, let vs sing,
That Siluia is excelling;
She excels each mortall thing
Vpon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let vs Garlands bring.*

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

Iu. You mistake: the Musitian likes me not.

Ho. Why, my pretty youth?

Iu. He plaies false (father.)

Ho. How, out of tune on the strings.

Iu. Not so: but yet

So false that he grieues my very heart-strings.

Ho. You haue a quicke eare.

Iu. I, I would I were deafe: it makes me haue a slow heart.

Ho. I perceiue you delight not in Musique.

Iu. Not a whit, when it iars so.

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

Iu. I: that change is the spight.

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

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

But Host, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talke on,
Often resort vnto this Gentlewoman?

Ho. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me,
He lou'd her out of all nicke.

Iu. Where is *Launce*?

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

Iu. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, feare not you, I will so pleade,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Th. Where meete we?

Pro. At Saint *Gregories* well.

Th. Farewell.

Pro. Madam: good eu'n to your Ladiship.

Sil. I thanke you for your Musique (Gentlemen)
Who is that that spake?

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

Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.

Pro. Sir *Protheus* (gentle Lady) and your Seruant.

Sil. What's your will?

Pro. That I may compasse yours.

Sil. You haue your wish: my will is euen this,
That presently you hie you home to bed:
Thou subtile, periur'd, false, disloyall man:
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitlesse,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That has't deceiu'd so many with thy vowes?
Returne, returne, and make thy loue amends:
For me (by this pale queene of night I sweare)
I am so farre from granting thy request,
That I despise thee, for thy wrongfull suite;
And by and by intend to chide my selfe,
Euen for this time I spend in talking to thee.

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

Iu. 'Twere false, if I should speake it;
For I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that she be: yet *Valentine* thy friend
Suruiues; to whom (thy selfe art witnesse)
I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

[Page C5v]

Pro. I likewise heare that *Valentine* is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in her graue
Assure thy selfe, my loue is buried.

Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Goe to thy Ladies graue and call hers thence,
Or at the least, in hers, sepulcher thine.

Iul. He heard not that.

Pro. Madam: if your heart be so obdurate:
Vouchsafe me yet your Picture for my loue,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that ile speake, to that ile sigh and weepe:

For since the substance of your perfect selfe
Is else deuoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow, will I make true loue.

Iul. If 'twere 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 rest.

Pro. As wretches haue ore-night
That wait for execution in the morne.

Iul. Host, will you goe?

Ho. By my hallidome, I was fast asleepe.

Iul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus*?

Ho. Marry, at my house:
Trust me, I thinke 'tis almost day.

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

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Siluia.

Eg. This is the houre that Madam *Siluia*
Entreated me to call, and know her minde:
Ther's some great matter she'ld employ me in.
Madam, Madam.

Sil. Who cals?

Eg. Your seruant, and your friend;
One that attends your Ladships command.

Sil. Sir *Eglamore*, a thousand times good morrow.

Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your selfe:
According to your Ladships impose,
I am thus early come, to know what seruice

It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. Oh *Eglamoure*, thou art a Gentleman:
Thinke not I flatter (for I sweare I doe not)
Valiant, wise, remorse-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 *Thurio* (whom my very soule abhor'd.)
Thy selfe hast lou'd, and I haue heard thee say
No griefe did euer come so neere thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-loue dide,
Vpon whose Graue thou vow'dst pure chastitie:
Sir Eglamoure: I would to *Valentine*
To *Mantua*, where I heare, he makes aboard;
And for the waies are dangerous to passe,
I doe desire thy worthy company,
Vpon whose faith and honor, I repose.
Vrge not my fathers anger (*Eglamoure*)
But thinke vpon my griefe (a Ladies griefe)
And on the iustice of my flying hence,
To keepe me from a most vnholly match,
Which heauen and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I doe desire thee, euen from a heart
As full of sorrowes, as the Sea of sands,
To beare me company, and goe with me:
If not, to hide what I haue said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pittie much your grieuances,
Which, since I know they vertuously are plac'd,
I giue consent to goe along with you,
Wreaking as little what betideth me,
As much, I wish all good befortune you.
When will you goe?

Sil. This euening comming.

Eg. Where shall I meete you?

Sil. At *Frier Patrickes* Cell,
Where I intend holy Confession.

Eg. I will not faile your Ladiship:
Good morrow (gentle Lady.)

Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sir *Eglamoure*.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Launce, Protheus, Iulia, Siluia.

Lau. When a mans seruant shall play the Curre with him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought vp of a puppy: one that I sau'd from drowning, when three or foure of his blinde brothers and sisters went to it: I haue taught him (euen as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog) I was sent to deliuer him, as a present to Mistris *Siluia*, 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 Cur cannot keepe himselfe in all companies: I would haue (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 liue he had suffer'd for't: you shall iudge: Hee thrusts me himselfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-like-dogs, vnder the Dukes table: hee had not bin there (blesse the marke) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him: out with the dog (saies one) what cur is that (saies another) whip him out (saies the third) hang him vp (saies the Duke.) I hauing bin acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend (quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe, but whips me out of the chamber: how many Masters would doe this for his Seruant? nay, ile be sworne I haue sat in the stockes, for puddings he hath stolne, otherwise he had bin executed: I haue stood on the Pillorie for

Geese he hath kil'd, otherwise he had sufferd for't: thou think'st not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you seru'd me, when I tooke my leaue of Madam *Silvia*: did not I bid thee still marke me, and doe as I do; when did'st thou see me heaue vp my leg, and make water against a Gentlewomans farthingale? did'st thou euer see me doe such a tricke?

Pro. Sebastian is thy name: I like thee well,
And will imploy thee in some seruice presently.

Iu. In what you please, ile doe what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.
How now you whor-son pezant,
Where haue you bin these two dayes loytering?

La. Marry Sir, I carried Mistris *Silvia* the dogge you bad me.

Pro. And what saies she to my little Iewell?

La. Marry she saies your dog was a cur, and tels you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiu'd my dog?

La. No indeede did she not:
Here haue I brought him backe againe.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

La. I Sir, the other Squirrill was stolne 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 guift the greater.

Pro. Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe,
Or nere returne againe into my sight.
Away, I say: stayest thou to vexe me here;
A Slaue, that still an end, turnes me to shame:
Sebastian, I haue entertained thee,
Partly that I haue neede of such a youth,
That can with some discretion doe my businesse:
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish Lowt;
But chiefly, for thy face, and thy behauiour,
Which (if my Augury deceiue me not)

Witnesse good bringing vp, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee.
Go presently, and take this Ring with thee,
Deliuier it to Madam *Siluia*;
She lou'd me well, deliuier'd it to me.

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

Pro. Not so: I thinke she liues.

Iul. Alas.

Pro. Why do'st thou cry alas?

Iul. I cannot choose but pittie her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pittie her?

Iul. Because, me thinkes that she lou'd you as well
As you doe loue your Lady *Siluia*:
She dreames on him, that has forgot her loue,
You doate on her, that cares not for your loue.
'Tis pittie Loue, should be so contrary:
And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.

Pro. Well: giue her that Ring, and therewithall
This Letter: that's her chamber: Tell my Lady,
I claime the promise for her heauenly Picture:
Your message done, hye home vnto my chamber,
Where thou shalt finde me sad, and solitarie.

Iul. How many women would doe such a message?
Alas poore *Protheus*, thou hast entertain'd
A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs;
Alas, poore foole, why doe I pittie him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loues her, he despiseth me,
Because I loue him, I must pittie him.
This Ring I gaue him, when he parted from me,
To binde him to remember my good will:
And now am I (vnhappy Messenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtaine;
To carry that, which I would haue refus'd;
To praise his faith, which I would haue disprais'd.
I am my Masters true confirmed Loue,

But cannot be true seruant to my Master,
Vnlesse I proue false traitor to my selfe.
Yet will I woe for him, but yet so coldly,
As (heauen it knowes) I would not haue him speed.
Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my meane
To bring me where to speake with Madam *Siluia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Iul. If you be she, I doe intreat your patience
To heare me speake the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Iul. From my Master, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.

Sil. Oh: he sends you for a Picture?

Iul. I, Madam.

Sil. *Vrsula*, bring my Picture there,
Goe, giue your Master this: tell him from me,
One *Iulia*, that his changing thoughts forget
Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.

Iul. Madam, please you peruse this Letter;
Pardon me (Madam) I haue vnaduis'd
Deliu'ed you a paper that I should not;
This is the Letter to your Ladiship.

Sil. I pray thee let me looke on that againe.

Iul. It may not be: good Madam pardon me.

Sil. There, hold:

I will not looke vpon your Masters lines:
I know they are stuft with protestations,
And full of new-found oathes, which he will breake
As easily, as I doe teare his paper.

Iul. Madam, he sends your Ladiship this Ring.

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;
For I haue heard him say a thousand times,
His *Iulia* gaue it him, at his departure:
Though his false finger haue prophan'd the Ring,
Mine shall not doe his *Iulia* so much wrong.

Iul. She thanks you.

Sil. What sai'st thou?

Iul. I thanke you Madam, that you tender her:
Poore Gentlewoman, my Master wrongs her much.

Sil. Do'st thou know her?

Iul. Almost as well as I doe know my selfe.
To thinke vpon her woes, I doe protest
That I haue wept a hundred seuerall times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that *Protheus* hath forsook her?

Iul. I thinke she doth: and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing faire?

Iul. She hath bin fairer (Madam) then she is,
When she did thinke my Master lou'd her well;
She, in my iudgement, was as faire as you.
But since she did neglect her looking-glasse,
And threw her Sun-expelling Masque away,
The ayre hath staru'd the roses in her cheekes,
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as blacke as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Iul. About my stature: for at *Pentecost*,
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 serued me as fit, by all mens iudgements,
As if the garment had bin made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height,
And at that time I made her weepe a good,
For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam) 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning
For *Thesus* periury, and vniust flight;
Which I so liuely acted with my teares:
That my poore Mistris moued therewithall,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

[Page C6v]

Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas (poore Lady) desolate, and left;
I weepe my selfe to thinke vpon thy words:
Here youth: there is my purse; I giue thee this
For thy sweet Mistris sake, because thou lou'st her. Farewell.

Iul. And she shall thanke you for't, if ere you know her.
A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull.
I hope my Masters suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my Mistris loue so much.
Alas, how loue can trifle with it selfe:
Here is her Picture: let me see, I thinke
If I had such a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as louely, as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Vnlesse I flatter with my selfe too much.
Her haire is *Aburne*, mine is perfect *Yellow*;
If that be all the difference in his loue,
Ile get me such a coulour'd Perrywig:
Her eyes are grey as glasse, and so are mine.
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respectiue in my selfe?
If this fond Loue, were not a blinded god.
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp,
For 'tis thy riual: O thou sencelesse forme,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lou'd, and ador'd;
And were there sence in his Idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
Ile vse thee kindly, for thy Mistris sake
That vs'd me so: or else by *Ioue*, I vow,
I should haue scratch'd out your vnseeing eyes,
To make my Master out of loue with thee.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Eglamoure, Siluia.

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the westerne skie,
And now it is about the very houre
That *Silvia*, at Fryer *Patricks* Cell should meet me,
She will not faile; for Louers breake not houres,
Vnlesse it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.
See where she comes: Lady a happy euening.

Sil. Amen, Amen: goe on (good *Eglamoure*)
Out at the Posterne by the Abbey wall;
I feare I am attended by some Spies.

Egl. Feare not: the Forrest is not three leagues off,
If we recouer that, we are sure enough.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, Iulia, Duke.

Th. Sir *Protheus*, what saies *Silvia* to my suit?

Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What? that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little.

Thu. Ile weare a Boote, to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But loue will not be spurd to what it loathes.

Thu. What saies she to my face?

Pro. She saies it is a faire one.

Thu. Nay then the wanton lyes: my face is blacke.

Pro. But Pearles are faire; and the old saying is,
Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.

Thu. 'Tis true, such Pearles as put out Ladies eyes,
For I had rather winke, then looke on them.

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talke of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of loue and peace.

Iul. But better indeede, when you hold you peace.

Thu. What sayes she to my valour?

Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Iul. She needes not, when she knowes it cowardize.

Thu. What saies she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriu'd.

Iul. True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.

Thu. Considers she my Possessions?

Pro. Oh, I: and pitties them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Iul. That such an Asse should owe them.

Pro. That they are out by Lease.

Iul. Here comes the Duke.

Du. How now sir *Protheus*; how now *Thurio*?

Which of you saw *Eglamoure* of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Du. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Du. Why then

She's fled vnto that pezant, *Valentine*;

And *Eglamoure* is in her Company:

'Tis true: for Frier *Laurence* met them both

As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forrest:

Him he knew well: and guesd that it was she,

But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.

Besides she did intend Confession

At *Patricks* Cell this euen, and there she was not.

These likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;

Therefore I pray you stand, not to discourse,

But mount you presently, and meete with me

Vpon the rising of the Mountaine foote
That leads toward *Mantua*, whether they are fled:
Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me.

Thu. Why this it is, to be a peeuish Girle,
That flies her fortune when it followes her:
Ile after; more to be reueng'd on *Eglamoure*,
Then for the loue of reck-lesse *Siluiia*.

Pro. And I will follow, more for *Siluias* loue
Then hate of *Eglamoure* that goes with her.

Iul. And I will follow, more to crosse that loue
Then hate for *Siluiia*, that is gone for loue.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Siluiia, Out-lawes.

1.Out. Come, come be patient:
We must bring you to our Captaine.

[Page D1]

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 nimble footed, he hath out-run vs.
But *Moyses* and *Valerius* follow him:
Goe thou with her to the West end of the wood,
There is our Captaine: Wee'll follow him that's fled,
The Thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our Captains caue.
Feare not: he beares an honourable minde,
And will not vse a woman lawlesly.

Sil. O *Valentine*: this I endure for thee.

Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

*Enter Valentine, Protheus, Siluia, Iulia, Duke, Thurio,
Out-lawes.*

Val. How vse doth breed a habit in a man?
This shadowy desart, vnfrequented woods
I better brooke then flourishing peopled Townes:
Here can I sit alone, vn-seene of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my brest,
Leaue not the Mansion so long Tenant-lesse,
Lest growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leaue no memory of what it was,
Repaire me, with thy presence, *Siluia*:
Thou gentle Nymph, cherish thy for-lorne swaine.
What hallowing, and what stir is this to day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
Haue some vnhappy passenger in chace;
They loue me well: yet I haue much to doe
To keepe them from vnciuill outrages.
Withdraw thee *Valentine*: who's this comes heere?

Pro. Madam, this seruice I haue done for you
(Though you respect not aught your seruant doth)
To hazard life, and reskew you from him,
That would haue forc'd your honour, and your loue,
Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one faire looke:
(A smaller boone then this I cannot beg,
And lesse then this, I am sure you cannot giue.)

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 comming, I haue made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most vnhappy.

Iul. And me, when he approcheth to your presence.

Sil. Had I beene ceazed by a hungry Lion,
I would haue beene a break-fast to the Beast,
Rather then haue false *Protheus* reskue me:

Oh heauen be iudge 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 detest false periur'd *Protheus*:
Therefore be gone, sollicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death
Would I not vndergoe, for one calme looke:
Oh 'tis the curse in Loue, and still approu'd
When women cannot loue, where they're belou'd.

Sil. When *Protheus* cannot loue, where he's belou'd:
Read ouer *Iulia's* heart, (thy first best Loue)
For whose deare sake, thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oathes; and all those oathes,
Descended into periury, to loue me,
Thou hast no faith left now, vnlesse thou'dst two,
And that's farre worse then none: better haue none
Then plurall faith, which is too much by one:
Thou Counterfeyt, to thy true friend.

Pro. In Loue,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but *Protheus*.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of mouing words
Can no way change you to a milder forme;
Ile wooe you like a Souldier, 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 vnciuill touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion.

Pro. *Valentine*.

Val. Thou co[m]mon friend, that's without faith or loue,
For such is a friend now: treacherous man,
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could haue perswaded me: now I dare not say
I haue one friend aliue; thou wouldst disproue me:
Who should be trusted, when ones right hand

Is periured to the bosome? *Protheus*
I am sorry I must neuer trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake:
The priuate wound is deepest: oh time, most accurst.
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst?

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me:
Forgiue me *Valentine*: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient Ransome for offence,
I tender't heere: I doe as truely suffer,
As ere I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:
And once againe, I doe receiue thee honest;
Who by Repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heauen, nor earth; for these are pleas'd:
By Penitence th' Eternalls wrath's appeas'd:
And that my loue may appeare plaine and free,
All that was mine, in *Siluia*, I giue thee.

Iul. Oh me vnhappy.

Pro. Looke to the Boy.

Val. Why, Boy?
Why wag: how now? what's the matter? look vp: speak.

Iul. O good sir, my master charg'd me to deliuer a ring
to Madam *Siluia*: which (out of my neglect) was neuer done.

Pro. Where is that ring? boy?

Iul. Heere 'tis: this is it.

Pro. How? let me see.
Why this is the ring I gaue to *Iulia*.

Iul. Oh, cry you mercy sir, I haue mistooke:
This is the ring you sent to *Siluia*.

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart
I gaue this vnto *Iulia*.

Iul. And *Iulia* her selfe did giue it me,
And *Iulia* her selfe hath brought it hither.

Pro. How? *Iulia*?

Iul. Behold her, that gaue ayme to all thy oathes,
 And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart.
 How oft hast thou with periury cleft the roote?
 Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee blush.
 Be thou asham'd that I haue tooke vpon me,
 Such an immodest rayment; if shame liue
 In a disguise of loue?
 It is the lesser blot modesty findes,
 Women to change their shapes, then men their minds.

Pro. Then men their minds? tis true: oh heuen, were man
 But Constant, he were perfect; that one error
 Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th' sins;
 Inconstancy falls-off, ere it begins:
 What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spie
 More fresh in *Iulia's*, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come: a hand from either:
 Let me be blest to make this happy close:
 'Twere pittie two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Beare witnes (heauen) I haue my wish for euer.

Iul. And I mine.

Out-l. A prize: a prize: a prize.

Val. Forbeare, forbeare I say: It is my Lord the *Duke*.
 Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
 Banished *Valentine*.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*?

Thu. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia's* mine.

Val. *Thurio* giue backe; or else embrace thy death:
 Come not within the measure of my wrath:
 Doe not name *Silvia* thine: if once againe,
Verona shall not hold thee: heere she stands,
 Take but possession of her, with a Touch:
 I dare thee, but to breath vpon my Loue.

Thur. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:
 I hold him but a foole that will endanger
 His Body, for a Girle that loues him not:
 I claime her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou
To make such meanes for her, as thou hast done,
And leaue her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honor of my Ancestry,
I doe applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,
And thinke thee worthy of an Empresse loue:
Know then, I heere forget all former greefes,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,
Plead a new state in thy vn-riual'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd,
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deseru'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace, the gift hath made me happy:
I now beseech you (for your daughters sake)
To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you.

Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I haue kept withall,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgiue them what they haue 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 hast preuaild, I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them, as thou knowst their deserts.
Come, let vs goe, we will include all iarres,
With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold
With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile.
What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)

Duke. I think the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.

Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.

Duke. What meane 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 pennance, but to heare
The story of your Loues discouered.
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,

One Feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse.

Exeunt.

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to Siluia.

Valentine.

Protheus. the two Gentlemen.

Anthonio: father to Protheus.

Thurio: a foolish riuall to Valentine.

Eglamoure: Agent for Siluia in her escape.

Host: where Iulia lodges.

Out-lawes with Valentine.

Speed: a clownish seruant to Valentine.

Launce: the like to Protheus.

Panthion: seruant to Antonio.

Iulia: beloued of Protheus.

Siluia: beloued of Valentine.

Lucetta: waighting-woman to Iulia.

FINIS.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Iustice Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh Euans, Master Page, Falstoffs, Bardolph, Nym, Pistoll, Anne Page, Mistresse Ford, Mistresse Page, Simple.

Shallow. Sir *Hugh*, perswade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir *Iohn Falstoffs*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow* Esquire.

Slen. In the County of *Glocester*, Iustice of Peace and Coram.

Shal. I (Cosen *Slender*) and *Cust-alorum*.

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

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

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

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euans. The dozen white Lowses doe become an old Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Loue.

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

Slen. I may quarter (Coz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

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

Shal. Not a whit.

Euan. Yes per-lady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* haue committed disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attone-ments and compremises betweene you.

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

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

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

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

Slen. *Mistris Anne Page*? she has browne haire, and speakes small like a woman.

Euans. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as iust as you will desire, and seuen hundred pounds of Moneyes, and Gold, and Siluer, is her Grand-sire vpon his deaths-bed, (Got deliuer to a ioyfull resurrections) giue, when she is able to ouertake seuateene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leaue our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage betweene Master *Abraham*, and Mistris *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her Grand-sire leaue her seauen hundred pound?

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

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

Euan. Seuen hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

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

Euan. Shall I tell you a lye? 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 *Iohn* is there, and I beseech you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for Mr. *Page*. What hoa? Got-plesse your house heere.

Mr.Page. Who's there?

Euan. Here is go't's plessing and your friend, and Iustice *Shallow*, and heere yong Master *Slender*: that perad-ventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Mr.Page. I am glad to see your Worships well: I thanke you for my Venison Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Master *Page*, I am glad to see you: much good doe it your good heart: I wish'd your Venison better, it was ill killd: how doth good Mistresse *Page*? and I thank you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart.

M.Page. Sir, I thanke you.

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

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

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard say he was out-run on *Cotsall*.

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

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

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

M.Pa. A Cur, Sir.

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

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

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

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

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so (M[aster]. *Page*?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: beleue me, *Robert Shallow* Esquire, saith he is wronged.

Ma.Pa. Here comes Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answere it strait, I haue done all this: That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Councell shall know this.

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

Eu. Pauca verba; (Sir *Iohn*) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter haue you against me?

Slen. Marry sir, I haue matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching Rascalls, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Pistoll*.

Bar. You Banbery Cheese.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say; *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, Cosen?

Eua. Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderstand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderstand; that is, Master *Page* (fidelicet Master *Page*,) & there is my selfe,

(fidelicet my selfe) and the three party is (lastly, and finally) mine Host of the Garter.

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

Euan. Ferry goo't, I will make a priefe of it in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke vpon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistoll.

Pist. He heares with eares.

Euan. The Teuill and his Tam: what phrase is this? he heares with eare? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistoll, did you picke M[aster]. *Slenders* purse?

Slen. I, by these gloues did hee, or I would I might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe else, of seauen groates in mill-sixpences, and two *Edward* Shouelboords, that cost me two shilling and two pence a peece of *Yead Miller*: by these gloues.

Fal. Is this true, *Pistoll*?

Euan. No, it is false, if it is a picke-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: Sir *Iohn*, and Master mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of deniall in thy *labras* here; word of denial; froth, and scum thou liest.

Slen. By these gloues, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be auis'd sir, and passe good humours: 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 he 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 asse.

Fal. What say you *Scarlet*, and *Iohn*?

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

Eu. It is his fiew sences: fie, what the ignorance is.

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

Slen. I, you spake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter; Ile nere be drunk whilst I liue againe, but in honest, ciuill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile be drunke with those that haue the feare of God, and not with drunken knaues.

Euan. So got-udge me, that is a vertuous minde.

Fal. You heare all these matters deni'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

Mr.Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee'll drinke within.

Slen. Oh heauen: This is Mistresse *Anne Page*.

Mr.Page. How now Mistris *Ford*?

Fal. *Mistris Ford*, by my troth you are very wel met: by your leaue good Mistris.

Mr.Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we haue a hot Venison pasty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we shall drinke downe all vnkindnesse.

Slen. I had rather then forty shillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets heere: How now *Simple*, where haue you beene? I must wait on my selfe, must I? you haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you?

Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* vpon Alhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas.

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz, we stay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde 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.

Shal. Nay, but vnderstand me.

Slen. So I doe Sir.

Euan. Giue eare to his motions; (Mr. *Slender*) I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen *Shallow* saies: I pray you pardon me, he's a Iustice of Peace in his Countrie, simple though I stand here.

Euan. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

Eu. Marry is it: the very point of it, to Mi[stis]. *An Page.*

Slen. Why if it be so; I will marry her vpon any reasonable demands.

Eu. But can you affection the 'o-man, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers Philosophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therfore precisely, ca[n] you carry your good wil to the maid?

Sh. Cosen *Abraham Slender*, can you loue her?

Slen. I hope sir, I will do as it shall become one that would doe reason.

Eu. Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you must speake possitable, if you can carry-her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must:
Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your request (Cosen) in any reason.

Shal. Nay conceiue me, conceiue 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 no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen may decrease it vpon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and haue more occasion to know one another: I hope vpon familiarity will grow more content: but if you say mary-her, I will mary-her, that I am freely

Eu. It is a fery discretion-answer; saue the fall is in the 'ord, dissolutely: the ort is (according to our meaning)resolutely: his meaning is good.

Sh. I: I thinke my Cosen meant well.

Sl. I, or else I would I might be hang'd (la.)

Sh. Here comes faire Mistris *Anne*; would I were yong for your sake, Mistris *Anne*.

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father desires your worships company.

Sh. I will wait on him, (faire Mistris *Anne*.)

Eu. Od's plessed-wil: I wil not be abse[n]ce at the grace.

An. Wil't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Sl. No, I thank you forsooth, hartely; I am very well.

An. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forsooth: goe, Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait vpon my Cosen *Shallow*: a Iustice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man; I keepe but three Men, and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet I liue like a poore Gentleman borne.

An. I may not goe in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Sl. I' faith, ile eate nothing: I thanke you as much as though I did.

An. I pray you Sir walke in.

Sl. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I bruiz'd my shin th' other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence (three veneys for a dish of stew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meate since. Why doe your dogs barke so? be there Beares ith' Towne?

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Sl. I loue the sport well, but I shall as soone quarrell
at it, as any man in *England*: you are afraid if you see the
Beare loose, are you not?

An. I indeede Sir.

Sl. That's meate and drinke to me now: I haue seene
Saskerson loose, twenty times, and haue taken him by the
Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women haue so cride
and shrekt at it, that it past: But women indeede, cannot
abide 'em, they are very ill-fauour'd rough things.

Ma.Pa. Come, gentle M[aster]. *Slender*, come; we stay for you.

Sl. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

Ma.Pa. By cocke and pie, you shall not choose, Sir:
come, come.

Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Ma.Pa. Come on, Sir.

Sl. Mistris *Anne*: your selfe shall goe first.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

Sl. Truely I will not goe first: truely-la: I will not
doe you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

Sl. Ile rather be vnmanly, then troublesome: you
doe your selfe wrong indeede-la.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Euans, and Simple.

Eu. Go your waies, and aske of Doctor *Caius* house,
which is the way; and there dwels one Mistris *Quickly*;
which is in the manner of his Nurse; or his dry-Nurse; or
his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Washer, and his Ringer.

Si. Well Sir.

Eu. Nay, it is petter yet: giue her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogeathers acquainta[n]ce with Mistris *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to desire, and require her to sollicite your Masters desires, to Mistris *Anne Page*: I pray you be gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Pip-pins and Cheese to come.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falstaffe, Host, Bardolfe, Nym, Pistoll, Page.

Fal. Mine *Host* of the *Garter*?

Ho. What saies my Bully Rooke? speake schollerly, and wisely.

Fal. Truely mine *Host*; I must turne away some of my followers.

Ho. Discard, (bully *Hercules*) casheere; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a weeke.

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (*Cesar, Keiser and Pheazar*)
I will entertaine *Bardolfe*: he shall draw; he shall tap; said
I well (bully *Hector*?)

Fa. Doe so (good mine *Host*.)

Ho. I haue spoke; let him follow; let me see thee froth, and liue: I am at a word: follow.

Fal. *Bardolfe*, follow him: a *Tapster* is a good trade: an old Cloake, makes a new Ierkin: a wither'd Seruing-man, a fresh Tapster: goe, adew.

Ba. It is a life that I haue desir'd: I will thriue.

Pist. O base hungarian wight: wilt thou the spigot wield.

Ni. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor co[n]ceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox: his Thefts were too open: his filching was like an vnskilfull Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The good humor is to steale at a minutes rest.

Pist. Conuay: the wise it call: Steale? foh: a fico for the phrase.

Fal. Well sirs, I am almost out at heeles.

Pist. Why then let Kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conicatch, I must shift.

Pist. Yong Rauens must haue foode.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now *Pistoll*: (Indeede I am in the waste two yards about: but I am now about no waste: I am about thrift) briefly: I doe meane to make loue to *Fords* wife: I spie entertainment in her: shee discourses: shee carues: she giues the leere of inuitation: I can construe the action of her familier stile, & the hardest voice of her behauior (to be english'd rightly) is, *I am Sir Iohn Falstafs*.

Pist. He hath studied her will; and translated her will: out of honesty, into English.

Ni. The Anchor is deepe: will that humor passe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husbands Purse: he hath a legend of Angels.

Pist. As many diuels entertaine: and to her Boy say I.

Ni. The humor rises: it is good: humor me the angels.

Fal. I haue writ me here a letter to her: & here another to *Pages* wife, who euen now gaue mee good eyes too; examind my parts with most iudicious illiads: sometimes the beame of her view, guilded my foote: sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine.

Ni. I thanke thee for that humour.

[Page D3v]

Fal. O she did so course o're my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye, did seeme to scorch me vp like a burning-glasse: here's another letter to her: She beares the Purse too: She is a Region in *Guiana*: all gold, and bountie: I will be 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: Goe, beare thou this Letter to Mistris *Page*; and thou this to Mistris *Ford*: we will thriue (Lads) we will thriue.

Pist. 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 keepe the hauior of reputation.

Fal. Hold Sirha, beare you these Letters tightly,
Saile like my Pinnasse to these golden shores.
Rogues, hence, auaunt, vanish like haile-stones; goe,
Trudge; plod away ith' hoofe: seeke shelter, packe:
Falstaffe will learne the honor of the age,
French-thrift, you Rogues, my selfe, and skirted *Page*.

Pist. Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for gourd, and
Fullam holds: & high and low beguiles the rich & poore,
Tester ile haue in pouch when thou shalt lacke,
Base *Phrygian* Turke.

Ni. I haue operations,
Which be humors of reuenge.

Pist. Wilt thou reuenge?

Ni. By Welkin, and her Star.

Pist. With wit, or Steele?

Ni. With both the humors, I:
I will discusse the humour of this Loue to *Ford*.

Pist. 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 incense *Ford* to deale with poyson: I will possesse him with yallownesse, for the reuolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the *Mars* of *Malecontents*: I second thee: troope on.

Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Mistris Quickly, Simple, Iohn Rugby, Doctor, Caius, Fenton.

Qu. What, *Iohn Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Case-ment, and see if you can see my Master, Master Docter *Caius* comming: if he doe (I' faith) and finde any body in the house; here will be an old abusing of Gods patience, and the Kings English.

Ru. Ile goe watch.

Qu. Goe, and we'll haue a posset for't soone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honest, willing, kinde fellow, as euer seruant shall come in house withall: and I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breede-bate: his worst fault is, that he is giuen to prayer; hee is something peeuish that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that passe. *Peter Simple*, you say your name is?

Si. I: for fault of a better.

Qu. And Master *Slender*'s your Master?

Si. I forsooth.

Qu. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glouers pairing-knife?

Si. No forsooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard: a Caine colourd Beard.

Qu. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Si. I forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is betweene this and his head: he hath fought with a Warrener.

Qu. How say you: oh, I should remember him: do's he not hold vp his head (as it were?) and strut in his gate?

Si. Yes indeede do's he.

Qu. Well, heauen send *Anne Page*, no worse fortune: Tell Master Parson *Euans*, I will doe what I can for your Master: *Anne* is a good girle, and I wish — —

Ru. Out alas: here comes my Master.

Qu. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man: goe into this Closset: he will not stay long: what *Iohn Rugby*? *Iohn*: what *Iohn* I say? goe *Iohn*, goe enquire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that hee comes not home: (*and downe, downe, adowne'a. &c.*

Ca. Vat is you sing? I doe not like des-toyes: pray you goe and vetch me in my Closset, vnboyteere verd; a Box, a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I speake? a greene-a-Box.

Qu. I forsooth 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. *Fe, fe, fe, fe, mai foy, il fait for ehando, le man voi a le Court la grand affaires.*

Qu. Is it this Sir?

Ca. *Ouy mette le au mon pocket, de-peech quickly:*
Vere is dat knaue *Rugby*?

Qu. What *Iohn Rugby*, *Iohn*?

Ru. Here Sir.

Ca. You are *Iohn Rugby*, and you are *Iacke Rugby*:
Come, take-a-your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court.

Ru. 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.

Ca. By my trot: I tarry too long: od's-me: *que ay ie oublie*: dere is some Simples in my Closset, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leaue behinde.

Qu. Ay-me, he'll finde the yong man there, & be mad.

Ca. O *Diabie, Diabie*: vat is in my Closset?
Villanie, La-roone: Rugby, my Rapier.

Qu. Good Master be content.

Ca. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Qu. The yong man is an honest man.

Ca. What shall de honest man do in my Closset: dere is no honest man dat shall come in my Closset.

Qu. I beseech you be not so flegmaticke: heare the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from Parson *Hugh*.

Ca. Vell.

Si. I forsooth: to desire her to — —

Qu. Peace, I pray you.

Ca. Peace-a-your tongue: speake-a-your Tale.

Si. To desire this honest Gentlewoman (your Maid) to speake a good word to Mistris *Anne Page*, for my Master 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.

[Page D4]

Qui. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had bin thoroughly moued, you should haue heard him so loud, and so melancholly: but notwithstanding man, Ile doe yoe your Master what good I can: and the very yea, & the no is, y French Doctor my Master, (I may call him my Master, looke you, for I keepe his house; and I wash, ring, brew, bake, scowre, dresse meat and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my selfe.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies hand.

Qui. Are you a-uis'd o'that? you shall finde it a great charge: and to be vp early, and down late: but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your eare, I wold haue no words of it) my Master himselfe is in loue with Mistris *Anne Page*: but notwithstanding that I know *Ans* mind, that's neither heere nor there.

Caius. You, Iack'Nape: giue-'a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a scuruy Iack-a-nape Priest to meddle, or make:— — you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two stones: by gar, he shall not haue a stone to throw at his dogge.

Qui. Alas: he speakes but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter 'a ver dat: do not you tell-a-me dat I shall haue *Anne Page* for my selfe? by gar, I will kill de Iack-Priest: and I haue appointed mine Host of de Iarteer to measure our weapon: by gar, I wil my selfe haue *Anne Page*.

Qui. Sir, the maid loues you, and all shall bee well: We must giue folkes leaue to prate: what the good-ier.

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I haue not *Anne Page*, I shall turne your head out of my dore: follow my heeles, *Rugby*.

Qui. You shall haue *An*-fooles head of your owne: No, I know *Ans* mind for that: neuer a woman in *Wind-sor* knowes more of *Ans* minde then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heauen.

Fenton. Who's with in there, hoa?

Qui. Who's there, I troa? Come neere the house I pray you.

Fen. How now (good woman) how dost thou?

Qui. The better that it pleases your good Worship to aske?

Fen. What newes? how do's pretty Mistris *Anne*?

Qui. In truth Sir, and shee 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 loose my suit?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands aboue: but notwithstanding (Master *Fenton*) Ile be sworne on a booke shee loues you: haue not your Worship a wart aboue your eye?

Fen. Yes marry haue I, what of that?

Qui. Wel, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another *Nan*; (but (I detest) an honest maid as euer broke bread: wee had an howres talke of that wart; I shall neuer laugh but in that maids company: but (indeed) shee is giuen too much to Allicholy and musing: but for you — — well — — goe too — —

Fen. Well: I shall see her to day: hold, there's money for thee: Let mee haue thy voice in my behalfe: if thou seest her before me, commend me. — —

Qui. Will I? I faith that wee will: And I will tell your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we haue confidence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, fare-well, I am in great haste now.

Qui. 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 vpon't: what haue I forgot.

Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Master Page, Master Ford, Pistoll, Nim, Quickly, Host, Shallow.

Mist.Page. What, haue scap'd Loue-letters in the
holly-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subiect
for them? let me see?

*Aske me no reason why I loue you, for though Loue vse Rea-son
for his precisian, hee admits him not for his Counsaillour:
you are not yong, no more am I: goe to then, there's simpatheie:
you are merry, so am I: ha, ha, then there's more simpatheie:
you loue sacke, and so do I: would you desire better simpatheie?
Let it suffice thee (Mistris Page) at the least if the Loue of
Souldier can suffice, that I loue thee: I will not say pittie mee,
'tis not a Souldier-like phrase; but I say, loue me:
By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night:
Or any kinde of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight. Iohn Falstaffe.*

What a *Herod of Iurie* is this? O wicked, wicked world:
One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age
To show himselfe a yong Gallant? What an vnwaied
Behauiour hath this Flemish drunkard pickt (with
The Deuills name) out of my conuersation, that he dares
In this manner assay me? why, hee hath not beene thrice
In my Company: what should I say to him? I was then
Frugall of my mirth: (heauen forgiue mee:) why Ile
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.

Mis.Ford. Mistris Page, trust me, I was going to your
house.

Mis.Page. And trust me, I was comming to you: you
looke very ill.

Mis.Ford. Nay Ile nere beleue that; I haue to shew
to the contrary.

Mis.Page. 'Faith but you doe in my minde.

Mis.Ford. Well: I doe then: yet I say, I could shew
you to the contrary: O *Mistris Page*, giue mee some
counsaile.

Mis.Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mi.Ford. O woman: if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mi.Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour: what is it? dispence with trifles: what is it?

Mi.Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment, or so: I could be knighted.

Mi.Page. What thou liest? Sir *Alice Ford*? these Knights will hacke, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy Gentry.

Mi.Ford. Wee burne day-light: heere, read, read: perceiue how I might bee knighted, I shall thinke the worse of fat men, as long as I haue an eye to make difference of mens liking: and yet hee would not sweare: praise womens modesty: and gaue such orderly and well-behaued reproofe to al vncomelinesse, that I would haue sworne his disposition would haue gone to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Psalms to the tune of Greensleeues: What tempest (I troa) threw this Whale, (with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a'shoare at Windsor? How shall I bee reuenged on him? I thinke 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 heare the like?

Mis.Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs: to thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, heere's the twyn-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine neuer shall: I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blancke-space for different names (sure more): and these are of the second edition: hee will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the presse, when he would put vs two: I had rather be a Giantesse, and lye vnder Mount *Pelion*: Well; I will find you twentie lasciuious Turtles ere one chaste man.

Mis.Ford. Why this is the very same: the very hand: the very words: what doth he thinke of vs?

[Page D4v]

Mis.Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine owne honesty: Ile entertaine my selfe like one that I am not acquainted withall: for sure vnlesse hee know some straine in mee, that I know not my selfe, hee would neuer haue boarded me in this furie.

Mi.Ford. Boording, call you it? Ile bee sure to keepe him aboue decke.

Mi.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: giue 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 Host of the Garter.

Mi.Ford. Nay, I wil consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the charinesse of our honesty: oh that my husband saw this Letter: it would giue eternall food to his iealousie.

Mis.Page. Why look where he comes; and my good man too: hee's as farre from iealousie, as I am from giuing him cause, and that (I hope) is an vnmeasurable distance.

Mis.Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mis.Page. Let's consult together against this greasie Knight: Come hither.

Ford. Well: I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtall-dog in some affaires:
Sir *Iohn* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich & poor, both yong and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loues the Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

Ford. Loue my wife?

Pist. With liuer, burning hot: preuent:
Or goe thou like Sir *Acteon* he, with
Ring-wood at thy heeles: O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Pist. The horne I say: Farewell:

Take heed, haue open eye, for theeues doe foot by night.

Take heed, ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away sir Corporall *Nim*:

Beleeue it (*Page*) he speakes sence.

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 haue

borne the humour'd Letter to her: but I haue a sword:

and it shall bite vpon my necessitie: he loues your wife;

There's the short and the long: My name is Corporall

Nim: I speak, and I auouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nim*:

and *Falstaffe* loues your wife: adieu, I loue 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 seeke out *Falstaffe*.

Page. I neuer heard such a drawling-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I doe finde it: well.

Page. I will not beleeue such a *Cataian*, though the
Priest o' th' Towne commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

Page. How now *Meg*?

Mist.Page. Whether goe you (*George*?) harke you.

Mis.Ford. How now (sweet *Frank*) why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy? I am not melancholy:
Get you home: goe.

Mis.Ford. Faith, thou hast some crochets in thy head,
Now: will you goe, *Mistris Page*?

Mis.Page. Haue with you: you'll come to dinner
George? Looke who comes yonder: shee shall bee our
Messenger to this paltrie Knight.

Mis.Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: shee'll fit it.

Mis.Page. You are come to see my daughter *Anne*?

Qui. I forsooth: and I pray how do's good Mistresse *Anne*?

Mis.Page. Go in with vs and see: we haue an houres talke with you.

Page. How now Master Ford?

For. You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

Pag. Hang 'em slaues: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wiues, are a yoake of his discarded men: ver-ry rogues, now they be out of seruice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it neuer the beter for that,
Do's he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if hee should intend this voy-age toward my wife, I would turne her loose to him; and what hee gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I doe not misdoubt my wife: but I would bee loath to turne them together: a man may be too confident: I would haue nothing lye on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Looke where my ranting-Host of the Garter comes: there is eyther liquor in his pate, or mony in his purse, when hee lookes so merrily: How now mine Host?

Host. How now Bully-Rooke: thou'rt a Gentleman Caueleiro Iustice, I say.

Shal. I follow, (mine Host) I follow: Good-euen,
and twenty (good Master *Page*.) Master *Page*, wil you go
with vs? we haue sport in hand.

Host. Tell him Caueleiro-Iustice: tell him Bully-Rooke.

Shall. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir
Hugh the Welch Priest, and *Caius* the French Doctor.

[Page D5]

Ford. Good mine Host o'th' Garter: a word with you.

Host. What saist thou, my Bully-Rooke?

Shal. Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry
Host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and (I
thinke) hath appointed them contrary places: for (be-
leeue mee) I heare the Parson is no Iester: harke, I will
tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my Knight? my guest-Caualeire?

Shal. None, I protest: but Ile giue you a pottle of
burn'd sacke, to giue me recourse to him, and tell him
my name is *Broome*: onely for a iest.

Host. My hand, (Bully:) thou shalt haue egresse and
regresse, (said I well?) and thy name shall be *Broome*. It
is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heires?

Shal. Haue with you mine Host.

Page. I haue heard the French-man hath good skill
in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut sir: I could haue told you more: In these
times you stand on distance: your Passes, Stoccado's, and
I know not what: 'tis the heart (Master *Page*) 'tis heere,
'tis heere: I haue seene the time, with my long-sword, I
would haue made you fowre tall fellowes skippe like
Rattes.

Host. Heere boyes, heere, heere: shall we wag?

Page. Haue with you: I had rather heare them scold,
then fight.

Ford. Though *Page* be a secure foole, and stands so firmly on his wiues frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at *Pages* house: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I wil looke further into't, and I haue a disguise, to sound *Falstaffe*; if I finde her honest, I loose not my labor: if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

*Enter Falstaffe, Pistoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe,
Ford.*

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why then the world's mine Oyster, which I,
with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny: I haue beene content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vpon my good friends for three Repreeues for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboones: I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when Mistresse *Briget* lost the handle of her Fan, I took't vpon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteene pence?

Fal. Reason, you roague, reason: thinkst thou Ile endanger my soule, *gratis*? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a short knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of *Pickt-hatch*: goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you roague? you stand vpon your honor: why, (thou vnconfinable basenesse) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my honor precise: I, I, I my selfe sometimes, leauing the feare of heauen on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am faine to shuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you

Rogue, will en-sconce your raggs; your Cat-a-Moun-taine-lookes,
your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating-oathes,
vnder the shelter of your honor? you
will not doe it? you?

Pist. I doe relent: what would thou more of man?

Robin. Sir, here's a woman would speake with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Qui. Giue your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.

Qui. Not so, and't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid then.

Qui. Ile be sworne,
As my mother was the first houre I was borne.

Fal. I doe beleue the swearer; what with me?

Qui. Shall I vouch-safe your worship a word, or
two?

Fal. Two thousand (faire woman) and ile vouchsafe
thee the hearing.

Qui. There is one Mistresse *Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a
little neerer this waies: I my selfe dwell with M[aster]. Doctor
Caius:

Fal. Well, on; Mistresse *Ford*, you say.

Qui. Your worship saies very true: I pray your wor-
ship come a little neerer this waies.

Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodie heares: mine owne
people, mine owne people.

Qui. Are they so? heauen-blesse them, and make
them his Seruants.

Fal. Well; Mistresse *Ford*, what of her?

Qui. Why, Sir; shee's a good-creature; Lord, Lord,
your Worship's a wanton: well: heauen forgiue you,
and all of vs, I pray — — .

Fal. *Mistresse Ford*: come, *Mistresse Ford*.

Qui. Marry this is the short, and the long of it: you haue brought her into such a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull: the best Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windsor*) could neuer haue brought her to such a Canarie: yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, smelling so sweetly; all Muske, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silke and golde, and in such alligant termes, and in such wine and suger of the best, and the fairest, that would haue wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could neuer get an eye-winke of her: I had my selfe twentie Angels giuen me this morning, but I defie all Angels (in any such sort, as they say) but in the way of honesty: and I warrant you, they could neuer get her so much as sippe on a cup with the proudest 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 saies shee to mee? be briefe my good shee-*Mercurie*.

Qui. Marry, she hath receiu'd your Letter: for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she giues you to notifie, that her husband will be absence from his house, betweene ten and eleuen.

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Qui. I, forsooth: and then you may come and see the picture (she sayes) that you wot of: Master *Ford* her husband will be from home: alas, the sweet woman leades an ill life with him: hee's a very iealousie-man; she leads a very frampold life with him, (good hart.)

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her.

Qui. Why, you say well: But I haue another messenger to your worship: *Mistresse Page* hath her heartie commendations to you to: and let mee tell you in your eare, shee's as fartuous a ciuill modest wife, and one (I

[Page D5v]

tell you) that will not misse you morning nor euening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, who ere bee the other: and shee bade me tell your worship, that her husband is sel-dome from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I neuer knew a woman so doate vpon a man; surely I thinke you haue charmes, la: yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I haue no other charmes.

Qui. Blessing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this: has *Fords* wife, and *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they loue me?

Qui. That were a iest indeed: they haue not so little grace I hope, that were a tricke indeed: But Mistris *Page* would desire you to send her your little Page of al loues: her husband has a maruellous infectio[n] to the little Page: and truely Master *Page* is an honest man: neuer a wife in *Windsor* leades a better life then she do's: doe what shee will, say what she will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and truly she deserues it; for if there be a kinde woman in *Windsor*, she is one: you must send her your Page, no remedie.

Fal. Why, I will.

Qu. Nay, but doe so then, and looke you, hee may come and goe betweene you both: and in any case haue a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy neuer neede 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.

Fal. Farethee-well, commend mee to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debter: Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes distracts me.

Pist. This Puncke is one of *Cupids* Carriers,
Clap on more sailes, pursue: vp with your sights:
Giue fire: she is my prize, or Oceanwhelme them all.

Fal. Saist thou so (old *Iacke*) go thy waies: Ile make more of thy olde body then I haue done: will they yet

looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thanke thee: let them say 'tis grossely done, so it bee fairely done, no matter.

Bar. Sir *Iohn*, there's one Master *Broome* below would faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. *Broome* is his name?

Bar. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in: such *Broomes* are welcome to mee, that ore'flowes such liquor: ah ha, Mistresse *Ford* and Mistresse *Page*, haue I encompass'd you? goe to, *via*.

Ford. 'Blesse you sir.

Fal. And you sir: would you speake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to presse, with so little preparation vpon you.

Fal. You'r welcome, what's your will? giue vs leaue Drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that haue spent much, my name is *Broome*.

Fal. Good Master *Broome*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *Iohn*, I sue 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 vnseason'd intrusion: for they say, if money goe before, all waies doe lye open.

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I haue a bag of money heere troubles me: if you will helpe to beare it (Sir *Iohn*) take all, or halfe, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserue to bee your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you sir, if you will giue mee the hearing.

Fal. Speake (good Master *Broome*) I shall be glad to be your Seruant.

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you haue been a man long knowne to me, though I had neuer so good means as desire, to make my selfe acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but (good Sir *Iohn*) as you haue one eye vp-on my follies, as you heare them vnfolded, turne another into the Register of your owne, that I may passe with a reproofe the easier, sith you your selfe know how easie it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well Sir.

Ford. I haue long lou'd her, and I protest to you, bestowed much on her: followed her with a doating obseruance: Ingross'd opportunities to meete her: fee'd euery slight occasion that could but nigardly giue mee sight of her: not only bought many presents to giue her, but haue giuen largely to many, to know what shee would haue giuen: briefly, I haue pursu'd her, as Loue hath pursued mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I haue merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, meede I am sure I haue receiued none, vnlesse Experience be a Iewell, that I haue purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to say this,

*"Loue like a shadow flies, when substance Loue pursues,
"Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

Fal. Haue you receiu'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Haue you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Of what qualitie was your loue then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another mans ground, so that I haue lost my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose haue you vnfolded this to me?

For. When I haue told you that, I haue told you all: Some say, that though she appeare honest to mee, yet in other places shee enlargeth her mirth so farre, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now (*Sir Iohn*) here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authenticke in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir.

Ford. Beleeue it, for you know it: there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I haue, onely giue me so much of your time in enchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Fords* wife: vse your Art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soone as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enioy? Methinkes you prescribe to your selfe very preposterously.

Ford. O, vnderstand my drift: she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soule dares not present it selfe: shee is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my desires had instance and argument to commend themselues, I could driue her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattaild against me: what say you too't, *Sir Iohn*?

[Page D6]

Fal. Master *Broome*, I will first make bold with your money: next, giue mee your hand: and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enioy *Fords* wife.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money (*Sir Iohn*) you shall want none.

Fal. Want no *Mistresse Ford* (*Master Broome*) you shall want none: I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, euen as you came in to me, her assistant, or goe-betweene, parted from me: I say I shall be with her betweene ten and eleuen: for at that time the iealous-rascally-knaue her husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. 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 say the iealous wittolly-knaue hath masses of money, for the which his wife seemes to me well-fauourd: I will vse her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffers, & ther's my haruest-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, sir, that you might auoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanicall-salt-butter rogue; I wil stare him out of his wits: I will awe-him with my cudgell: it shall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horns: Master *Broome*, thou shalt know, I will predominate ouer the pezant, and thou shalt lye with his wife. Come to me soone at night: *Ford's* a knaue, and I will aggrauate his stile: thou (*Master Broome*) shalt know him for knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me soone at night.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Rascall is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who saies this is improuident iealousie? my wife hath sent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made: would any man haue thought this? see the hell of hauing a false woman: my bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransack'd, my reputati-

on gnawne at, and I shall not onely receiue this villanous wrong, but stand vnder the adoption of abhominable termes, and by him that does mee this wrong: Termes, names: *Amaimon* sounds well: *Lucifer*, well: *Barbason*, well: yet they are Diuels additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Diuell himselfe hath not such a name. *Page* is an Asse, a secure Asse; hee will trust his wife, hee will not be iealous: I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, Parson *Hugh* the *Welsh-man* with my Cheese, an *Irish-man* with my Aqua-vitae-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her selfe. Then she plots, then shee ruminates, then shee deuises: and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee prais'd for my iealousie: eleuen o' clocke the howre, I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on *Falstaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three houres too soone, then a mynute too late: fie, fie, fie: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host.

Caius. Iacke Rugby.

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is the clocke, Iack.

Rug. 'Tis past the howre (Sir) that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Cai. By gar, he has saue his soule, dat he is no-come: hee has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come: by gar (Iack Rugby) he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. Hee is wise Sir: hee knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him: take your Rapier, (*Iacke*) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas sir, I cannot fence.

Cai. Villaine, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbeare: heer's company.

Host. 'Blesse thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Saue you Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. 'Giue you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee trauerse, to see thee heere, to see thee there, to see thee passe thy puncto, thy stock, thy reuerse, thy distance, thy montant: Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? ha Bully? what saies my *Esculapius*? my *Galien*? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-Iack-Priest of de world: he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castalion-king-Vrinall: *Hector* of *Greece* (my Boy)

Cai. I pray you beare witnesse, that me haue stay, sixe or seuen, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-come.

Shal. He is the wiser man (M[aster]. Doctor) he is a curer of soules, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you goe against the haire of your professions: is it not true, Master *Page*?

Page. Master *Shallow*; you haue your selfe beene a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins M[aster]. *Page*, though I now be old, and of the peace; if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though wee are Iustices, and Doctors, and Church-men (M[aster]. *Page*) wee haue some salt of our youth

in vs, we are the sons of women (M[aster]. *Page*.)

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It wil be found so, (M[aster]. *Page*:) M[aster]. Doctor *Caius*,
I am come to fetch you home: I am sworn of the peace:
you haue show'd your selfe a wise Physician, and Sir
Hugh hath showne himselfe a wise and patient Church-
man: you must goe with me, M[aster]. Doctor.

[Page D6v]

Host. Pardon, Guest-Iustice; a Mounseur Mocke-water.

Cai. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is Valour
(Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I haue as much Mock-vater as de
Englishman: scuruy-Iack-dog-Priest: by gar, mee vill
cut his eares.

Host. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

Cai. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By-gar, me doe looke hee shall clapper-de-claw
me, for by-gar, me vill haue it.

Host. And I will prouoke him to't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Host. And moreouer, (Bully) but first, Mr. Ghuest,
and M[aster]. *Page*, & eeke Caualeiro *Slender*, goe you through
the Towne to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Host. He is there, see what humor he is in: and I will
bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it doe well?

Shal. We will doe it.

All. Adieu, good M[aster]. Doctor.

Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Priest, for he speake for a
Iack-an-Ape to *Anne Page*.

Host. Let him die: sheath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with mee through *Frogmore*, I will bring thee where Mistris *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-house a Feasting: and thou shalt wooe her: Cride-game, said I well?

Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I loue you: and I shall procure 'a you de good Guest: de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy aduersary toward *Anne Page*: said I well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good: vell said.

Host. Let vs wag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles, *Jack Rugby*.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scoena Prima.

Enter Euans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Caius, Rugby.

Euans. I pray you now, good Master *Slenders* seruing-man, and friend *Simple* by your name; which way haue you look'd for Master *Caius*, that calls himselfe Doctor of Phisicke.

Sim. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward: euery way: olde *Windsor* way, and euery way but the Towne-way.

Euan. I most fehemently desire you, you will also looke that way.

Sim. I will sir.

Euan. 'Plesse my soule: how full of Chollors I am, and trempling of minde: I shall be glad if he haue deceiued me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues costard, when I haue good oportunities for the orke: 'Plesse my soule: *To shallow Riuers to whose falls: melodious Birds sings Madrigalls: There will we make*

our Peds of Roses: and a thousand fragrant posies. To shal-low:
'Mercie on mee, I haue a great dispositions to cry.
Melodious birds sing Madrigalls: — — When as I sat in Pa-
bilon: and a thousand vagram Posies. To shallow, &c.

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

Euan. Hee's welcome: *To shallow Riuers, to whose fals:*
Heauen prosper the right: what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Master, Mr.
Shallow, and another Gentleman; from *Frogmore*, ouer
the stile, this way.

Euan. Pray you giue mee my gowne, or else keepe it
in your armes.

Shal. How now Master Parson? good morrow good
Sir *Hugh*: keepe a Gamester from the dice, and a good
Studient from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Slen. Ah sweet *Anne Page*.

Page. 'Saue you, good Sir *Hugh*.

Euan. 'Plesse you from his mercy-sake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word?
Doe you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthfull still, in your doublet and hose,
this raw-rumaticke day?

Euan. There is reasons, and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr.
Parson.

Euan. Fery-well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reuerend Gentleman; who
(be-like) hauing receiued wrong by some person, is at
most odds with his owne grauity and patience, that euer
you saw.

Shal. I haue liued foure-score yeeres, and vpward: I
neuer heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, so
wide of his owne respect.

Euan. What is he?

Page. I thinke you know him: Mr. 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 messe of porridge.

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.

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page*.

Shal. It appeares so by his weapons: keepe them asunder: here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay good Mr. Parson, keepe in your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

Host. 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 eare; vherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Euan. Pray you vse your patience in good time.

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward: de Iack dog: Iohn Ape.

Euan. Pray you let vs not be laughing-stocks 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: Iack Rugby: mine Host 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 iudgement by mine *Host of the Garter*.

Host. Peace, I say, *Gallia* and *Gaule*, *French* & *Welch*,
Soule-Curer, and *Body-Curer*.

[Page E1]

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant.

Host. Peace, I say: heare mine *Host* of the *Garter*,
Am I politicke? Am I subtle? Am I a *Machiuell*?
Shall I loose my *Doctor*? No, hee giues me the *Potions*
and the *Motions*. Shall I loose my *Parson*? my *Priest*?
my *Sir Hugh*? No, he giues me the *Prouerbes*, and the
No-verbes. Giue me thy hand (*Celestiall*) so: *Boyes* of
Art, I haue deceiu'd you both: I haue directed you to
wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skinnies are
whole, and let burn'd *Sacke* be the issue: Come, lay their
swords to pawne: Follow me, *Lad* of peace, follow, fol-
low, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad *Host*: follow *Gentlemen*, fol-
low.

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page*.

Cai. Ha' do I perceiue dat? Haue you make-a-de-sot
of vs, ha, ha?

Eua. This is well, he has made vs his vlowting-stog:
I desire you that we may be friends: and let vs knog our
praines together to be reuenge on this same scall scur-uy-cogging-companion
the *Host* 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.

Euan. Well, I will smite his noddles: pray you follow.

Scena Secunda.

Mist.Page, *Robin*, *Ford*, *Page*, *Shallow*, *Slender*, *Host*,
Euans, *Caius*.

Mist.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 ma-
sters heeles?

Rob. I had rather (forsooth) go before you like a man,
then follow him like a dwarfe.

M.Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now I see you'l be a
(Courtier.

Ford. Well met mistress *Page*, whether go you.

M.Pa. Truly Sir, to see your wife, is she at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as she 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 pretty 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 sirrah?

Rob. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

Ford. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

M.Pa. He, he, I can neuer hit on's name; there is such a
league betweene my goodman, and he: is your Wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

M.Pa. By your leaue sir, I am sicke till I see her.

Ford. Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he
any thinking? Sure they sleepe, he hath no vse of them:
why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as easie, as
a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelue score: hee pee-
ces out his wiues inclination: he giues her folly motion
and aduantage: and now she's going to my wife, & *Fal-staffes*
boy with her: A man may heare this showre sing
in the winde; and *Falstaffes* boy with her: good plots,
they are laide, and our reuolted wiues share damnation
together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife,
plucke the borrowed vaile of modestie from the so-see-
ming Mist[ris]. *Page*, divulge *Page* himselfe for a secure and
wilfull *Acteon*, and to these violent proceedings all my
neighbors shall cry aime. The clocke giues me my Qu,
and my assurance bids me search, there I shall finde *Fal-staffe*:
I shall be rather praisd for this, then mock'd, for

it is as possitiue, as the earth is firme, that *Falstaffe* is there: I will go.

Shal. *Page*, &c. Well met Mr *Ford*.

Ford. Trust me, a good knotte; I haue good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my selfe Mr *Ford*.

Slen. And so must I Sir,
We haue appointed to dine with Mistris *Anne*,
And I would not breake with her for more mony
Then Ile speake of.

Shal. We haue linger'd about a match betweene *An Page*, and my cozen *Slender*, and this day wee shall haue our answer.

Slen. I hope I haue your good will Father *Page*.

Pag. You haue Mr *Slender*, I stand wholly for you,
But my wife (Mr Doctor) is for you altogether.

Cai. I be-gar, and de Maid is loue-a-me: my nursh-a-Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to yong Mr *Fenton*? He capers,
he dances, he has eies of youth: he writes verses, hee
speakes holliday, he smels 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 promise you. The Gentleman is of no hauing, hee kept companie with the wilde Prince, and *Pointz*: he is of too high a Region, he knows too much: no, hee shall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply: the wealth I haue waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you goe home with me to dinner: besides your cheere you shall haue sport, I will shew you a monster: Mr Doctor, you shal go, so shall you Mr *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well:
We shall haue the freer woiing at Mr *Pages*.

Cai. Go home *Iohn Rugby*, I come anon.

Host. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honest Knight
Falstaffe, and drinke Canarie with him.

Ford. I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine first with
him, Ile make him dance. Will you go Gentles?

All. Haue with you, to see this Monster.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

*Enter M.Ford, M.Page, Seruants, Robin, Falstaffe,
Ford, Page, Caius, Euans.*

Mist.Ford. What *Iohn*, what *Robert*.

M.Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket — —

Mis.Ford. I warrant. What *Robin* I say.

Mis.Page. Come, come, come.

Mist.Ford. Heere, set it downe.

M.Pag. Giue your men the charge, we must be briefe.

M.Ford. Marrie, as I told you before (*Iohn & Robert*)
be ready here hard-by in the Brew-house, & when I so-
dainly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or
staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done,
trudge with it in all hast, and carry it among the Whit-
sters in *Dotchet* Mead, and there empty it in the muddie
ditch, close by the Thames side.

M.Page. You will do it?

M.Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no direction. [Page E1v]
Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

M.Page. Here comes little *Robin*.

Mist.Ford. How now my Eyas-Musket, what newes with you?

Rob. My M[aster]. Sir *Iohn* is come in at your backe doore
(*Mist[ris]*). *Ford*, and requests your company.

M.Page. You litle Iack-a-lent, haue you bin true to vs

Rob. I, Ile be sworne: my Master knowes not of your being heere: and hath threatned to put me into euerlasting liberty, if I tell you of it: for he sweares he'll turne me away.

Mist.Pag. Thou'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a Tailor to thee, and shal make thee a new doublet and hose. Ile go hide me.

Mi.Ford. Do so: go tell thy Master, I am alone: Mistris *Page*, remember you your *Qu.*

Mist.Pag. I warrant thee, if I do not act it, hisse me.

Mist.Ford. Go-too then: we'l vse this vnwholsome humidity, this grosse-watry Pumpion; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iayes.

Fal. Haue I caught thee, my heauenly Iewell? Why now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this blessed houre.

Mist.Ford. O sweet Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. Mistris *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (*Mist[ris]. Ford*) now shall I sin in my wish; I would thy Husband were dead, Ile speake it before the best Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Mist.Ford. I your Lady Sir *Iohn*? Alas, I should bee a pittifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France shew me such another: I see how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou hast the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

Mist.Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir *Iohn*:
My browes become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote, would giue 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.

Mist.Ford. Beleeue me, ther's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me loue thee? Let that perswade thee. Ther's something extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a-manie of these lipping-hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparrell, and smell like Bucklers-berry in simple time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and thou deseru'st it.

M.Ford. Do not betray me sir, I fear you loue M[istris]. *Page.*

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I loue to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the reeke of a Lime-kill.

Mis.Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I loue you, And you shall one day finde it.

Fal. Keepe in that minde, Ile deserue it.

Mist.Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you doe; Or else I could not be in that minde.

Rob. Mistris *Ford*, Mistris *Ford*: heere's Mistris *Page* at the doore, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildely, and would needs speake with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me, I will ensconce mee behinde the Arras.

M.Ford. Pray you do so, she's a very tatling woman. Whats the matter? How now?

Mist.Page. O mistris *Ford* what haue you done? You'r sham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone for euer.

M.Ford. What's the matter, good mistris *Page*?

M.Page. O weladay, mist[ris]. *Ford*, hauing an honest man to your husband, to giue him such cause of suspition.

M.Ford. What cause of suspition?

M.Page. What cause of suspition? Out vpon you: How am I mistooke in you?

M.Ford. Why (alas) 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 sayes is heere now in the house; by your consent to take an ill aduantage of his absence: you are vndone.

M.Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

M.Page. Pray heauen it be not so, that you haue such a man heere: but 'tis most certaine your husband's coming, with halfe Windsor at his heeles, to serch for such a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your selfe cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you haue a friend here, conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for euer.

M.Ford. What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my deere friend: and I feare not mine owne shame so much, as his perill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were out of the house.

M.Page. For shame, neuer stand (you had rather, and you had rather:) your husband's heere at hand, bethinke you of some conueyance: in the house you cannot hide him. Oh, how haue you deceiu'd me? Looke, heere is a basket, if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creepe in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, send him by your two men to *Datchet-Meade*.

M.Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't:
Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counsell, Ile in.

M.Page. What Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*? Are these your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in heere: ile neuer — —

M.Page. Helpe to couer your master (Boy:) Call your men (Mist[ris]. *Ford.*) You dissembling Knight.

M.Ford. What *Iohn, Robert, Iohn*; Go, take vp these cloathes heere, quickly: Wher's the Cowle-staffe? Look how you drumble? Carry them to the Landresse in Datchet mead: quickly, come.

Ford. 'Pray you come nere: if I suspect without cause, Why then make sport at me, then let me be your iest, I deserue it: How now? Whether beare you this?

Ser. To the Landresse forsooth?

M.Ford. Why, what haue you to doe whether they beare it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash my selfe of the Buck: Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke, And of the season too; it shall appeare. Gentlemen, I haue dream'd to night, Ile tell you my dreame: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, ascend my Chambers, search, seeke, finde out: Ile warrant wee'le vnkennell the Fox. Let me stop this way first: so, now vncape.

Page. Good master *Ford*, be contented: You wrong your selfe too much.

Ford. True (master *Page*) vp Gentlemen, You shall see sport anon:
Follow me Gentlemen.

[Page E2]

Euans. This is fery fantasticall humors and iealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no-the fashion of France: It is not iealous in France.

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen) see the yssue of his search.

Mist.Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mist.Ford. I know not which pleases me better, That my husband is deceiued, or Sir *Iohn*.

Mist.Page. What a taking was hee in, when your husband askt who was in the basket?

Mist.Ford. I am halfe affraid he will haue neede of washing: so throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

Mist.Page. Hang him dishonest rascall: I would all of the same straine, were in the same distresse.

Mist.Ford. I thinke my husband hath some speciall suspicion of *Falstaffs* being heere: for I neuer saw him so grosse in his iealousie till now.

Mist.Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and wee will yet haue more trickes with *Falstaffe*: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mis.Ford. Shall we send that foolishion Carion, Mist[ris]. *Quickly* to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and giue him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mist.Page. We will do it: let him be sent for to morrow eight a clocke to haue amends.

Ford. I cannot finde him: may be the knaue bragg'd of that he could not compasse.

Mis.Page. Heard you that?

Mis.Ford. You vse me well, M[aster]. *Ford?* Do you?

Ford. I, I do so.

M.Ford. Heauen make you better then your thoughts

Ford. Amen.

Mi.Page. You do your selfe mighty wrong (M[aster]. *Ford*)

Ford. I, I: I must beare it.

Eu. If there be any pody in the house, & in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses: heauen forgiue my sins at the day of iudgement.

Caius. Be gar, nor I too: there is no-bodies.

Page. Fy, fy, M[aster]. *Ford*, are you not asham'd? What spirit, what diuell suggests this imagination? I wold not ha your distemper in this kind, for the welth of *Windsor castle*.

Ford. 'Tis my fault (M[aster]. *Page*) I suffer for it.

Euans. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a o'mans, as I will desires among fiue thousand, and fiue hundred too.

Cai. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promisd you a dinner: come, come, walk in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I wil hereafter make knowne to you why I haue done this. Come wife, come Mi[stis]. *Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (trust me) we'l mock him: I doe inuite you to morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after we'll a Birding together, I haue a fine Hawke for the bush. Shall it be so:

Ford. Any thing.

Eu. If there is one, I shall make two in the Companie

Ca. If there be one, or two, I shall make-a-theturd.

Ford. Pray you go, M[aster]. *Page.*

Eua. I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowsie knaue, mine Host.

Cai. Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.

Eua. A lowsie knaue, to haue his gibes, and his mockeries.

Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

*Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender,
Quickly, Page, Mist.Page.*

Fen. I see I cannot get thy Fathers loue,
Therefore no more turne me to him (sweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou must be thy selfe.
He doth object, I am too great of birth,
And that my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seeke to heale it onely by his wealth.
Besides these, other barres he layes before me,
My Riots past, my wilde Societies,
And tels me 'tis a thing impossible
I should loue thee, but as a property.

An. May be he tels you true.
No, heauen so speed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confesse, thy Fathers wealth
Was the first motiue that I woo'd thee (*Anne:*)
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew
Then stamper in Gold, or summes in sealed bagges:
And 'tis the very riches of thy selfe,
That now I ayme at.

An. Gentle M[aster]. *Fenton*,
Yet seeke my Fathers loue, still seeke it sir,
If opportunity and humblest suite
Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.

Shal. Breake their talke Mistris *Quickly*.
My Kinsman shall speake for himselfe.

Slen. Ile make a shaft or a bolt on't, slid, tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismaid.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me:
I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Qui. Hark ye, M[aster]. *Slender* would speak a word with you

An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:
O what a world of vilde ill-fauour'd faults
Lookes handsome in three hundred pounds a yeere?

Qui. And how do's good Master *Fenton*?
Pray you a word with you.

Shal. Shee's comming; to her Coz:
O boy, thou hadst a father.

Slen. I had a father (*M[istris]*. *An*) my vncle can tel you good iests of him: pray you Vncle, tel *Mist[ris]*. *Anne* the iest how my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Vnckle.

Shal. *Mistris Anne*, my Cozen loues you.

Slen. I that I do, as well as I loue any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, vnder the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds ioynture.

Anne. Good Maister *Shallow* let him woo for himselfe.

Shal. Marrie I thanke you for it: I thanke you for that good comfort: she cals you (*Coz*) Ile leaue you.

Anne. Now Master *Slender*.

Slen. Now good *Mistris Anne*.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie iest indeede: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Hea-uen:) I am not such a sickely creature, I giue Heauen praise.

[Page E2v]

Anne. I meane (*M[aster]*. *Slender*) what wold you with me?

Slen. Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my vncle 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*; Loue him daughter *Anne*.
Why how now? What does Mr *Fenten* here?
You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house.
I told you Sir, my daughter is disposd of.

Fen. Nay Mr *Page*, be not impatient.

Mist.Page. Good *M[aster]*. *Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you heare me?

Page. No, good M[aster]. *Fenton.*

Come M[aster]. *Shallow:* Come sonne *Slender*, in;
Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M[aster]. *Fenton.*)

Qui. Speake to Mistris *Page.*

Fen. Good Mist[ris]. *Page*, for that I loue your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners,
I must aduance the colours of my loue,
And not retire. Let me haue your good will.

An. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.

Mist.Page. I meane it not, I seeke you a better husband.

Qui. That's my master, M[aster]. Doctor.

An. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th earth,
And bowl'd to death with Turnips.

Mist.Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good M[aster].
Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loues you,
And as I finde her, so am I affected:
Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in,
Her father will be angry.

Fen. Farewell gentle Mistris: farewell *Nan*.

Qui. This is my doing now: Nay, saide I, will you
cast away your childe on a Foole, and a Physitian:
Looke on M[aster]. *Fenton*, this is my doing.

Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night,
Giue my sweet *Nan* this Ring: there's for thy paines.

Qui. Now heauen send 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 Mistris *Anne*, or I would M[aster]. *Slender* had her: or (in
sooth) I would M[aster]. *Fenton* had her; I will do what I can
for them all three, for so I haue promisd, and Ile bee as

good as my word, but speciously for M[aster]. *Fenton*. Well, I must of another errand to Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* from my two Mistresses: what a beast am I to slacke it.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. *Bardolfe* I say.

Bar. Heere Sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a tost in't. Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be seru'd such another tricke, Ile haue my braines 'tane out and butter'd, and giue them to a dogge for a New-yeares gift. The rogues slighted me into the riuer with as little remorse, as they would haue drown'de a blinde bitches Puppies, fiteene i'th litter: and you may know by my size, that I haue a kinde of alacrity in sinking: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I shold down. I had beene drown'd, but that the shore was sheluy and shallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water swelles a man; and what a thing should I haue beene, when I had beene swel'd? I should haue beene a Mountaine of Mummie.

Bar. Here's M[istress]. *Quickly* Sir to speake with you.

Fal. Come, let me poure in some Sack 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 leaue: I cry you mercy?
Giue your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these Challices:
Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.

Bard. With Egges, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it selfe: Ile no Pullet-Spersme in my
brewage. How now?

Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worship from M[istris]. *Ford.*

Fal. *Mist[ris]. Ford?* I haue 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.

Fal. So did I mine, to build vpon a foolish Womans promise.

Qui. Well, she laments 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, be-
twene 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 bidde her
thinke what a man is: Let her consider his frailety, and
then iudge of my merit.

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Betweene nine and ten saist thou?

Qui. Eight and nine Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not misse her.

Qui. Peace be with you Sir.

Fal. I meruaile I heare not of Mr *Broome*: he sent me
word to stay within: I like his money well.
Oh, heere he comes.

Ford. Blesse you Sir.

Fal. Now M[aster]. *Broome*, you come to know
What hath past betweene me, and *Fords* wife.

Ford. That indeed (Sir *Iohn*) is my businesse.

Fal. M[aster]. *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-fauouredly M[aster]. *Broome.*

Ford. How so sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No (M[aster]. *Broome*) but the peaking Curnuto her husband (M[aster]. *Broome*) dwelling in a continual larum of ielousie, coms me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrast, kist, protested, & (as it were) spoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither prouoked and instigated by his distemper, and (forsooth) to serch his house for his wiues 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 shall heare. As good lucke would haue it, comes in one *Mist[ris]. Page*, giues intelligence of *Fords* approach: and in her inuention, and *Fords* wiues distraction, they conuey'd me into a bucke-basket.

[Page E3]

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yes: a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greasie Napkins, that (Master *Broome*) there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that euer offended nostrill.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall heare (Master *Broome*) what I haue sufferd, to bring this woman to euill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Fords* knaues, his Hindes, were cald forth by their Mistris, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to *Datchet-lane*: they tooke me on their shoulders: met the ielous knaue their Master in the doore; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for feare least the Lunatique Knaue would haue 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 marke the sequell (Master *Broome*) I suffered the pangs of three seuerall deaths: First, an intollerable fright, to be detected with a ielialous rotten Bell-weather:

Next to be compass'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to be stopt in like a strong distillation with stinking Cloathes, that fretted in their owne grease: thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that, that am as subiect to heate as butter; a man of continuall dissolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe stew'd in grease (like a Dutch-dish) to be throwne into the Thames, and coold, glowing-hot, in that serge like a Horse-shoo; thinke of that; hissing hot: thinke of that (Master *Broome*.)

Ford. In good sadnesse Sir, I am sorry, that for my sake you haue sufferd all this.
My suite then is desperate: You'll vndertake her no more?

Fal. Master *Broome*: I will be throwne into *Etna*, as I haue beene into Thames, ere I will leaue her thus; her Husband is this morning gone a Birding: I haue receiued from her another ambassie of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the houre (Master *Broome*.)

Ford. 'Tis past eight already Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addresse mee to my appointment: Come to mee at your conuenient leisure, and you shall know how I speede: and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adiew: you shall haue her (Master *Broome*) Master *Broome*, you shall cuckold *Ford*.

Ford. Hum: ha? Is this a vision? Is this a dreame? doe I sleepe? Master *Ford* awake, awake Master *Ford*: ther's a hole made in your best coate (Master *Ford*;) this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to haue Lynnen, and Buck-baskets: Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I am: I will now take the Leacher: hee is at my house: hee cannot scape me: 'tis impossible hee should: hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purse, nor into a Pepper-

Boxe: But least the Diuell that guides him, should aide him, I will search impossible places: though what I am, I cannot auoide; yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: If I haue hornes, to make one mad, let the prouerbe goe with me, Ile be horne-mad.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Mistris Page, Quickly, William, Euans.

Mist.Pag. Is he at M[aster]. *Fords* already think'st thou?

Qui. Sure he is by this; or will be presently; but truely he is very couragious mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistris *Ford* desires you to come so-dainely.

Mist.Pag. Ile be with her by and by: Ile but bring my yong-man here to Schoole: looke where his Master comes; 'tis a playing day I see: how now Sir *Hugh*, no Schoole to day?

Eua. No: Master *Slender* is let the Boyes leaue to play.

Qui 'Blessing of his heart.

Mist.Pag. Sir *Hugh*, my husband saies my sonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke: I pray you aske him some questions in his Accidence.

Eu. Come hither *William*; hold vp your head; come.

Mist.Pag. Come-on Sirha; hold vp your head; answer your Master, be not afraid.

Eua. *William*, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truely, I thought there had bin one Number more, because they say od's-Nownes.

Eua. Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Faire*) *William*?

Will. *Pulcher.*

Qu. Powlcats? there are fairer things then Powlcats, sure.

Eua. You are a very simplicity 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 remember 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 nominatiuo hic, haec, hoc.*

Eua. *Nominatiuo hig, hag, hog*: pray you marke: *genitiuo huius*: Well: what is your *Accusatiue-case*?

Will. *Accusatiuo hinc.*

Eua. I pray you haue your remembrance (childe) *Accusatiuo hing, hang, hog*.

Qu. Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

Eua. Leaue your prables (o'man) What is the *Focatiue case* (*William*?)

Will. *O, Vocatiuo, O.*

Eua. Remember *William*, *Focatiue*, is caret.

Qu. And that's a good roote.

Eua. O'man, forbear.

Mist.Pag. Peace.

Eua. What is your *Genitiue case plurall* (*William*?)

Will. *Genitiue case*?

Eua. I.

Will. *Genitiue horum, harum, horum.*

Qu. 'Vengeance of Ginyes case; fie on her; neuer name her (childe) if she be a whore.

Eua. For shame o'man.

Qu. You doe ill to teach the childe such words: hee teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll doe fast enough of themselues, and to call *horum*; fie vpon you.

[Page E3v]

Euans. O'man, art thou Lunatics? Hast thou no vnderstandings for thy Cases, & the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures, as I would desires.

Mi.Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace.

Eu. Shew me now (*William*) some declensions of your Pronounes.

Will. Forsooth, I haue forgot.

Eu. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you must be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

M.Pag. He is a better scholler then I thought he was.

Eu. He is a good sprag-memory: Farewel *Mis[tris]*. *Page.*

Mis.Page. Adieu good Sir *Hugh*:
Get you home boy, Come we stay too long.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falstoffs, Mist.Ford, Mist.Page, Seruants, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans, Shallow.

Fal. Mi[stis]. Ford, Your sorrow hath eaten vp my sufferance; I see you are obsequious in your loue, and I professe requitall to a haire bredth, not onely *Mist[ris]*. *Ford*, in the simple office of loue, but in all the accustrement, complement, and ceremony of it: But are you sure of your husband now?

Mis.Ford. Hee's a birding (sweet Sir *Iohn*.)

Mis.Page. What hoa, gossip *Ford*: what hoa.

Mis.Ford. Step into th' chamber, Sir *Iohn*.

Mis.Page. How now (sweete heart) whose at home besides your selfe?

Mis.Ford. Why none but mine owne people.

Mis.Page. Indeed?

Mis.Ford. No certainly: Speake louder.

Mis.Pag. Truly, I am so glad you haue no body here.

Mis.Ford. Why?

Mis.Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde lines againe: he so takes on yonder with my husband, so railes against all married mankinde; so curses all *Eues* daughters, of what complexion soeuer; and so buffettes himselfe on the for-head: crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madnesse I euer yet beheld, seem'd but tamenesse, ciuility, and patience to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not heere.

Mis.Ford. Why, do's he talke of him?

Mis.Page. Of none but him, and sweares he was carried out the last time hee search'd for him, in a Basket: Protests to my husband he is now heere, & hath drawne him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspition: But I am glad the Knight is not heere; now he shall see his owne foolerie.

Mis.Ford. How neere is he Mistris *Page*?

Mis.Pag. Hard by, at street end; he wil be here anon.

Mis.Ford. I am vndone, the Knight is heere.

Mis.Page. Why then you are vtterly sham'd, & hee's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better shame, then murther.

Mis.Ford. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket againe?

Fal. No, Ile come no more i'th Basket:
May I not go out ere he come?

Mist.Page. Alas: three of Mr. *Fords* brothers watch the doore with Pistols, that none shall issue out: otherwise you might slip away ere hee came: But what make you heere?

Fal. What shall I do? Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

Mist.Ford. There they alwaies vse to discharge their Birding-peeeces: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mist.Ford. He will seeke there on my word: Neyther Presse, Coffer, Chest, 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 *Iohn*, vnlesse you go out disguis'd.

Mist.Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mist.Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no womans gowne bigge enough for him: otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchiefe, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, deuise something: any extremitie, rather then a mischief.

Mist.Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Brain-ford*, has a gowne aboue.

Mist.Page. On my word it will serue him: shee's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run vp Sir *Iohn*.

Mist.Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir *Iohn*: *Mistris Page* and I will looke some linnen for your head.

Mist.Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'le come dresse you straight: put on the gowne the while.

Mist.Ford. I would my husband would meete him
in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brain-
ford; he sweares she's a witch, forbad her my house, and
hath threatned to beate her.

Mist.Page. Heauen guide him to thy husbands cud-
gell: and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Mist.Ford. But is my husband comming?

Mist.Page. I in good sadnesse is he, and talkes of the
basket too, howsoeuer he hath had intelligence.

Mist.Ford. Wee'l try that: for Ile appoint my men to
carry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore with
it, as they did last time.

Mist.Page. Nay, but hee'l be heere presently: let's go
dresse him like the witch of *Brainford*.

Mist.Ford. Ile first direct 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 misuse enough:
We'll leaue a prooffe by that which we will doo,
Wiues may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not acte that often, iest, and laugh,
'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

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 lief as beare so much lead.

Ford. I, but if it proue true (*Mr. Page*) haue you any
way then to vnfoole me againe. Set downe the basket
villaine: some body call my wife: Youth in a basket:
Oh you Panderly Rascals, there's a knot: a gin, a packe,
a conspiracie against me: Now shall the diuel be sham'd.
What wife I say: Come, come forth: behold what ho-nest

cloathes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes M[aster]. *Ford:* you are not to goe loose any longer, you must be pinnion'd.

Euans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a mad dogge.

Shall. Indeed M[aster]. *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 virtuous creature, that hath the iealous foole to her husband: I suspect without cause (Mistris) do I?

Mist.Ford. Heauen be my witnesse you doe, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said Brazon-face, hold it out: Come forth sirrah.

Page. This passes.

Mist.Ford. Are you not asham'd, let the cloths alone.

Ford. I shall finde you anon.

Eua. 'Tis vnreasonable; will you take vp your wiues cloathes? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the basket I say.

M.Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one con-uay'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 Intelligence is true, my iealousie is reasonable, pluck me out all the linnen.

Mist.Ford. If you find a man there, he shall dye a Fleas death.

Page. Heer's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well Mr. *Ford:* This wrongs you.

Euans. Mr *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is iealousies.

Ford. Well, hee's not heere I seeke for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your braine.

Ford. Helpe to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seeke, shew no colour for my extremity: Let me for euer be your Table-sport: Let them say of me, as iealous as *Ford*, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wiues Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more serch with me.

M.Ford. What hoa (*Mistris Page*,) come you and the old woman downe: my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old womans 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 dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I say.

Mist.Ford. Nay, good sweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him strike the old woman.

Mist.Page. Come mother *Prat*, Come giue me your hand.

Ford. Ile *Prat*-her: Out of my doore, you Witch, you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out: Ile coniure you, Ile fortune-tell you.

Mist.Page. Are you not asham'd?
I thinke you haue kill'd the poore woman.

Mist.Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credite for you.

Ford. Hang her witch.

Eua. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch indeede: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I spie a great peard vnder his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beseech you follow: see but the issue of my iealousie: If I cry out thus vpon no traile, neuer trust me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further:
Come Gentlemen.

Mist.Page. Trust me he beate him most pittifully.

Mist.Ford. Nay by th' Masse that he did not: he beate him most vnpittifully, me thought.

Mist.Page. Ile haue the cudgell hallow'd, and hung ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious seruice.

Mist.Ford. What thinke you? May we with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witnesse of a good conscience, pursue him with any further reuenge?

M.Page. The spirit of wantonnesse is sure scar'd out of him, if the diuell haue him not in fee-simple, with fine and recouery, he will neuer (I thinke) in the way of waste, attempt vs againe.

Mist.Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how wee haue seru'd him?

Mist.Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find in their hearts, the poore vnuertuous fat Knight shall be any further afflicted, wee two will still bee the ministers.

Mist.Ford. Ile warrant, they'l haue him publiquely sham'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to the iest, should he not be publikely sham'd.

Mist.Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then shape it: I would not haue things coole.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter Host and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the Germane desires to haue three of your horses: the Duke himselfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be comes so secretly? I heare not of him in the Court: let mee speake with the Gentlemen, they speake English?

Bar. I Sir? Ile call him to you.

Host. They shall haue my horses, but Ile make them pay: Ile sauce them, they haue had my houses a week at commaund: I haue turn'd away my other guests, they must come off, Ile sawce them, come.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, and Euans.

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 instant?

Mist.Page. Within a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what thou wilt: I rather will suspect 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 E4v]

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:
Be not as extreme in submission, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: Let our wiues
Yet once againe (to make vs publike sport)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace 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 neuer come.

Eu. You say he has bin throwne in the Riuers: and has bin greeuously 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 haue no desires.

Page. So thinke I too.

M.Ford. Deuise but how you'l vse him whe[n] he comes, And let vs two deuise to bring him thether.

Mis.Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the Hunter (sometime a keeper heere in Windsor Forrest) Doth all the winter time, at still midnight Walke round about an Oake, with great rag'd-hornes, And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle, And make milch-kine yeeld blood, and shakes a chaine In a most hideous and dreadfull manner. You haue heard of such a Spirit, and well you know The superstitious idle-headed-Eld Receiu'd, and did deliuer to our age This tale of *Herne* the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do feare In deepe of night to walke by this Hernes Oake: But what of this?

Mist.Ford. Marry this is our deuise, That *Falstaffe* at that Oake shall meete with vs.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come, And in this shape, when you haue brought him thether, What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

Mist.Pa. That likewise haue we thoght vpon: & thus: *Nan Page* (my daughter) and my little sonne, And three or foure more of their growth, wee'l dresse Like Vrchins, Ouphes, and Fairies, greene and white, With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads, And rattles in their hands; vpon a sodaine, As *Falstaffe*, she, and I, are newly met,

Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song: Vpon their sight
We two, in great amazednesse will flye:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the vncleane Knight;
And aske him why that houre of Fairy Reuell,
In their so sacred pathes, he dares to tread
In shape prophane.

Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed Fairies pinch him, sound,
And burne him with their Tapers.

Mist.Page. The truth being knowne,
We'll all present our selues; dis-horne the spirit,
And mocke him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll neu'r doo't.

Eua. I will teach the children their behauiours: and I
will be like a Iacke-an-Apes also, 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 silke will I go buy, and in that time
Shall M[aster]. *Slender* steale my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton*: go, send to *Falstaffe* straight.

Ford. Nay, Ile to him againe in name of *Broome*,
Hee'l tell me all his purpose: sure hee'l come.

Mist.Page. Feare not you that: Go get vs properties
And tricking for our Fayries.

Euans. Let vs about it,
It is admirable pleasures, and ferry honest knaueries.

Mis.Page. Go *Mist[ris]*. *Ford*,
Send quickly to Sir *Iohn*, 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 haue her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to craue her.

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Host, Simple, Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Euans,
Caius, Quickly.*

Host. What wouldst thou haue? (Boore) what? (thick skin) speake, breathe, discusse: breefe, short, quicke, snap.

Simp. Marry Sir, I come to speake with Sir *Iohn Fal-staffe* from M[aster]. *Slender.*

Host. There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigall, fresh and new: go, knock and call: hee'l speake like an Anthropophaginian vnto thee: Knocke I say.

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone vp into his chamber: Ile be so bold as stay Sir till she come downe: I come to speake with her indeed.

Host. Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd: Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir *Iohn*: speake from thy Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine Host, thine Ephesian cal.

Fal. How now, mine Host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the comming downe of thy fat-woman: Let her descend (Bully) let her descend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, priuacy? Fie.

Fal. There was (mine Host) an old-fat-woman euen now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wise-woman of *Brainford*?

Fal. I marry was it (Mussel-shell) what would you with her?

Simp. My Master (Sir) my master *Slender*, sent to her seeing her go thorough the streets, to know (Sir) whether one *Nim* (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the chaine, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what sayes she, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry shee sayes, that the very same man that beguil'd Master *Slender* of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could haue spoken with the Woman her selfe, I had other things to haue spoken with her too, from him.

[Page E5]

Fal. What are they? let vs know.

Host. I: come: quicke.

Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Host. Conceale them, or thou di'st.

Sim. Why sir, they were nothing but about Mistris *Anne Page*, to know if it were my Masters fortune to haue her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir?

Fal. To haue her, or no: goe; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so Sir?

Fal. I Sir: like who more bold.

Sim. I thanke your worship: I shall make my Master glad with these tydings.

Host. Thou art clearkly: thou art clearkly (Sir *Iohn*) was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. I that there was (mine *Host*) one that hath taught me more wit, then euer I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my lear-

ning.

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozonage: meere cozonage.

Host. Where be my horses? speake well of them var-
letto.

Bar. Run away with the cozoners: for so soone as
I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off, from behinde
one of them, in a slough of myre; and set spurres, and
away; like three *Germane*-diuels; three *Doctor Fau-stasses*.

Host. They are gone but to meete the Duke (villaine)
doe not say they be fled: *Germanes* are honest men.

Euan. Where is mine *Host*?

Host. What is the matter Sir?

Euan. Haue a care of your entertainments: there is a
friend of mine come to Towne, tels mee there is three
Cozen-Iermans, that has cozend all the *Hosts* of *Reading*,
of *Maidenhead*; of *Cole-brooke*, of horses and money: I
tell you for good will (looke you) you are wise, and full
of gibes, and vlouting-stocks: and 'tis not conuenient
you should be cozoned. Fare you well.

Cai. Ver' is mine *Host de Iarteere*?

Host. Here (Master *Doctor*) in perplexitie, and doubt-
full delemma.

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat
you make grand preparation for a Duke *de Iamanie*: by
my trot: der is no Duke that the Court is know, to
come: I tell you for good will: adieu.

Host. Huy and cry, (villaine) goe: assist me Knight, I
am vndone: fly, run: huy, and cry (villaine) I am vn-
done.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozond, for I
haue beene cozond and beaten too: if it should come
to the eare of the Court, how I haue beene transformed;
and how my transformation hath beene washd, and
cudgeld, they would melt mee out of my fat drop by
drop, and liquor Fishermens-boots with me: I warrant

they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-falne as a dride-peare: I neuer prosper'd, since I forswore my selfe at *Primero*: well, if my winde were but long enough; I would repent: Now? Whence come you?

Qui. From the two parties forsooth.

Fal. The Diuell take one partie, and his Dam the other: and so they shall be both bestowed; I haue suf-fer'd more for their sakes; more then the villanous inconstancy of mans disposition is able to beare.

Qui. And haue not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistris *Ford* (good heart) is beaten blacke and blew, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou mee of blacke, and blew? I was beaten my selfe into all the colours of the Raine-bow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Braine-ford*, but that my admirable dexteritie of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliuer'd me, the knaue Constable had set me ith' Stocks, ith' common Stocks, for a Witch.

Qu. 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 so cross'd.

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Host.

Host. Master *Fenton*, talke not to mee, my minde is heauy: I will giue ouer all.

Fen. Yet heare me speake: assist me in my purpose,
And (as I am a gentleman) ile giue thee
A hundred pound in gold, more then your losse.

Host. I will heare you (*Master Fenton*) and I will (at
the least) keepe your counsell.

Fen. From time to time, I haue acquainted you
With the deare loue I beare to faire *Anne Page*,
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,
(So farre forth, as her selfe might be her chooser)
Euen to my wish; I haue a letter from her
Of such contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, so larded with my matter,
That neither (singly) can be manifested
Without the shew of both: fat *Falstaffe*
Hath a great Scene; the image of the iest
Ile show you here at large (harke good mine *Host*:)
To night at *Hernes-Oke*, iust 'twixt twelue and one,
Must my sweet *Nan* present the *Faerie-Queene*:
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise
While other Iests are something ranke on foote,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with *Slender*, and with him, at *Eaton*
Immediately to Marry: She hath consented: Now Sir,
Her Mother, (euen strong against that match
And firme for Doctor *Caius*) hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their mindes,
And at the *Deanry*, where a *Priest* attends
Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot
She seemingly obedient) likewise hath
Made promise to the *Doctor*: Now, thus it rests,
Her Father meanes she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, 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 deuote her to the *Doctor*;
For they must all be mask'd, and vizarded)
That quaint in greene, she 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 giuen consent to go with him.

Host. Which meanes she to deceiue? Father, or Mother.

Fen. Both (my good Host) to go along with me:
And heere it rests, that you'l procure the Vicar
To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelue, and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To giue our hearts vnited ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your deuice; Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lacke a Priest.

Fen. So shall I euermore be bound to thee;
Besides, Ile make a present recompence.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Falstoffe, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more pratling: go, Ile hold, this is
the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers:
Away, go, they say there is Diuinity in odde Numbers,
either in natiuity, chance, or death: away.

Qui. Ile prouide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can
to get you a paire of hornes.

Fall. Away I say, time weares, hold vp your head &
mince. How now M[aster]. *Broome*? Master *Broome*, the mat-
ter will be knowne to night, or neuer. 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 *Broome*) as you see, like a
poore-old-man, but I came from her (Master *Broome*)
like a poore-old-woman; that same knaue (*Ford* hir hus-

band) hath the finest mad diuell of iealousie in him (Master *Broome*) that euer gouern'd Frensie. I will tell you, he beate me greeuously, in the shape of a woman: (for in the shape of Man (Master *Broome*) I feare not Goliath with a Weauers beame, because I know also, life is a Shuttle) I am in hast, go along with mee, Ile tell you all (Master *Broome*;) since I pluckt Geese, plaide 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 deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow, straunge things in hand (M[aster]. *Broome*) follow.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Castle-ditch, till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember son *Slen-der*, my

Slen. I forsooth, I haue spoke with her, & we haue a nay-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 needes either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath strooke ten a' clocke.

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will become it wel: Heauen prosper our sport. No man means euill but the deuill, and we shal know him by his hornes. Lets away: follow me.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Mist.Page, Mist.Ford, Caius.

Mist.Page. Mr Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanerie, and dispatch it quickly: go before into the Parke: we two must go together.

Cai. I know vat I haue to do, adieu.

Mist.Page. Fare you well (Sir:) my husband will not reioyce so much at the abuse of *Falstaffe*, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-breake.

Mist.Ford. Where is *Nan* now? and her troop of Fairies? and the Welch-deuill Herne?

Mist.Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Hernes Oake, with obscur'd Lights; which at the very instant of *Falstaffes* and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mist.Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mist.Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaz'd, he will euery way be mock'd.

Mist.Ford. Wee'll betray him finely.

Mist.Page. Against such Lewdsters, and their lechery, Those that betray them, do no treachery.

Mist.Ford. The houre drawes-on: to the Oake, to the Oake.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Euans and Fairies.

Euans. Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I giue the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: Come, come, trib, trib.

Exeunt

*Enter Falstaffe, Mistris Page, Mistris Ford, Euans,
Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly,
Slender, Fenton, Caius, Pistoll.*

Fal. The Windsor-bell hath stroke twelue: the Minute drawes-on: Now the hot-bloodied-Gods assist me: Remember Ioue, thou was't a Bull for thy *Europa*, Loue set on thy hornes. O powerfull Loue, that in some respects makes a Beast a Man: in som other, a Man a beast. You were also (Iupiter) a Swan, for the loue of *Leda*: O omnipotent Loue, how nere the God drew to the complexion of a Goose: a fault done first in the forme of a beast, (O Ioue, a beastly fault:) and then another fault, in the semblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowle-fault. When Gods haue hot backes, what shall poore men do? For me, I am heere a Windsor Stagge, and the fattest (I thinke) i'th Forrest. Send me a coole rut-time (Ioue) or who can blame me to pisse my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe?

[Page E6]

M.Ford. Sir *John*? Art thou there (my Deere?)
My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-sleeues, haile-kissing Comfits, and snow Eringoes: Let there come a tempest of prouocation, I will shelter mee heere.

M.Ford. Mistris *Page* is come with me (sweet hart.)

Fal. Diuide me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch: I will keepe my sides to my selfe, my shoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience, he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

M.Page. Alas, what noise?

M.Ford. Heauen forgiue our sinnes.

Fal. What should this be?

M.Ford. M.Page. Away, away.

Fal. I thinke the diuell wil not haue me damn'd,
Least the oyle that's in me should set hell on fire;
He would neuer else crosse me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and white,
You Moone-shine reuellers, and shades of night.
You Orphan heires of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

Pist. Elues, list your names: Silence you aiery toyes.
Cricket, to Windsor-chimnies shalt thou leape;
Where fires thou find'st vnrak'd, and hearths vnswept,
There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry,
Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die,
He winke, and couch: No man their workes must eie.

Eu. Wher's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a maid
That ere she sleepe has thrice her prayers said,
Raise vp the Organs of her fantasie,
Sleepe she as sound as carelesse infancie,
But those as sleepe, and thinke not on their sins,
Pinch them armes, legs, backes, shoulders, sides, & shins.

Qu. About, about:
Search Windsor Castle (Elues) within, and out.
Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery sacred roome,
That it may stand till the perpetuall doome,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The seuerall Chaires of Order, looke you scowre
With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flowre,
Each faire Instalment, Coate, and seu'rall Crest,
With loyall Blazon, euermore be blest.
And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you sing
Like to the *Garters*-Compass, in a ring
Th' expresse that it beares: Greene let it be,

More fertile-fresh then all the Field to see:
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pence*, write
In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white,
Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroiderie,
Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee;
Fairies vse Flowres for their characterie.
Away, disperse: But till 'tis one a clocke,
Our Dance of Custome, round about the Oke
Of *Herne* the Hunter, let vs not forget.

Euan. Pray you lock hand in hand: your selues in order set:
And twenty glow-wormes shall our Lanthornes bee
To guide our Measure round about the Tree.
But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heauens defend me from that Welsh Fairy,
Least he transforme me to a peece of Cheese.

Pist. Vilde worme, thou wast ore-look'd euen in thy
birth.

Qu. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end:
If he be chaste, the flame will backe descend
And turne him to no paine: but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted hart.

Pist. A triall, come.

Eua. Come: will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire.
About him (Fairies) sing a scornfull rime,
And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The Song.

*Fie on sinnefull phantasie: Fie on Lust, and Luxurie:
Lust is but a bloody fire, kindled with vnchaste desire,
Fed in heart whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villanie.
Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,
Till Candles, & Star-light, & Moone-shine be out.*

Page. Nay do not flye, I thinke we haue watcht you now: Will none but *Herne* the Hunter serue your turne?

M.Page. I pray you come, hold vp the iest no higher. Now (good Sir *Iohn*) how like you *Windsor* wiues? See you these husband? Do not these faire yoakes Become the Forrest better then the Towne?

Ford. Now Sir, whose a Cuckold now?
Mr Broome, Falstaffes a Knaue, a Cuckoldly knaue, Heere are his hornes Master *Broome*:
And Master *Broome*, he hath enioyed nothing of *Fords*, but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Mr *Broome*, his horses are arrested for it, Mr *Broome*.

M.Ford. Sir *Iohn*, we haue had ill lucke: wee could neuer meete: I will neuer take you for my Loue againe, but I will alwayes count you my Deere.

Fal. I do begin to perceiue that I am made an Asse.

Ford. I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are extant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies:
I was three or foure times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltinesse of my minde, the sodaine surprize of my powers, droue the grossnesse of the foppery into a receiu'd beleefe, in despight of the teeth of all rime and reason, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a Iacke-a-Lent, when 'tis vpon ill imployment.

Euans. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*, serue Got, and leaue your desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said Fairy *Hugh*.

Euans. And leaue you your iealouzies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will neuer mistrust my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

[Page E6v]

Fal. Haue I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it,
that it wants matter to preuent so grosse ore-reaching as
this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shal I haue
a Coxcombe of Frize? Tis time I were choak'd with a
peece of toasted Cheese.

Eu. Seese is not good to giue putter; your belly is al
putter.

Fal. Seese, and Putter? Haue I liu'd to stand at the
taunt of one that makes Fritters of English? This is e-
nough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through
the Realme.

Mist.Page. Why Sir *Iohn*, do you thinke though wee
would haue thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head
and shoulders, and haue giuen our selues without scru-
ple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our
delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Mist.Page. A puft man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable en-
trailes?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Iob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Euan. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes,
and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings
and swearings, and starings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you haue the start of
me, I am deieted: I am not able to answer the Welch
Flannell, Ignorance it selfe is a plummet ore me, vse me
as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windsor to one
Mr *Broome*, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom
you should haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you
haue suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a bi-
ting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house, wher I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her Mr *Slen-der* hath married her daughter.

Mist.Page. Doctors doubt that;
If *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is (by this) Doctour *Caius* wife.

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*.

Page. Sonne? How now? How now Sonne,
Haue you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd? Ile make the best in Glostershire know on't: would I were hang'd la, else.

Page. Of what sonne?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Mistris *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not bene i'th Church, I would haue swing'd him, or hee should haue swing'd me. If I did not thinke it had beene *Anne Page*, would I might neuer stirre, and 'tis a Post-masters Boy.

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

Slen. What neede you tell me that? I think so, when I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had bene married to him, (for all he was in womans apparrell) I would not haue had him.

Page. Why this is your owne folly,
Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter,
By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and she cride budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Post-masters boy.

Mist.Page. Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpose: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeede she is now with the Doctor at the Deanrie, and there married.

Cai. Ver is Mistris *Page*: by gar I am cozoned, I ha married oon Garsoon, a boy; oon pesant, by gar. A boy, it is not *An Page*, by gar, I am cozened.

M.Page. Why? did you take her in white?

Cai. I bee gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, Ile raise all Windsor.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart misgiues me, here comes Mr *Fenton*.
How now Mr *Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon

Page. Now Mistris:
How chance you went not with Mr *Slender*?

M.Page. Why went you not with Mr Doctor, maid?

Fen. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it,
You would haue married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in loue:
The truth is, she and I (long since contracted)
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolue vs:
Th' offence is holy, that she hath committed,
And this deceit looses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or vnduteous title,
Since therein she doth euitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed houres
Which forced marriage would haue brought vpon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:
In Loue, the heauens themselues do guide the state,
Money buyes Lands, and wiues are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you haue tane a special stand
to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heauen giue thee
ioy, what cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogges run, all sorts of Deere are
chac'd.

Mist.Page. Well, I will muse no further: Mr *Fenton*,
Heauen giue you many, many merry dayes:
Good husband, let vs euery one go home,
And laugh this sport ore by a Countrie fire,
Sir *Iohn* and all.

Ford. Let it be so (Sir *Iohn*:)
To Master *Broome*, you yet shall hold your word,
For he, to night, shall lye with Mistris *Ford*:

Exeunt

FINIS.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords.

Duke. Escalus.

Esc. My Lord.

Duk. Of Gouernment, the properties to vnfold,
Would seeme in me t' affect speech & discourse,
Since I am put to know, that your owne Science
Exceedes (in that) the lists of all aduice
My strength can giue you: Then no more remaines
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them worke: The nature of our People,
Our *Cities Institutions*, and the Termes
For Common Iustice, y'are as pregnant in
As Art, and practise, hath inriched any
That we remember: There is our Commission,
From which, we would not haue you warpe; call hither,
I say, bid come before vs *Angelo*:
What figure of vs thinke you, he will beare.
For you must know, we haue with speciall soule
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, drest him with our loue,
And giuen his Deputation all the Organs
Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it?

Esc. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To vndergoe such ample grace, and honour,
It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duk. Looke where he comes.

Ang. Alwayes 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' obseruer, doth thy history
Fully vnfold: Thy selfe, and thy belongings
Are not thine owne so proper, as to waste
Thy selfe vpon thy vertues; they on thee:
Heauen doth with vs, as we, with Torches doe,
Not light them for themselues: For if our vertues
Did not goe forth of vs, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues: nor nature neuer lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Her selfe the glory of a creditour,
Both thanks, and vse; but I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him aduertise;
Hold therefore *Angelo*:
In our remoue, be thou at full, our selfe:
Mortallitie and Mercie in *Vienna*
Liue in thy tongue, and heart: Old *Escalus*
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now good my Lord

Let there be some more test, made of my mettle,
Before so noble, and so great a figure
Be stamp't vpon it.

Duk. No more euasion:

We haue with a leauen'd, and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors:
Our haste from hence is of so quicke condition,
That it prefers it selfe, and leaues vnquestion'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' hopefull execution doe I leaue you,
Of your Commissions.

Ang. Yet giue leaue (my Lord,)

That we may bring you something on the way.

Duk. My haste may not admit it,
Nor neede you (on mine honor) haue to doe
With any scruple: your scope is as mine owne,
So to inforce, or qualifie the Lawes
As to your soule seemes good: Giue me your hand,
Ile priuily away: I loue the people,
But doe not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it doe well, I doe not relish well
Their lowd applause, and Aues vehement:
Nor doe I thinke the man of safe discretion
That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The heauens giue safety to your purposes.

Esc. Lead forth, and bring you backe in happiness.

Exit.

Duk. I thanke you, fare you well.

Esc. I shall desire you, Sir, to giue me leaue
To haue free speech with you; and it concernes 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 soone our satisfaction haue
Touching that point.

Esc. Ile wait vpon your honor.

Exeunt.

[Page F1v]

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 vpon the King.

I.Gent. Heauen grant vs its peace, but not the King
of *Hungaries*.

2.Gent. Amen.

Luc. Thou conclud'st like the Sanctimonious Pirat,
that went to sea with the ten Commandements, but
scrap'd one out of the Table.

2.Gent. Thou shalt not Steale?

Luc. I, that he raz'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 Souldier of vs all, that
in the thanks-giuing before meate, do rallish the petition
well, that praies for peace.

2.Gent. I neuer heard any Souldier dislike it.

Luc. I beleeeue thee: for I thinke thou neuer 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.

1.Gent. I thinke, or in any Religion.

Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, despight of all con-
trouersie: as for example; Thou thy selfe art a wicked
villaine, despight of all Grace.

1.Gent. Well: there went but a paire of sheeres be-
tweene vs.

Luc. I grant: as there may betweene the Lists, and
the Veluet. Thou art the List.

1.Gent. And thou the Veluet; thou art good veluet;
thou'rt a three pild-peece I warrant thee: I had as lief
be a Lyst of an English Kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art
pil'd, for a French Veluet. Do I speake feelingly now?

Luc. I thinke thou do'st: and indeed with most pain-
full feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine owne con-
fession, learne to begin thy health; but, whilst I liue for-
get to drinke after thee.

1.Gen. I think I haue done my selfe wrong, haue I not?

2.*Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted,
or free.

Enter Bawde.

Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes.
I haue purchas'd as many diseases vnder her Roofe,
As come to

2.*Gent.* To what, I pray?

Luc. Iudge.

2.*Gent.* To three thousand Dollours a yeare.

1.*Gent.* I, and more.

Luc. A French crowne more.

1.*Gent.* Thou art alwayes figuring diseases in me; but
thou art full of error, I am sound.

Luc. Nay, not (as one would say) healthy: but so
sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow;
Impiety has made a feast of thee.

1.*Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the most
profound Ciatica?

Bawd. Well, well: there's one yonder arrested, and
carried to prison, was worth fiae thousand of you all.

2.*Gent.* Who's that I pray'thee?

Bawd. Marry Sir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*.

1.*Gent.* *Claudio* to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. 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 haue it so:
Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam
Iulietta with childe.

Luc. Beleeue me this may be: he promis'd to meete
me two howres since, and he was euer precise in promise
keeping.

2.Gent. Besides you know, it drawes something neere
to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1.Gent. But most of all agreeing with the proclamatio[n].

Luc. Away: let's goe learne the truth of it.

Exit.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the sweat,
what with the gallows, and what with pouerty, I am
Custom-shrunke. How now? what's the newes with
you.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Baw. Well: what has he done?

Clo. A Woman.

Baw. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar Riuer.

Baw. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No: but there's a woman with maid by him:
you haue not heard of the proclamation, haue you?

Baw. What proclamation, man?

Clow. All howses in the Suburbs of *Vienna* must bee
pluck'd downe.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the Citie?

Clow. They shall stand for seed: they had gon down
to, but that a wise Burger put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the Sub-
urbs be puld downe?

Clow. To the ground, Mistris.

Bawd. Why heere's a change indeed in the Common-
wealth: what shall become of me?

Clow. Come: feare not you; good Counsellors lacke
no Clients: though you change your place, you neede
not change your Trade: Ile bee your Tapster still; cou-
rage, there will bee pittie taken on you; you that haue
worne your eyes almost out in the seruice, you will bee
considered.

Bawd. What's to doe heere, *Thomas* Tapster? let's
withdraw?

Clo. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Prouost
to prison: and there's Madam *Iuliet*.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Prouost, Claudio, Iuliet, Officers, Lucio, & 2.Gent.

Cla. Fellow, why do'st thou show me thus to th' world?
Beare me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. 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 waight
The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will,
On whom it will not (soe) yet still 'tis iust.

Luc. Why how now *Claudio*? whence comes this restraint.

Cla. From too much liberty, (my *Lucio*) Liberty
As surfet is the father of much fast,
So euery Scope by the immoderate vse
Turnes to restraint: Our Natures doe pursue
Like Rats that rauyn downe their proper Bane,
A thirsty euill, and when we drinke, we die.

[Page F2]

Luc. If I could speake so wisely vnder an arrest, I
would send for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to say
the truth, I had as lief haue the foppery of freedome, as
the mortality of imprisonment: what's thy offence,
Claudio?

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 *Lechery* so look'd after?

Cla. Thus stands it with me: vpon a true contract
I got possession of *Iulietas* bed,
You know the Lady, she is fast my wife,
Saue that we doe the denunciation lacke
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Onely for propogation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffe of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Loue
Till Time had made them for vs. But it chanceth
The stealth of our most mutuall entertainment
With Character too grosse, is writ on *Iuliet*.

Luc. With childe, perhaps?

Cla. Vnhappely, euen 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 horse whereon the Gouernor doth ride,
Who newly in the Seate, that it may know
He can command; lets it strait feelee the spur:
Whether the Tirranny be in his place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it vp
I stagger in: But this new Gouernor
Awakes me all the inrolled penalties
Which haue (like vn-scowr'd Armor) hung by th' wall
So long, that ninteene Zodiacks haue gone round,
And none of them beene worne; and for a name

Now puts the drowsie and neglected Act
Freshly on me: 'tis surely 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 loue, may
sigh 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 seruice:
This day, my sister should the Cloyster enter,
And there receiue her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputie: bid her selfe assay him,
I haue great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and speechlesse dialect,
Such as moue men: beside, she hath prosperous Art
When she will play with reason, and discourse,
And well she can perswade.

Luc. I pray shee may; aswell for the encouragement
of the like, which else would stand vnder greeuous im-
position: as for the enioying of thy life, who I would be
sorry should bee thus foolishly lost, at a game of ticke-
tack: Ile to her.

Cla. I thanke you good friend *Lucio*.

Luc. Within two houres.

Cla. Come Officer, away.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.

Duk. No: holy Father, throw away that thought,
Beleeue not that the dribling dart of Loue
Can pierce a compleat bosome: why, I desire thee
To giue me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More graue, 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 haue euer lou'd the life remoued
And held in idle price, to haunt assemblies
Where youth, and cost, witlesse brauery keepes.
I haue deliuerd to Lord *Angelo*
(A man of stricture and firme abstinence)
My absolute power, and place here in *Vienna*,
And he supposes me trauaild to *Poland*,
(For so I haue strewd it in the common eare)
And so it is receiu'd: Now (pious Sir)
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duk. We haue strict Statutes, and most biting Laws,
(The needfull bits and curbes to headstrong weedes,) Which for this foureteene yeares, we haue let slip,
Euen like an ore-growne Lyon in a Caue
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Hauing bound vp the threatning twigs of birch,
Onely to sticke it in their childrens sight,
For terror, not to vse: in time the rod
More mock'd, then fear'd: so our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselues are dead,
And libertie, plucks Iustice by the nose;
The Baby beates the Nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
To vnloose this tyde-vp Iustice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadfull would haue seem'd
Then in Lord *Angelo*.

Duk. I doe feare: too dreadfull:
Sith 'twas my fault, to giue the people scope,
'Twould be my tirrany to strike and gall them,
For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done
When euill deedes haue their permissiue passe,
And not the punishment: therefore indeede (my father)
I haue on *Angelo* impos'd the office,
Who may in th' ambush of my name, strike home,

And yet, my nature neuer in the sight
To do in slander: And to behold his sway
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 *Frier*: Moe reasons for this action
At our more leysure, shall I render you;
Onely, this one: Lord *Angelo* is precise,
Stands at a guard with Enuie: scarce confesses
That his blood flowes: or that his appetite
Is more to bread then stone: hence shall we see
If power change purpose: what our Seemers be.

Exit.

[Page F2v]

Scena Quinta.

Enter Isabell and Francisca a Nun.

Isa. And haue you *Nuns* no farther priuiledges?

Nun. Are not these large enough?

Isa. Yes truely; I speake not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Vpon the Sisterhood, the Votarists of Saint *Clare*.

Lucio within.

Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place.

Isa. Who's that which cal's?

Nun. It is a mans voice: gentle *Isabella*
Turne you the key, and know his businesse of him;
You may; I may not: you are yet vnsworne:
When you haue vowd, you must not speake with men,
But in the presence of the *Prioress*;
Then if you speake, you must not show your face;
Or if you show your face, you must not speake.
He cal's againe: I pray you answere him.

Isa. Peace and prosperitie: who is't that cal's?

Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as those cheeke-Roses
Proclaime you are no lesse: can you so steed me,
As bring me to the sight of *Isabella*,
A Nouice of this place, and the faire Sister
To her vnhappie brother *Claudio*?

Isa. Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me aske,
The rather for I now must make you know
I am that *Isabella*, and his Sister.

Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you; he's in prison.

Isa. Woe me; for what?

Luc. For that, which if my selfe might be his Iudge,
He should receiue his punishment, in thanks:
He hath got his friend with childe.

Isa. Sir, make me not your storie.

Luc. 'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin,
With Maids to seeme the Lapwing, and to iest
Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins so:
I hold you as a thing en-skied, and sainted,
By your renouncement, an imortall spirit
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a Saint.

Isa. You doe blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Luc. Doe not beleeeue it: fewnes, and truth; tis thus,
Your brother, and his loue haue embrac'd;
As those that feed, grow full: as blossoming Time
That from the seednes, the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyson: euen so her plenteous wombe
Expresseth his full Tilth, and husbandry.

Isa. Some one with childe by him? my cosen *Iuliet*?

Luc. Is she your cosen?

Isa. Adoptedly, as schoole-maids change their names
By vaine, though apt affection.

Luc. She it is.

Isa. Oh, let him marry her.

Luc. This is the point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen (my selfe being one)
In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learne,
By those that know the very Nerues of State,
His giuing-out, were of an infinite distance
From his true meant designe: vpon his place,
(And with full line of his authority)
Gouernes Lord *Angelo*; A man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth: one, who neuer feeles
The wanton stings, and motions of the sence;
But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge
With profits of the minde: Studie, and fast
He (to giue feare to vse, and libertie,
Which haue, for long, run-by the hideous law,
As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an act,
Vnder whose heauy sence, your brothers life
Fals into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
And followes close the rigor of the Statute
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Vnlesse you haue the grace, by your faire praier
To soften *Angelo*: And that's my pith of businesse
'Twixt you, and your poore brother.

Isa. Doth he so,
Seeke his life?

Luc. Has censur'd him already,
And as I heare, the Prouost hath a warrant
For's execution.

Isa. Alas: what poore
Abilitie's in me, to doe him good.

Luc. Assay the powre you haue.

Isa. My power? alas, I doubt.

Luc. Our doubts are traitors
And makes vs loose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Goe to Lord *Angelo*
And let him learne to know, when Maidens sue
Men giue like gods: but when they weepe and kneele,
All their petitions, are as freely theirs

As they themselves would owe them.

Isa. Ile see what I can doe.

Luc. But speedily.

Isa. I will about it strait;
No longer staying, but to giue the Mother
Notice of my affaire: I humbly thanke you:
Commend me to my brother: soone at night
Ile send him certaine word of my successe.

Luc. I take my leaue of you.

Isa. Good sir, adieu.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and seruants, Iustice.

Ang. We must not make a scar-crow of the Law,
Setting it vp to feare the Birds of prey,
And let it keepe one shape, till custome make it
Their perarch, and not their terror.

Esc. I, but yet
Let vs be keene, and rather cut a little
Then fall, and bruise to death: alas, this gentleman
Whom I would saue, had a most noble father,
Let but your honour know
(Whom I beleeeue to be most strait in vertue)
That in the working of your owne affections,
Had time coheard with Place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of our blood
Could haue attained th' effect of your owne purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Er'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And puld the Law vpon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (*Escalus*)
Another thing to fall: I not deny
The Iury passing on the Prisoners life
May in the sworne-twelue haue a thiefe, or two

[Page F3]

Guiltier then him they try; what's open made to Iustice,
That Iustice ceizes; What knowes the Lawes
That theeues do passe on theeues? 'Tis very pregnant,
The Iewell that we finde, we stoope, and take't,
Because we see it; but what we doe not see,
We tread vpon, and neuer thinke of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I haue had such faults; but rather tell me
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine owne Iudgement patterne out my death,
And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he must dye.

Enter Prouost.

Esc. Be it as your wisdoms will.

Ang. Where is the *Prouost*?

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's the vtmost of his pilgrimage.

Esc. Well: heauen forgiue him; and forgiue vs all:
Some rise by sinne, and some by vertue fall:
Some run from brakes of Ice, and answere none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a Common-weale, that doe nothing but vse their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now Sir, what's your name? And what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poore Dukes Constable, and my name is *Elbow*; I doe leane 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.

Esc. This comes off well: here's a wise Officer.

Ang. Goe to: What quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name?
Why do'st thou not speake *Elbow*?

Clo. He cannot Sir: he's out at Elbow.

Ang. What are you Sir?

Elb. He Sir: a Tapster Sir: parcell Baud: one that serues a bad woman: whose house Sir was (as they say) pluckt downe in the Suborbs: and now shee professes a hot-house; which, I thinke is a very ill house too.

Esc. How know you that?

Elb. My wife Sir? whom I detest before heauen, and your honour.

Esc. How? thy wife?

Elb. I Sir: whom I thanke heauen is an honest woman.

Esc. Do'st thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say sir, I will detest my selfe also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a Bauds house, it is pittie of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Esc. How do'st thou know that, Constable?

Elb. Marry sir, by my wife, who, if she had bin a woman Cardinally giuen, might haue bin accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all vncleanlinesse there.

Esc. By the womans meanes?

Elb. I sir, by Mistris *Ouer-dons* meanes: but as she spit in his face, so she defide him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honor, this is not so.

Elb. Proue it before these varlets here, thou honorable man, proue it.

Esc. Doe you heare how he misplaces?

Clo. Sir, she came in great with childe: and longing (sauing your honors reuerence) for stewd prewyns; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were in a fruit dish (a dish of some three pence; your honours haue seene such dishes) they are not China-dishes, but very good dishes.

Esc. Go too: go too: no matter for the dish sir.

Clo. No indeede sir not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I say, this Mistris *Elbow*, being (as I say) with childe, and being great bellied, and longing (as I said) for prewyns: and hauing but two in the dish (as I said) Master *Froth* here, this very man, hauing eaten the rest (as I said) & (as I say) paying for them very honestly: for, as you know Master *Froth*, I could not giue you three pence againe.

Fro. No indeede.

Clo. Very well: you being then (if you be remembred) cracking the stones of the foresaid prewyns.

Fro. I, so I did indeede.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then (if you be remembred) that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, vnlesse they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Fro. All this is true.

Clo. Why very well then.

Esc. Come: you are a tedious foole: to the purpose: what was done to *Elbowes* wife, that hee hath cause to complaine of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Esc. No sir, nor I meane it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honours leaue: And I beseech you, looke into Master *Froth* here sir, a man of foure-score pound a yeare; whose father died at *Hallowmas*: Was't not at *Hallowmas* Master *Froth*?

Fro. Allhallond-Eue.

Clo. Why very well: I hope here be truthes: he Sir, sitting (as I say) in a lower chaire, Sir, 'twas in the bunch of Grapes, where indeede you haue a delight to sit, 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 truthes.

Ang. This will last out a night in *Russia*
When nights are longest there: Ile take my leaue,
And leaue you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping youle finde good cause to whip them all.

Exit.

Esc. I thinke no lesse: good morrow to your Lordship. Now Sir, come on: What was done to *Elbowes* wife, once more?

Clo. Once Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you Sir, aske him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honor, aske me.

Esc. Well sir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you sir, looke in this Gentlemans face: good Master *Froth* looke vpon his honor; 'tis for a good purpose: doth your honor marke his face?

[Page F3v]

Esc. I sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you marke it well.

Esc. Well, I doe so.

Clo. Doth your honor see any harme in his face?

Esc. Why no.

Clo. Ile be supposd vpon 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 Constables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.

Esc. He's in the right (Constable) what say you to it?

Elb. First, and it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his Mistris is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more respected person then any of vs all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lyeest; thou lyeest wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that shee was euer respected with man, woman, or childe.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

Esc. Which is the wiser here; *Iustice* or *Iniquitie*? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caytiffe: O thou varlet: O thou wicked *Hanniball*; I respected with her, before I was married to her? If euer I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship thinke mee the poore *Dukes* Officer: proue this, thou wicked *Hanniball*, or ile haue mine action of battry on thee.

Esc. If he tooke you a box o'th' eare, you might haue your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry I thanke your good worship for it: what is't your Worships pleasure I shall doe with this wicked Caitiffe?

Esc. Truly Officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discouer, if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou knowst what they are.

Elb. Marry I thanke your worship for it: Thou seest thou wicked varlet now, what's come vpon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

Esc. Where were you borne, friend?

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Esc. Are you of fourescore pounds a yeere?

Froth. Yes, and't please you sir.

Esc. So: what trade are you of, sir?

Clo. A Tapster, a poore widdowes Tapster.

Esc. Your Mistris name?

Clo. Mistris *Ouer-don*.

Esc. Hath she had any more then one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir: *Ouer-don* by the last.

Esc. Nine? come hether to me, Master *Froth*; Master *Froth*, I would not haue you acquainted with Tapsters; they will draw you Master *Froth*, and you wil hang them: get you gon, and let me heare no more of you.

Fro. I thanke your worship: for mine owne part, I neuer come into any roome in a Tap-house, but I am drawne in.

Esc. Well: no more of it Master *Froth*: farewell: Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapster: what's your name Mr. Tapster?

Clo. *Pompey*.

Esc. What else?

Clo. *Bum*, Sir.

Esc. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sence, you are *Pompey* the great; *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howsoeuer you colour it in being a Tapster, are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly sir, I am a poore fellow that would liue.

Esc. How would you liue *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, sir.

Esc. But the Law will not allow it *Pompey*; nor it
shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clo. Do's your Worship meane to geld and splay all
the youth of the City?

Esc. No, *Pompey*.

Clo. Truely 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.

Esc. 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 yeare together; you'll be glad to giue out a
Commission for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna*
ten yeare, ile rent the fairest house in it after three pence
a Bay: if you liue to see this come to passe, say *Pompey*
told you so.

Esc. Thanke you good *Pompey*; and in requitall of
your prophesie, harke you: I aduise you let me not finde
you before me againe vpon any complaint whatsoeuer;
no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe *Pompey*, I
shall beat you to your Tent, and proue a shrewd *Caesar*
to you: in plaine dealing *Pompey*, I shall haue you whipt;
so for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clo. I thanke your Worship 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 Iade,
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

Exit.

Esc. Come hether to me, Master *Elbow*: come hither
Master Constable: how long haue you bin in this place
of Constable?

Elb. Seuen yeere, and a halfe sir.

Esc. I thought by the readinesse in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say seauen yeares together.

Elb. And a halfe sir.

Esc. Alas, it hath beene great paines to you: they do you wrong to put you so oft vpon't. Are there not men in your Ward sufficient to serue it?

Elb. 'Faith sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some peece of money, and goe through with all.

Esc. Looke you bring mee in the names of some sixe or seuen, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your Worships house sir?

Esc. To my house: fare you well: what's a clocke, thinke you?

Iust. Eleuen, Sir.

Esc. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Iust. I humbly thanke you.

Esc. It grieues me for the death of *Claudio*
But there's no remedie:

Iust. Lord *Angelo* is seuer.

Esc. It is but needfull.
Mercy is not it selfe, that oft lookes so,
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet, poore *Claudio*; there is no remedie.
Come Sir.

Exeunt.

[Page F4]

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouost, Seruant.

Ser. Hee's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight,
I'll tell him of you.

Pro. 'Pray you doe; Ile know
His pleasure, may be he will relent; alas
He hath but as offended in a dreame,
All Sects, all Ages smack of this vice, and he
To die for't?

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter *Prouost*?

Pro. Is it your will *Claudio* shall die to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why do'st thou aske againe?

Pro. Lest I might be too rash:
Vnder your good correction I haue seene
When after execution, Iudgement hath
Repented ore his doome.

Ang. Goe to; let that be mine,
Doe you your office, or giue vp your Place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Pro. I craue your Honours pardon:
What shall be done Sir, with the groaning *Iuliet*?
Shhee's very neere her howre.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Ser. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires accesse to you.

Ang. Hath he a Sister?

Pro. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,
And to be shortlie of a Sister-hood,
If not alreadie.

Ang. Well: let her be admitted,
See you the Fornicatresse be remou'd,
Let her haue needfull, but not lauish meanes,
There shall be order for't.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Pro. 'Saue your Honour.

Ang. Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your will?

Isab. I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour,
'Please but your Honor heare me.

Ang. Well: what's your suite.

Isab. There is a vice that most I doe abhorre,
And most desire should meet the blow of Iustice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must,
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At warre, twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well: the matter?

Isab. I haue a brother is condemn'd to die,
I doe beseech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Pro. Heauen giue thee mouing graces.

Ang. Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,
Why euery fault's condemnd ere it be done:
Mine were the verie Cipher of a Function
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let goe by the Actor.

Isab. Oh iust, but seuere Law:
I had a brother then; heauen keepe your honour.

Luc. Giue't not ore so: to him againe, entreat him,
Kneelee 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.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedie.

Isab. Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him,
And neither heauen, nor man grieue at the mercy.

Ang. I will not doe't.

Isab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.

Isab. But might you doe't & do the world no wrong
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him?

Ang. Hee's sentenc'd, tis too late.

Luc. You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why no: I that doe speak a word
May call it againe: well, beleue this
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed sword,
The Marshalls Truncheon, nor the Iudges 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 haue slipt like him, but he like you
Would not haue beene so sterne.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

Isab. I would to heauen I had your potencie,
And you were *Isabell*: should it then be thus?
No: I would tell what 'twere to be a Iudge,
And what a prisoner.

Luc. I, touch him: there's the veine.

Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas, alas:
Why all the soules that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage best haue tooke,
Found out the remedie: how would you be,
If he, which is the top of Iudgement, should
But iudge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,
And mercie then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid)
It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my sonne,
It should be thus with him: he must die to morrow.

Isab. To morrow? oh, that's sodaine,
Spare him, spare him:
Hee's not prepar'd for death; euen for our kitchins
We kill the fowle of season: shall we serue heauen
With lesse respect then we doe minister
To our grosse-selues? good, good my Lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?
There's many haue committed it.

Luc. I, well said.

Ang. The Law hath not bin dead, thogh it hath slept
Those many had not dar'd to doe that euill
If the first, that did th' Edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet
Lookes in a glasse that shewes what future euils
Either now, or by remissenesse, new conceiu'd,
And so in progresse to be hatch'd, and borne,
Are now to haue no successiue degrees,
But here they liue to end.

Isab. Yet shew some pittie.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I show Iustice;
For then I pittie those I doe not know,
Which a dismis'd offence, would after gaule
And doe him right, that answering one foule wrong
Liues not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

[Page F4v]

Isab. So you must be the first that giues this sentence,
And hee, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To haue a Giants strength: but it is tyrannous
To vse it like a Giant.

Luc. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As *Ioue* himselfe do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet,
For euery pelting petty Officer
Would vse his heauen for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,
Thou rather with thy sharpe and sulphurous bolt

Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then the soft Mertill: But man, proud man,
Drest in a little briefe authoritie,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
(His glassie Essence) like an angry Ape
Plaies such phantastique tricks before high heauen,
As makes the Angels weepe: who with our spleenes,
Would all themselues laugh mortall.

Luc. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceiue't.

Pro. Pray heauen she win him.

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with our selfe,
Great men may iest with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the lesse fowle prophanation.

Luc. Thou'rt i'th right (Girle) more o'that.

Isab. That in the Captaine's but a chollericke word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blasphemie.

Luc. Art auis'd o'that? more on't.

Ang. Why doe you put these sayings vpon me?

Isab. Because Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it selfe
That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your bosome,
Knock there, and aske your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confesse
A naturall guiltinesse, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought vpon your tongue
Against my brothers life.

Ang. Shee speakes, and 'tis such sence
That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe.

Ang. I will bethinke me: come againe to morrow.

Isa. Hark, how Ile bribe you: good my Lord turn back.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Is. I, with such gifts that heauen shall share with you.

Luc. You had mar'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond Sickles of the tested-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 rise: prayers from preserued soules,
From fasting Maides, whose mindes are dedicate
To nothing temporall.

Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.

Luc. Goe to: 'tis well; away.

Isab. Heauen keepe your honour safe.

Ang. Amen.

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers crosse.

Isab. At what hower to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore-noone.

Isab. 'Saue your Honour.

Ang. From thee: euen from thy vertue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? ha?
Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,
Corrupt with vertuous season: Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our Sence
Then womans lightnesse? hauing waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our euils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What dost thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?
Dost thou desire her fowly, for those things
That make her good? oh, let her brother liue:
Theeues for their robbery haue authority,
When Iudges steale themselues: what, doe I loue her,
That I desire to heare her speake againe?
And feast vpon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,

With Saints dost bait thy hooke: most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad vs on
To sinne, in louing vertue: neuer could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once stir 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 Prouost.

Duke. Haile to you, *Prouost*, so I thinke you are.

Pro. I am the Prouost: whats your will, good Frier?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
I come to visite the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: doe me the common right
To let me see them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull

Enter Iuliet.

Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flawes of her owne youth,
Hath blisterd her report: She is with childe,
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a yong man,
More fit to doe another such offence,
Then dye for this.

Duk. When must he dye?

Pro. As I do thinke to morrow.
I haue prouided for you, stay a while
And you shall be conducted.

Duk. Repent you (faire one) of the sin you carry?

Iul. I doe; and beare the shame most patiently.

Du. Ile teach you how you shal araign your conscie[n]ce
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Iul. Ile gladly learne.

Duk. Loue you the man that wrong'd you?

Iul. Yes, as I loue the woman that wrong'd him.

Duk. So then it seemes your most offence full act
Was mutually committed.

Iul. Mutually.

Duk. Then was your sin of heauier kinde then his.

Iul. I doe confesse it, and repent it (Father.)

[Page F5]

Duk. 'Tis meet so (daughter) but least you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is alwaies toward our selues, not heauen,
Showing we would not spare heauen, as we loue it,
But as we stand in feare.

Iul. I doe repent me, as it is an euill,
And take the shame with ioy.

Duke. There rest:
Your partner (as I heare) must die to morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him:
Grace goe with you, *Benedicite*.

Exit.

Iul. Must die to morrow? oh iniurious Loue
That respits me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror.

Pro. 'Tis pittie of him.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

An. When I would pray, & think, I thinke, and pray
To seuerall subiects: heauen hath my empty words,
Whilst my Inuention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Isabell*: 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
Growne feard, and tedious: yea, my Grauitie
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume
Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place, oh forme,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit
Wrench awe from fooles, and tye the wiser soules
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood,
Let's write good Angell on the Deuills horne
'Tis not the Deuills Crest: how now? who's there?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. One *Isabell*, a Sister, desires accesse to you.

Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heauens
Why doe's my bloud thus muster to my heart,
Making both it vnable for it selfe,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitnessse?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swounds,
Come all to help him, and so stop the ayre
By which hee should reuiue: and euen so
The generall subiect to a wel-wisht King
Quit their owne part, and in obsequious fondnesse
Crowd to his presence, where their vn-taught loue
Must needs appear offence: how now faire Maid.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

An. That you might know it, wold much better please me,
Then to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot liue.

Isab. Euen so: heauen keepe your Honor.

Ang. Yet may he liue a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Vnder your Sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you: that in his Reprieue
(Longer, or shorter) he may be so fitted
That his soule sicken not.

Ang. Ha? fie, these filthy vices: It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stolne
A man already made, as to remit
Their sawcie sweetnes, that do coyne heauens Image
In stamps 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 false one.

Isab. 'Tis set downe so in heauen, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so: then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most iust Law
Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeeme him
Giue vp your body to such sweet vncleannesse
As she that he hath staine?

Isab. Sir, beleeeue this.
I had rather giue my body, then my soule.

Ang. I talke not of your soule: our compel'd sins
Stand more for number, then for accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay Ile not warrant that: for I can speake
Against the thing I say: Answer to this,
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
Pronounce a sentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charitie in sinne,
To saue this Brothers life?

Isab. Please you to doo't,
Ile take it as a perill to my soule,
It is no sinne at all, but charitie.

Ang. Pleas'd you to doo't, at perill of your soule
Were equall poize of sinne, and charitie.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sinne
Heauen let me beare it: you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, Ile make it my Morne-praier,
To haue it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answere.

Ang. Nay, but heare me,
Your sence pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or seeme so crafty; and that's not good.

Isab. Let be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdome wishes to appeare most bright,
When it doth taxe it selfe: As these blacke Masques
Proclaime an en-shield beauty ten times louder
Then beauty could displaied: But marke me,
To be receiued plaine, Ile speake more grosse:
Your Brother is to dye.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appeares,
Accountant to the Law, vpon that paine.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to saue his life
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the losse of question) that you, his Sister,
Finding your selfe desir'd of such a person,
Whose creadit with the Iudge, or owne great place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
Of the all-building-Law: and that there were
No earthly meane to saue him, but that either
You must lay downe the treasures of your body,
To this supposed, or else to let him suffer:
What would you doe?

Isab. As much for my poore Brother, as my selfe;
That is: were I vnder the tearmes of death,
Th' impression of keene whips, I'd weare as Rubies,
And strip my selfe to death, as to a bed,

That longing haue bin sicke for, ere I'd yeeld
My body vp to shame.

[Page F5v]

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isa. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother dide at once,
Then that a sister, by redeeming him
Should die for euer.

Ang. Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,
That you haue slander'd so?

Isa. Ignomie in ransome, 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 tirant,
And rather prou'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, then a vice.

Isa. Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft fals out
To haue, what we would haue,
We speake not what we meane;
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his aduantage that I dearely loue.

Ang. We are all fraile.

Isa. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedarie but onely he
Owe, and succeed thy weaknesse.

Ang. Nay, women are fraile too.

Isa. I, as the glasses where they view themselues,
Which are as easie broke as they make formes:
Women? Helpe heauen; men their creation marre
In profiting by them: Nay, call vs ten times fraile,
For we are soft, as our complexions are,
And credulous to false 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 faults may shake our frames) let me be bold;
I do arrest 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 exprest
By all externall warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd Liuerie.

Isa. I haue no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me entreate you speake the former language.

Ang. Plainlie conceiue I loue you.

Isa. My brother did loue *Iuliet*,
And you tell me that he shall die for't.

Ang. He shall not *Isabell* if you giue me loue.

Isa. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
Which seemes a little fouler then it is,
To plucke on others.

Ang. Beleeue me on mine Honor,
My words expresse my purpose.

Isa. Ha? Little honor, to be much beleeu'd,
And most pernitious purpose: Seeming, seeming.
I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, looke for't.
Signe me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-stretcht throate Ile tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will beleeue thee *Isabell*?
My vnsoild name, th' austereenesse of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i'th State,
Will so your accusation ouer-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your owne report,
And smell of calumnie. I haue begun,
And now I giue my sensuall race, the reine,
Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,
Lay by all nicetie, and proluxious blushes
That banish what they sue for: Redeeme thy brother,
By yeelding vp thy bodie to my will,
Or else he must not onelie die the death,
But thy vnkindnesse shall his death draw out
To lingring sufferance: Answer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me most,
Ile proue a Tirant to him. As for you,

Say what you can; my false, ore-weighs your true.

Exit

Isa. To whom should I complaine? Did I tell this,
Who would belecue me? O perilous mouthes
That beare in them, one and the selfesame tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approofe,
Bidding the Law make curtsie to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,
Though he hath falne by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a minde of Honor,
That had he twentie heads to tender downe
On twentie bloodie blockes, hee'ld yeeld them vp,
Before his sister should her bodie stoope
To such abhord pollution.
Then *Isabell* liue chaste, and brother die;
"More then our Brother, is our Chastitie.
Ile tell him yet of *Angelo's* request,
And fit his minde to death, for his soules rest.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Prouost.

Du. So then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo*?

Cla. The miserable haue no other medicine
But onely hope: I'haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to
die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing
That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,
Seruile to all the skyie-influences
That dost this habitation where thou keepst
Hourelly afflict: Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,
And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,

For all th' accommodations that thou bearst,
Are nurst by basenesse: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
For thou dost feare the soft and tender forke
Of a poore worme: thy best of rest is sleepe,
And that thou oft prouoakst, yet grosselie fearst
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,
For thou exists on manie a thousand graines
That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,
For what thou hast not, still thou striu'st to get,
And what thou hast forgetst. Thou art not certaine,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bowes;
Thou bearst thy heauey riches but a iournie,
And death vnloads thee; Friend hast thou none.
For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
The meere effusion of thy proper loines
Do curse the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume
For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age
But as it were an after-dinners sleepe
Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes
Of palsied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich
Thou hast neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beautie
To make thy riches pleasant: what's yet in this
That beares the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thousand deaths; yet death we feare
That makes these oddes, all euen.

[Page F6]

Cla. I humblie thanke you.
To sue to liue, I finde I seeke to die,
And seeking death, finde life: Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What hoa? Peace heere; Grace, and good companie.

Pro. Who's there? Come in, the wish deserues a welcome.

Duke. Deere sir, ere long Ile visit you againe.

Cla. Most holie Sir, I thanke you.

Isa. My businesse is a word or two with *Claudio*.

Pro. And verie welcom: looke Signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Prouost, a word with you.

Pro. As manie as you please.

Duke. Bring them to heare me speak, where I may be conceal'd.

Cla. Now sister, what's the comfort?

Isa. Why,
As all comforts are: most good, most good indeede,
Lord *Angelo* hauing affaires to heauen
Intends you for his swift Ambassador,
Where you shall be an euerlasting Leiger;
Therefore your best appointment make with speed,
To Morrow you set on.

Clau. Is there no remedie?

Isa. None, but such remedie, as to saue a head
To cleaue a heart in twaine:

Clau. But is there anie?

Isa. Yes brother, you may liue;
There is a diuellish mercie in the Iudge,
If you'l implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Cla. Perpetuall durance?

Isa. I iust, perpetuall durance, a restraint
Through all the worlds vastiditie you had
To a determin'd scope.

Clau. But in what nature?

Isa. In such a one, as you consenting too't,
Would barke your honor from that trunke you beare,
And leaue you naked.

Clau. Let me know the point.

Isa. Oh, I do feare thee *Claudio*, and I quake,
Least thou a feauorous life shouldst entertaine,
And six or seuen winters more respect
Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar'st thou die?
The sence of death is most in apprehension,
And the poore Beetle that we treade vpon
In corporall sufferance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.

Cla. Why giue you me this shame?
Thinke you I can a resolution fetch
From flowrie tendernesse? If I must die,
I will encounter darknesse as a bride,
And hugge it in mine armes.

Isa. There spake my brother: there my fathers graue
Did vtter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble, to conserue a life
In base appliances. This outward sainted Deputie,
Whose settled visage, and deliberate word
Nips youth i'th head, and follies doth emmew
As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a diuell:
His filth within being cast, he would appeare
A pond, as deepe as hell.

Cla. The prenzie, *Angelo*?

Isa. Oh 'tis the cunning Liuerie of hell,
The damnest bodie to inuest, and couer
In prenzie gardes; dost thou thinke *Claudio*,
If I would yeeld him my virginie
Thou might'st be freed?

Cla. Oh heauens, it cannot be.

Isa. Yes, he would giu't thee; 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.

Clau. Thou shalt not do't.

Isa. O, were it but my life,
I'de throw it downe for your deliuerance
As frankely as a pin.

Clau. Thankes deere *Isabell*.

Isa. Be readie *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.

Clau. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th' nose,
When he would force it? Sure it is no sinne,
Or of the deadly seuen it is the least.

Isa. Which is the least?

Cla. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentarie tricke
Be perdurable fin'de? Oh *Isabell*.

Isa. What saies my brother?

Cla. Death is a fearefull thing.

Isa. And shamed life, a hatefull.

Cla. I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot,
This sensible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clod; And the delighted spirit
To bath in fierie floods, or to recide
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,
To be imprison'd in the viewlesse windes
And blowne with restlesse violence round about
The pendant world: or to be worse then worst
Of those, that lawlesse and incertaine thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
The weariest, and most loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, periury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
To what we feare of death.

Isa. Alas, alas.

Cla. Sweet Sister, let me liue.
What sinne you do, to saue a brothers life,
Nature dispenses with the deede so farre,
That it becomes a vertue.

Isa. Oh you beast,
Oh faithlesse Coward, oh dishonest wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?

Is't not a kinde of Incest, to take life
From thine owne sisters shame? What should I thinke,
Heauen shield my Mother plaid my Father faire:
For such a warped slip of wildernesse
Nere issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, perish: Might but my bending downe
Repreue thee from thy fate, it should proceede.
Ile pray a thousand praiers for thy death,
No word to saue thee.

Cla. Nay heare me *Isabell*.

Isa. Oh fie, fie, fie:
Thy sinn's not accidentall, but a Trade;
Mercy to thee would proue it selfe a Bawd,
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

[Page F6v]

Cla. Oh heare me *Isabella*.

Duk. Vouchsafe a word, yong sister, but one word.

Isa. What is your Will.

Duk. Might you dispense with your leysure, I would
by and by haue some speech with you: the satisfaction I
would require, is likewise your owne benefit.

Isa. I haue no superfluous leysure, my stay must be
stolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I haue ouer-heard what hath past between
you & your sister. *Angelo* had neuer the purpose to cor-
rupt her; onely he hath made an assay of her vertue, to
practise his iudgement with the disposition of natures.
She (hauing the truth of honour in her) hath made him
that gracious deniall, which he is most glad to receiue: I
am Confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true, ther-
fore prepare your selfe to death: do not satisfie your re-
solution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you
must die, goe to your knees, and make ready.

Cla. Let me ask my sister pardon, I am so out of loue
with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell: *Prouost*, a word
with you.

Pro. What's your will (father?)

Duk. That now you are come, you will be gone: leaue me a while with the Maid, my minde promises with my habit, no losse shall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time.

Exit.

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodnes that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodnes; but grace being the soule of your complexion, shall keepe the body of it euer faire: the assault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath conuaid to my vnderstanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo*: how will you doe to content this Substitute, and to saue your Brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolue him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my sonne should be vn-lawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceiu'd in *Angelo*: if euer he returne, and I can speake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or discover his gouernment.

Duke. That shall not be much amisse: yet, as the matter now stands, he will auoid your accusation: he made triall of you onelie. Therefore fasten your eare on my aduisings, to the loue I haue in doing good; a remedie presents it selfe. I doe make my selfe beleeeue that you may most vprighteously do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry Law; doe no staine to your owne gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if peraduenture he shall euer returne to haue hearing of this businesse.

Isab. Let me heare you speake farther; I haue spirit to do any thing that appeares not fowle in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Vertue is bold, and goodnes neuer fearefull: Haue you not heard speake of *Mariana* the sister of *Fre-dericke* the great Souldier, who miscarried at Sea?

Isa. I haue heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Shee should this *Angelo* haue married: was affianced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnitie, her brother *Fredericke* was wrackt at Sea, hauing in that perished vessell, the dowry of his sister: but marke how heauily this befell to the poore Gentlewoman, there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his loue toward her, euer most kinde and naturall: with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate-husband, this well-seeming *Angelo*.

Isab. Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leaue her?

Duke. Left her in her teares, & dried not one of them with his comfort: swallowed his vowes whole, pretending in her, discoueries of dishonor: in few, bestow'd her on her owne lamentation, which she yet weares for his sake: and he, a marble to her teares, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. 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 liue? But how out of this can shee auaile?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heale: and the cure of it not onely saues your brother, but keepes you from dishonor in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how (good Father.)

Duk. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his vniust vnkindenesse (that in all reason should haue quenched her loue) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and vnruely: Goe you to *Angelo*, answere his requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your selfe to this aduantage; first, that your stay with him may not be long: that the time may haue all shadow, and silence in it: and the place

answere to conuenience: this being granted in course,
and now followes all: wee shall aduise this wronged
maid to steed vp your appointment, goe in your place:
if the encounter acknowledge it selfe heereafter, it may
compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is
your brother saued, your honor vntainted, the poore
Mariana aduantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled.
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 reproofe. What
thinke you of it?

Isab. The image of it giues me content already, and I
trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duk. It lies much in your holding vp: haste you speedily to *Angelo*, if for this night he intreat you to his bed,
giue him promise of satisfaction: I will presently to S[aint].
Lukes, there at the moated-Grange recides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call vpon me, and dispatch
with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well good
father.

Exit.

Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you
will needes buy and sell men and women like beasts, we
shall haue all the world drinke browne & white bastard.

Duk. Oh heauens, what stufte is heere.

Clow. Twas neuer merry world since of two vsuries
the merriest was put downe, and the worsen allow'd by
order of Law; a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme; and
furd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft
being richer then Innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way sir: 'blesse you good Father
Frier.

Duk. And you good Brother Father; what offence
hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too Sir: for wee haue found vpon him Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we haue sent to the Deputie.

Duke. Fie, sirrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd,
The euill that thou causest to be done,
That is thy meanes to liue. Do thou but thinke
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a backe
From such a filthie vice: say to thy selfe,
From their abhominable and beastly touches
I drinke, I eate away my selfe, and liue:
Canst thou beleeeue thy liuing is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it do's stinke in some sort, Sir:
But yet Sir I would proue.

Duke. Nay, if the diuell haue giuen thee proofs for sin
Thou wilt proue his. Take him to prison Officer:
Correction, and Instruction must both worke
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy Sir, he ha's giuen
him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-ma-
ster: 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 seeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His necke will come to your wast, 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 *Caesar*? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none
of *Pigmaliions* Images newly made woman to bee had
now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting
clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What saist thou to this
Tune, Matter, and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th last
raine? Ha? What saist thou Trot? Is the world as it was

Man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words?
Or how? The tricke of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: still worse?

Luc. How doth my deere Morsell, thy Mistris? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth sir, shee 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 vnshun'd consequence, it must be so. Art going to prison *Pompey*?

Clo. Yes faith sir.

Luc. Why 'tis not amisse *Pompey*: farewell: goe say I sent thee thether: for debt *Pompey*? Or how?

Elb. For being a baud, for being a baud.

Luc. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a baud, why 'tis his right. Baud is he doubtlesse, and of antiquity too: Baud borne. Farwell good *Pompey*: Commend me to the prison *Pompey*, you will turne good husband now *Pompey*, you will keepe the house.

Clo. I hope Sir, your good Worship wil be my baile?

Luc. No indeed wil I not *Pompey*, it is not the wear: I will pray (*Pompey*) to encrease your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu trustie *Pompey*.
Blesse you Friar.

Duke. And you.

Luc. Do's *Bridget* paint still, *Pompey*? Ha?

Elb. Come your waies 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 waies sir, come.

Luc. Goe to kennell (*Pompey*) goe:
What newes *Frier* 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?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoeuer, I wish
him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantasticall tricke of him to steale
from the State, and vsurpe the beggerie hee was neuer
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*.

Duk. It is too general a vice, and seueritie must cure it.

Luc. Yes in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred;
it is well 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 way of Creation: is it true, thinke
you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid spawn'd him. Some,
that he was begot betweene two Stock-fishes. But it
is certaine, that when he makes water, his Vrine is con-geal'd
ice, that I know to bee true: and he is a motion
generatiue, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant sir, and speake apace.

Luc. Why, what a ruthlesse thing is this in him, for
the rebellion of a Cod-peece, to take away the life of a
man? Would the Duke that is absent haue done this?
Ere he would haue hang'd a man for the getting a hun-
dred Bastards, he would haue paide for the Nursing a
thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, hee knew
the seruice, and that instructed him to mercie.

Duke. I neuer heard the absent Duke much detected for Women, he was not enclin'd that way.

Luc. Oh Sir, you are deceiu'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his vse was, to put a duckett in her Clack-dish; the Duke had Crochets in him. Hee would be drunke too, that let me informe you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Luc. Sir, I was an inward of his: a shie fellow was the Duke, and I beleeeue I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What (I prethee) 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 vnderstand, the greater file of the subiect held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? Why no question but he was.

Luc. A very superficiall, ignorant, vnweighing fellow

Duke. Either this is Enuie in you, Folly, or mistaking: The very streame of his life, and the businesse he hath helmed, must vppon a warranted neede, giue him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his owne bringings forth, and hee shall appeare to the enuious, a Scholler, a Statesman, and a Soldier: therefore you speake vnskilfully: or, if your knowledge bee more, it is much darkned in your malice.

[Page G1v]

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I loue him.

Duke. Loue talkes with better knowledge, & knowledge with deare loue.

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly beleeeue that, since you know not what you speake. But if euer the Duke returne (as our praiers are he may) let mee desire you to make your an-

swer before him: if it bee honest you haue spoke, you haue courage to maintaine it; I am bound to call vpon you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is *Lucio*, wel 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 opposite: but indeed I can doe you little harme: You'll for-sweare this againe?

Luc. Ile be hang'd first: Thou art deceiu'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 would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this vngenitur'd Agent will vn-people the Prouince with Continencie. Sparrowes must not build in his house-eeues, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would haue darke deeds darkelie answered, hee would neuer bring them to light: would hee were return'd. Marrie this *Claudio* is condemned for vntrussing. Farwell good Friar, I prethee pray for me: The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eate Mutton on Fridaies. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) hee would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt browne-bread and Garlicke: say that I said so: Farewell.

Exit.

Duke. No might, nor greatnesse in mortality
Can censure scape: Back-wounding calumnie
The whitest vertue strikes. What King so strong,
Can tie the gall vp in the slanderous tong?
But who comes heere?

Enter Escalus, Prouost, and Bawd.

Esc. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor
is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.

Esc. Double, and trebble admonition, and still forfeite in the same kinde? This would make mercy sweare and play the Tirant.

Pro. A Bawd of eleuen yeares continuance, may it please your Honor.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one *Lucio's* information against me, Mistris *Kate Keepe-downe* was with childe by him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage: his Childe is a yeere and a quarter olde come *Philip* and *Ia-cob*: I haue kept it my selfe; and see how hee goes about to abuse me.

Esc. That fellow is a fellow of much License: Let him be call'd before vs, Away with her to prison: Goe too, no more words. Prouost, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd, *Claudio* must die to morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Diuines, and haue all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pitie, it should not be so with him.

Pro. So please you, this Friar hath beene with him, and aduis'd him for th' entertainment of death.

Esc. Good' euen, good Father.

Duke. Blisse, and goodnesse on you.

Esc. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Countrie, though my chance is now
To vse it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea,
In speciall businesse from his Holinesse.

Esc. What newes abroad i'th World?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a Feauor on
goodnesse, that the dissolution of it must cure it. No-
ueltie is onely 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 vndertaking. There is scarce truth enough
aliue to make Societies secure, but Securitie enough to
make Fellowships accurst: Much vpon this riddle runs
the wisdom 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?

Esc. One, that aboue all other strifes,
Contended especially to know himselfe.

Duke. What pleasure was he giuen to?

Esc. Rather reioycing to see another merry, then
merrie at anie thing which profest to make him reioice.
A Gentleman of all temperance. But leaue wee him to
his euent, with a praier they may proue prosperous, &
let me desire to know, how you finde *Claudio* prepar'd?
I am made to vnderstand, that you haue lent him visita-
tion.

Duke. He professes to haue receiued no sinister mea-
sure from his Iudge, but most willingly humbles him-
selfe to the determination of Iustice: yet had he framed
to himselfe (by the instruction of his frailty) manie de-
ceyuing promises of life, which I (by my good leisure)
haue discredited to him, and now is he resolu'd to die.

Esc. You haue paid the heauens your Function, and
the prisoner the verie debt of your Calling. I haue la-bour'd
for the poore Gentleman, to the extremest shore
of my modestie, but my brother-Iustice haue I found so
seuere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeede
Iustice.

Duke. If his owne life,
Answered the straitnesse of his proceeding,
It shall become him well: wherein if he chance to faile
he hath sentenc'd himselfe.

Esc. I am going to visit the prisoner, Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you.
He who the sword of Heauen will beare,
Should be as holy, as seueare:
Patterne in himselfe to know,

Grace to stand, and Vertue go:
More, nor lesse to others paying,
Then by selfe-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruell striking,
Kils for faults of his owne liking:
Twice trebble shame on *Angelo*,
To weede 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 practise on the Times,
To draw with ydle Spiders strings
Most ponderous and substantiall things?
Craft against vice, I must applie.
With *Angelo* to night shall lye
His old betroathed (but despised:)
So disguise shall by th' disguised
Pay with falshood, false exacting,
And performe an olde contracting.

Exit

[Page G2]

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song.

*Take, oh take those lips away,
that so sweetly were forsworne,
And those eyes: the breake of day
lights that doe mislead the Morne;
But my kisses bring againe, bring againe,
Seales of loue, but seal'd in vaine, seal'd in vaine.*

Enter Duke.

Mar. Breake off thy song, and haste thee quick away,
Here comes a man of comfort, whose aduice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
I cry you mercie, Sir, and well could wish
You had not found me here so musicall.

Let me excuse me, and beleeue me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duk. 'Tis good; though Musick oft hath such a charme
To make bad, good; and good prouoake to harme.
I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here
to day; much vpon this time haue I promis'd here to
meete.

Mar. You haue not bin enquir'd after: I haue sat
here all day.

Enter Isabell.

Duk. I doe constantly beleeue you: the time is come
euen now. I shall craue your forbearance a little, may be
I will call vpon you anone for some aduantage to your
selfe.

Mar. I am alwayes bound to you.

Exit.

Duk. Very well met, and well come:
What is the newes from this good Deputie?

Isab. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Bricke,
Whose westerne side is with a Vineyard back't;
And to that Vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger Key:
This other doth command a little doore,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leades,
There haue I made my promise, vpon the
Heauy midle of the night, to call vpon him.

Duk. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I haue t'ane a due, and wary note vpon't,
With whispering, and most guiltie diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice ore.

Duk. Are there no other tokens
Betweene you 'greed, concerning her obseruance?

Isab. No: none but onely a repaire ith' darke,
And that I haue possest him, my most stay
Can be but brieft: for I haue made him know,
I haue a Seruant comes with me along
That staies vpon me; whose perswasion is,
I come about my Brother.

Duk. 'Tis well borne vp.
I haue not yet made knowne to *Mariana*

Enter Mariana.

A word of this: what hoa, within; come forth,
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to doe you good.

Isab. I doe desire the like.

Duk. Do you perswade your selfe that I respect you?

Mar. Good Frier, I know you do, and haue found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand
Who hath a storie readie for your eare:
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste
The vaporous night approaches.

Mar. Wilt please you walke aside.

Exit.

Duke. Oh Place, and greatnes: millions of false eies
Are stucke vpon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false, and most contrarious Quest
Vpon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreame,
And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Enter Mariana and Isabella.

Isab. Shee'll take the enterprize vpon her father,
If you aduise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isa. Little haue you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mar. Feare me not.

Duk. Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together 'tis no sinne,
Sith that the Iustice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let vs goe,
Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to sow.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouost and Clowne.

Pro. Come hither sirha; 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 wiues head,
And I can neuer cut off a womans head.

Pro. Come sir, leaue me your snatches, and yeeld mee
a direct answere. To morrow morning are to die *Clau-dio*
and *Barnardine*: heere is in our prison a common exe-
cutioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take
it on you to assist him, it shall redeeme you from your
Gyues: if not, you shall haue your full time of imprison-
ment, and your deliuerance with an vnpittied 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 hang-
man: I would bee glad to receiue some instruction from
my fellow partner.

Pro. What hoa, *Abhorson*: where's *Abhorson* there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abh. Doe you call sir?

Pro. Sirha, 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, vse him for the present, and dismisse him, hee cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath beene a Bawd.

Abh. A Bawd Sir? fie vpon him, he will discredit our mysterie.

Pro. Goe too Sir, you waigh equallie: a feather will turne the Scale.

Exit.

Clo. Pray sir, by your good fauor: for surely sir, a good fauor you haue, but that you haue a hanging look: Doe you call sir, your occupation a Mysterie?

[Page G2v]

Abh. I Sir, a Misterie.

Clo. Painting Sir, I haue heard say, is a Misterie; and your Whores sir, being members of my occupation, v-sing painting, do proue my Occupation, a Misterie: but what Misterie there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abh. Sir, it is a Misterie.

Clo. Prooffe.

Abh. Euerie true mans apparrell 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 apparrell fits your Theefe.

Enter Prouost.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serue him: For I do finde your Hang-man is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth oftner aske forgiuenesse.

Pro. You sirrah, prouide your blocke and your Axe to morrow, foure a clocke.

Abh. Come on (Bawd) I will instruct thee in my

Trade: follow.

Clo. I do desire to learne sir: and I hope, if you haue occasion to vse me for your owne turne, you shall finde me y'are. For truly sir, for your kindnesse, I owe you a good turne.

Exit

Pro. Call hether *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:
Th' one has my pitie; not a iot 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*?

Cla. As fast lock'd vp in sleepe, as guiltlesse labour,
When it lies starkely in the Trauellers bones,
He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your selfe. But harke, what noise?
Heauen giue your spirits comfort: by, and by,
I hope it is some pardon, or repreeue
For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best, and wholsomst spirits of the night,
Inuellop you, good Prouost: who call'd heere of late?

Pro. None since the Curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Isabell*?

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 so, not so: his life is paralel'd
Euen with the stroke and line of his great Iustice:
He doth with holie abstinence subdue
That in himselfe, which he spurres on his powre
To qualifie in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tirrannous,
But this being so, he's iust. Now are they come.
This is a gentle Prouost, sildome when
The steeled Gaoler is the friend of men:
How now? what noise? That spirit's possest with hast,
That wounds th' vnsisting Posterne with these strokes.

Pro. There he must stay vntil the Officer
Arise 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 Prouost, as it is,
You shall heare more ere Morning.

Pro. Happely
You something know: yet I beleeeue there comes
No countermand: no such example haue we:
Besides, vpon the verie siege of Iustice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publike eare
Profest the contrarie.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man.

Pro. And heere comes *Claudio's* pardon.

Mess. My Lord hath sent you this note,
And by mee this further charge;
That you swerue not from the smallest 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 sin,
For which the Pardoner himselfe is in:
Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,
When it is borne in high Authority.
When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's so extended,
That for the faults loue, is th' offender friended.
Now Sir, what newes?

Pro. I told you:
Lord *Angelo* (be-like) thinking me remisse
In mine Office, awakens mee
With this vnwonted putting on, methinks strangely:
For he hath not vs'd it before.

Duk. Pray you let's heare.

The Letter.

*Whatsoever you may heare to the contrary, let Claudio be ex-ecuted
by foure of the clocke, and in the afternoone Bernar-dine:
For my better satisfaction, let mee haue Claudios
head sent me by fiue. Let this be duely performed with a
thought that more depends on it, then we must yet deliuer.
Thus faile not to doe your Office, as you will answere it at
your perill.*

What say you to this Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be execu-
ted in th' afternoone?

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here nurst vp & bred,
One that is a prisoner nine yeeres old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not
either deliuer'd him to his libertie, or executed him? I
haue heard it was euer his manner to do so.

Pro. His friends still wrought Repreeues for him:
And indeed his fact till now in the gouernment of Lord
Angelo, came not to an vndoubtfull prooffe.

Duke. It is now apparant?

Pro. Most manifest, and not denied by himselfe.

Duke. Hath he borne himselfe penitently in prison?
How seemes he to be touch'd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleepe, carelesse, wreaklesse, and fearelesse of what's past, present, or to come: insensible of mortality, and desperately mortall.

Duke. He wants aduice.

Pro. He wil heare none: he hath euermore had the liberty of the prison: giue him leaue to escape hence, hee would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies entirely drunke. We haue verie oft awak'd him, as if to carrie him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it, it hath not moued him at all.

[Page G3]

Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your brow Prouost, honesty and constancie; if I reade it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldnes of my cunning, I will lay my selfe in hazard: *Claudio*, whom heere you haue warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the Law, then *Angelo* who hath sentenc'd him. To make you vnderstand this in a manifested effect, I craue but foure daies respite: for the which, you are to do me both a present, and a dangerous courtesie.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alacke, how may I do it? Hauing the houre limited, and an expresse command, vnder penaltie, to deliuer his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my case as *Claudio*'s, to crosse this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you,
If my instructions may be your guide,
Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed,
And his head borne to *Angelo*.

Pro. *Angelo* hath seene them both,
And will discouer the fauour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may adde to it; Shaue the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'de before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you vpon this, more then thanks and good fortune, by the Saint whom I professe, I will plead against it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworne to the Duke, or to the Deputie?

Pro. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will thinke you haue made no offence, if the Duke auouch the iustice 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 perswasion, can with ease attempt you, I wil go further then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke you Sir, heere is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you know the Charracter 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-reade it at your pleasure: where you shall finde within these two daies, he wil be heere. This is a thing that *Angelo* knowes not, for hee this very day receiues letters of strange tenor, perchance of the Dukes death, perchance entering into some Monasterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke, th' vnfoldings Starre calles vp the Shepheard; put not your selfe into amazement, how these things should be; all difficulties are but easie when they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardines* head: I will giue him a present shrift, and aduise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolute you: Come away, it is almost cleere dawne.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our house of profession: one would thinke it were Mistris *Ouer-dons* owne house, for heere be manie of her olde Customers. First, here's yong Mr *Rash*, hee's in for a commoditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine score and seuteene pounds, of which hee made fiue Markes readie money: marrie then, Ginger was not much in request, for the olde Women were all dead. Then is there heere one Mr *Caper*, at the suite of Master *Three-Pile* the Mercer, for some foure suites of Peach-colour'd Satten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then haue we heere, yong *Dizie*, and yong Mr *Deepe-vow*, and Mr *Copperspurre*, and Mr *Starue-Lackey* the Rapi-er and dagger man, and yong *Drop-heire* that kild lustie *Pudding*, and Mr *Forthlight* the Tilter, and braue Mr *Shootie* the great Traueller, and wilde *Halfe-Canne* that stabb'd Pots, and I thinke fortie more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abh. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hether.

Clo. Mr *Barnardine*, you must rise and be hang'd, Mr *Barnardine*.

Abh. What hoa *Barnardine*.

Barnardine within.

Bar. A pox o'your throats: who makes that noyse there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends Sir, the Hangman:
You must be so good Sir to rise, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am sleepeie.

Abh. Tell him he must awake,
And that quickly too.

Clo. Pray Master *Barnardine*, awake till you are executed, and sleepe afterwards.

Ab. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is comming Sir, he is comming: I heare his Straw russle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abh. Is the Axe vpon the blocke, sirrah?

Clo. Verie readie Sir.

Bar. How now *Abhorson*?
What's the newes with you?

Abh. Truly Sir, I would desire 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 drinkes all night,
and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleepe the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abh. Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghostly Father: do we iest now thinke you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to aduise you, Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I haue bin drinking hard all night, and I will haue more time to prepare mee, or they shall beat out my braines with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certaine.

Duke. Oh sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you Looke forward on the iournie you shall go.

Bar. I sweare I will not die to day for anie mans perswasion.

Duke. But heare you:

Bar. Not a word: if you haue anie thing to say to me,
come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day.

Exit

Enter Prouost.

Duke. Vnfit to liue, or die: oh grauell heart.
After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

[Page G3v]

Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the prisoner?

Duke. A creature vnpre-par'd, vnmeet for death,
And to transport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable.

Pro. Heere in the prison, Father,
There died this morning of a cruell Feauor,
One *Ragozine*, a most notorious Pirate,
A man of *Claudio's* yeares: his beard, and head
Iust of his colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, til he were wel enclin'd,
And satisfie the Deputie with the visage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heauen prouides:
Dispatch it presently, the houre drawes on
Prefixt by *Angelo*: See this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Perswade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Pro. This shall be done (good Father) presently:
But *Barnardine* must die this afternoone,
And how shall we continue *Claudio*,
To saue 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 iournall greeting
To yond generation, you shal finde
Your safetie manifested.

Pro. I am your free dependant.

Exit.

Duke. Quicke, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*
Now wil I write Letters to *Angelo*,
(The Prouost he shal beare them) whose contents
Shal witnesse to him I am neere at home:
And that by great Iniunctions I am bound
To enter publikely: him Ile desire
To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
A League below the Citie: and from thence,
By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme.
We shal proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Prouost.

Pro. Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my selfe.

Duke. Conuenient is it: Make a swift returne,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no eare but yours.

Pro. Ile make all speede.

Exit

Isabell within.

Isa. Peace hoa, be heere.

Duke. The tongue of *Isabell*. 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 least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. Hoa, by your leaue.

Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious
daughter.

Isa. The better giuen me by so holy a man,
Hath yet the Deputie sent my brothers pardon?

Duke. He hath releasd him, *Isabell*, from the world,
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isa. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other,
Shew your wisdoms daughter in your close patience.

Isa. Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies.

Duk. You shal not be admitted to his sight.

Isa. Vnhappie *Claudio*, wretched *Isabell*,
Iniurious world, most damned *Angelo*.

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot,
Forbeare it therefore, giue your cause to heauen.
Marke what I say, which you shal finde
By euery sillable a faithful veritie.
The Duke comes home to morrow: nay drie your eyes,
One of our Couent, and his Confessor
Giues me this instance: Already he hath carried
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meete him at the gates,
There to giue vp their powre: If you can pace your wisdom,
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shal haue your bosome on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, reuenges to your heart,
And general Honor.

Isa. I am directed by you.

Duk. This Letter then to Friar *Peter* giue,
'Tis that he sent me of the Dukes returne:
Say, by this token, I desire his companie
At *Mariana's* house to night. Her cause, and yours
Ile perfect him withall, and he shal bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home and home. For my poore selfe,
I am combined by a sacred Vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eies
With a light heart; trust not my holie Order
If I peruert your course: whose heere?

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Good' euen;
Frier, where's the Prouost?

Duke. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh prettie *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am faine to dine and sup with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would set mee too't: but they say the Duke will be heere to Morrow. By my troth *Isabell* I lou'd thy brother, if the olde fantastical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had liued.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marueilous little beholding to your reports, but the best is, he liues not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so wel as I do: he's a better woodman then thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well: you'l answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay tarrie, Ile go along with thee,
I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You haue told me too many of him already sir if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wench with childe.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Luc. Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forswear it, They would else haue married me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir your company is fairer then honest, rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end: if baudy talke offend you, wee'l haue very litle of it: nay Friar, I am a kind of Burre, I shal sticke.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Esc. Euery Letter he hath writ, hath disuouch'd other.

An. In most vneuen and distracted manner, his actions show much like to madnesse, pray heauen his wisdom be not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and deliuer our authorities there?

Esc. I ghesse not.

Ang. And why should wee proclaime it in an howre before his entring, that if any craue redresse of iniustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Esc. He shoves his reason for that: to haue a dispatch of Complaints, and to deliuer vs from deuices heere-after, which shall then haue no power to stand against vs.

Ang. Well: I beseech you let it bee proclaim'd be-times i'th' morne, Ile call you at your house: giue notice to such men of sort and suite as are to meete him.

Esc. I shall sir: fareyouwell.

Exit.

Ang. Good night.

This deede vnshapes me quite, makes me vnpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred maid,
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The Law against it? But that her tender shame
Will not proclaime against her maiden losse,
How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her no,
For my Authority beares of a credent bulke,
That no particular scandall once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should haue liu'd,
Saue that his riotous youth with dangerous sense
Might in the times to come haue ta'ne reuenge
By so receiuing a dishonor'd life
With ransome of such shame: would yet he had liued.
Alack, when once our grace we haue forgot,
Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not.

Exit.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Duke and Frier Peter.

Duke. These Letters at fit time deliuer me,
The Prouost knowes our purpose and our plot,
The matter being a foote, keepe your instruction
And hold you euer to our speciall drift,
Though sometimes you doe blench from this to that
As cause doth minister: Goe call at *Flauia's* house,
And tell him where I stay: giue the like notice
To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Crassus*,
And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate:
But send me *Flauius* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee *Varrius*, thou hast made good hast,
Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends
Will greet vs heere anon: my gentle *Varrius*.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speake so indirectly I am loath,
I would say the truth, but to accuse him so
That is your part, yet I am aduis'd to doe it,
He saies, to vaile full purpose.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides he tells me, that if peraduenture
He speake against me on the aduerse side,
I should not thinke it strange, for 'tis a physicke
That's bitter, to sweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would *Frier Peter*

Isab. Oh peace, the *Frier* is come.

Peter. Come I haue found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may haue such vantage on the *Duke*
He shall not passe you:
Twice haue the Trumpets sounded.
The generous, and grauest Citizens
Haue hent the gates, and very neere vpon
The *Duke* is entring:
Therefore hence away.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Esculus, Lucio,
Citizens at seuerall doores.

Duk. My very worthy Cosen, fairely met,
Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. Esc. Happy returne be to your royall grace.

Duk. Many and harty thankings to you both:
We haue made enquiry of you, and we heare
Such goodnesse of your Iustice, that our soule
Cannot but yeeld you forth to publique thanks
Forerunning more requitall.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duk. Oh your desert speaks loud, & I should wrong it
To locke it in the wards of couert bosome
When it deserues with characters of brasse
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And razure of obliuion: Giue we your hand
And let the Subiect see, to make them know
That outward curtesies would faine proclaime
Fauours that keepe within: Come *Escalus*,
You must walke by vs, on our other hand:
And good supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time
Speake loud, and kneele before him.

Isab. Iustice, O royall *Duke*, vaile your regard
Vpon a wrong'd (I would faine haue said a Maid)
Oh worthy Prince, dishonor not your eye
By throwing it on any other obiect,
Till you haue heard me, in my true complaint,
And giuen me Iustice, Iustice, Iustice, Iustice.

Duk. Relate your wrongs;
In what, by whom? be briefe:
Here is Lord *Angelo* shall giue you Iustice,
Reueale your selfe to him.

Isab. Oh worthy *Duke*,
You bid me seeke redemption of the diuell,
Heare me your selfe: for that which I must speake
Must either punish me, not being beleeu'd,
Or wring redresse from you:
Heare me: oh heare me, heere.

Ang. My Lord, her wits I feare me are not firme:
She hath bin a suitor to me, for her Brother
Cut off by course of Iustice.

Isab. By course of Iustice.

Ang. And she will speake most bitterly, and strange.

[Page G4v]

Isab. Most strange: but yet most truely wil I speake,
That *Angelo's* forsworne, is it not strange?
That *Angelo's* a murtherer, is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous thiefe,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not strange? and strange?

Duke. Nay it is ten times strange?

Isa. 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 reckning.

Duke. Away with her: poore soule
She speakes this, in th' infirmity of sence.

Isa. Oh Prince, I coniure thee, as thou beleeu'st
There is another comfort, then this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madnesse: make not impossible
That which but seemes vnlike, 'tis not impossible
But one, the wickedst caitiffe on the ground
May seeme as shie, as graue, as iust, as absolute:
As *Angelo*, euen so may *Angelo*
In all his dressings, caracts, titles, formes,
Be an arch-villaine: Beleeue it, royall Prince
If he be lesse, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badnesse.

Duke. By mine honesty
If she be mad, as I beleeue no other,
Her madnesse hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,
As ere I heard in madnesse.

Isab. Oh gracious *Duke*
Harpe not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality, but let your reason serue
To make the truth appeare, where it seemes hid,
And hide the false seemes true.

Duk. Many that are not mad
Haue sure more lacke of reason:
What would you say?

Isab. I am the Sister of one *Claudio*,
Condemnd vpon the Act of Fornication
To loose his head, condemn'd by *Angelo*,
I, (in probation of a Sisterhood)
Was sent to by my Brother; one *Lucio*
As then the Messenger.

Luc. That's I, and't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her,
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*,
For her poore Brothers pardon.

Isab. That's he indeede.

Duk. You were not bid to speake.

Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duk. I wish you now then,
Pray you take note of it: and when you haue
A businesse for your selfe: pray heauen you then
Be perfect.

Luc. I warrant your honor.

Duk. The warrant's for your selfe: take heede to't.

Isab. This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale.

Luc. Right.

Duk. It may be right, but you are i'the wrong
To speake before your time: proceed,

Isab. I went
To this pernicious Caitiffe Deputie.

Duk. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it,
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended againe: the matter: proceed.

Isab. In briefe, to set the needlesse processe by:
How I perswaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,
How he refeld me, and how I replide
(For this was of much length) the vild conclusion
I now begin with griefe, and shame to vtter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust
Release my brother; and after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse, confutes mine honour,
And I did yeeld to him: But the next morne betimes,
His purpose surfetting, he sends a warrant
For my poore brothers head.

Duke. This is most likely.

Isab. Oh that it were as like as it is true.

Duk. By heauen (fond wretch) thou knowst not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honor
In hatefull practise: first his Integritie
Stands without blemish: next it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himselfe: if he had so offended
He would haue waigh'd thy brother by himselfe,
And not haue cut him off: some one hath set you on:
Confesse the truth, and say by whose aduice
Thou cam'st heere to complaine.

Isab. And is this all?
Then oh you blessed Ministers aboue
Keepe me in patience, and with ripened time
Vnfold the euill, which is heere wrapt vp
In countenance: heauen shield your Grace from woe,
As I thus wrong'd, hence vnbeleueed goe.

Duke. I know you'ld faine be gone: An Officer:
To prison with her: Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall,
On him so neere vs? This needs must be a practise:
Who knew of your intent and comming hither?

Isa. One that I would were heere, *Frier Lodowick.*

Duk. A ghostly Father, belike:
Who knowes that *Lodowicke*?

Luc. My Lord, I know him, 'tis a medling Fryer,
I doe not like the man: had he been Lay my Lord,
For certaine words he spake against your Grace
In your retirment, I had swing'd him soundly.

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 prison: a sawcy Fryar,
A very scuruy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your Royall Grace:
I haue stood by my Lord, and I haue heard
Your royall eare abus'd: first hath this woman

Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute,
Who is as free from touch, or soyle with her
As she from one vngot.

Duke. We did beleeeue no lesse.
Know you that Frier *Lodowick* that she speakes of?

Peter. I know him for a man diuine and holy,
Not scuruy, nor a temporary medler
As he's reported by this Gentleman:
And on my trust, a man that neuer yet
Did (as he vouches) mis-report your Grace.

Luc. My Lord, most villanously, beleeeue it.

Peter. Well: he in time may come to cleere himselfe;
But at this instant he is sicke, my Lord:
Of a strange Feauor: vpon his meere request
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst Lord *Angelo*, came I hether
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
Whensoeuer he's conuented: First for this woman,
To iustifie this worthy Noble man
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you heare disproued to her eyes,
Till she her selfe confesse it.

[Page G5]

Duk. Good Frier, let's heare it:
Doe you not smile at this, Lord *Angelo*?
Oh heauen, the vanity of wretched fooles.
Giue vs some seates, Come cosen *Angelo*,
In this I'll be impartiall: be you Iudge
Of your owne Cause: 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.

Duk. A Widow then?

Mar. Neither, my Lord.

Duk. Why you are nothing then: neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?

Luc. My Lord, she may be a Puncke: for many of them, are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.

Duk. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause to prattle for himselfe.

Luc. Well my Lord.

Mar. My Lord, I doe confesse I nere was married,
And I confesse besides, I am no Maid,
I haue known my husband, yet my husband
Knowes not, that euer he knew me.

Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.

Duk. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so to.

Luc. Well, my Lord.

Duk. This is no witnesse for Lord *Angelo*.

Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.
Shee that accuses him of Fornication,
In selfe-same manner, doth accuse my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine Armes
With all th' effect of Loue.

Ang. Charges she moe then me?

Mar. Not that I know.

Duk. No? you say your husband.

Mar. Why iust, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,
Who thinkes he knowes, that he nere knew my body,
But knows, he thinkes, that he knowes *Isabels*.

Ang. This is a strange abuse: Let's see thy face.

Mar. My husband bids me, now I will vnmaske.
This is that face, thou cruell *Angelo*
Which once thou sworst, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which with a vowd contract
Was fast belockt 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 person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Luc. Carnallie she saies.

Duk. Sirha, no more.

Luc. Enough my Lord.

Ang. My Lord, I must confesse, I know this woman,
And fūe yeres since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt my selfe, and her: which was broke off,
Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came short of Composition: But in chiefe
For that her reputation was dis-valued
In leuitie: Since which time of fūe yeres
I neuer spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her
Vpon my faith, and honor.

Mar. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heauen, and words fro[m] breath,
As there is sence in truth, and truth in vertue,
I am affianced this mans wife, as strongly
As words could make vp vowe: And my good Lord,
But Tuesday night last gon, in's garden house,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees,
Or else for euer be confixed here
A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but smile till now,
Now, good my Lord, giue me the scope of Iustice,
My patience here is touch'd: I doe perceiue
These poore informall women, are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on. Let me haue way, my Lord

To finde this practise out.

Duke. I, with my heart,
And punish them to your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish Frier, and thou pernicious woman
Compact with her that's gone: thinkst thou, thy oathes,
Though they would swear downe each particular Saint,
Were testimonies against his worth, and credit
That's seald in approbation? you, Lord *Escalus*
Sit with my Cozen, lend him your kinde paines
To finde out this abuse, whence 'tis deriu'd.
There is another Frier that set them on,
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed
Hath set the women on to this Complaint;
Your Prouost knowes the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Goe, doe it instantly:
And you, my noble and well-warranted Cosen
Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth,
Doe with your iniuries as seemes you best
In any chastisement; I for a while
Will leaue you; but stir not you till you haue
Well determin'd vpon these Slanderers.

Exit.

Esc. My Lord, wee'll doe it throughly: Signior *Lu-cio*,
did not you say you knew that Frier *Lodowick* to be a
dishonest person?

Luc. *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, honest in nothing
but in his Clothes, and one that hath spoke most villanous
speeches of the Duke.

Esc. We shall intreat you to abide heere till he come,
and inforce them against him: we shall finde this Frier a
notable fellow.

Luc. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Esc. Call that same *Isabell* here once againe, I would speake with her: pray you, my Lord, giue mee leaue to question, you shall see how Ile handle her.

Luc. Not better then he, by her owne report.

Esc. Say you?

Luc. Marry sir, I thinke, if you handled her priuately She would sooner confesse, perchance publicly she'll be ashamed.

[Page G5v]

Enter Duke, Prouost, Isabella.

Esc. I will goe darkely to worke with her.

Luc. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.

Esc. Come on Mistris, here's a Gentlewoman, Denies all that you haue said.

Luc. My Lord, here comes the rascall I spoke of, Here, with the *Prouost*.

Esc. In very good time: speake not you to him, till we call vpon you.

Luc. Mum.

Esc. Come Sir, did you set these women on to slander Lord *Angelo*? they haue confes'd you did.

Duk. 'Tis false.

Esc. How? Know you where you are?

Duk. Respect to your great place; and let the diuell Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne. Where is the *Duke*? 'tis he should heare me speake.

Esc. The *Duke's* in vs: and we will heare you speake, Looke you speake iustly.

Duk. Boldly, at least. But oh poore soules, Come you to seeke the Lamb here of the Fox; Good night to your redresse: Is the *Duke* gone? Then is your cause gone too: The *Duke's* vniust, Thus to retort your manifest Appeale,

And put your triall in the villaines mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Luc. This is the rascall: this is he I spoke of.

Esc. Why thou vnreuerend, and vnhalloved Fryer:
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women,
To accuse this worthy man? but in foule mouth,
And in the witnesse of his proper eare,
To call him villaine; and then to glance from him,
To th'*Duke* himselfe, to taxe him with Iniustice?
Take him hence; to th' racke with him: we'll towze you
Ioynt by ioynt, but we will know his purpose:
What? vniust?

Duk. Be not so hot: the *Duke* dare
No more stretch this finger of mine, then he
Dare racke his owne: his Subiect am I not,
Nor here Prouinciall: My businesse in this State
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*,
Where I haue seene corruption boyle and bubble,
Till it ore-run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults,
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes
Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers shop,
As much in mocke, as marke.

Esc. Slander to th' State:
Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him Signior *Lucio*?
Is this the man you did tell vs of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither goodman bald-pate,
doe you know me?

Duk. I remember you Sir, by the sound of your voice,
I met you at the Prison, in the absence of the *Duke*.

Luc. Oh, did you so? and do you remember what you
said of the *Duke*.

Duk. Most notably Sir.

Luc. Do you so Sir: And was the *Duke* a flesh-mon-ger,
a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him
to be?

Duk. You must (Sir) change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you indeede spoke so of him, and much more, much worse.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did I not plucke thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duk. I protest, I loue the *Duke*, as I loue my selfe.

Ang. Harke how the villaine would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Esc. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away with him to prison: Where is the *Prouost*? away with him to prison: lay bolts enough vpon him: let him speak no more: away with those Giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duk. Stay Sir, stay a while.

Ang. What, resists he? helpe him *Lucio*.

Luc. Come sir, come sir, come sir: foh sir, why you bald-pated lying rascall: you must be hooded must you? show your knaues visage with a poxe to you: show your sheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: Will't not off?

Duk. Thou art the first knaue, that ere mad'st a *Duke*. First *Prouost*, let me bayle these gentle three: Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you, Must haue a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may proue worse then hanging.

Duk. What you haue spoke, I pardon: sit you downe, We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leaue: Ha'st thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha'st Rely vpon it, till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh, my dread Lord,
I should be guiltier then my guiltinesse,
To thinke I can be vndiscerneable,
When I perceiue your grace, like powre diuine,
Hath look'd vpon my passes. Then good Prince,

No longer Session hold vpon my shame,
But let my Triall, be mine owne Confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duk. Come hither *Mariana*,
Say: was't thou ere contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord.

Duk. Goe take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Doe you the office (*Fryer*) which consummate,
Returne him here againe: goe with him *Prouost*.

Exit.

Esc. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonor,
Then at the strangenesse of it.

Duk. Come hither *Isabell*,
Your *Frier* is now your Prince: As I was then
Aduertysing, and holy to your businesse,
(Not changing heart with habit) I am still,
Atturried at your seruice.

Isab. Oh giue me pardon
That I, your vassaile, haue imploid, and pain'd
Your vnknowne Soueraigntie.

Duk. You are pardon'd *Isabell*:
And now, deere Maide, be you as free to vs.
Your Brothers death I know sits at your heart:
And you may maruaile, why I obscur'd my selfe,
Labouring to saue his life: and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden powre,
Then let him so be lost: oh most kinde Maid,
It was the swift celeritie of his death,
Which I did thinke, with slower 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 happy is your Brother.

[Page G6]

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Prouost.

Isab. I doe my Lord.

Duk. For this new-maried man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honor: you must pardon
For *Mariana's* sake: But as he adiudg'd your Brother,
Being criminall, in double violation
Of sacred Chastitie, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,
The very mercy of the Law cries out
Most audible, euen from his proper tongue.
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*, death for death:
Haste still paies haste, and leasure, answers leasure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*:
Then *Angelo*, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.
We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke
Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death, and with like haste.
Away with him.

Mar. Oh my most gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?

Duk. It is your husband mock't you with a husband,
Consenting to the safe-guard of your honor,
I thought your marriage fit: else Imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choake your good to come: For his Possessions,
Although by confutation they are ours;
We doe en-state, and widow you with all,
To buy you a better husband.

Mar. Oh my deere Lord,
I craue no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Neuer craue him, we are definitiue.

Mar. Gentle my Liege.

Duke. You doe but loose your labour.
Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.

Mar. Oh my good Lord, sweet *Isabell*, take my part,
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to doe you seruice.

Duke. Against all sence you doe importune her,
Should she kneele downe, in mercie of this fact,
Her Brothers ghost, his paued bed would breake,
And take her hence in horror.

Mar. Isabell:
Sweet *Isabel*, doe yet but kneele by me,
Hold vp your hands, say 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 *Isabel*: will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for *Claudio's* death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir.
Looke if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my Brother liu'd: I partly thinke,
A due sinceritie gouerned his deedes,
Till he did looke on me: Since it is so,
Let him not die: my Brother had but Iustice,
In that he did the thing for which he dide.
For *Angelo*, his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subiects
Intents, but meerely thoughts.

Mar. Meerely my Lord.

Duk. Your suite's vnprofitable: stand vp I say:
I haue bethought me of another fault.
Prouost, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an vnusuall howre?

Pro. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a speciall warrant for the deed?

Pro. No my good Lord: it was by priuate message.

Duk. For which I doe discharge you of your office,
Giue vp your keyes.

Pro. Pardon me, noble Lord,
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me after more aduice,

For testimony whereof, one in the prison
That should by priuate order else haue dide,
I haue reseru'd aliue.

Duk. What's he?

Pro. His name is *Barnardine*.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by *Claudio*:
Goe fetch him hither, let me looke vpon him.

Esc. I am sorry, one so learned, and so wise
As you, Lord *Angelo*, haue stil appear'd,
Should slip so grosselie, both in the heat of bloud
And lacke of temper'd iudgement afterward.

Ang. I am sorrie, that such sorrow I procure,
And so deepe sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I craue death more willingly then mercy,
'Tis my deseruing, and I doe entreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Prouost, Claudio, Iulietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?

Pro. This my Lord.

Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man.
Sirha, thou art said to haue a stubborne soule
That apprehends no further then this world,
And squar'st thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee take this mercie to prouide
For better times to come: Frier aduise him,
I leaue him to your hand. What muffeld fellow's that?

Pro. This is another prisoner that I sau'd,
Who should haue di'd when *Claudio* lost his head,
As like almost to *Claudio*, as himselfe.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd, and for your louelie sake
Giue me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:
By this Lord *Angelo* perceiues he's safe,
Methinkes I see a quickning in his eye:

Well *Angelo*, your euill quits you well.
Looke that you loue your wife: her worth, worth yours
I finde an apt remission in my selfe:
And yet heere's one in place I cannot pardon,
You sirha, that knew me for a foole, a Coward,
One all of Luxurie, an asse, a mad man:
Wherein haue I so deseru'd of you
That you extoll me thus?

Luc. 'Faith my Lord, I spoke it but according to the
trick: if you will hang me for it you may: but I had ra-
ther it would please you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaime it Prouost round about the Citie,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow
(As I haue heard him sweare himselfe there's one
whom he begot with childe) let her appeare,
And he shall marry her: the nuptiall finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Luc. I beseech your Highnesse doe not marry me to
a Whore: your Highnesse said euen now I made you a
Duke, good my Lord do not recompence me, in making
me a Cuckold.

[Page G6v]

Duke. Vpon mine honor thou shalt marrie her.
Thy slanders I forgiue, and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits: take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Luc. Marrying a punke my Lord, is pressing to death,
Whipping and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a Prince deserues it.
She *Claudio* that you wrong'd, looke you restore.
Ioy to you *Mariana*, loue her *Angelo*:
I haue confes'd her, and I know her vertue.
Thanks good friend, *Escalus*, for thy much goodnesse,
There's more behinde that is more gratulate.
Thanks *Prouost* for thy care, and secrecie,
We shall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgiue him *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio*'s,

Th' offence pardons it selfe. Deere *Isabell*,
I haue a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing eare incline;
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring vs to our Pallace, where wee'll show
What's yet behinde, that meete you all should know.

The Scene Vienna.

The names of all the Actors.

Vincentio: the Duke.

Angelo, the Deputie.

Escalus, an ancient Lord.

Claudio, a yong Gentleman.

Lucio, a fantastique.

2. Other like Gentlemen.

Prouost.

Thomas. 2. Friers.

Peter.

Elbow, a simple Constable.

Froth, a foolish Gentleman.

Clowne.

Abhorson, an Executioner.

Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.

Isabella, sister to Claudio.

Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.

Iuliet, beloued of Claudio.

Francisca, a Nun.

Mistris Ouer-don, a Bawd.

FINIS.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

*Enter the Duke of Ephesus, with the Merchant of Siracusa,
Iaylor, and other attendants.*

Marchant. Proceed *Solinus* to procure my fall,
And by the doome of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of *Siracusa*, plead no more.
I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes;
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countrimen,
Who wanting gilders to redeeme their liues,
Haue seal'd his rigorous statutes with their blouds,
Excludes all pitty from our threatning looks:
For since the mortall and intestine iarres
Twixt thy seditious Countrimen and vs,
It hath in solemne Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the *Siracusians* and our selues,
To admit no trafficke to our aduerse townes:
Nay more, if any borne at *Ephesus*
Be seene at any *Siracusan* Marts and Fayres:
Againe, if any *Siracusan* borne
Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies:
His goods confiscate to the Dukes dispose,
Vnlesse a thousand markes be leuied
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him:
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount vnto a hundred Markes,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.

Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the euening Sonne.

Duk. Well *Siracusan*; say in briefe the cause
Why thou departedst from thy natiue home?
And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*.

Mer. A heauier taske could not haue beene impos'd,
 Then I to speake my griefes vnspeakeable:
 Yet that the world may witnesse that my end
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
 Ile vtter what my sorrow giues 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 ioy, our wealth increast
 By prosperous voyages I often made
 To *Epidamium*, till my factors death,
 And he great care of goods at randone left,
 Drew me from kinde embracements of my spouse;
 From whom my absence was not sixe moneths olde,
 Before her selfe (almost at fainting vnder
 The pleasing punishment that women beare)
 Had made prouision for her following me,
 And soone, and safe, arriued where I was:
 There had she not beene long, but she became
 A ioyfull mother of two goodly sonnes:
 And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
 As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
 That very howre, and in the selfe-same Inne,
 A meane woman was deliuered
 Of such a burthen Male, twins both alike:
 Those, for their parents were exceeding poore,
 I bought, and brought vp to attend my sonnes.
 My wife, not meanelly prowd of two such boyes,
 Made daily motions for our home returne:
 Vnwilling I agreed, alas, too soone wee came aboard.
 A league from *Epidamium* had we saild
 Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe
 Gaue any Tragicke Instance of our harme:
 But longer did we not retaine much hope;
 For what obscured light the heauens did grant,
 Did but conuay vnto our fearefull mindes
 A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
 Which though my selfe would gladly haue imbrac'd,
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,

And pitteous playnings of the prettie babes
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to feare,
 Forst me to seeke delayes for them and me,
 And this it was: (for other meanes was none)
 The Sailors sought for safety by our boate,
 And left the ship then sinking ripe to vs.
 My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
 Had fastned him vnto a small spare Mast,
 Such as sea-faring men prouide for stormes:
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whil'st I had beene like heedfull of the other.
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
 Fastned our selues at eyther end the mast,
 And floating straight, obedient to the streame,
 Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
 At length the sonne gazing vpon the earth,
 Disperst those vapours that offended vs,
 And by the benefit of his wished light
 The seas waxt calme, and we discouered
 Two shippes from farre, making amaine to vs:
 Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidarus* this,
 But ere they came, oh let me say no more,
 Gather the sequell by that went before.

Duk. Nay forward old man, doe not breake off so,
 For we may pittie, though not pardon thee.

[Page H1v]

Merch. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily tearm'd them mercilesse to vs:
 For ere the ships could meet by twice fiue leagues,
 We were encountred by a mighty rocke,
 Which being violently borne vp,
 Our helpefull ship was splitted in the midst;
 So that in this vniust diuorce of vs,
 Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for,
 Her part, poore soule, seeming as burdened
 With lesser waight, but not with lesser woe,
 Was carried with more speed before the winde,
 And in our sight they three were taken vp

By Fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on vs,
And knowing whom it was their hap to saue,
Gauē healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
And would haue reft the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their backe beene very slow of saile;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus haue you heard me seuer'd from my blisse,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my owne mishaps.

Duke. And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Doe me the fauour to dilate at full,
What haue befallne of them and they till now.

Merch. My yongest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eightene yeeres became inquisitiue
After his brother; and importun'd me
That his attendant, so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,
Might beare him company in the quest of him:
Whom whil'st I laboured of a loue to see,
I hazarded the losse of whom I lou'd.
Fiue Sommers haue I spent in farthest *Greece*,
Roming cleane through the bounds of *Asia*,
And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus*:
Hopelesse to finde, yet loth to leaue vnsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men:
But heere must end the story of my life,
And happy were I in my timelie death,
Could all my trauels warrant me they liue.

Duke. Haplesse *Egeon* whom the fates haue markt
To beare the extremitie of dire mishap:
Now trust me, were it not against our Lawes,
Against my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would they may not disanull,
My soule should sue as aduocate for thee:
But though thou art adiudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recal'd
But to our honours great disparagement:
Yet will I fauour thee in what I can;

Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
To seeke thy helpe by beneficiall helpe,
Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus*,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the summe,
And liue: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
Iaylor, take him to thy custodie.

Iaylor. I will my Lord.

Merch. Hopelesse and helpelesse doth *Egean* wend,
But to procrastinate his liuelesse end.

Exeunt.

Enter Antipholis Eroles, a Marchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore giue out you are of *Epidamium*,
Lest that your goods too soone be confiscate:
This very day a *Syracusian* Marchant
Is apprehended for a riuall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the towne,
Dies ere the wearie sunne set in the West:
There is your monie that I had to keepe.

Ant. Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we host,
And stay there *Dromio*, till I come to thee;
Within this houre it will be dinner time,
Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,
Peruse the traders, gaze vpon the buildings,
And then returne and sleepe within mine Inne,
For with long trauaile I am stiffe and wearie.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, hauing so good a meane.

Exit Dromio.

Ant. A trustie villaine sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humour with his merry iests:
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?

E.Mar. I am inuited sir to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I craue your pardon, soone at fiewe a clocke,
Please you, Ile meete with you vpon the Mart,
And afterward consort you till bed time:
My present businesse cals me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then: I will goe loose my selfe,
And wander vp and downe to view the Citie.

E.Mar. Sir, I commend you to your owne content.

Exeunt.

Ant. He that commends me to mine owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean seekes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Vnseene, inquisitiue) confounds himselfe.
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In quest of them (vnhappye) loose my selfe.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanacke of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art return'd so soone.

E.Dro. Return'd so soone, rather approacht too late:
The Capon burnes, the Pig fals from the spit;
The clocke hath stricken twelue vpon the bell:
My Mistris made it one vpon my cheek:
She is so hot because the meate is colde:
The meate is colde, because you come not home:
You come not home, because you haue no stomacke:
You haue no stomacke, hauing 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 gaue you.

E.Dro. Oh sixe pence that I had a wensday last,
To pay the Sadler for my Mistris crupper:
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportiue humor now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine owne custodie.

E.Dro. I pray you iest sir as you sit at dinner:
I from my Mistris come to you in post:
If I returne I shall be post indeede.
For she will scoure your fault vpon my pate:
Me thinkes your maw, like mine, should be your cooke,
And strike you home without a messenger.

[Page H2]

Ant. Come *Dromio*, come, these iests are out of season,
Reserue them till a merrier houre then this:
Where is the gold I gaue in charge to thee?

E.Dro. To me sir? why you gaue no gold to me?

Ant. Come on sir knaue, haue done your foolishnes,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

E.Dro. My charge was but to fetch you fro[m] the Mart
Home to your house, the *Phoenix* sir, to dinner;
My Mistris and her sister staies for you.

Ant. Now as I am a Christian answer me,
In what safe place you haue bestow'd my monie;
Or I shall breake that merrie sconce of yours
That stands on tricks, when I am vndispos'd:
Where is the thousand Markes thou hadst of me?

E.Dro. I haue some markes of yours vpon my pate:
Some of my Mistris markes vpon my shoulders:
But not a thousand markes betweene you both.
If I should pay your worship those againe,
Perchance you will not beare them patiently.

Ant. Thy Mistris markes? what Mistris slaue hast thou?

E.Dro. Your worships wife, my Mistris at the *Phoenix*;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner:
And praies 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 meane you sir, for God sake hold your hands:
Nay, and you will not sir, Ile take my heeles.

Exeunt Dromio Ep.

Ant. Vpon my life by some deuise or other,
The villaine is ore-wrought of all my monie.
They say this towne is full of cosenage:
As nimble Iuglers that deceiue the eie:
Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde:
Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the bodie:
Disguised Cheaters, prating Mountebankes;
And manie such like liberties of sinne:
If it proue so, I will be gone the sooner:
Ile to the Centaur to goe seeke this slaue,
I greatly feare my monie is not safe.

Exit.

Actus Secundus.

*Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis Sereptus, with
Luciana her Sister.*

Adr. Neither my husband nor the slaue return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seeke his Master?
Sure *Luciana* it is two a clocke.

Luc. Perhaps some Merchant hath inuited him,
And from the Mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:
Good Sister let vs 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 patient Sister.

Adr. Why should their libertie then ours be more?

Luc. Because their businesse still lies out a dore.

Adr. Looke when I serue him so, he takes it thus.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lasht with woe:
There's nothing situate vnder heauens 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 diuine, the Master of all these,
Lord of the wide world, and wilde watry seas,
Indued with intellectuall sence and soules,
Of more preheminance then fish and fowles,
Are masters to their females, and their Lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adri. This seruitude makes you to keepe vnwed.

Luci. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you wold bear some sway

Luc. Ere I learne loue, Ile practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home againe, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience vnmou'd, no maruel though she pause,
They can be meeke, that haue no other cause:
A wretched soule bruis'd with aduersitie,
We bid be quiet when we heare it crie.
But were we burdned with like waight of paine,
As much, or more, we should our selues complaine:
So thou that hast no vnkinde mate to greeue thee,
With vrging helpelesse patience would releue me;
But if thou liue to see like right bereft,
This foole-beg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luci. Well, I will marry one day but to trie:
Heere comes your man, now is your husband nie.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardie master now at hand?

E.Dro. Nay, hee's at too hands with mee, and that my
two eares can witnesse.

Adr. Say, didst thou speake with him? knowst thou
his minde?

E.Dro. I, I, he told his minde vpon mine eare,
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could vnderstand it.

Luc. Spake hee so doubtfully, thou couldst not feelee
his meaning.

E.Dro. Nay, hee strooke so plainly, I could too well
feelee his blowes; and withall so doubtfully, that I could
scarce vnderstand them.

Adri. But say, I prethee, is he comming home?
It seemes he hath great care to please his wife.

E.Dro. Why Mistresse, sure my Master is horne mad.

Adri. Horne mad, thou villaine?

E.Dro. I meane not Cuckold mad,
But sure he is starke mad:
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a hundred markes in gold:
'Tis dinner time, quoth I: my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burne, quoth I: my gold quoth he:
Will you come, quoth I: my gold, quoth he;
Where is the thousand markes I gaue thee villaine?
The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he:
My mistresse, sir, quoth I: hang vp thy Mistresse:
I know not thy mistresse, out on thy mistresse.

Luci. Quoth who?

E.Dr. Quoth my Master, I know quoth he, no house,
no wife, no mistresse: so that my arrant due vnto my
tongue, I thanke him, I bare home vpon my shoulders:
for in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adri. Go back againe, thou slaue, & fetch him home.

Dro. Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home?
For Gods sake send some other messenger.

[Page H2v]

Adri. Backe slaue, or I will breake thy pate a-crosse.

Dro. And he will blesse the crosse with other beating:
Betweene you, I shall haue a holy head.

Adri. Hence prating peasant, fetch thy Master home.

Dro. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you doe spurne me thus:
You spurne me hence, and he will spurne me hither,
If I last in this seruice, you must case me in leather.

Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face.

Adri. His company must do his minions grace,
Whil'st I at home starue for a merrie looke:
Hath homelie age th' alluring beauty tooke
From my poore cheekes? then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit,
If voluble and sharpe discourse be mar'd,
Vnkindnesse blunts it more then marble hard.
Doe their gay vestments his affections baite?
That's not my fault, hee's master of my state.
What ruines are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,
A sunnie looke of his, would soone repaire.
But, too vnruely Deere, he breakes the pale,
And feedes from home; poore I am but his stale.

Luci. Selfe-harming Iealousie; fie beat it hence.

Ad. Vnfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispence:
I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chaine,
Would that alone, a loue he would detaine,
So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed:
I see the Iewell best enamaled
Will loose his beautie: yet the gold bides still
That others touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falshood and corruption doth it shame:
Since that my beautie cannot please his eie,
He weepe (what's left away) and weeping die.

Luci. How manie fond fooles serue mad Iealousie?

Exit.

Enter Antipholis Erotis.

Ant. The gold I gaue to *Dromio* is laid vp
Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedfull slaue
Is wandred forth in care to seeke me out
By computation and mine hosts report.
I could not speake with *Dromio*, since at first
I sent him from the Mart? see here he comes.

Enter Dromio Siracusia.

How now sir, is your merrie humor alter'd?
As you loue stroakes, so iest with me againe:
You know no *Centaur*? you receiu'd no gold?
Your Mistresse sent to haue me home to dinner?
My house was at the *Phoenix*? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madlie thou did didst answere me?

S.Dro. What answer sir? when spake I such a word?

E.Ant. Euen now, euen here, not halfe an howre since.

S.Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence
Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gaue me.

Ant. Villaine, thou didst denie the golds receipt,
And toldst me of a Mistresse, and a dinner,
For which I hope thou feltst I was displeas'd.

S.Dro. I am glad to see you in this merrie vaine,
What meanes this iest, I pray you Master tell me?

Ant. Yea, dost thou ieere & flowt me in the teeth?
Thinkst thou I iest? hold, take thou that, & that.

Beats Dro.

S.Dr. Hold sir, for Gods sake, now your iest is earnest,
Vpon what bargaine do you giue it me?

Antiph. Because that I familiarlie sometimes
Doe vse you for my foole, and chat with you,
Your sawcinesse will iest vpon my loue,
And make a Common of my serious howres,
When the sunne shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames:
If you will iest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my looks,

Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

S.Dro. Sconce call you it? so you would leaue battering, I had rather haue it a head, and you vse these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and Insconce it to, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders, but I pray sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S.Dro. Nothing sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S.Dro. I sir, and wherefore; for they say, euery why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why first for flowting me, and then wherefore, for vrging it the second time to me.

S.Dro. Was there euer anie man thus beaten out of season, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither rime nor reason. Well sir, I thanke you.

Ant. Thanke me sir, for what?

S.Dro. Marry sir, for this something that you gaue me for nothing.

Ant. Ile make you amends next, to giue 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 sir: what's that?

S.Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well sir, then 'twill be drie.

S.Dro. If it be sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S.Dro. Lest it make you chollericke, and purchase me another drie basting.

Ant. Well sir, learne to iest in good time, there's a time for all things.

S.Dro. I durst haue denied that before you were so chollericke.

Anti. 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 recouer his haire that growes 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 lost haire of another man.

Ant. Why, is Time such a niggard of haire, being (as it is) so plentifull an excrement?

S.Dro. Because it is a blessing that hee bestowes on beasts, and what he hath scanted them in haire, hee hath giuen them in wit.

Ant. Why, but theres manie a man hath more haire then wit.

S.Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his haire.

Ant. Why thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S.Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he loo-
seth it in a kinde of iollitie.

An. For what reason.

S.Dro. For two, and sound ones to.

[Page H3]

An. Nay not sound I pray you.

S.Dro. Sure ones then.

An. Nay, not sure in a thing falsing.

S.Dro. Certaine ones then.

An. Name them.

S.Dro. The one to saue the money that he spends in trying: the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porrage.

An. You would all this time haue prou'd, there is no time for all things.

S.Dro. Marry and did sir: namely, in no time to recouer haire lost by Nature.

An. But your reason was not substantiall, why there is no time to recouer.

S.Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himselfe is bald, and therefore to the worlds end, will haue bald followers.

An. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion: but soft, who wafts vs yonder.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, *Antipholus*, looke strange and frowne,
Some other Mistresse hath thy sweet aspects:
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou vn-vrg'd wouldst vow,
That neuer words were musicke to thine eare,
That neuer object pleasing in thine eye,
That neuer touch well welcome to thy hand,
That neuer meat sweet-sauour'd in thy taste,
Vnlesse I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or caru'd to thee.
How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thy selfe?
Thy selfe I call it, being strange to me:
That vndiuidable Incorporate
Am better then thy deere selves better part.
Ah doe not teare away thy selfe from me;
For know my loue: as easie maist thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulfe,
And take vnmingled thence that drop againe
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thy selfe, 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 Ruffian Lust should be contaminate?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurne at me,
And hurle the name of husband in my face,
And teare the stain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding ring,
And breake it with a deepe-diuorcing vow?
I know thou canst, and therefore see thou doe it.
I am possest with an adulterate blot,
My bloud is mingled with the crime of lust:
For if we two be one, and thou play false,
I doe digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion:
Keepe then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
I liue distain'd, thou vndishonoured.

Antip. Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not:
In *Ephesus* I am but two houres old,
As strange vnto your towne, as to your talke,
Who euery word by all my wit being scan'd,
Wants wit in all, one word to vnderstand.

Luci. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to vse my sister thus?
She sent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.

Ant. By *Dromio*?

Drom. By me.

Adr. 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 conuerse sir with this gentlewoman:
What is the course and drift of your compact?

S.Dro. I sir? I neuer saw her till this time.

Ant. Villaine thou liest, for euen her verie words,
Didst thou deliuer to me on the Mart.

S.Dro. I neuer spake with her in all my life.

Ant. How can she thus then call vs by our names?
Vnlesse it be by inspiration.

Adri. How ill agrees it with your grauitie,
To counterfeit thus grosely with your slaue,
Abetting him to thwart me in my moode;
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come I will fasten on this sleeue of thine:
Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine:
Whose weaknesse married to thy stranger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If ought possesse thee from me, it is drosse,
Vsurping Iuie, Brier, or idle Mosse,
Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
Infect thy sap, and liue on thy confusion.

Ant. To mee shee speakes, shee moues mee for her
theame;
What, was I married to her in my dreame?
Or sleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?
What error driues our eies and eares amisse?
Vntill I know this sure vncertaintie,
Ile entertaine the free'd fallacie.

Luc. Dromio, goe bid the seruants spred for dinner.

S.Dro. Oh for my beads, I crosse me for a sinner.
This is the Fairie land, oh spight of spights,
We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights;
If we obay them not, this will insue:
They'll sucke our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thy selfe, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou *Dromio,* thou snaile, thou slug, thou sot.

S.Dro. I am transformed Master, am I not?

Ant. I thinke thou art in minde, and so am I.

S.Dro. Nay Master, both in minde, and in my shape.

Ant. Thou hast thine owne forme.

S.Dro. No, I am an Ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Asse.

S.Dro. 'Tis true she rides me, and I long for grasse.
'Tis so, I am an Asse, else it could neuer be,
But I should know her as well as she knowes me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,
To put the finger in the eie and weepe;
Whil'st man and Master laughes my woes to scorne:
Come sir to dinner, *Dromio* keepe the gate:
Husband Ile dine aboue with you to day,
And shriue you of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirra, if any aske you for your Master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come sister, *Dromio* play the Porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heauen, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well aduisde:
Knowne vnto these, and to my selfe disguisde:
Ile say as they say, and perseuer so:
And in this mist at all aduentures go.

S.Dro. Master, shall I be Porter at the gate?

Adr. I, and let none enter, least I breake your pate.

Luc. Come, come, *Antipholus*, we dine to late.

[Page H3v]

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, his man Dromio, Angelo the
Goldsmith, and Balthaser the Merchant.*

E.Anti. Good signior *Angelo* you must excuse vs all,
My wife is shrewish when I keepe not howres;
Say that I lingerd with you at your shop
To see the making of her Carkanet,
And that to morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villaine that would face me downe
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand markes in gold,
And that I did denie my wife and house;
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou meane by this?

E.Dro. Say what you wil sir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart I haue your hand to show;
If the skin were parchment, & the blows you gaue were ink,
Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.

E.Ant. I thinke thou art an asse.

E.Dro. Marry so it doth appeare
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blowes I beare,
I should kicke being kickt, and being at that passe,
You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an asse.

E.An. Y'are sad signior *Balthazar*, pray God our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcom here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap sir, & your welcom deer.

E.An. Oh signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome, makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat sir is co[m]mon that euery churle affords.

Anti. And welcome more common, for thats nothing
but words.

Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a mer-
rie feast.

Anti. I, to a niggardly Host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be meane, take them in good part,
Better cheere may you haue, but not with better hart.
But soft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in.

E.Dro. *Maud, Briget, Marian, Cisley, Gillian, Ginn.*

S.Dro. Mome, Malthorse, Capon, Coxcombe, Idi-
ot, Patch,
Either get thee from the dore, or sit downe at the hatch:
Dost thou coniure for wenches, that thou calst for such store,
When one is one too many, goe get thee from the dore.

E.Dro. What patch is made our Porter? my Master
stays in the street.

S.Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, lest hee
catch cold on's feet.

E.Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the dore.

S.Dro. Right sir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I haue 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 howse I owe?

S.Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is *Dromio*.

E.Dro. O villaine, thou hast stolne both mine office and my name,
The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame:
If thou hadst beene *Dromio* to day in my place,
Thou wouldst haue chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an asse.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What a coile is there *Dromio*? who are those at the gate?

E.Dro. Let my Master in *Luce*.

Luce. Faith no, hee comes too late, and so tell your Master.

E.Dro. O Lord I must laugh, haue at you with a Pro-uerbe,
Shall I set in my staffe.

Luce. Haue at you with another, that's when? can you tell?

S.Dro. If thy name be called *Luce*, *Luce* thou hast an-swer'd him well.

Anti. Doe you heare you minion, you'll let vs in I hope?

Luce. I thought to haue askt you.

S.Dro. And you said no.

E.Dro. So come helpe, well strooke, there was blow
for blow.

Anti. Thou baggage let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E.Drom. Master, knocke the doore hard.

Luce. Let him knocke till it ake.

Anti. You'll crie for this minion, if I beat the doore
downe.

Luce. What needs all that, and a paire of stocks in the
towne?

Enter Adriana.

Adr. Who is that at the doore that keeps all this noise?

S.Dro. By my troth your towne is troubled with vn-
ruly boies.

Anti. Are you there Wife? you might haue come
before.

Adri. Your wife sir knaue? go get you from the dore.

E.Dro. If you went in paine Master, this knaue wold
goe sore.

Angelo. Heere is neither cheere sir, nor welcome, we
would faine haue either.

Baltz. 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 can-
not get in.

E.Dro. You would say so Master, if your garments
were thin.

Your cake here is warme within: you stand here in the
cold.

It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be so bought
and sold.

Ant. Go fetch me something, Ile break ope the gate.

S.Dro. Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your knaues 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 vpon thee hinde.

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.

Ant. Well, Ile breake in: go borrow me a crow.

E.Dro. A crow without feather, Master meane you so;
For a fish without a finne, ther's a fowle without a fether,
If a crow help vs in sirra, wee'll plucke a crow together.

[Page H4]

Ant. Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.

Balth. Haue patience sir, oh let it not be so,
Heerein you warre against your reputation,
And draw within the compasse of suspect
Th' vnuiolated honor of your wife.
Once this your long experience of your wisdom,
Her sober vertue, yeares, and modestie,
Plead on your part some cause to you vnknowne;
And doubt not sir, but she 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 breake in
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rowt
Against your yet vngalled estimation,
That may with foule intrusion enter in,
And dwell vpon your graue when you are dead;

For slander liues vpon succession:
For euer hows'd, where it gets possession.

Anti. You haue preuail'd, I will depart in quiet,
And in despite of mirth meane to be merrie:
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Prettie and wittie; wilde, and yet too gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I meane
My wife (but I protest without desert)
Hath oftentimes vpbraided me withall:
To her will we to dinner, get you home
And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,
Bring it I pray you to the *Porpentine*,
For there's the house: That chaine will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)
Vpon mine hostesse there, good sir make haste:
Since mine owne doores refuse to entertaine me,
Ile knocke else-where, to see if they'll disdaine me.

Ang. Ile meet you at that place some houre hence.

Anti. Do so, this iest shall cost me some expence.

Exeunt.

Enter Iuliana, with Antipholus of Siracusia.

Iulia. And may it be that you haue quite forgot
A husbands office? shall *Antipholus*
Euen in the spring of Loue, thy Loue-springs rot?
Shall loue in buildings grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealths-sake vse her with more kindnesse:
Or if you like else-where doe it by stealth,
Muffle your false loue with some shew of blindnesse:
Let not my sister read it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy owne shames Orator:
Looke sweet, speake faire, become disloyaltie:
Apparell vice like vertues harbenger:
Beare a faire presence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach sinne the carriage of a holy Saint,
Be secret false: what need she be acquainted?
What simple thiefe brags of his owne attaine?

'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
 And let her read it in thy lookes at boord:
 Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed,
 Ill deeds is doubled with an euill word:
 Alas poore women, make vs not beleue
 (Being compact of credit) that you loue vs,
 Though others haue the arme, shew vs the sleeue:
 We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs.
 Then gentle brother get you in againe;
 Comfort my sister, cheere her, call her wise;
 'Tis holy sport to be a little vaine,
 When the sweet breath of flatterie conquers strife.

S.Anti. Sweete Mistris, what your name is else I
 know not;
 Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
 Lesse in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,
 Then our earths wonder, more then earth diuine.
 Teach me deere creature how to thinke and speake:
 Lay open to my earthie grosse conceit:
 Smothred in errors, feeble, shallow, weake,
 The foulded meaning of your words deceit:
 Against my soules pure truth, why labour you,
 To make it wander in an vnknowne 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 sister 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 Mermaide with thy note,
 To drowne me in thy sister floud of teares:
 Sing Siren for thy selfe, and I will dote:
 Spread ore the siluer waues thy golden haires;
 And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie:
 And in that glorious supposition thinke,
 He gaines by death, that hath such meanes to die:
 Let Loue, being light, be drowned if she sinke.

Luc. What are you mad, that you doe reason so?

Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I doe not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eie.

Ant. For gazing on your beames faire sun being by.

Luc. Gaze when you should, and that will cleere
your sight.

Ant. As good to winke sweet loue, as looke on night.

Luc. Why call you me loue? Call my sister so.

Ant. Thy sisters sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. No: it is thy selfe, mine owne selves better part:
Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deerer heart;
My foode, my fortune, and my sweet hopes aime;
My sole earths heauen, and my heauens claime.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. Call thy selfe sister sweet, for I am thee:
Thee will I loue, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Giue me thy hand.

Luc. Oh soft sir, hold you still:
Ile fetch my sister to get her good will.

Exit.

Enter Dromio, Siracusia.

Ant. Why how now *Dromio*, where run'st thou so
fast?

S.Dro. Doe you know me sir? Am I *Dromio*? Am I
your man? Am I my selfe?

Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art
thy selfe.

Dro. I am an asse, I am a womans man, and besides
my selfe.

Ant. What womans man? and how besides thy
selfe?

Dro. Marrie sir, besides my selfe, I am due to a woman:
One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will
haue me.

[Page H4v]

Anti. What claime laies she to thee?

Dro. Marry sir, such claime as you would lay to your
horse, and she would haue me as a beast, not that I bee-
ing a beast she would haue me, but that she being a ve-
rie beastly creature layes claime to me.

Anti. What is she?

Dro. A very reuerent body: I such a one, as a man
may not speake of, without he say sir reuerence, I haue
but leane lucke in the match, and yet is she a wondrous
fat marriage.

Anti. How dost thou meane a fat marriage?

Dro. Marry sir, she's the Kitchin wench, & al grease,
and I know not what vse to put her too, but to make a
Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I
warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne
a *Poland* Winter: If she liues till doomesday, she'l burne
a weeke longer then the whole World.

Anti. What complexion is she of?

Dro. Swart like my shoo, but her face nothing like
so cleane kept: for why? she sweats a man may goe o-uer-shoes
in the grime of it.

Anti. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. No sir, 'tis in graine, *Noahs* flood could not
do it.

Anti. What's her name?

Dro. *Nell* Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's
an Ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip
to hip.

Anti. Then she beares some bredth?

Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hippe: she is sphericall, like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.

Anti. In what part of her body stands *Ireland*?

Dro. Marry sir in her buttockes, I found it out by the bogges.

Ant. Where *Scotland*?

Dro. I found it by the barrennesse, hard in the palme of the hand.

Ant. Where *France*?

Dro. In her forehead, arm'd and reuerted, making warre against her heire.

Ant. Where *England*?

Dro. I look'd for the chalkle Cliffes, but I could find no whitenesse in them. But I guesse, it stood in her chin by the salt rheume that ranne betweene *France*, and it.

Ant. Where *Spaine*?

Dro. Faith I saw it not: but I felt it hot in her breth.

Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies*?

Dro. Oh sir, vpon her nose, all ore embellished with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aspect to the hot breath of Spaine, who sent whole Armadoes of Carrects to be ballast at her nose.

Anti. Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

Dro. Oh sir, I did not looke so low. To conclude, this drudge or Diuiner layd claime to mee, call'd mee *Dromio*, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what priuie markes I had about mee, as the marke of my shoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme, 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 steele, she had transform'd me to a Curtull dog, & made me turne i'th wheele.

Anti. Go hie thee presently, post 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 knowes vs, and we know none,
'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.

Dro. As from a Beare a man would run for life,
So flie I from her that would be my wife.

Exit

Anti. There's none but Witches do inhabite heere,
And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence:
She that doth call me husband, euen my soule
Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire sister
Possest with such a gentle soueraigne grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me Traitor to my selfe:
But least my selfe be guilty to selfe wrong,
Ile stop mine eares against the Mermaids song.

Enter Angelo with the Chaine.

Ang. Mr *Antipholus*.

Anti. I that's my name.

Ang. I know it well sir, loe here's the chaine,
I thought to haue tane you at the *Porpentine*,
The chaine vnfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Anti. What is your will that I shal do with this?

Ang. What please your selfe sir: I haue made it for
you.

Anti. Made it for me sir, 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 Ile visit you,
And then receiue my money for the chaine.

Anti. I pray you sir receiue the money now.
For feare you ne're see chaine, nor mony more.

Ang. You are a merry man sir, fare you well.

Exit.

Ant. What I should thinke of this, I cannot tell:
But this I thinke, there's no man is so vaine,
That would refuse so faire an offer'd Chaine.
I see a man heere needs not liue by shifts,
When in the streets he meetes such Golden gifts:
Ile to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* stay,
If any ship put out, then straight away.

Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scoena Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldsmith, and an Officer.

Mar. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I haue not much importun'd you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Persia*, and want Gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or Ile attach you by this Officer.

Gold. Euen iust the sum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by *Antipholus*,
And in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a Chaine, at fiue a clocke
I shall receiue the money for the same:
Pleaseth you walke with me downe to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thanke you too.

Enter Antipholus Ephes. Dromio from the Courtizans.

Offi. That labour may you saue: See where he comes.

Ant. While I go to the Goldsmiths house, go thou
And buy a ropes end, that will I bestow
Among my wife, and their confederates,
For locking me out of my doores by day:

[Page H5]

But soft 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 trusts 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. Sauing your merrie humor: here's the note
How much your Chaine weighs to the vtmost charect,
The finenesse of the Gold, and chargefull fashion,
Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more
Then I stand debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to Sea, and stayes but for it.

Anti. I am not furnish'd with the present monie:
Besides I haue some businesse in the towne,
Good Signior take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife
Disburse the summe, on the receit thereof,
Perchance I will be there as soone as you.

Gold. Then you will bring the Chaine to her your
selfe.

Anti. No beare it with you, least I come not time e-
nough.

Gold. Well sir, I will? Haue you the Chaine about
you?

Ant. And if I haue not sir, I hope you haue:
Or else you may returne without your money.

Gold. Nay come I pray you sir, giue me the Chaine:
Both winde and tide stayes for this Gentleman,
And I too blame haue held him heere too long.

Anti. Good Lord, you vse this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the *Porpentine*,
I should haue chid you for not bringing it,
But like a shrew you first begin to brawle.

Mar. The houre steales on, I pray you sir dispatch.

Gold. You heare how he importunes me, the *Chaine*.

Ant. Why giue it to my wife, and fetch your mony.

Gold. Come, come, you know I gaue it you euen now.
Either send the *Chaine*, or send me by some token.

Ant. Fie, 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 say, whe'r you'l answer me, or no:
If not, Ile leaue him to the Officer.

Ant. I answer you? What should I answer you.

Gold. The monie that you owe me for the *Chaine*.

Ant. I owe you none, till I receiue the *Chaine*.

Gold. You know I gaue it you halfe an houre since.

Ant. You gaue me none, you wrong mee much to
say so.

Gold. You wrong me more sir in denying it.
Consider how it stands vpon my credit.

Mar. Well Officer, arrest him at my suite.

Offi. I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to o-
bey me.

Gold. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer.

Ant. Consent to pay thee that I neuer had:
Arrest me foolish fellow if thou dar'st.

Gold. Heere is thy fee, arrest him Officer.
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorne me so apparantly.

Offic. I do arrest you sir, you heare the suite.

Ant. I do obey thee, till I giue 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 haue Law in *Ephesus*,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio Sira. from the Bay.

Dro. Master, there's a Barke of *Epidamium*,
That staies but till her Owner comes aboard,
And then sir she beares away. Our fraughtage sir,
I haue conuei'd aboard, and I haue bought
The Oyle, the *Balsamum*, and Aqua-vitae.
The ship is in her trim, the merrie winde
Blowes faire from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Master, and your selfe.

An. How now? a Madman? Why thou peeuish sheep
What ship of *Epidamium* staies for me.

S.Dro. A ship you sent me too, to hier waftage.

Ant. Thou drunken slaue, 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 soone,
You sent me to the Bay sir, for a Barke.

Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your eares to list me with more heede:
To *Adriana* Villaine hie thee straight:
Giue her this key, and tell her in the Deske
That's couer'd o're with Turkish Tapistrie,
There is a purse of Duckets, let her send it:
Tell her, I am arrested in the streete,
And that shall baile me: hie thee slaue, be gone,
On Officer to prison, till it come.

Exeunt

S.Dromio. To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabell did claime me for her husband,
She is too bigge I hope for me to compasse,

Thither I must, although against my will:
For seruants must their Masters mindes fulfill.

Exit

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceiue austeerely in his eie,
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no:
Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?
What obseruation mad'st thou in this case?
Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.

Luc. First he deni'de you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant he did me none: the more my spight

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger heere.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworne hee
were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That loue I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what perswasion did he tempt thy loue?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might moue.
First, he did praise my beautie, then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speake him faire?

Luc. Haue patience I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me still.
My tongue, though not my heart, shall haue his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapelesse euery where:
Vicious, vngentle, foolish, blunt, vnkinde,
Stigmaticall in making worse in minde.

Luc. Who would be iealous then of such a one?
No euill lost is wail'd, when it is gone.

[Page H5v]

Adr. Ah but I thinke him better then I say:
And yet would herein others eies were worse:
Farre from her nest the Lapwing cries away;
My heart praies for him, though my tongue doe curse.

Enter S.Dromio.

Dro. Here goe: the deske, the purse, sweet now make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

S.Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy Master *Dromio*? Is he well?

S.Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse then hell:
A diuell in an euerlasting garment hath him;
On whose hard heart is button'd vp with steele:
A Feind, a Fairie, pittillesse and ruffe:
A Wolfe, nay worse, a fellow all in buffe:
A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counterma[n]ds
The passages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,
One that before the Iudgme[n]t carries poore soules to hel.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter?

S.Dro. I doe not know the matter, hee is rested on the case.

Adr. What is he arrested? tell me at whose suite?

S.Dro. I know not at whose suite he is arested well;
but is in a suite of buffe which rested him, that can I tell,
will you send him Mistris redemption, the monie in his deske.

Adr. Go fetch it Sister: this I wonder at.
Thus he vnknowne to me should be in debt:
Tell me, was he arested on a band?

Exit Luciana.

S.Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:
A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring.

Adria. What, the chaine?

S.Dro. No, no, the bell, 'tis 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.Dro. Oh yes, if any houre meete a Serieant, a turnes
backe for verie feare.

Adri. As if time were in debt: how fondly do'st thou
reason?

S.Dro. Time is a verie bankerout, and owes more then
he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a theefe too: haue you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If I be in debt and theft, and a Serieant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turne backe an houre in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go *Dromio*, there's the monie, beare it straight,
And bring thy Master home imediately.
Come sister, I am prest downe with conceit:
Conceit, my comfort and my iniurie.

Exit.

Enter Antipholus Siracusia.

There's not a man I meete but doth salute 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 giue me thankses for kindnesses;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.
Euen now a tailor cal'd me in his shop,
And show'd me Silkes that he had bought for me,
And therewithall tooke measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginarie wiles,
And lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Enter Dromio. Sir.

S.Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: what
haue you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?

Ant. What gold is this? What *Adam* do'st thou meane?

S.Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradise: but that *Adam* that keepes the prison; hee that goes in the calues-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: hee that came behinde you sir, like an euill angel, and bid you forsake your libertie.

Ant. I vnderstand thee not.

S.Dro. No? why 'tis a plaine case: he that went like a Base-Viole in a case of leather; the man sir, that when gentlemen are tired giues them a sob, and rests them: he sir, that takes pittie on decaied men, and giues them suites of durance: he that sets vp his rest to doe more exploits with his Mace, then a Moris Pike.

Ant. What thou mean'st an officer?

S.Dro. I sir, the Serieant of the Band: he that brings any man to answer it that breakes his Band: one that thinkes a man alwaies going to bed, and saies, God giue you good rest.

Ant. Well sir, there rest in your foolerie:
Is there any ships puts forth to night? may we be gone?

S.Dro. Why sir, I brought you word an houre since, that the Barke *Expedition* put forth to night, and then were you hindred by the Serieant to tarry for the *Hoy Delay*: Here are the angels that you sent for to deliuer you.

Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliuer vs from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met, well met, Master *Antipholus*:
I see sir you haue found the Gold-smith now:
Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day.

Ant. Sathan auoide, I charge thee tempt me not.

S.Dro. Master, is this Mistris *Sathan*?

Ant. It is the diuell.

S.Dro. Nay, she is worse, she is the diuels dam:
And here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and
thereof comes, that the wenches say God dam me, That's
as much to say, God make me a light wench: It is writ-
ten, they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an
effect of fire, and fire will burne: *ergo*, light wenches will
burne, come not neere her.

Cur. Your man and you are maruailous merrie sir.
Will you goe with me, wee'll mend our dinner here?

S.Dro. Master, if do expect spoon-meate, or bespeake
a long spoone.

Ant. Why *Dromio*?

S.Dro. Marrie he must haue a long spoone that must
eate with the diuell.

Ant. Auoid then fiend, what tel'st thou me of sup-ping?
Thou art, as you are all a sorceresse:
I coniure thee to leaue me, and be gon.

Cur. Giue me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis'd,
And Ile be gone sir, and not trouble you.

S.Dro. Some diuels aske but the parings of ones naile,
a rush, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-
stone: but she more couetous, wold haue a chaine: Ma-
ster be wise, and if you giue it her, the diuell will shake
her Chaine, and fright vs with it.

[Page H6]

Cur. I pray you sir my Ring, or else the Chaine,
I hope you do not meane to cheate me so?

Ant. Auant thou witch: Come *Dromio* let vs go.

S.Dro. Flie pride saies the Pea-cocke, Mistris that
you know.

Exit.

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholus* is mad,
Else 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 instance 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 hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke,
He rush'd into my house, and tooke perforce
My Ring away. This course I fittest choose,
For fortie Duckets is too much to loose.

Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a Iailor.

An. Feare me not man, I will not breake away,
Ile giue thee ere I leaue thee so much money
To warrant thee as I am rested for.
My wife is in a wayward moode to day,
And will not lightly trust the Messenger,
That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*,
I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her eares.

Enter Dromio Eph. with a ropes end.

Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie.
How now sir? Haue you that I sent you for?

E.Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

Anti. But where's the Money?

E.Dro. Why sir, I gaue the Monie for the Rope.

Ant. Fiue hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?

E.Dro. Ile serue you sir fiue hundred at the rate.

Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E.Dro. To a ropes end sir, and to that end am I re-turn'd.

Ant. And to that end sir, I will welcome you.

Offi. Good sir be patient.

E.Dro. Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in aduersitie.

Offi. Good now hold thy tongue.

E.Dro. Nay, rather perswade him to hold his hands.

Anti. Thou whoreson senselesse Villaine.

E.Dro. I would I were senselesse sir, that I might not feele your blowes.

Anti. Thou art sensible in nothing but blowes, and so is an Asse.

E.Dro. I am an Asse indeede, you may prooue it by my long eares. I haue serued him from the houre of my Natiuitie to this instant, and haue nothing at his hands for my seruice but blowes. When I am cold, he heates me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleepe, rais'd with it when I sit, driuen 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 woont her brat: and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I shall begge with it from doore to doore.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtizan, and a Schoole-master, call'd Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yonder.

E.Dro. Mistris *respice finem*, respect your end, or rather the prophesie like the Parrat, beware the ropes end.

Anti. Wilt thou still talke?

Beats Dro.

Curt. How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

Adri. His inciuiltie confirmes no lesse:
Good Doctor *Pinch*, you are a Coniurer,
Establish him in his true sence againe,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas how fiery, and how sharpe he lookes.

Cur. Marke, how he trembles in his extasie.

Pinch. Giue me your hand, and let mee feelee your pulse.

Ant. There is my hand, and let it feelee your eare.

Pinch. I charge thee Sathan, hous'd within this man,
To yeeld possession to my holie praiers,
And to thy state of darknesse hie thee straight,
I coniure thee by all the Saints in heauen.

Anti. Peace doting wizzard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh that thou wer't not, poore distressed soule.

Anti. You Minion you, are these your Customers?
Did this Companion with the saffron face
Reuell and feast it at my house to day,
Whil'st vpon me the guiltie doores were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house.

Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home
Where would you had remain'd vntill this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame.

Anti. Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what sayest thou?

Dro. Sir sooth to say, 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.

Anti. And did not she her selfe reuile me there?

Dro. *Sans* Fable, she her selfe reuil'd you there.

Anti. Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and scorne me?

Dro. *Certis* she did, the kitchin vestall scorn'd you.

Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. In veritie you did, my bones beares witnesse,
That since haue felt the vigor of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame, the fellow finds his vaine,
And yeelding to him, humors well his frensie.

Ant. Thou hast subborn'd the Goldsmith to arrest
mee.

Adr. Alas, I sent you Monie to redeeme you,
By *Dromio* heere, who came in hast for it.

Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might,
But surely Master not a ragge of Monie.

Ant. Wentst not thou to her for a purse of Duckets.

Adri. He came to me, and I deliuer'd it.

Luci. And I am witnesse with her that she did:

Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witnesse,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistris, both Man and Master is possest,
I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,
They must be bound and laide in some darke roome.

Ant. Say wherefore didst thou locke me forth to day,
And why dost thou denie the bagge of gold?

Adr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.

Dro. And gentle Mr I receiu'd no gold:
But I confesse sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling Villain, thou speak'st false in both

Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned packe,
To make a loathsome abiect scorne of me:
But with these nailes, Ile plucke out these false eyes,
That would behold in me this shamefull sport.

Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him:
Hee striues.

Adr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come
neere me.

Pinch. More company, the fiend is strong within him

Luc. Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.

[Page H6v]

Ant. What will you murder me, thou lailor thou?
I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them to make a rescue?

Offi. Masters let him go: he is my prisoner, and you shall not haue him.

Pinch. Go binde this man, for he is franticke too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeuish Officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himselfe?

Offi. 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,
Beare me forthwith vnto his Creditor,
And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it.
Good Master Doctor see him safe conuey'd
Home to my house, oh most vnhappy day.

Ant. Oh most unhappie strumpet.

Dro. Master, I am heere 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 Master, cry the diuell.

Luc. God helpe poore soules, how idly they talke.

Adr. Go beare him hence, sister go you with me:
Say now, whose suite is he arrested at?

Exeunt. Manet Offic. Adri. Luci. Courtizan

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 growes it due.

Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeake a Chain for me, but had it not.

Cur. 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 Chaîne.

Adr. It may be so, but I did neuer see it.
Come Iailor, bring me where the Goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth heereof at large.

*Enter Antipholus Siracusia with his Rapier drawne,
and Dromio Sirac.*

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are loose againe.

Adr. And come with naked swords,
Let's call more helpe to haue them bound againe.

Runne all out.

Off. Away, they'l kill vs.

Exeunt omnes, as fast as may be, frightened.

S.Ant. I see these Witches are affraid of swords.

S.Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from
you.

Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our stuffe from
thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. Faith stay heere this night, they will surely do
vs no harme: you saw they speake vs faire, giue vs gold:
me thinkes they are such a gentle Nation, that but for
the Mountaine of mad flesh that claimes mariage of me,
I could finde in my heart to stay heere still, and turne
Witch.

Ant. I will not stay to night for all the Towne,
Therefore away, to get our stuffe aboard.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus. Scoena Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldsmith.

Gold. I am sorry Sir that I haue hindred you,
But I protest he had the Chaîne of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth denie it.

Mar. How is the man esteem'd heere in the Citie?

Gold. Of very reuerent reputation sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belou'd,
Second to none that liues heere in the Citie:
His word might beare my wealth at any time.

Mar. Speake softly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio againe.

Gold. 'Tis so: and that selfe chaîne about his necke,
Which he forswore most monstrously to haue.
Good sir draw neere to me, Ile speake to him:
Signior *Antipholus*, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,
And not without some scandall to your selfe,
With circumstance and oaths, so to denie
This Chaîne, which now you weare so openly.
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You haue done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for staying on our Controuersie,
Had hoisted saile, and put to sea to day:
This Chaîne you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. I thinke I had, I neuer did deny it.

Mar. Yes that you did sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. Who heard me to denie it or forswear it?

Mar. These eares of mine thou knowst did hear thee:
Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pittie that thou liu'st
To walke where any honest men resort.

Ant. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,
Ile proue mine honor, and mine honestie
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand:

Mar. I dare and do defie thee for a villaine.

They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, & others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God sake, he is mad,
Some get within him, take his sword away:
Binde *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 spoyl'd.

Exeunt to the Priorie.

[Page 11]

Enter Ladie Abbesse.

Ab. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poore distracted husband hence,
Let vs come in, that we may binde him fast,
And beare him home for his recouerie.

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 beene heauie, sower sad,
And much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoone his passion
Ne're brake into extremity of rage.

Ab. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea,
Buried some deere friend, hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in vnlawfull loue,
A sinne preuailing much in youthfull men,
Who giue their eies the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrowes is he subiect too?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some loue that drew him oft from home.

Ab. You should for that haue reprehended him.

Adr. Why so I did.

Ab. I but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modestie would let me.

Ab. Haply in priuate.

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 vrging it,
At boord he fed not for my vrging it:
Alone, it was the subiect of my Theame:
In company I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him, it was vilde and bad.

Ab. And thereof came it, that the man was mad.

The venome clamors of a iealous woman,
Poisons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.
It seemes his sleepes were hindred by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou saist his meate was sawc'd with thy vpbraidings,
Vnquiet meales make ill digestions,
Thereof the raging fire of feauer bred,
And what's a Feauer, but a fit of madnesse?
Thou sayest his sports were hindred by thy bralles.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue
But moodie and dull melancholly,
Kinsman to grim and comfortlesse dispaire,
And at her heeles a huge infectious troope
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preseruing rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy iealous fits
Hath scar'd thy husband from the vse of wits.

Luc. She neuer reprehended him but mildely,
When he demean'd himselfe, rough, rude, and wildly,
Why beare you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adri. She did betray me to my owne reproofe,
Good people enter, and lay hold on him.

Ab. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Ad. Then let your seruants bring my husband forth

Ab. Neither: he tooke this place for sanctuary,
And it shall priuiledge him from your hands,
Till I haue brought him to his wits againe,

Or loose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sicknesse, for it is my Office,
And will haue no attorney but my selfe,
And therefore let me haue him home with me.

Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him stirre,
Till I haue vs'd the approoued meanes I haue,
With wholsome sirrups, drugges, and holy prayers
To make of him a formall man againe:
It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,
A charitable dutie of my order,
Therefore depart, and leaue him heere with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leaue my husband heere:
And ill it doth beseeme your holinesse
To separate the husband and the wife.

Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not haue him.

Luc. Complaine vnto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feete,
And neuer rise vntill my teares and prayers
Haue won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbesse.

Mar. By this I thinke the Diall points at foue:
Anon I'me sure the Duke himselfe in person
Comes this way to the melancholly vale;
The place of depth, and sorrie execution,
Behinde the ditches of the Abbey heere.

Gold. Vpon what cause?

Mar. To see a reuerent *Siracusian* Merchant,
Who put vnluckily into this Bay
Against the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,
Beheaded publikely for his offence.

Gold. See where they come, we wil behold his death

Luc. Kneele to the Duke before he passe the Abbey.

*Enter the Duke of Ephesus, and the Merchant of Siracuse
bare head, with the Headsman, & other
Officers.*

Duke. Yet once againe proclaime it publikely,
If any friend will pay the summe for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Iustice most sacred Duke against the Abbesse.

Duke. She is a vertuous and a reuerend Lady,
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your Grace, *Antipholus* my husba[n]d,
Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,
At your important Letters this ill day,
A most outrageous fit of madnesse tooke him:
That desp'rately he hurried through the streete,
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the Citizens,
By rushing in their houses: bearing thence
Rings, Jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whil'st to take order for the wrongs I went,
That heere and there his furie had committed,
Anon I wot not, by what strong escape
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himselfe,
Each one with irefull passion, with drawne swords
Met vs againe, and madly bent on vs
Chac'd vs away: till raising of more aide
We came againe to binde them: then they fled
Into this Abbey, whether we pursu'd them,
And heere the Abbesse shuts the gates on vs,
And will not suffer vs to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may beare him hence.
Therefore most gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.

[Page II v]

Duke. Long since thy husband seru'd me in my wars
And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,
When thou didst 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 Abbesse come to me:
I will determine this before I stirre.

Enter a Messenger.

Oh Mistris, Mistris, shift and saue your selfe,
My Master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whose beard they haue sindg'd off with brands of fire,
And euer as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pailles of puddled myre to quench the haire;
My Mr preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Cizers nickes him like a foole:
And sure (vnlesse you send some present helpe)
Betweene them they will kill the Coniurer.

Adr. Peace foole, thy Master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to vs.

Mess. Mistris, vpon my life I tel you true,
I haue not breath'd almost since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vowes if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

Cry within.

Harke, harke, I heare him Mistris: flie, be gone.

Duke. Come stand by me, feare nothing: guard with
Halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband: witnesse you,
That he is borne about inuisible,
Euen now we hous'd him in the Abbey heere.
And now he's there, past thought of humane reason.

Enter Antipholus, and E.Dromio of Ephesus.

E.Ant. Iustice most gracious Duke, oh grant me iustice,
Euen for the seruice that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepe scarres to saue thy life; euen for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me iustice.

Mar.Fat. Vnlesse the feare of death doth make me
dote, I see my sonne *Antipholus* and *Dromio*.

E.Ant. Iustice (sweet Prince) against that Woman there:
She whom thou gau'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonored me,
Euen in the strength and height of iniurie:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shamelesse throwne on me.

Duke. Discouer how, and thou shalt finde me iust.

E.Ant. This day (great Duke) she shut the doores
vpon me,
While she with Harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A greeuous fault: say woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No my good Lord. My selfe, he, and my sister,
To day did dine together: so befall my soule,
As this is false he burthens me withall.

Luc. Nere may I looke on day, nor sleepe on night,
But she tels to your Highnesse simple truth.

Gold. O periur'd woman! They are both forsworne,
In this the Madman iustly chargeth them.

E.Ant. My Liege, I am aduised what I say,
Neither disturbed with the effect of Wine,
Nor headie-rash prouoak'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That Goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could wnesse it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where *Balthasar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
I went to seeke him. In the street I met him,
And in his companie that Gentleman.
There did this periur'd Goldsmith sweare me downe,
That I this day of him receiu'd the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I saw not. For the which,
He did arrest me with an Officer.

I did obey, and sent my Pesant home
 For certaine Duckets: he with none return'd.
 Then fairely I bespoke the Officer
 To go in person with me to my house.
 By'th' way, we met my wife, her sister, and a rabble more
 Of vilde Confederates: Along with them
 They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine;
 A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,
 A thred-bare Iugler, and a Fortune-teller,
 A needy-hollow-ey'd-sharpe-looking-wretch;
 A liuing dead man. This pernicious slaue,
 Forsooth tooke on him as a Coniurer:
 And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no-face (as 'twere) out-facing me,
 Cries out, I was possest. Then altogether
 They fell vpon me, bound me, bore me thence,
 And in a darke and dankish vault at home
 There left me and my man, both bound together,
 Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
 I gain'd my freedome; and immediately
 Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beseech
 To giue me ample satisfaction
 For these deepe shames, and great indignities.

Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnes with him:
 That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a Chaîne of thee, or no?

Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,
 These people saw the Chaîne about his necke.

Mar. Besides, I will be sworne these eares of mine,
 Heard you confesse you had the Chaîne of him,
 After you first forswore it on the Mart,
 And thereupon I drew my sword on you:
 And then you fled into this Abbey heere,
 From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle.

E.Ant. I neuer came within these Abbey wals,
 Nor euer didst thou draw thy sword on me:
 I neuer saw the Chaîne, so helpe me heauen:
 And this is false you burthen me withall.

Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this?
I thinke you all haue drunke of *Circes* cup:
If heere you hous'd him, heere he would haue bin.
If he were mad, he would not pleade so coldly:
You say he din'd at home, the Goldsmith heere
Denies that saying. Sirra, what say you?

E.Dro. Sir he din'de with her there, at the Porpen-
tine.

Cur. He did, and from my finger snacht that Ring.

E.Anti. Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the Abbey heere?

Curt. As sure (my Liege) as I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why this is straunge: Go call the Abbesse hi-
ther.

I thinke you are all mated, or starke mad.

[Page 12]

Exit one to the Abbesse.

Fa. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will saue my life,
And pay the sum that may deliuer me.

Duke. Speake freely *Siracusan* what thou wilt.

Fath. Is not your name sir call'd *Antipholus*?
And is not that your bondman *Dromio*?

E.Dro. Within this houre I was his bondman sir,
But he I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man, vnbound.

Fath. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. Our selues we do remember sir by you:
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not *Pinches* patient, are you sir?

Father. Why looke you strange on me? you know
me well.

E.Ant. I neuer saw you in my life till now.

Fa. Oh! grieffe hath chang'd me since you saw me last,
And carefull houres with times deformed hand,
Haue written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. Neither.

Fa. *Dromio*, nor thou?

Dro. No trust me sir, nor I.

Fa. I am sure thou dost?

E.Dromio. I sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to beleeeue him.

Fath. Not know my voice, oh times extremity
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poore tongue
In seuen short yeares, that heere my onely sonne
Knowes not my feeble key of vntun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming Winters drizled snow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp:
Yet hath my night of life some memorie:
My wasting lampes some fading glimmer left;
My dull deafe eares a little vse to heare:
All these old witnesses, I cannot erre.
Tell me, thou art my sonne *Antipholus*.

Ant. I neuer saw my Father in my life.

Fa. But seuen yeares since, in *Siracusa* boy
Thou know'st we parted, but perhaps my sonne,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in miserie.

Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witnesse with me that it is not so.
I ne're saw *Siracusa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee *Siracusan*, twentie yeares
Haue I bin Patron to *Antipholus*,
During which time, he ne're saw *Siracusa*:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Enter the Abbesse with Antipholus Siracusa,
and Dromio Sir.*

Abbesse. Most mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

All gather to see them.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceiue me.

Duke. One of these men is *genius* to the other:
And so of these, which is the naturall man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers 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 Master, who hath bound him heere?

Abb. Who euer bound him, I will lose his bonds,
And gaine a husband by his libertie:
Speake olde *Egeon*, if thou bee'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd *Aemilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two faire sonnes?
Oh if thou bee'st the same *Egeon*, speake:
And speake vnto the same *Aemilia*.

Duke. Why heere begins his Morning storie right:
These two *Antipholus*, these two so like,
And these two *Dromio*'s, one in semblance:
Besides her vrging of her wracke at sea,
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Fa. If I dreame not, thou art *Aemilia*,
If thou art she, tell me, where is that sonne
That floated with thee on the fatall rafte.

Abb. By men of *Epidamium*, he, and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken vp;
But by and by, rude Fishermen of *Corinth*
By force tooke *Dromio*, and my sonne from them,
And me they left with those of *Epidamium*.
What then became of them, I cannot tell:
I, to this fortune that you see mee in.

Duke. *Antipholus* thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.

S.Ant. No sir, not I, I came from *Siracuse*.

Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.

E.Ant. I came from *Corinth* my most gracious Lord

E.Dro. And I with him.

E.Ant. Brought to this Town by that most famous
Warriour,
Duke *Menaphon* your most renowned Vnckle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?

S.Ant. I, gentle Mistris.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

E.Ant. No, I say nay to that.

S.Ant. And so do I, yet did she call me so:
And this faire Gentlewoman her sister heere
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I shall haue leisure to make good,
If this be not a dreame I see and heare.

Goldsmith. That is the Chaine sir, which you had of
mee.

S.Ant. I thinke it be sir, I denie it not.

E.Ant. And you sir for this Chaine arrested me.

Gold. I thinke I did sir, I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you monie sir to be your baile
By *Dromio*, but I thinke he brought it not.

E.Dro. No, none by me.

S.Ant. This purse of Duckets I receiu'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:
I see we still did meete each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors are arose.

E.Ant. These Duckets pawne I for my father heere.

Duke. It shall not neede, thy father hath his life.

Cur. Sir I must 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 heare at large discoursed all our fortunes,
And all that are assembled in this place:
That by this simpathized one daies error
Haue suffer'd wrong. Goe, keepe vs companie,
And we shall make full satisfaction.
Thirtie three yeares haue I but gone in trauaile
Of you my sonnes, and till this present houre
My heauie burthen are deliuered:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Natiuity,
Go to a Gossips feast, and go with mee,
After so long greefe such Natiuitie.

[Page 12v]

Duke. With all my heart, Ile Gossip at this feast.

*Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and
two Brothers.*

S.Dro. Mast[er]. shall I fetch your stuffe from shipbord?

E.An. Dromio, what stuffe of mine hast thou imbarkt

S.Dro. Your goods that lay at host sir 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 shall be my sister, not my wife,

E.D. Me thinks you are my glasse, & not my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth,
Will you walke in to see their gossipping?

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 first.

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.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Leonato Gouvernour of Messina, Innogen his wife, He-ro his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a messenger.

Leonato. I learne in this Letter, that *Don Peter* of *Arra-gon*, 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 haue 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 Pe-ter* hath bestowed much honor on a yong *Florentine*, called *Claudio*.

Mess. Much deseru'd on his part, and equally remembred by *Don Pedro*, he hath borne himselfe beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better bettred expectation, then you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an Vnckle heere in *Messina*, wil be very much glad of it.

Mess. I haue alreadie deliuered him letters, and there appeares much ioy in him, euen so much, that ioy could not shew it selfe modest enough, without a badg of bitterness.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Mess. In great measure.

Leo. A kinde ouerflow of kindnesse, there are no faces truer, then those that are so wash'd, how much better is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping?

Bea. I pray you, is Signior *Mountanto* 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 aske for Neece?

Hero. My cousin meanes Signior Benedick of *Padua*

Mess. O he's return'd, and as pleasant as euer he was.

Beat. He set vp his bils here in *Messina*, & challeng'd Cupid at the Flight: and my Vnckles foole reading the Challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd 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 promis'd to eate all of his killing.

Leon. 'Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but hee'l be meete with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good seruice Lady in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victuall, and he hath holpe to ease it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent stomacke.

Mess. And a good souldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good souldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Mess. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, stuft with all honourable vertues.

Beat. It is so indeed, he is no lesse then a stuft man: but for the stuffing well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You must not (sir) mistake my Neece, there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick, & her: they neuer meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Bea. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, foure of his fiue wits went halting off, and now is the whole man gouern'd with one: so that if hee haue wit enough to keepe himselfe warme, let him beare it

for a difference betweene himselfe and his horse: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath euery month a new sworne brother.

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he weares his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it euer changes with the next block.

Mess. I see (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your bookes.

Bea. 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 presently mad. God helpe the noble *Claudio*, if hee haue caught the Benedict, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Bea. Do good friend.

Leo. You'l ne're run mad Neece.

Bea. No, not till a hot Ianuary.

Mess. *Don Pedro* is approach'd.

*Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balthasar,
and Iohn the bastard.*

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to auoid cost, 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 happinesse 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 Benedicke, no, for then were you a childe.

Pedro. You haue it full Benedicke, we may ghesse by this, what you are, being a man, truely the Lady fathers her selfe: be happie Lady, for you are like an honorable father.

Ben. If Signior *Leonato* be her father, she would not haue his head on her shoulders for al Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedicke, no body markes you.

Ben. What my deere Ladie Disdaine! are you yet liuing?

Beat. Is it possible Disdaine should die, while shee hath such meete foode to feede it, as Signior Benedicke? Curtesie it selfe must conuert to Disdaine, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is curtesie a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am loued of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truely I loue none.

Beat. A deere happinesse to women, they would else haue beene troubled with a pernitious Suter, I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my Dog barke at a Crow, than a man sweare he loues me.

Bene. God keepe your Ladiship still in that minde, so some Gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. Scratching 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 continuer, but keepe your way a Gods name, I haue done.

Beat. You alwaies end with a Iades tricke, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the summe of all: *Leonato*, signior *Clau-dio*, and signior *Benedicke*; my deere friend *Leonato*, hath inuited you all, I tell him we shall stay here, at the least a moneth, and he heartily praies some occasion may detain vs longer: I dare sweare hee is no hypocrite, but praies from his heart.

Leon. If you sweare, my Lord, you shall not be forsworne, let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all duetie.

Iohn. 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. Manet Benedicke and Claudio.

Clau. *Benedicke*, didst thou note the daughter of signior *Leonato*?

Bene. I noted her not, but I lookt on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest yong Ladie?

Bene. Doe you question me as an honest man should doe, for my simple true iudgement? or would you haue me speake after my custome, as being a professed tyrant to their sexe?

Clau. No, I pray thee speake in sober iudgement.

Bene. Why yfaith me thinks shee'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 shee other then she is, she were vnhandsome, and being no other, but as she is, I doe not like her.

Clau. Thou think'st I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truely how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buie her, that you enquier after her?

Clau. Can the world buie such a iewell?

Ben. Yea, and a case to put it into, but speake you this with a sad brow? Or doe you play the flowting iacke, to tell vs Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, in what key shall a man take you to goe in the song?

Clau. 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 cosin, and she were not possest with a furie, exceedes her as much in beautie, as the first of Maie doth the last of December: but I hope you haue no intent to turne husband, haue you?

Clau. I would scarce trust my selfe, though I had sworne the contrarie, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Bene. Ist come to this? in faith hath not the world one man but he will weare his cap with suspition? shall I neuer see a batcheller of three score againe? goe to yfaith, and thou wilt needes thrust thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and sigh away sunndaies: looke, *don Pedro* is returned to seeke you.

Enter don Pedro, Iohn the bastard.

Pedr. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to *Leonatoes*?

Bened. I would your Grace would constraine mee to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Ben. You heare, Count *Claudio*, I can be secret as a dumbe man, I would haue you thinke so (but on my allegiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) hee is in loue, With who? now that is your Graces part: marke how short his answere is, with *Hero*, *Leonatoes* short daughter.

Clau. 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.

Clau. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you loue her, for the Ladie is verie well worthie.

Clau. You speake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedr. By my troth I speake my thought.

Clau. And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Bened. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speake mine.

Clau. That I loue her, I feelee.

Pedr. That she is worthie, I know.

Bened. That I neither feelee how shee should be loued, nor know how shee should be worthie, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the stake.

Pedr. Thou wast euer an obstinate heretique in the despight of Beautie.

Clau. And neuer could maintaine his part, but in the force of his will

[Page 14]

**Ben.* That a woman conceiued me, I thanke her: that she brought mee vp, I likewise giue her most humble thanks: but that I will haue a rechate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inuisible baldricke, all women shall pardon me: because I will not do them the

wrong to mistrust any, I will doe my selfe the right to trust none: and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the finer) I will liue a Batchellor.

Pedro. I shall see thee ere I die, looke pale with loue.

Bene. With anger, with sicknesse, or with hunger, my Lord, not with loue: proue that euer I loose more blood with loue, 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-house for the signe of blinde Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if euer thou doost fall from this faith, thou wilt proue a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, & shoot at me, and he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and cal'd *Adam*.

Pedro. Well, as time shall trie: In time the sauage Bull doth beare the yoake.

Bene. The sauage bull may, but if euer the sensible *Benedicke* beare it, plucke off the bulles hornes, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vildely painted, and in such great Letters as they write, heere is good horse to hire: let them signifie vnder my signe, here you may see *Benedicke* the married man.

Clau. If this should euer happen, thou wouldst bee horne mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid haue not spent all his Quiuer in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I looke for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the houres, in the meane time, good Signior *Benedicke*, repaire to *Leo-natoes*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile him at supper, for indeede he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I haue almost matter enough in me for such an Embassage, and so I commit you.

Clau. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it.

Pedro. The sixt of Iuly. Your louing friend, *Benedick*.

Bene. Nay mocke not, mocke not; the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guardes are but slightly basted on neither, ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leaue you.

Exit.

Clau. My Liege, your Highnesse 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 Lesson that may do thee good.

Clau. Hath *Leonato* any sonne my Lord?

Pedro. No childe but *Hero*, she's his onely heire.
Dost thou affect her *Claudio*?

Clau. O my Lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd vpon her with a souldiers eie,
That lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand,
Than to driue liking to the name of loue:
But now I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts
Haue left their places vacant: in their roomes,
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting mee how faire yong *Hero* is,
Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a louer presently,
And tire the hearer with a booke of words:
If thou dost loue faire *Hero*, cherish it,
And I will breake with her: wast not to this end,
That thou beganst to twist so fine a story?

Clau. How sweetly doe you minister to loue,
That know loues griefe by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sodaine seeme,
I would haue salu'd it with a longer treatise.

Ped. What need the bridge much broder then the flood?
The fairest graunt is the necessitie:
Looke what will serue, is fit: 'tis once, thou louest,
And I will fit thee with the remedie,
I know we shall haue reuelling to night,
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell faire *Hero* I am *Claudio*,
And in her bosome Ile vnclaspe my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong incounter of my amorous tale:
Then after, to her father will I breake,
And the conclusion is, shee shall be thine,
In practise let vs put it presently.

Exeunt.

Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato.

Leo. How now brother, where is my cosen your son:
hath he prouided this musicke?

Old. He is very busie about it, but brother, I can tell
you newes that you yet dreamt not of.

Lo. Are they good?

Old. As the euent stamps them, but they haue a good
couer: they shew well outward, the Prince and Count
Claudio walking in a thick pleached alley in my orchard,
were thus ouer-heard by a man of mine: the Prince dis-
couered to *Claudio* that hee loued my niece your daugh-
ter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance,
and if hee found her accordant, hee meant to take the
present time by the top, and instantly breake with you
of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Old. A good sharpe fellow, I will send for him, and
question him your selfe.

Leo. No, no; wee will hold it as a dreame, till it ap-
peare it selfe: but I will acquaint my daughter withall,
that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if per-
aduenture this bee true: goe you and tell her of it: coo-

sins, you know what you haue to doe, O I crie you mer-
cie friend, goe you with mee and I will vse your skill,
good cosin haue a care this busie time.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Iohn the Bastard, and Conrade his companion.

Con. What the good yeere my Lord, why are you
thus out of measure sad?

Ioh. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds,
therefore the sadnesse is without limit.

Con. You should heare reason.

Iohn. And when I haue heard it, what blessing brin-
geth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

Ioh. I wonder that thou (being as thou saist thou art,
borne vnder *Saturne*) goest about to apply a morall me-
dicine, to a mortifying mischiefe: I cannot hide what I
am: I must bee sad when I haue cause, and smile at no
mans iests, eat when I haue stomacke, and wait for no
mans leisure: sleepe when I am drowsie, and tend on no
mans businesse, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man
in his humor.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the ful show of this,
till you may doe it without controllment, you haue of
late stood out against your brother, and hee hath tane
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 needful that you frame the season for your
owne haruest.

Iohn. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a rose
in his grace, and it better fits my bloud to be disdain'd of
all, then to fashion a carriage to rob loue from any: in this
(though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man)
it must not be denied but I am a plaine dealing villaine, I
am trusted with a mussell, and enfranchisde with a clog,
therefore I haue decreed, not to sing in my cage: if I had
my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do

[Page I4v]

my liking: in the meane time, let me be that I am, and seeke not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no vse of your discontent?

Iohn. I will make all vse of it, for I vse 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 giue you intelligence of an intended marriage.

Iohn. Will it serue for any Modell to build mischief on? What is hee for a foole that betrothes himselfe to vnquietnesse?

Bor. Mary it is your brothers right hand.

Iohn. Who, the most exquisite *Claudio*?

Bor. Euen he.

Iohn. A proper squier, and who, and who, which way lookes he?

Bor. Mary on *Hero*, the daughter and Heire of *Leo-nato*.

Iohn. A very forward March-chicke, how came you to this:

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoa-king a musty roome, comes me the Prince and *Claudio*, hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt behind the Ar-ras, and there heard it agreed vpon, that the Prince should wooe *Hero* for himselfe, and hauing obtain'd her, giue her to Count *Claudio*.

Iohn. Come, come, let vs thither, this may proue food to my displeasure, that young start-vp hath all the glorie of my ouerthrow: if I can crosse him any way, I blesse my selfe euery way, you are both sure, and will assist mee?

Conr. To the death my Lord.

Iohn. Let vs to the great supper, their cheere is the greater that I am subdued, would the Cooke were of my minde: shall we goe proue whats to be done?

Bor. Wee'll wait vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, and a kinsman.

Leonato. Was not Count *Iohn* here at supper?

Brother. I saw him not.

Beatrice. How tartly that Gentleman lookes, I neuer can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an howre after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beatrice. Hee were an excellent man that were made iust in the mid-way betweene him and *Benedicke*, the one is too like an image and saies nothing, and the other too like my Ladies eldest sonne, euermore tatling.

Leon. Then halfe signior *Benedicks* tongue in Count *Iohns* mouth, and halfe Count *Iohns* melancholy in Signior *Benedicks* face.

Beat. With a good legge, and a good foot vnckle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would winne any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth Neece, thou wilt neuer get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Brother. Infaith shee's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more then curst, I shall lessen Gods sending that way: for it is said, God sends a curst Cow short hornes, but to a Cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no hornes.

Beat. Iust, if he send me no husband, for the which blessing, I am at him vpon my knees euery morning and euening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leonato. You may light vpon a husband that hath no beard.

Beatrice. What should I doe with him? dresse him in my apparell, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath no beard, is lesse then a man: and hee that is more then a youth, is not for mee: and he that is lesse then a man, I am not for him: therefore I will euen take sixepence in earnest of the Berrord, and leade his Apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, goe you into hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Deuill meete mee like an old Cuckold with hornes on his head, and say, get you to heauen *Beatrice*, get you to heauen, heere's no place for you maids, so deliuer I vp my Apes, and away to S[aint]. *Peter:* for the heauens, hee shewes mee where the Batchellers sit, and there liue wee as merry as the day is long.

Brother. Well neece, I trust you will be rul'd by your father.

Beatrice. Yes faith, it is my cosens dutie to make curtisie, and say, as it please you: but yet for all that cosin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make an other cursie, and say, father, as it please me.

Leonato. Well neece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice. Not till God make men of some other mettall then earth, would it not grieue a woman to be ouermastred with a peece of valiant dust: to make account of her life to a clod of waiward marle? no vnckle, ile none: *Adams* sonnes are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sinne to match in my kinred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you, if the Prince doe solicit you in that kinde, you know your an-

swere.

Beatrice. The fault will be in the musicke cosin, if you be not woe'd in good time: if the Prince bee too important, tell him there is measure in euery thing, & so dance out the answere, for heare me *Hero*, wooing, wedding, & repenting, is as a Scotch jigge, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suite is hot and hasty like a Scotch jigge (and full as fantastick) the wedding manerly modest, (as a measure) full of state & aunchentry, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sinkes into his graue.

[Page 15]

Leonato. Cosin you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beatrice. I haue a good eye vnckle, I can see a Church by daylight.

Leon. The reuellers are entring brother, make good roome.

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthasar, or dumbe Iohn, Maskers 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 especially 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 fauour, for God defend the Lute should be like the case.

Pedro. My visor is *Philemons* roofe, within the house is Loue.

Hero. Why then your visor should be thatcht.

Pedro. Speake low if you speake Loue.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Mar. So would not I for your owne sake, for I haue manie ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Mar. I say my prayers alowd.

Ben. I loue you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Mar. God match me with a good dauncer.

Balt. Amen.

Mar. And God keepe him out of my sight when the daunce is done: answer Clarke.

Balt. No more words, the Clarke is answered.

Vrsula. I know you well enough, you are Signior *An-thonio*.

Anth. At a word, I am not.

Vrsula. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Anth. To tell you true, I counterfet him.

Vrsu. You could neuer 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.

Vrsula. Come, come, doe you thinke I doe not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it selfe? goe to mumme, you are he, graces will appeare, 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 Signior *Benedicke* that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, beleue me.

Beat. Did he neuer make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why he is the Princes ieaster, a very dull foole, onely his gift is, in deuising impossible slanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his witte, but in his villanie, for hee both pleaseth 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 boarded me.

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do, hee'l but breake a comparison or two on me, which peraduenture (not markt, or not laugh'd at) strikes him into melancholly, and then there's a Partridge wing saued, for the foole will eate no supper that night. We must follow the Leaders.

Ben. In euery good thing.

Bea. Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leaue them at the next turning.

Exeunt.

Musicke for the dance.

Iohn. Sure my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one visor remaines.

Borachio. And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

Iohn. Are not you signior *Benedicke*?

Clau. You know me well, I am hee.

Iohn. Signior, you are verie neere my Brother in his loue, he is enamor'd on *Hero*, I pray you dissuade him from her, she is no equall for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claudio. How know you he loues her?

Iohn. I heard him sweare his affection.

Bor. So did I too, and he swore he would marrie her to night.

Iohn. Come, let vs to the banquet.

Ex. manet Clau.

Clau. Thus answer I in name of Benedicke,
But heare these ill newes with the eares of *Claudio*:
'Tis certaine so, the Prince woes for himselfe:
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Saue in the Office and affaires of loue:
Therefore all hearts in loue vse their owne tongues.
Let euerie eye negotiate for it selfe,
And trust no Agent: for beautie is a witch,
Against whose charmes, faith melteth into blood:
This is an accident of houely prooffe,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewell therefore *Hero*.

Enter Benedicke.

Ben. Count *Claudio*.

Clau. Yea, the same.

Ben. Come, will you goe with me?

Clau. Whither?

Ben. Euen to the next Willow, about your own businessse, Count. What fashion will you weare the Garland off? About your necke, like an Vsurers chaine? Or vnder your arme, like a Lieutenants scarfe? You must weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero*.

Clau. I wish him ioy of her.

Ben. Why that's spoken like an honest Drouier, so they sel Bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince wold haue serued you thus?

Clau. I pray you leaue me.

Ben. Ho now you strike like the blindman, 'twas the boy that stole your meate, and you'l beat the post.

Clau. If it will not be, Ile leaue you.

Exit.

Ben. Alas poore hurt fowle, now will he creepe into sedges: 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 so I am apt to do my selfe wrong: I am not so reputed, it is the base (though bitter) disposition of *Beatrice*, that putt's the world into her person, and so giues me out: well, Ile be reuenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you see him?

[Page 15v]

Bene. Troth my Lord, I haue played the part of Lady Fame, I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren, I told him, and I thinke, 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 forsaken, or to binde him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt, what's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a Schoole-boy, who being ouer-ioyed with finding a birds nest, shewes it his companion, and he steales it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

Ben. Yet it had not been amisse the rod had beene made, and the garland too, for the garland he might haue worne himselfe, and the rod hee might haue bestowed on you, who (as I take it) haue stolne his birds nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

Pedro. The Lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that daunst with her, told her shee is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O she misusde me past the indurance of a block: an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would haue answered her: my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her: shee told mee, not thinking I had beene my selfe, that I was the Princes Iester, and that I was duller then a great thaw, hudling iest vpon iest, with such impossible conueiance vpon me, that I stood like a man at a marke, with a whole army shooting at me: shee speakes poynyards, and euery word stabbes: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no liuing neere her, she would infect to the north starre: I would not marry her, though she were indowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgrest, she would haue made

Hercules haue turnd spit, yea, and haue cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you shall finde her the infernall Ate in good apparell. I would to God some scholler would coniure her, for certainly while she is heere, a man may liue as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary, and people sinne vpon purpose, because they would goe thither, so indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation followes her.

Enter Claudio and Beatrice, Leonato, Hero.

Pedro. Looke heere she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command mee any seruice to the worlds end? I will goe on the slightest arrand now to the Antypodes that you can deuise to send me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furthest inch of Asia: bring you the length of *Prester Iohns* foot: fetch you a hayre off the great *Chams* beard: doe you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather then hould three words conference, with this Harpy: you haue no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God sir, heeres a dish I loue not, I cannot indure this Lady tongue.

Exit.

Pedr. Come Lady, come, you haue lost the heart of Signior *Benedicke*.

Beatr. Indeed my Lord, hee lent it me a while, and I gaue him vse for it, a double heart for a single one, marry once before he wonne it of mee, with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I haue lost it.

Pedro. You haue put him downe Lady, you haue put him downe.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prooue the mother of fooles: I haue brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seeke.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherfore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad my Lord.

Pedro. How then? sicke?

Claud. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sicke, nor merry, nor well: but ciuill Count, ciuill as an Orange, and something of a iealous complexion.

Pedro. Ifaith Lady, I thinke your blazon to be true. though Ile be sworne, if hee be so, his conceit is false: heere *Claudio*, I haue wooed in thy name, and faire *Hero* is won, I haue broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God giue thee ioy.

Leona. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, & all grace say, Amen to it.

Beatr. Speake Count, tis your Qu.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest Herault of ioy, I were but little happy if I could say, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I giue away my selfe for you, and

doat vpon the exchange.

Beat. Speake cosin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kisse, and let not him speake neither.

Pedro. In faith Lady you haue a merry heart.

Beatr. Yea my Lord I thanke it, poore foole it keepes on the windy side of Care, my coosin tells him in his eare that he is in my heart.

Clau. And so she doth coosin.

Beat. Good Lord for alliance: thus goes euery one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd, I may sit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather haue one of your fathers getting: hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Prince. Will you haue me? Lady.

Beat. No, my Lord, vnlesse I might haue another for working-daies, your Grace is too costly to weare euerie day: but I beseech your Grace pardon mee, I was borne to speake all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry, best becomes you, for out of question, you were born in a merry howre.

Beatr. No sure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then there was a starre daunst, and vnder that was I borne: co-sins God giue you ioy.

Leonato. Neece, will you looke to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy Vncle, by your Graces pardon.

Exit Beatrice.

Prince. By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her my Lord, she is neuer sad, but when she sleepes, and not euer sad then: for I haue heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamt of vnhappinesse, and wakt her selfe with laughing.

Pedro. Shee cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

Leonato. O, by no meanes, she mocks all her wooers out of suite.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick*.

Leonato. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a weeke married, they would talke themselues madde.

[Page 16]

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.

Leonato. Not till monday, my deare sonne, which is hence a iust seuen night, and a time too briefe too, to haue all things answer 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 *Her-cules* labors, which is, to bring Signior *Benedicke* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountaine of affection, th' one with th' other, I would faine haue it a match, and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall giue you direction.

Leonato. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost mee ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I my Lord.

Prin. And you to gentle *Hero*?

Hero. I will doe any modest office, my Lord, to helpe my cosin to a good husband.

Prin. And *Benedick* is not the vnhopefullest husband that I know: thus farre can I praise him, hee is of a noble straine, of approued valour, and confirm'd honesty, I will

teach you how to humour your cosin, that shee shall fall in loue with *Benedicke*, and I, with your two helpes, will so practise on *Benedicke*, that in despight of his quicke wit, and his queasie stomacke, hee shall fall in loue with *Beatrice*: if wee can doe this, *Cupid* is no longer an Archer, his glory shall be ours, for wee are the onely loue-gods, goe in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

Exit.

Enter Iohn and Borachio.

Ioh. It is so, the Count *Claudio* shal marry the daughter of *Leonato*.

Bora. Yea my Lord, but I can crosse it.

Iohn. Any barre, any crosse, any impediment, will be medicinable to me, I am sicke in displeasure to him, and whatsoeuer comes athwart his affection, ranges euenly with mine, how canst thou crosse this marriage?

Bor. Not honestly my Lord, but so couertly, that no dishonesty shall appeare in me.

Iohn. Shew me breiefely how.

Bor. I thinke I told your Lordship a yeere since, how much I am in the fauour of *Margaret*, the waiting gentlewoman to *Hero*.

Iohn. I remember.

Bor. I can at any vnseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to looke out at her Ladies chamber window.

Iohn. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The poyson 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 do you mightily hold vp, to a contaminated stale, such a one as *Hero*.

Iohn. What prooffe shall I make of that?

Bor. Proove enough, to misuse the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to vndoe *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*, looke you for any other issue?

Iohn. Onely to despight them, I will endeaour 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* loues 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 cosen'd with the semblance of a maid, that you haue discover'd thus: they will scarcely beleue this without triall: offer them instances which shall beare no lesse likelihood, than to see mee at her chamber window, heare me call *Margaret, Hero*; heare *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 absent, and there shall appeare such seeming truths of *Heroes* disloyaltie, that iealousie shall be cal'd assurance, and all the preparation ouerthrowne.

Iohn. Grow this to what aduerse issue it can, I will put it in practise: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducates.

Bor. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

Iohn. I will presentlie goe learne their day of marriage.

Exit.

Enter Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am heere already sir.

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 he dedicates his behauours to loue, will after hee hath laught at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his owne scorne, by falling in loue, & such a man is *Claudio*. I haue known when there was no musicke with him but the drum and the fife, and now had hee rather heare the taber and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would haue walkt ten mile afoot, to see a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake caruing the fashion of a new dub-let: he was wont to speake plaine, & to the purpose (like an honest man & a souldier) and now is he turn'd orthography, his words are a very fantasticall banquet, iust so many strange dishes: may I be so conuerted, & see with these eyes? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I will not bee sworne, but loue may transforme me to an oyster, but Ile take my oath on it, till he haue made an oyster of me, he shall neuer make me such a foole: one woman is faire, yet I am well: another is wise, 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 shee shall be, that's certaine: wise, or Ile none: vertuous, or Ile neuer cheapen her: faire, or Ile neuer looke on her: milde, or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of good discourse: an excellent Musitian, and her haire shall be of what colour it please God, hah! the Prince and Monsieur Loue, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Iacke Wilson.

Prin. Come, shall we heare this musicke?

Claud. Yea my good Lord: how still the euening is.
As husht on purpose to grace harmonie.

Prin. See you where *Benedicke* hath hid himselfe?

Clau. O very well my Lord: the musicke ended,
Wee'll fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.

Prince. Come *Balthasar*, wee'll heare that song again.

Balth. O good my Lord, taxe not so bad a voyce,
To slander musicke any more then once.

Prin. It is the witsse still of excellency,
To slander Musicke any more then once.

[Page I6v]

Prince. It is the witsse still of excellencie,
To put a strange face on his owne perfection,
I pray thee sing, and let me woe no more.

Balth. Because you talke of wooing, I will sing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit,
To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he sweare he loues.

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 forsooth, and nothing.

Bene. Now diuine aire, now is his soule rauisht, is it
not strange that sheepes guts should hale soules out of
mens bodies? well, a horne for my money when all's
done.

*Sigh no more Ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceiuers euer,
One foote in Sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant neuer,
Then sigh not so, but let them goe,
And be you blithe and bonnie,
Conuerting all your sounds of woe,
Into hey nony nony.
Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,
Of dumps so dull and heauy,
The fraud of men were euer so,
Since summer first was leauy,
Then sigh not so, &c.*

Prince. By my troth a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my Lord.

Prince. Ha, no, no faith, thou singst well enough for a shift.

Ben. And he had been a dog that should haue howld thus, they would haue hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voyce bode no mischiefe, I had as lief haue heard the night-rauen, come what plague could haue come after it.

Prince. Yea marry, dost thou heare *Balthasar*? I pray thee get vs some excellent musick: for to morrow night we would haue it at the Lady *Heroes* chamber window.

Balth. The best I can, my Lord.

Exit Balthasar.

Prince. Do so, farewell. Come hither *Leonato*, what was it you told me of to day, that your Niece *Beatrice* was in loue with signior *Benedicke*?

Cla. O I, stalke on, stalke on, the foule sits. I did neuer thinke that Lady would haue loued any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither, but most wonderful, that she should so dote on Signior *Benedicke*, whom shee hath in all outward behauiours seemed euer to abhorre.

Bene. Is't possible? sits the winde in that corner?

Leo. By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but that she loues him with an inraged affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was neuer counterfeit of passion, came so neere the life of passion as she discouers it.

Prince. Why what effects of passion shewes she?

Claud. Baite the hooke well, this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects my Lord? shee will sit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Clau. She did indeed.

Prince. How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would haue thought her spirit had beene inuincible against all assaults of affection.

Leo. I would haue sworne it had, my Lord, especially against *Benedicke*.

Bene. I should thinke this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speakes it: knauery cannot sure hide himselfe in such reuerence.

Claud. He hath tane th' infection, hold it vp.

Prince. Hath shee made her affection known to *Bene-dicke*:

Leonato. No, and sweares she neuer will, that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter saies: shall I, saies she, that haue so oft encountred him with scorne, write to him that I loue him?

Leo. This saies shee now when shee is beginning to write to him, for shee'll be vp twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smocke, till she haue writ a sheet of paper: my daughter tells vs all.

Clau. Now you talke of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty iest your daughter told vs of.

Leon. O when she had writ it, & was reading it ouer, she found *Benedicke* and *Beatrice* betweene the sheete.

Clau. That.

Leon. O she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence, raild at her self, that she should be so immodest to write, to one that shee knew would flout her: I measure him, saies she, by my owne spirit, for I should flout him if hee writ to mee, yea though I loue him, I should.

Clau. Then downe vpon her knees she falls, weepes, sobs, beates her heart, teares her hayre, praies, curses, O sweet *Benedicke*, God giue me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter saies so, and the extasie hath so much ouerborne her, that my daughter is sometime afeard she will doe a desperate out-rage to her selfe, it is very true.

Prince. It were good that *Benedicke* knew of it by some other, if she will not discouer it.

Clau. To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poore Lady worse.

Prin. And he should, it were an almes to hang him, shee's an excellent sweet Lady, and (out of all suspition,) she is vertuous.

Claudio. And she is exceeding wise.

Prince. In euery thing, but in louing *Benedicke*.

Leon. O my Lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we haue ten proofes to one, that blood hath the victory, I am sorry for her, as I haue iust cause, being her Vncle, and her Guardian.

Prince. I would shee had bestowed this dotage on mee, I would haue daft all other respects, and made her halfe my selfe: I pray you tell *Benedicke* of it, and heare what he will say.

Leon. Were it good thinke you?

Clau. *Hero* thinkes surely she wil die, for she saies she will die, if hee loue her not, and shee will die ere shee make her loue knowne, and she will die if hee wooe her, rather than shee will bate one breath of her accustomed crossenesse.

Prince. She doth well, if she should make tender of her loue, 'tis very possible hee'l scorne 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 happines.

Clau. 'Fore God, and in my minde very wise.

[Page K1]

Prin. He doth indeed shew some sparkes that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Prin. As *Hector*, I assure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may see hee is wise, for either hee auoydes them with great discretion, or vndertakes them with a Christian-like feare.

Leon. If hee doe feare God, a must necessarilie keepe peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a quarrell with feare and trembling.

Prin. And so will he doe, for the man doth fear God, howsoeuer it seemes not in him, by some large ieasts hee will make: well, I am sorry for your niece, shall we goe see *Benedicke*, and tell him of her loue.

Claud. Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out with good counsell.

Leon. Nay that's impossible, she may weare her heart out first.

Prin. Well, we will heare further of it by your daughter, let it coole the while, I loue *Benedicke* well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himselfe, to see how much he is vnworthy to haue so good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.

Clau. If he do not doat on her vpon this, I wil neuer trust my expectation.

Prin. Let there be the same Net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry: the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of anothers dotage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I would see, which will be meerey a dumbe shew: let vs send her to call him into dinner.

Exeunt.

Bene. This can be no tricke, the conference was sadly borne, they haue the truth of this from *Hero*, they seeme to pittie the Lady: it seemes her affections haue the full

bent: loue me? why it must be requited: I heare how I am censur'd, they say I will beare my selfe proudly, if I perceiue the loue come from her: they say too, that she will rather die than giue any signe of affection: I did neuer thinke to marry, I must not seeme proud, happy are they that heare their detractions, and can put them to mending: they say the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can beare them witnesse: and vertuous, tis so, I cannot re-prooue it, and wise, but for louing me, by my troth it is no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her folly; for I wil be horribly in loue with her, I may chance haue some odde quirkes and remnants of witte broken on mee, because I haue rail'd 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 these paper bullets of the braine awe a man from the careere of his humour? No, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a batcheler, I did not think I should liue till I were married, here comes *Beatrice*: by this day, shee's a faire Lady, I doe spie some markes of loue in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my wil I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Faire *Beatrice*, I thanke you for your paines.

Beat. I tooke no more paines for those thanks, then you take paines to thanke me, if it had been painefull, I would not haue come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Yea iust so much as you may take vpon a kniues point, and choake a daw withall: you haue no stomacke signior, fare you well.

Exit.

Bene. Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come into dinner: there's a double meaning in that: I tooke no more paines for those thanks then you took paines

to thanke me, that's as much as to say, any paines that I
take for you is as easie as thankes: if I do not take pittie
of her I am a villaine, if I doe not loue her I am a Iew, I
will goe get her picture.

Exit.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Vrsula.

Hero. Good *Margaret* runne thee to the parlour,
There shalt thou finde my Cosin *Beatrice*,
Proposing with the Prince and *Claudio*,
Whisper her eare, and tell her I and *Vrsula*,
Walke in the Orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her, say that thou ouer-heardst vs,
And bid her steale into the pleached bower,
Where hony-suckles ripened by the sunne,
Forbid the sunne to enter: like fauourites,
Made proud by Princes, that aduance their pride,
Against that power that bred it, there will she hide her,
To listen our purpose, this is thy office,
Beare thee well in it, and leaue vs alone.

Marg. Ile make her come I warrant you presently.

Hero. Now *Vrsula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley vp and downe,
Our talke must onely be of *Benedicke*,
When I doe name him, let it be thy part,
To praise him more then euer man did merit,
My talke to thee must be how *Benedicke*
Is sicke in loue with *Beatrice*; of this matter,
Is little *Cupids* crafty arrow made,
That onely wounds by heare-say: now begin,

Enter Beatrice.

For looke where *Beatrice* like a Lapwing runs
Close by the ground, to heare our conference.

Vrs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden ores the siluer streame,
And greedily deuoure the treacherous baite:
So angle we for *Beatrice*, who euen now,
Is couched in the wood-bine couerture,
Feare you not my part of the Dialogue.

Her. Then go we neare her that her eare loose nothing,
Of the false sweete baite that we lay for it:
No truely *Vrsula*, she is too disdainfull,
I know her spirits are as coy and wilde,
As Haggerds of the rocke.

Vrsula. But are you sure,
That *Benedicke* loues *Beatrice* so intirely?

Her. So saies the Prince, and my new trothed Lord.

Vrs. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Her. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it,
But I perswaded them, if they lou'd *Benedicke*,
To wish him wrastle with affection,
And neuer to let *Beatrice* know of it.

Vrsula. Why did you so, doth not the Gentleman
Deserue as full as fortunate a bed,
As euer *Beatrice* shall couch vpon?

Hero. O God of loue! I know he doth deserue,
As much as may be yeilded to a man:
But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,
Of powder stuffe then that of *Beatrice*:
Disdaine and Scorne ride sparkling in her eyes,
Mis-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
Values it selfe so highly, that to her
All matter else seemes weake: she cannot loue,
Nor take no shape nor proiect of affection,
Shee is so selfe indeared.

Vrsula. Sure I thinke so,
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his loue, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why you speake truth, I neuer yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd.

[Page K1v]

But she would spell him backward: if faire fac'd,
She would sweare the gentleman should be her sister:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,
Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:
If low, an agot very vildlie cut:
If speaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:
If silent, why a blocke moued with none.
So turnes she euery man the wrong side out,
And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that
Which simplenesse and merit purchaseth.

Vrsu. 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 she would laugh me
Out of my selfe, presse me to death with wit,
Therefore let *Benedicke* like couered fire,
Consume away in sighes, waste inwardly:
It were a better death, to die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Vrsu. Yet tell her of it, heare what shee will say.

Hero. No, rather I will goe to *Benedicke*,
And counsaile him to fight against his passion,
And truly Ile deuise some honest slanders,
To staine my cosin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoison liking.

Vrsu. O doe not doe your cosin such a wrong,
She cannot be so much without true iudgement,
Hauing so swift and excellent a wit
As she is prisde to haue, as to refuse
So rare a Gentleman as signior *Benedicke*.

Hero. He is the onely man of Italy,
Alwaies excepted, my deare *Claudio*.

Vrsu. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,
Speaking my fancy: Signior *Benedicke*,
For shape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes formost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

Vrsu. 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.

Vrsu. Shee's tane I warrant you,
We haue caught her Madame?

Hero. If it proue so, then louing goes by haps,
Some *Cupid* kills with arrowes, some with traps.

Exit.

Beat. What fire is in mine eares? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorne so much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adew,
No glory liues behinde the backe of such.
And *Benedicke*, loue on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wilde heart to thy louing hand:
If thou dost loue, my kindnesse shall incite thee
To binde our loues vp in a holy band.
For others say thou dost deserue, and I
Beleeue it better then reportingly.

Exit.

Enter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.

Prince. I doe but stay till your marriage be consum-
mate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Clau. Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you'l vouch-
safe me.

Prin. Nay, that would be as great a soyle in the new
glosse of your marriage, as to shew a childe his new coat
and forbid him to weare it, I will onely bee bold with
Benedicke for his companie, for from the crowne of his
head, to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice
or thrice cut *Cupids* bow-string, and the little hang-man
dare not shoot at him, he hath a heart as sound as a bell,
and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes,

his tongue speakes.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I haue bin.

Leo. So say I, methinkes you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in loue.

Prin. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of bloud in him to be truly toucht with loue, if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I haue the tooth-ach.

Prin. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Prin. What? sigh for the tooth-ach.

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worme.

Bene. Well, euery one cannot master a griefe, but hee that has it.

Clau. Yet say I, he is in loue.

Prin. There is no appearance of fancie in him, vnlesse it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to bee a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: vnlesse hee haue a fancy to this foolery, as it appeares hee hath, hee is no foole for fancy, as you would haue it to appeare he is.

Clau. If he be not in loue with some woman, there is no beleeuing old signes, a brushes his hat a mornings, What should that bode?

Prin. Hath any man seene him at the Barbers?

Clau. No, but the Barbers man hath beene seen with him, and the olde ornament of his cheeke hath alreadie stuft tennis balls.

Leon. Indeed he lookes yonger than hee did, by the losse of a beard.

Prin. Nay a rubs himselfe with Ciuit, can you smell him out by that?

Clau. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in loue.

Prin. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Clau. And when was he wont to wash his face?

Prin. Yea, or to paint himselfe? for the which I heare what they say of him.

Clau. Nay, but his iesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and now gouern'd by stops.

[Page K2]

Prin. Indeed that tels a heauy tale for him: conclude, he is in loue.

Clau. Nay, but I know who loues him.

Prince. That would I know too, I warrant one that knowes him not.

Cla. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despite of all, dies for him.

Prin. Shee shall be buried with her face vpwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charme for the tooth-ake, old signior, walke aside with mee, I haue 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*.

Clau. 'Tis euen so, *Hero* and *Margaret* haue by this played their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two Beares will not bite one another when they meete.

Enter Iohn the Bastard.

Bast. My Lord and brother, God saue you.

Prin. Good den brother.

Bast. If your leisure seru'd, I would speake with you.

Prince. In priuate?

Bast. If it please you, yet Count *Claudio* may heare, for what I would speake of, concernes him.

Prin. What's the matter?

Bast. Meanes your Lordship to be married to morrow?

Prin. You know he does.

Bast. I know not that when he knowes what I know.

Clau. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

Bast. You may thinke I loue 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 dearenesse of heart) hath holpe to effect your ensuing marriage: surely sute ill spent, and labour ill bestowed.

Prin. Why, what's the matter?

Bastard. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shortned, (for she hath beene too long a talking of) the Lady is disloyall.

Clau. Who *Hero*?

Bast. Euen shee, *Leonatoes Hero*, your *Hero*, euery mans *Hero*.

Clau. Disloyall?

Bast. The word is too good to paint out her wickednesse, I could say she were worse, thinke you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant: goe but with mee to night, you shal see her chamber window entred, euen the night before her wedding day, if you loue her, then to morrow wed her: But it would better fit your honour to change your minde.

Claud. May this be so?

Princ. I will not thinke it.

Bast. If you dare not trust that you see, confesse not that you know: if you will follow mee, I will shew you enough, and when you haue seene more, & heard more, proceed accordingly.

Clau. If I see any thing to night, why I should not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I should wedde, there will I shame her.

Prin. And as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I will ioyne with thee to disgrace her.

Bast. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses, beare it coldly but till night, and let the issue shew it selfe.

Prin. O day vntowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangelie thwarting!

Bastard. O plague right well preuented! so will you say, when you haue seene the sequele.

Exit.

Enter Dogbery and his compartner with the watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pittie but they should suffer saluation body and soule.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should haue any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Princes watch.

Verges. Well, giue them their charge, neighbour *Dogbery.*

Dog. First, who thinke you the most desartlesse man to be Constable.

Watch. 1. *Hugh Ote-cake* sir, or *George Sea-coale*, for they can write and reade.

Dogb. Come hither neighbour *Sea-coale*, God hath blest you with a good name: to be a wel-fauoured man, is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by Nature.

Watch 2. Both which Master Constable

Dogb. You haue: I knew it would be your answer: well, for your fauour sir, why giue God thanks, & make no boast of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appeare when there is no need of such vanity, you are thought heere to be the most senslesse and fit 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?

Dogb. 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 ridde of a knaue.

Verges. If he will not stand when he is bidden, hee is none of the Princes subiects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes subiects: you shall also make no noise in the streetes: for, for the Watch to babble and talke, is most tollerable, 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 haue a care that your bills be not stolne: well, you are to call at all the Alehouses, and bid them that are drunke get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone till they are sober, if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you tooke them for.

Watch. Well sir,

Dogb. 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 lesse you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.

Watch. If wee know him to be a thiefe, shall wee not lay hands on him.

Dogb. Truly by your office you may, but I think they that 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 steale out of your company.

Ver. You haue bin alwaies cal'd a merciful ma[n] partner.

Dog. Truely I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath anie honestie in him.

[Page K2v]

Verges. If you heare a child crie in the night you must call to the nurse, and bid her still 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 baes, will neuer answeere a calfe when he bleates.

Verges. 'Tis verie true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you constable are to present the Princes owne person, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may staie him.

Verges. Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot.

Dog. Fiue shillings to one on't with anie man that knowes the Statutes, he may staie him, marrie not without the prince be willing, for indeede the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verges. Birladie I thinke it be so.

Dog. Ha, ah ha, well masters good night, and there be anie matter of weight chances, call vp me, keepe your fellowes counsailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch. Well masters, we heare our charge, let vs go sit here vpon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbors. I pray you watch about signior *Leonatoes* doore, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night, adiew, be vigilant I beseech you.

Exeunt.

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bor. What, *Conrade*?

Watch. Peace, stir not.

Bor. *Conrade* I say.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Mas and my elbow itcht, I thought there would a scabbe follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee close then vnder this penthouse, for it drissels raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, vtter all to thee.

Watch. Some treason masters, yet stand close.

Bor. Therefore know, I haue earned of *Don Iohn* a thousand Ducates.

Con. Is it possible that anie villanie should be so deare?

Bor. Thou should'st rather aske if it were possible anie villanie should be so rich? for when rich villains haue neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That shewes thou art vnconfirm'd, thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparell.

Bor. I meane the fashion.

Con. Yes the fashion is the fashion.

Bor. Tush, I may as well say the foole's the foole, but seest thou not what a deformed theefe this fashion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe, this vii. yeares, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

Bor. Did'st thou not heare some bodie?

Con. No, 'twas the vaine on the house.

Bor. Seest thou not (I say) what a deformed thiefe this fashion is, how giddily a turnes about all the Hot-blounds, betweene, foureteene & fiue & thirtie, sometimes fashioning them like *Pharaoes* souldiours in the rechie painting, sometime like god Bels priests in the old Church window, sometime like the shauen *Hercules* in the smircht worm-eaten tapestrie, where his cod-peece seemes as massie as his club.

Con. All this I see, and see that the fashion weares out more apparrell then the man; but art not thou thy selfe giddie with the fashion too that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bor. Not so neither, but know that I haue to night wooed *Margaret* the Lady *Heroes* gentle-woman, by the name of *Hero*, she leanes me out at her mistris chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night: I tell this tale vildly. I should first tell thee how the Prince *Claudio* and my Master planted, and placed, and possessed by my Master *Don Iohn*, saw a far off in the Orchard this amiable incounter.

Con. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bor. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the diuell my Master knew she was *Margaret* and partly by his oathes, which first possest them, partly by the darke night which did deceiue them, but chiefly, by my villanie, which did confirme any slander that *Don Iohn* had made, away went *Claudio* enraged, swore hee would meete her as he was apointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation shame her with what he saw o're night, and send her home againe

without a husband.

Watch. 1. We charge you in the Princes name stand.

Watch. 2. Call vp the right master Constable, we haue here recouered the most dangerous peece of lechery, that euer was knowne in the Common-wealth.

Watch. 1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a weares a locke.

Conr. Masters, masters.

Watch. 2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you,

Conr. Masters, neuer speake, we charge you, let vs obey you to goe with vs.

Bor. We are like to proue a goodly commoditie, being taken vp of these mens bils.

Conr. A commoditie in question I warrant you, come weele obey you.

Exeunt.

Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Vrsula.

Hero. Good *Vrsula* wake my cosin *Beatrice*, and desire her to rise.

Vrsu. I will Lady.

Her. And bid her come hither.

Vrs. Well.

Mar. Troth I thinke your other rebato were better.

Hero. No pray thee good *Meg*, Ile weare this.

Marg. By my troth's not so good, and I warrant your cosin will say so.

Hero. My cosin's a foole, and thou art another, ile weare none but this.

Mar. I like the new tire within excellently, if the haire were a thought browner: and your gown's a most rare fashion yfaith, I saw the Dutchesse of *Millaines*

gowne that they praise so.

Hero. O that exceedes they say.

Mar. By my troth's but a night-gowne in respect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd with siluer, set with pearles, downe sleeues, side sleeues, and skirts, round vnderborn with a blewish tinsel, but for a fine queint gracefull and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

[Page K3]

Hero. God giue mee ioy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heauy.

Marga. 'Twill be heauier soone, by the waight of a man.

Hero. Fie vpon thee, art not asham'd?

Marg. Of what Lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I thinke you would haue me say, sauing your reuerence a husband: and bad thinking doe not wrest true speaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harme in the heauier for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heauy, aske my Lady *Beatrice* else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow sweet *Hero*.

Hero. Why how now? do you speake in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

Mar. Claps into Light a loue, (that goes without a burden,) do you sing it and Ile dance it.

Beat. Ye Light aloue with your heeles, then if your husband haue stables enough, you'll looke he shall lacke no barnes.

Mar. O illegitimate construction! I scorne that with my heeles.

Beat. 'Tis almost fieve a clocke cosin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Mar. For a hauke, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no more sayling by the starre.

Beat. What meanes the foole trow?

Mar. Nothing I, but God send euery one their harts desire.

Hero. These gloues the Count sent mee, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuft cosin, I cannot smell.

Mar. A maid and stuft! there's goodly catching of colde.

Beat. O God helpe me, God help me, how long haue you profest apprehension?

Mar. Euer since you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seene enough, you should weare it in your cap, by my troth I am sicke.

Mar. Get you some of this distill'd *carduus benedictus* and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thissell.

Beat. *Benedictus*, why *benedictus*? you haue some morall in this *benedictus*.

Mar. Morall? no by my troth, I haue no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thissell, you may thinke perchance that I thinke you are in loue, nay birlady I am not such a foole to thinke what I list, nor I list not to thinke what I can, nor indeed, I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my hart out of thinking, that you are in loue, or that you will be in loue, or that you can be in loue: yet *Benedicke* was such another, and now is he become a man, he swore hee would neuer marry, and yet now in despight of his

heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you may be conuerted I know not, but me thinkes you looke with your eies as other women doe.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepes.

Mar. Not a false gallop.

Enter Vrsula.

Vrsula. Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, signior *Benedicke*, Don *Iohn*, and all the gallants of the towne are come to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Helpe me to dresse mee good coze, good *Meg*, good *Vrsula*.

Enter Leonato, and the Constable, and the Headborough.

Leonato. What would you with mee, honest neighbour?

Const.Dog. Mary sir I would haue some confidence with you, that decernes you nearely.

Leon. Briefe I pray you, for you see it is a busie time with me.

Const.Dog. Mary this it is sir.

Headb. Yes in truth it is sir.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Con.Do. Goodman Verges sir speakes a little of the matter, an old man sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as God helpe I would desire they were, but infaith honest as the skin betweene his browes.

Head. Yes I thank God, I am as honest as any man liuing, that is an old man, and no honester then I.

Con.Dog. Comparisons are odorous, palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Con.Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poore Dukes officers, but truely for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King I could finde in my heart to

bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousnesse on me, ah?

Const.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.

Head. And so am I.

Leon. I would faine know what you haue to say.

Head. Marry sir our watch to night, excepting your worships presence, haue tane a couple of as arrant knaues as any in Messina.

Con.Dog. A good old man sir, hee 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 said yfaith neighbour *Verges*, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horse, 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.

Con.Do. Gifts that God giues.

Leon. I must leaue you.

Con.Dog. One word sir, our watch sir haue indeede comprehended two aspitious persons, & we would haue them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination your selfe, and bring it me, I am now in great haste, as may appeare vnto you.

Const. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drinke some wine ere you goe: fare you well.

Exit.

Messenger. My Lord, they stay for you to giue your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait vpon them, I am ready.

Dogb. Goe good partner, goe get you to *Francis Sea-coale*,
bid him bring his pen and inkehorne to the Gaole:
we are now to examine those men.

Verges. And we must doe it wisely.

Dogb. Wee will spare for no witte I warrant you:
heere's that shall driue some to a non-come, on-
ly get the learned writer to set downe our excommuni-
cation, and meet me at the Iaile.

[Page K3v]

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

*Enter Prince, Bastard, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke,
Hero, and Beatrice.*

Leonato. Come Frier *Francis*, be briefe, onely to the
plaine forme of marriage, and you shal recount their par-
ticular duties afterwards.

Fran. You come hither, my Lord, to marry this Lady.

Clau. No.

Leo. To be married to her: Frier, you come to mar-
rie 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 conioyned, I charge you on your
soules to vtter it.

Claud. Know you anie, *Hero*?

Hero. None my Lord.

Frier. Know you anie, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, None.

Clau. 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, he.

Clau. Stand thee by Frier, father, by your leaue,
Will you with free and vnconstrained soule
Giue me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely sonne as God did giue her me.

Cla. And what haue I to giue you back, whose worth
May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Prin. Nothing, vnlesse you render her againe.

Clau. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulnes:
There *Leonato*, take her backe againe,
Giue not this rotten Orenge to your friend,
Shee's but the signe and semblance of her honour:
Behold how like a maid she blushes heere!
O what authoritie and shew of truth
Can cunning sinne couer it selfe withall!
Comes not that bloud, as modest euidence,
To witnesse simple Vertue? would you not sweare
All you that see her, that she were a maide,
By these exterior shewes? But she is none:
She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed:
Her blush is guiltinesse, not modestie.

Leonato. What doe you meane, my Lord?

Clau. Not to be married,
Not to knit my soule to an approued wanton.

Leon. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne prooffe,
Haue vanquisht the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginitie.

Clau. I know what you would say: if I haue knowne
(her,
You will say, she did imbrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the forehand sinne: No *Leonato*,
I neuer tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his sister, shewed
Bashfull sinceritie and comely loue.

Hero. And seem'd I euer otherwise to you?

Clau. Out on thee seeming, I will write against it,
You seeme to me as *Diane* in her Orbe,
As chaste as is the budde ere it be blowne:
But you are more intemperate in your blood,
Than *Venus*, or those pampred animalls,
That rage in sauage 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 haue gone about,
To linke my deare friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or doe I but dreame?

Bast. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This lookes not like a nuptiall.

Hero. True, O God!

Clau. *Leonato*, stand I here?
Is this the Prince? is this the Princes brother?
Is this face *Heroes*? are our eies our owne?

Leon. All this is so, but what of this my Lord?

Clau. Let me but moue one question to your daughter,
And by that fatherly and kindly power,
That you haue in her, bid her answer truly.

Leo. I charge thee doe, as thou art my childe.

Hero. O God defend me how am I beset,
What kinde of catechizing call you this?

Clau. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name
With any iust reproach?

Claud. Marry that can *Hero*,
Hero it selfe can blot out *Heroes* vertue.
What man was he, talkt with you yesternight,
Out at your window betwixt twelue and one?
Now if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord.

Prince. Why then you are no maiden. *Leonato,*
I am sorry you must heare: vpon mine honor,
My selfe, my brother, and this griued Count
Did see her, heare her, at that howre last night,
Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed most like a liberall villaine,
Confest the vile encounters they haue had
A thousand times in secret.

Iohn. Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,
Not to be spoken of,
There is not chastitie enough in language,
Without offence to vtter them: thus pretty Lady
I am sorry for thy much misgouernment.

Claud. O *Hero!* what a *Hero* hadst thou beene
If halfe thy outward graces had beene placed
About thy thoughts and counsailes of thy heart?
But fare thee well, most foule, most faire, farewell
Thou pure impiety, and impious puritie,
For thee Ile locke vp all the gates of Loue,
And on my eie-lids 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 cosin, wherfore sink you down?

Bast. Come, let vs go: these things come thus to light,
Smother her spirits vp.

Bene. How doth the Lady?

Beat. Dead I thinke, helpe vncle,
Hero, why *Hero,* Vncle, Signor *Benedicke,* Frier.

Leonato. O Fate! take not away thy heauy hand,
Death is the fairest couer for her shame
That may be wisht for.

[Page K4]

Beatr. How now cosin *Hero?*

Fri. Haue comfort Ladie.

Leon. Dost thou looke vp?

Frier. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why doth not euery earthly thing
Cry shame vpon her? Could she heere denie
The storie that is printed in her blood?
Do not liue *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:
For did I thinke thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger then thy shames,
My selfe would on the reward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Grieu'd I, I had but one?
Chid I, for that at frugal Natures frame?
O one too much by thee: why had I one?
Why euer was't thou louelie in my eies?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Tooke vp a beggars issue at my gates,
Who smeered thus, and mir'd with infamie,
I might haue 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 falne
Into a pit of Inke, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe,
And salt too little, which may season giue
To her foule tainted flesh.

Ben. Sir, sir, be patient: for my part, I am so attired
in wonder, I know not what to say.

Bea. O on my soule my cosin is belied.

Ben. Ladie, were you her bedfellow last night?

Bea. No, truly: not although vntill last night,
I haue this tweluemonth 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 so, that speaking of her foulnesse,
Wash'd it with teares? Hence from her, let her die.

Fri. Heare me a little, for I haue onely bene silent so long, and giuen way vnto this course of fortune, by nothing of the Ladie, I haue markt.
A thousand blushing apparitions,
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames,
In Angel whitenesse beare away those blushes,
And in her eie there hath appear'd a fire
To burne the errors that these Princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a foole,
Trust not my reading, nor my obseruations,
Which with experimental seale doth warrant
The tenure of my booke: trust not my age,
My reuerence, calling, nor diuinitie,
If this sweet Ladie lye not guiltlesse heere,
Vnder some biting error.

Leo. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest that all the Grace that she hath left,
Is, that she wil not adde to her damnation,
A sinne of periury, she not denies it:
Why seek'st 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 aliue
Then that which maiden modestie doth warrant,
Let all my sinnes lacke mercy. O my Father,
Proue you that any man with me conuerst,
At houres vnmeete, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd 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 haue the verie bent of honor,
And if their wisdomes be misled in this:
The practise of it liues in *Iohn* the bastard,
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 proudest of them shall wel heare of it.

Time hath not yet so dried this bloud of mine,
Nor age so eate vp my inuention,
Nor Fortune made such hauocke 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 choise of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Fri. Pause awhile:

And let my counsell sway you in this case,
Your daughter heere the Princesse (left for dead)
Let her awhile 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 appertaine vnto a buriall.

Leon. What shall become of this? What wil this do?

Fri. Marry this wel carried, shall on her behalfe,
Change slander to remorse, that is some good,
But not for that dreame I on this strange course,
But on this trauaile looke for greater birth:
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Vpon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shal be lamented, pittied, and excus'd
Of euery hearer: for it so fals out,
That what we haue, we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enioy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we racke the value, then we finde
The vertue that possession would not shew vs
Whiles it was ours, so will it fare with *Claudio*:
When he shal heare she dyed vpon his words,
Th' Idea of her life shal sweetly creepe
Into his study of imagination.
And euery louely Organ of her life,
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habite:
More mouing delicate, and ful of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soule
Then when she liu'd indeed: then shal he mourne,

If euer Loue had interest in his Liuer,
And wish he had not so accused her:
No, though he thought his accusation true:
Let this be so, and doubt not but successe
Wil fashion the euent in better shape,
Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.
But if all ayme but this be leuelld false,
The supposition of the Ladies death,
Will quench the wonder of her infamie.
And if it sort not well, you may conceale her
As best befits her wounded reputation,
In some reclusiue and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, mindes and iniuries.

Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the Frier aduise you,
And though you know my inwardnesse and loue
Is very much vnto the Prince and *Claudio*.
Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As secretly and iustlie, as your soule
Should with your bodie.

[Page K4v]

Leon. Being that I flow in greefe,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Frier. 'Tis well consented, presently away,
For to strange sores, strangely they straine the cure,
Come Lady, die to liue, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, haue patience & endure.

Exit.

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, haue you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You haue no reason, I doe it freely.

Bene. Surelie I do beleeeue your fair cosin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserue of mee
that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A verie euen way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man doe it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene. I doe loue 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
beleue me not, and yet I lie not, I confesse nothing, nor
I deny nothing, I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword *Beatrice* thou lou'st me.

Beat. Doe not sweare by it and eat it.

Bene. I will sweare 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?

Bene. With no sawce that can be deuised to it, I pro-
test I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forgiue me.

Bene. What offence sweet *Beatrice*?

Beat. You haue stayed me in a happy howre, I was a-
bout to protest I loued you.

Bene. And doe it with all thy heart.

Beat. I loue you with so much of my heart, that none
is left to protest.

Bened. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio*.

Bene. Ha, not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to denie, farewell.

Bene. Tarrie sweet *Beatrice*.

Beat. I am gone, though I am heere, there is no loue
in you, nay I pray you let me goe.

Bene. *Beatrice*.

Beat. Infaith I will goe.

Bene. Wee'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with mee, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

Beat. Is a not approued in the height a villaine, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! what, beare her in hand vntill they come to take hands, and then with publike accusation vncouered slander, vnmittigated rancour? O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Heare me *Beatrice*.

Beat. Talke with a man out at a window, a proper saying.

Bene. Nay but *Beatrice*.

Beat. Sweet *Hero*, she is wrong'd, shee is slandered, she is vndone.

Bene. Beat?

Beat. Princes and Counties! surelie a Princely testimonie, a goodly Count, Comfect, a sweet Gallant surelie, O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into cursies, valour into complement, and men are onelie turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and swears it: I cannot be a man with wishing, therfore I will die a woman with grieuing.

Bene. Tarry good *Beatrice*, by this hand I loue thee.

Beat. Vse it for my loue some other way then swearing by it.

Bened. Thinke you in your soule the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero*?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I haue a thought, or a soule.

Bene. Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge him, I will kisse your hand, and so leaue you: by this hand *Clau-dio* shall render me a deere account: as you heare of me, so thinke of me: goe comfort your coosin, I must say she is dead, and so farewell.

Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Towne Clerke in gownes.

Keeper. Is our whole dissembly appeard?

Cowley. O a stoole and a cushion for the Sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Andrew. Marry that am I, and my partner.

Cowley. Nay that's certaine, wee haue the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined, let them come before master Constable.

Kemp. Yea marry, let them come before mee, what is your name, friend?

Bor. Borachio.

Kem. Pray write downe *Borachio*. Yours sirra.

Con. I am a Gentleman sir, and my name is *Conrade*.

Kee. Write downe Master gentleman *Conrade*: maisters, doe you serue God: maisters, it is proued alreadie that you are little better than false knaues, and it will goe neere to be thought so shortly, how answer you for your selues?

Con. Marry sir, we say we are none.

Kemp. A maruellous witty fellow I assure you, but I will goe about with him: come you hither sirra, a word in your eare sir, I say to you, it is thought you are false knaues.

Bor. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Kemp. Well, stand aside, 'fore God they are both in a tale: haue you writ downe that they are none?

Sext. Master Constable, you goe not the way to examine, you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Kemp. Yea marry, that's the efastest way, let the watch come forth: masters, I charge you in the Princes name, accuse these men.

Watch 1. This man said sir, that *Don Iohn* the Princes brother was a villaine.

Kemp. Write down, Prince *Iohn* a villaine: why this is flat periurie, to call a Princes brother villaine.

Bora. Master Constable.

Kemp. Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy looke I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

Watch 2. Mary that he had receiued a thousand Dukates of *Don Iohn*, for accusing the Lady *Hero* wrongfully.

[Page K5]

Kemp. Flat Burglarie as euer was committed.

Const. Yea by th' masse that it is.

Sexton. What else fellow?

Watch 1. And that Count *Claudio* did meane vpon his words, to disgrace *Hero* before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Kemp. O villaine! thou wilt be condemn'd into euerlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more masters then you can deny, Prince *Iohn* is this morning secretly stolne away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and vpon the grieve of this sodainely died: Master Constable, let these men be bound, and brought to *Leonato*, I will goe before, and shew him their examination.

Const. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sex. Let them be in the hands of *Coxcombe*.

Kem. Gods my life, where's the Sexton? let him write downe the Princes Officer *Coxcombe*: come, binde them thou naughty varlet.

Couley. Away, you are an asse, you are an asse.

Kemp. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my yeeres? O that hee were heere to write mee downe an asse! but masters, remember that I am an asse: though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an asse: No thou villaine, thou art full of piety as shall be prou'd vpon thee by good witnesse, I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a housholder, and which is more, as pretty a peece of flesh as any in Messina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to, & a rich fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gownes, and euery thing handsome about him: bring him away: O that I had been writ downe an asse!

Exit.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Leonato and his brother.

Brother. If you goe on thus, you will kill your selfe,
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grieffe,
Against your selfe.

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsaile,
Which falls into mine eares as profitlesse,
As water in a siue: giue not me counsaile,
Nor let no comfort delight mine eare,
But such a one whose wrongs doth sute with mine.
Bring me a father that so lou'd his childe,
Whose ioy of her is ouerwhelmed like mine,
And bid him speake of patience,
Measure his woe the length and bredth of mine,
And let it answere euery straine for straine,
As thus for thus, and such a grieffe for such,

In euery lineament, branch, shape, and forme:
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
And sorrow, wagge, crie hem, when he should grone,
Patch griefe with prouerbs, make misfortune drunke,
With candle-wasters: bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience:
But there is no such man, for brother, men
Can counsaile, and speake comfort to that griefe,
Which they themselues not feelee, but tasting it,
Their counsaile turnes to passion, which before,
Would giue preceptiall medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madnesse in a silken thred,
Charme ache with ayre, and agony with words,
No, no, 'tis all mens office, to speake patience
To those that wring vnder the load of sorrow:
But no mans vertue nor sufficiencie
To be so morall, when he shall endure
The like himselfe: therefore giue me no counsaile,
My griefs cry lowder then aduertisement.

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leonato. I pray thee peace, I will be flesh and bloud,
For there was neuer yet Philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,
How euer they haue writ the stile of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

Brother. Yet bend not all the harme vpon your selfe,
Make those that doe offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason, nay I will doe so,
My soule doth tell me, *Hero* is belied,
And that shall *Claudio* know, so shall the Prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Brot. Here comes the *Prince* and *Claudio* hastily.

Prin. Good den, good den.

Clau. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Heare you my Lords?

Prin. We haue some haste *Leonato*.

Leo. Some haste my Lord! wel, fareyouwel my Lord,
Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

Prin. Nay, do not quarrel with vs, good old man.

Brot. If he could rite himselfe with quarrelling,
Some of vs would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler, thou:
Nay, neuer lay thy hand vpon thy sword,
I feare thee not.

Claud. Marry beshrew my hand,
If it should giue your age such cause of feare,
Infaieth my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leonato. Tush, tush, man, neuer fleere and iest at me,
I speake not like a dotard, nor a foole,
As vnder priuiledge of age to bragge,
What I haue done being yong, or what would doe,
Were I not old, know *Claudio* to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent childe and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reuerence by,
And with grey haire and bruise of many daies,
Doe challenge thee to triall 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 tombe where neuer scandall slept,
Saue 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,
He proue it on his body if he dare,
Despight his nice fence, and his actiue practise,
His Maie of youth, and bloome of lustihood.

Claud. Away, I will not haue to do with you.

Leo. Canst thou so daffe me? thou hast kild my child,
If thou kilst me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Bro. He shall kill two of vs, and 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 am a gentleman, I will.

[Page K5v]

Leon. Brother.

Brot. Content your self, God knows I lou'd my neece,
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villaines,
That dare as well answer a man indeede,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boyes, apes, braggarts, Iackes, milke-sops.

Leon. Brother *Anthony.*

Brot. Hold you content, what man? I know them, yea
And what they weigh, euen to the vtmost scruple,
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boyes,
That lye, and cog, and flout, depraue, and slander,
Goe antiquely, and show outward hidiousnesse,
And speake of halfe a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst.
And this is all.

Leon. But brother *Anthonie.*

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter,
Do not you meddle, let me deale in this.

Pri. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience
My heart is sorry for your daughters death:
But on my honour she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of prooffe.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord.

Prin. I will not heare you.

Enter Benedicke.

Leo. No come brother, away, I will be heard.

Bro. And shall, or some of vs will smart for it.

Prin. See, see, here comes the man we went to seeke.

Clau. Now signior, what newes?

Ben. Good day my Lord.

Prin. Welcome signior, you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Clau. Wee had likt to haue had our two noses snapt off with two old men without teeth.

Prin. *Leonato* and his brother, what think'st thou? had wee fought, I doubt we should haue beene too yong for them.

Ben. In a false quarrell there is no true valour, I came to seeke you both.

Clau. We haue beene vp and downe to seeke thee, for we are high prooffe melancholly, and would faine haue it beaten away, wilt thou vse thy wit?

Ben. It is in my scabberd, shall I draw it?

Prin. Doest thou weare thy wit by thy side?

Clau. Neuer any did so, though verie many haue been beside their wit, I will bid thee drawe, as we do the minstrels, draw to pleasure vs.

Prin. As I am an honest man he lookes pale, art thou sicke, or angrie?

Clau. What, courage man: what though care kil'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I shall meete your wit in the careere, and you charge it against me, I pray you chuse another subject.

Clau. Nay then giue him another staffe, this last was broke crosse.

Prin. 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 eare?

Clau. God blesse me from a challenge.

Ben. You are a villaine, I iest not, I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare: do me right, or I will protest your cowardise: you haue kill'd a sweete Ladie, and her death shall fall heauie on you, let me heare from you.

Clau. Well, I will meete you, so I may haue good cheare.

Prin. What, a feast, a feast?

Clau. I faith I thanke him, he hath bid me to a calues head and a Capon, the which if I doe not carue most curiously, say my knife's naught, shall I not finde a wood-cocke too?

Ben. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easily.

Prin. Ile tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I said thou hadst a fine wit: true saies she, a fine little one: no said I, a great wit: right saies shee, a great grosse one: nay said I, a good wit: iust said she, it hurts no body: nay said I, the gentleman is wise: certaine said she, a wise gentleman: nay said I, he hath the tongues: that I beleue said shee, for hee swore a thing to me on munday night, which he forswore on tuesday morning: there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did shee an howre together trans-shape thy particular vertues, yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the proprest man in Italie.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said shee car'd not.

Prin. Yea that she did, but yet for all that, and if shee did not hate him deadlie, shee would loue him dearely, the old mans daughter told vs all.

Clau. All, all, and moreouer, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

Prin. But when shall we set the sauage Bulls hornes
on the sensible *Benedicks* head?

Clau. Yea and text vnder-neath, heere dwells *Bene-dicke*
the married man.

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde, I will
leauue you now to your gossep-like humor, you breake
iests as braggards 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 Bastard is fled from *Messina*: you haue among you,
kill'd a sweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Lacke-
beard there, he and I shall meete, and till then peace be
with him.

Prin. He is in earnest.

Clau. In most profound earnest, and Ile warrant you,
for the loue of Beatrice.

Prin. And hath challeng'd thee.

Clau. Most sincerely.

Prin. What a prettie thing man is, when he goes in his
doublet and hose, and leaues off his wit.

Enter Constable, Conrade, and Borachio.

Clau. He is then a Giant to an Ape, but then is an Ape
a Doctor to such a man.

Prin. But soft you, let me be, plucke vp my heart, and
be sad, did he not say my brother was fled?

Const. Come you sir, if iustice cannot tame you, shee
shall nere weigh more reasons in her ballance, nay, and
you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be lookt to.

Prin. How now, two of my brothers men bound? *Bo-rachio*
one.

Clau. Harken after their offence my Lord.

Prin. Officers, what offence haue these men done?

[Page K6]

Const. Marrie sir, they haue committed false report, moreouer they haue spoken vntruths, secondarily they are slanders, sixt and lastly, they haue belyed a Ladie, thirdly, they haue verified vniust things, and to conclude they are lying knaues.

Prin. First I aske thee what they haue done, thirdlie I aske thee what's their offence, sixt and lastlie why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Clau. Rightlie reasoned, and in his owne diuision, and by my troth there's one meaning well suted.

Prin. Who haue you offended masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned Constable is too cunning to be vnderstood, what's your offence?

Bor. Sweete Prince, let me go no farther to mine answer: do you heare me, and let this Count kill mee: I haue deceiued euen your verie eies: what your wisdomes could not discouer, these shallow fooles haue brought to light, who in the night ouerheard me confessing to this man, how *Don Iohn* your brother incensed me to slander the Ladie *Hero*, how you were brought into the Orchard, and saw me court *Margaret* in *Heroes* garments, how you disgrac'd her when you should marrie her: my villanie they haue vpon record, which I had rather seale with my death, then repeate ouer to my shame: the Ladie is dead vpon mine and my masters false accusation: and briefelie, I desire nothing but the reward of a villaine.

Prin. Runs not this speech like yron through your bloud?

Clau. I haue drunke poison whiles he vtter'd it.

Prin. But did my Brother set thee on to this?

Bor. Yea, and paid me richly for the practise of it.

Prin. He is compos'd and fram'd of treacherie,
And fled he is vpon this villanie.

Clau. Sweet *Hero*, now thy image doth appeare
In the rare semblance that I lou'd it first.

Const. Come, bring away the plaintiffes, by this time
our *Sexton* hath reformed *Signior Leonato* of the matter:
and masters, do not forget to specifie when time & place
shall serue, that I am an Asse.

Con. 2. Here, here comes master *Signior Leonato*, and
the *Sexton* too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villaine? let me see his eies,
That when I note another man like him,
I may auoide him: which of these is he?

Bor. If you would know your wronger, looke on me.

Leon. Art thou the slaue that with thy breath
hast kild mine innocent childe?

Bor. Yea, euen I alone.

Leo. No, not so villaine, thou beliest thy selfe,
Here stand a paire of honourable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thanke you Princes for my daughters death,
Record it with your high and worthie deedes,
'Twas brauely done, if you bethinke you of it.

Clau. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speake, choose your reuenge your selfe,
Impose me to what penance your inuention
Can lay vpon my sinne, yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

Prin. By my soule nor I,
And yet to satisfie this good old man,
I would bend vnder anie heauie waight,
That heele enioyne me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter liue,
That were impossible, but I praie you both,
Possesse the people in *Messina* here,
How innocent she died, and if your loue

Can labour aught in sad inuention,
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 childe that's dead,
And she alone is heire to both of vs,
Giue her the right you should haue giu'n her cosin,
And so dies my reuenge.

Clau. O noble sir!
Your ouerkindnesse doth wring teares 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 leaue, this naughtie man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,
Who I beleuee 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 iust and vertuous,
In anie thing that I do know by her.

Const. Moreouer sir, which indeede is not vnder white
and black, this plaintiffe here, the offendour did call mee
asse, I beseech you let it be remembred in his punish-
ment, and also the watch heard them talke of one Deform-
ed, they say he weares a key in his eare and a lock hang-
ing by it, and borrowes monie in Gods name, the which
he hath vs'd so long, and neuer paied, that now men grow
hard-harted and will lend nothing for Gods sake: praie
you examine him vpon that point.

Leon. I thanke thee for thy care and honest paines.

Const. Your worship speakes like a most thankfull
and reuerend youth, and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy paines.

Const. God saue the foundation.

Leon. Goe, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thanke thee.

Const. I leaue an arrant knaue with your worship, which I beseech your worship to correct your selfe, for the example of others: God keepe your worship, I wish your worship well, God restore you to health, I humblie giue you leaue to depart, and if a merrie meeting may be wisht, God prohibite it: come neighbour.

Leon. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords, farewell.

Exeunt.

Brot. Farewell my Lords, we looke for you to morrow.

Prin. We will not faile.

Clau. To night ile mourne with *Hero*.

Leon. Bring you these fellowes on, weel talke with *Margaret*, How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

Exeunt.

Enter Benedicke and Margaret.

Ben. Praie thee sweete Mistris *Margaret*, deserue well at my hands, by helping mee to the speech of *Bea-trice*.

Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praise of my beautie?

[Page K6v]

Bene. In so high a stile *Margaret*, that no man liuing shall come ouer it, for in most comely truth thou deseruest it.

Mar. To haue no man come ouer me, why, shall I alwaies keepe below staires?

Bene. Thy wit is as quicke 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 giue thee the bucklers.

Mar. Giue vs the swords, wee haue bucklers of our owne.

Bene. If you vse them *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides.

Mar. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I thinke hath legges.

Exit Margarite.

Ben. And therefore will come. The God of loue that sits aboue, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pittifull I deserue. I meane in singing, but in louing, Leander the good swimmer, Troilous the first imploier of pandars, and a whole booke full of these quondam car-pet-mongers, whose name yet runne smoothly in the euen rode of a blanke verse, why they were neuer so truly turned ouer and ouer as my poore selfe in loue: marrie I cannot shew it rime, I haue tried, I can finde out no rime to Ladie but babie, an innocent rime: for scorne, horne, a hard rime: for schoole foole, a babling rime: verie ominous endings, no, I was not borne vnder a riming Plannet, for I cannot wooe in festiuall tearmes:

Enter Beatrice.

sweete *Beatrice* would'st thou come when I cal'd thee?

Beat. Yea 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 past betweene you and *Claudio*.

Bene. Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kisse thee.

Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is noisome, therefore I will depart vnkist.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sence, so forcible is thy wit, but I must tell thee plainly, *Claudio* vndergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly heare from him, or I will subscribe 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 so politique a state of euill, that they will not admit 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 epithite, I do suffer loue indeede, 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 neuer loue that which my friend hates.

Bened. Thou and I are too wise to wooe peaceablie.

Bea. It appeares not in this confession, there's not one wise man among twentie that will praise himselfe.

Bene. An old, an old instance *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, hee shall liue no longer in monuments, then the Bels ring, & the Widdow weepes.

Beat. And how long is that thinke you?

Ben. Question, why an hower in clamour and a quarter in rhewme, therefore is it most expedient for the wise, 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 cosin?

Beat. Verie ill.

Bene. And how doe you?

Beat. Verie ill too.

Enter Vrsula.

Bene. Serue God, loue me, and mend, there will I leaue you too, for here comes one in haste.

Vrs. Madam, you must come to your Vncle, yonders old coile at home, it is prooued my Ladie *He-ro* hath bin falselie accusde, the *Prince* and *Claudio* mightilie abusde, and *Don Iohn* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presentlie?

Beat. Will you go heare this newes Signior?

Bene. I will liue in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eies: and moreouer, I will goe with thee to thy Vncles.

Exeunt.

Enter Claudio, 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 guerdon of her wrongs,
Giues her fame which neuer dies:
So the life that dyed with shame,
Liues in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there vpon the tombe,
Praising her when I am dombe.*

Clau. Now musick sound & sing your solemn hymne

*Pardon goddesse of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight,
For the which with songs of woe,
Round about her tombe they goe:
Midnight assist our mone, helpe vs to sigh and grone.
Heauily, heauily.*

*Graues yawne and yeelde your dead,
Till death be vttered,
Heauenly, heauenly.*

Lo. Now vnto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do this right.

Prin. Good morrow masters, put your Torches out,
The wolues haue preied, and looke, the gentle day
Before the wheelles of Phoebus, round about
Dapples the drowsie East with spots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leaue vs, fare you well.

Clau. Good morrow masters, each his seuerall way.

Prin. Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes,
And then to *Leonatoes* we will goe.

Clau. And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,
Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe.

[Page L1]

Exeunt.

Enter Leonato, Bene. Marg. Vrsula, old man, Frier, Hero.

Frier. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leo. So are the *Prince* and *Claudio* who accus'd her,
Vpon the errour that you heard debated:
But *Margaret* was in some fault for this,
Although against her will as it appeares,
In the true course of all the question.

Old. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.

Leo. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your selues,
And when I send 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 giue her to young *Claudio*.

Exeunt Ladies.

Old. Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Frier, I must intreat your paines, I thinke.

Frier. To doe what Signior?

Bene. To binde me, or vndoe me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is good Signior,
Your neece regards me with an eye of fauour.

Leo. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.

Bene. And I doe with an eye of loue requite her.

Leo. The sight whereof I thinke you had from me,
From *Claudio*, and the *Prince*, but what's your will?

Bened. Your answer sir is Enigmaticall,
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conioyn'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.

Leo. Good morrow *Prince*, good morrow *Claudio*:
We heere attend you, are you yet determin'd,
To day to marry with my brothers daughter?

Claud. Ile hold my minde were she an Ethiope.

Leo. Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.

Prin. Good morrow *Benedicke*, why what's the matter?
That you haue such a Februarie face,
So full of frost, of storme, and clowdinesse.

Claud. I thinke he thinkes vpon the sauage bull:
Tush, feare not man, wee'll tip thy hornes with gold,
And all Europa shall reioyce at thee,
As once *Europa* did at lusty *Ioue*,
When he would play the noble beast in loue.

Ben. Bull *Ioue* sir, had an amiable low,
And some such strange bull leapt your fathers Cow,
A got a Calfe in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you haue iust his bleat.

Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Vrsula.

Cla. For this I owe you: here comes other recknings.
Which is the Lady I must seize vpon?

Leo. This same is she, and I doe giue you her.

Cla. Why then she's mine, sweet let me see your face.

Leon. No that you shal not, till you take her hand,
Before this Frier, and sweare to marry her.

Clau. Giue me your hand before this holy Frier,
I am your husband if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liu'd I was your other wife,
And when you lou'd, you were my other husband.

Clau. Another *Hero*?

Hero. Nothing certainer.
One *Hero* died, but I doe liue,
And surely as I liue, I am a maid.

Prin. The former *Hero*, *Hero* that is dead.

Leon. Shee died my Lord, but whiles her slander liu'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 seeme familiar,
And to the chappell let vs presently.

Ben. Soft and faire Frier, which is *Beatrice*?

Beat. I answer to that name, what is your will?

Bene. Doe not you loue me?

Beat. Why no, no more then reason.

Bene. Why then your Vncle, and the Prince, & *Clau-dio*,
haue beene deceiued, they swore you did.

Beat. Doe not you loue mee?

Bene. Troth no, no more then reason.

Beat. Why then my Cosin *Margaret* and *Vrsula*
Are much deceiu'd, for they did sweare you did.

Bene. They swore you were almost sicke for me.

Beat. They swore you were wel-nye dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter, then you doe not loue me?

Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come Cosin, I am sure you loue the gentlema[n].

Clau. And Ile be sworne vpon't, that he loues her,
For heres a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his owne pure braine,
Fashioned to *Beatrice*.

Hero. And heeres another,
Writ in my cosins hand, stolne from her pocket,
Containing her affection vnto *Benedicke*.

Bene. A miracle, here's our owne hands against our
hearts: come I will haue thee, but by this light I take
thee for pittie.

Beat. I would not denie you, but by this good day, I
yeeld vpon great perswasion, & partly to saue your life,
for I was told, you were in a consumption.

Leon. Peace I will stop your mouth.

Prin. How dost thou *Benedicke* the married man?

Bene. Ile tell thee what Prince: a Colledge of witte-crackers
cannot flout mee out of my humour, dost thou
think I care for a Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will
be beaten with braines, a shall weare nothing handsome
about him: in briefe, since I do purpose to marry, I will
thinke nothing to any purpose that the world can say a-
gainst it, and therefore neuer flout at me, for I haue said
against it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my con-
clusion: for thy part *Claudio*, I did thinke to haue beaten
thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, liue vn-bruis'd,
and loue my cousin.

Cla. I had well hop'd thou wouldst haue denied *Beatrice*, that
I might haue cudgel'd thee out of thy single life, to make
thee a double dealer, which out of questio[n] 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 own hearts,
and our wiues heeles.

Leon. Wee'll haue dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word, therfore play musick. *Prince*,
thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife, there is no
staff more reuerend then one tipt with horn.

Enter. Mes.

Messen. My Lord, your brother *Iohn* is tane in flight,
And brought with armed men backe to *Messina*.

Bene. Thinke not on him till to morrow, ile deuise
thee braue punishments for him: strike vp Pipers.

Dance.

FINIS.

Actus primus.

*Enter Ferdinand King of Nauarre, Berowne, Longauill, and
Dumane.*

Ferdinand. Let *Fame*, that all hunt after in their liues,
Liue registred vpon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace vs in the disgrace of death:
when spight of cormorant deuouring Time,
Th' endeuour of this present breath may buy:
That honour which shall bate his sythes keene edge,
And make vs heyres of all eternitie.
Therefore braue Conquerours, for so you are,
That warre against your owne affections,
And the huge Armie of the worlds desires.
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,
Nauar shall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court shall be a little Achademe,
Still and contemplatiue in liuing Art.
You three, *Berowne*, *Dumaine*, and *Longauill*,
Haue sworne for three yeeres terme, to liue with me:
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes
That are recorded in this scedule heere.
Your oathes are past, and now subscribe your names:
That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,
That violates the smallest branch heerein:
If you are arm'd to doe, as sworne to do,
Subscribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to.

Longauill. I am resolu'd, 'tis but a three yeeres fast:
The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches haue leane pates: and dainty bits,
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dumane. My louing Lord, *Dumane* is mortified,
The grosser manner of these worlds delights,
He throwes vpon the grosse worlds baser slaues:

To loue, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,
With all these liuing in Philosophie.

Berowne. I can but say their protestation ouer,
So much, deare Liege, I haue already sworne,
That is, to liue and study heere three yeeres.
But there are other strict obseruances:
As not to see a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:
And but one meale on euery day beside:
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to sleepe but three houres in the night,
And not be seene to winke 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, not sleepe.

Ferd. Your oath is past, to passe away from these.

Berow. Let me say no my Liedge, and if you please,
I onely swore to study with your grace,
And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.

Longa. You swore to that *Berowne*, and to the rest.

Berow. By yea and nay sir, than I swore in iest.
What is the end of study, let me know?

Fer. Why that to know which else wee should not
know.

Ber. Things hid & bard (you meane) fro[m] co[m]mon sense.

Ferd. I, that is studies god-like recompence.

Bero. Come on then, I will sweare to studie so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to study where I well may dine,
When I to fast expressely am forbid.
Or studie where to meete some Mistresse fine,
When Mistresses from common sense are hid.
Or hauing 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,
Sweare me to this, and I will nere say no.

Ferd. These be the stops that hinder studie quite,
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.

Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that most vaine
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,
As painefully to poare vpon a Booke,
To seeke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falsely blinde the eye-sight 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 vpon a fairer eye,
Who dazling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And giue him light that it was blinded by.
Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe search'd with sawcy lookes:
Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,
Saue base authoritie from others Bookes.
These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,
That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,
Haue no more profit of their shining nights,
Then those that walke and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
And euery Godfather can giue a name.

Fer. How well hee's read, to reason against reading.

[Page L2]

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.

Lon. Hee weedes the corne, and still lets grow the
weeding.

Ber. The Spring is neare when greene geesse 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 enuious sneaping Frost,
That bites the first borne infants of the Spring.

Ber. Wel, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,
Before the Birds haue any cause to sing?
Why should I ioy in any abortiue birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,
Then wish a Snow in Mayes new fangled showes:
But like of each thing that in season growes.
So you to studie now it is too late,
That were to clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the gate.

Fer. Well, sit you out: go home *Berowne*: adue.

Ber. No my good Lord, I haue sworn to stay with you.
And though I haue for barbarisme spoke more,
Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue sworne,
And bide the pennance of each three yeares day.
Giue me the paper, let me reade the same,
And to the strictest decrees Ile 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. Foure dayes agoe.

Ber. Let's see the penaltie.
On paine of loosing her tongue.
Who deuis'd this penaltie?

Lon. Marry that did I.

Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?

Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,
A dangerous law against gentilitie.
Item, If any man be seene to talke with a woman with-
in the tearme of three yeares, hee shall indure such
publique shame as the rest of the Court shall possibly
deuise.

Ber. This Article my Liedge your selfe must breake,
For well you know here comes in Embassie
The *French* Kings daughter, with your selfe to speake:
A Maide of grace and compleate maiestie,
About surrender vp of *Aquitaine*:
To her decrepit, sicke, and bed-rid Father.
Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
Or vainly comes th' admired Princesse hither.

Fer. What say you Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot.

Ber. So Studie euermore is ouershot,
While it doth study to haue what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as townes with fire, so won, so lost.

Fer. We must of force dispence with this Decree,
She must lye here on meere necessitie.

Ber. Necessity will make vs all forsworne
Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:
For euery man with his affects is borne,
Not by might mastred, but by speciall grace.
If I breake faith, this word shall breake for me,
I am forsworne on meere necessitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the least degree,
Stands in attainer of eternall shame.
Suggestions are to others as to me:
But I beleeeue although I seeme so loth,
I am the last that will last keepe his oth.
But is there no quicke recreation granted?

Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is hanted
With a refined trauailer of *Spaine*,
A man in all the worlds new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his braine:
One, who the musicke of his owne vaine tongue,
Doth rauish like inchanting harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue chose as vmpire of their mutinie.

This childe of fancie that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate,
In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight:
From tawnie *Spaine* lost in the worlds debate.
How you delight my Lords, I know not I,
But I protest I loue to heare him lie,
And I will vse him for my Minstrelsie.

Bero. *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire, new words, fashions owne Knight.

Lon. *Costard* the swaine and he, shall be our sport,
And so to studie, three yeeres is but short.

Enter a Constable with Costard with a Letter.

Const. Which is the Dukes owne person.

Ber. This fellow, What would'st?

Con. I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am
his graces Tharborough: But I would see his own person
in flesh and blood.

Ber. This is he.

Con. Signeor *Arme*, *Arme* commends you:
Ther's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.

Clow. Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching
mee.

Fer. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.

Ber. How low soeuer the matter, I hope in God for
high words.

Lon. A high hope for a low heauen, God grant vs pa-
tience.

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 giue vs cause to
clime in the merrinesse.

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 vpon 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-
fend 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.

[Page L2v]

Ferdinand. Great Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and sole domi-
nator of Nauar, my soules earths God, and bodies fo-
string patrone:

Cost. Not a word of *Costard* yet.

Ferd. So it is.

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling
true: but so.

Ferd. Peace,

Clow. Be to me, and euery man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No words,

Clow. Of other mens secrets I beseech you.

Ferd. So it is besieged with sable coloured melancholie, I
did commend the blacke oppressing humour to the most whole-
some Physicke of thy health-giuing ayre: And as I am a Gen-
tleman, betooke my selfe to walke: the time When? about the
sixt houre, When beasts most grase, birds best pecke, and men
sit downe to that nourishment which is called supper: So much

*for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I
meane I walkt vpon, it is ycliped, Thy Parke. Then for the
place Where? where I meane I did encounter that obscene and
most preposterous euent that draweth from my snow-white pen
the ebon coloured Inke, which heere thou viewest, beholdest:
suruayest, or seest. But to the place Where? It standeth
North North-east and by East from the West corner of thy
curious knotted garden; There did I see that low spiri-
ted Swaine, that base Minow of thy myrth, (Clown. Mee?)
that vnletered small knowing soule, (Clow Me?) that shallow
vassall (Clow. Still mee?) which as I remember, hight Co-
stard, (Clow. O me) sorted and consorted contrary to thy e-
stablished proclaymed Edict and Continent, Cannon: Which
with, o with, but with this I passion to say wherewith:*

Clo. With a Wench.

*Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eue, a female;
or for thy more sweet understanding a woman: him, I (as my
euer esteemed dutie prickes me on) haue sent to thee, to receiue
the meed of punishment by the sweet Graces Officer Anthony
Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & estimation.*

Anth. Me, an't shall please you? I am Anthony Dull.

*Ferd. For Iaquenetta (so is the weaker vessell called)
which I apprehended with the aforesaid Swaine, I keepe her
as a vessell of thy Lawes furie, and shall at the least of thy
sweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of
deuoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.*

Don Adriana de Armado.

*Ber. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best
that euer I heard.*

*Fer. I the best, for the worst. But sirra, What say you
to this?*

Clo. Sir I confesse the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

*Clo. I doe confesse much of the hearing it, but little
of the marking of it.*

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres imprisonment to bee taken with a Wench.

Clo. I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damosell.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damosell.

Clo. This was no Damosell neyther sir, shee was a Virgin.

Fer. It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maid will not serue your turne sir.

Clo. This Maide will serue my turne sir.

Kin. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a Weeke with Branne and water.

Clo. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.

Kin. And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper.
My Lord *Berowne*, see him deliuer'd ore,
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

Bero. Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,
These oathes and lawes will proue an idle scorne.
Sirra, come on.

Clo. I suffer for the truth sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, and *Iaquenetta* is a true girle, and therefore welcome the sowre cup of prosperitie, affliction may one day smile againe, and vntill then sit downe sorrow.

Exit.

Enter Armado and Moth his Page.

Arma. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirit growes melancholy?

Boy. A great signe sir, that he will looke sad.

Brag. Why? sadnesse is one and the selfe-same thing
deare impe.

Boy. No no, O Lord sir no.

Brag. How canst thou part sadnesse and melancholy
my tender *Iuuenall*?

Boy. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my
tough signeur.

Brag. Why tough signeur? Why tough signeur?

Boy. Why tender *Iuuenall*? Why tender *Iuuenall*?

Brag. I spoke it tender *Iuuenall*, as a congruent apa-
thaton, appertaining to thy young daies, which we may
nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough signeur, as an appertinent title to
your olde time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meane you sir, I pretty, and my saying apt?
or I apt, and my saying prettie?

Brag. Thou pretty because little.

Boy. Little pretty, because little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore apt, because quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praise Master?

Brag. In thy condigne praise.

Boy. I will praise an Eele with the same praise.

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Eele is quicke.

Brag. I doe say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou
heat'st my bloud.

Boy. I am answer'd sir.

Brag. I loue not to be crost.

Boy. He speakes the meere contrary, crosses loue not him.

Br. I haue promis'd to study iij. yeres with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an houre sir.

Brag. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Bra. I am ill at reckning, it fits the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gamester sir.

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 deus-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the base vulgar call three.

Br. True.

Boy. Why sir is this such a peece of study?

Now here's three studied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how easie it is to put yeres to the word three, and study three yeeres in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

[Page L3]

Brag. A most fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

Brag. I will heereupon confesse 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 deliuer mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French Courtier for a new deuis'd curtsie. I thinke scorne to sigh, me thinkes I should out-sweare *Cupid*. Comfort me Boy, What great men haue beene in loue?

Boy. *Hercules* Master.

Brag. Most sweete *Hercules*: more authority deare Boy, name more; and sweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. *Sampson* Master, 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 ioynted *Sampson*;
I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst mee
in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampsons*
loue my deare *Moth*?

Boy. A Woman, Master.

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 sir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read sir, and the best of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to
haue a Loue of that colour, methinkes *Sampson* had small
reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was so sir, for she had a greene wit.

Brag. My Loue is most immaculate white and red.

Boy. Most immaculate thoughts Master, are mask'd
vnder such colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue assist
mee.

Brag. Sweet inuocation of a childe, most pretty and
patheticall.

Boy. If shee be made of white and red,
Her faults will nere be knowne:
For blush-in cheekes by faults are bred,
And feares by pale white showne:
Then if she feare, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know,
For still her cheekes possesse the same,
Which natiue she 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 guilty of such a Ballet some three ages since, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I may example my digression by some mighty president. Boy, I doe loue that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall hinde *Costard*: she deserues well.

Boy. To bee whip'd: and yet a better loue then my Master.

Brag. Sing Boy, my spirit grows heauy in loue.

Boy. And that's great maruell, louing a light wench.

Brag. I say sing.

Boy. Forbeare till this company be past.

Enter Clowne, Constable, and Wench.

Const. Sir, the Dukes pleasure, is that you keepe *Co-stard* safe, and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee must fast three daies a weeke: for this Damsell, I must keepe her at the Parke, shee is alowd for the Day-woman. Fare you well.

Exit.

Brag. I do betray my selfe with blushing: Maide.

Maid. Man.

Brag. I wil visit thee at the Lodge.

Maid. That's here by.

Brag. I know where it is situate.

Mai. Lord how wise you are!

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Ma. With what face?

Brag. I loue thee.

Mai. So I heard you say.

Brag. And so farewell.

Mai. Faire weather after you.

Clo. Come *Iaquenetta*, away.

Exeunt.

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 heauily 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 transgressing slaue, away.

Clow. Let mee not bee pent vp sir, I will fast being loose.

Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Clow. Well, if euer I do see the merry dayes of desolation that I haue seene, some shall see.

Boy. What shall some see?

Clow. Nay nothing, Master *Moth*, 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 haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

Exit.

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is base) where her shooe (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworn (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 euill Angell but Loue, yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was *Salomon* so seduced, and hee had a very good witte. *Cupids* Butshaft is too hard for *Her-cules* Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier: The first and second cause will not serue my turne: the *Passado* hee respects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. A due Valour, rust Rapier, bee still Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea hee loueth. Assist me some extemporall god of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet. Deuse Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

Exit.

Finis Actus Primus.

Actus Secunda.

[Page L3v]

*Enter the Princesse 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,
Matchlesse *Nauarre*, the plea of no lesse 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 starue the generall world beside,
And prodigally gaue them all to you.

Queen. Good L[ord]. *Boyet*, my beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by iudgement of the eye,
Not vttered by base sale of chapmens tongues:
I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth,

Then you much willing to be counted wise,
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 noyse abroad *Nauar* hath made a vow,
Till painefull studie shall out-weare three yeares,
No woman may approach his silent Court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthinesse, we single you,
As our best mouing faire soliciter:
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious businesse crauing quicke dispatch,
Importunes personall conference with his grace.
Haste, signifie so much while we attend,
Like humble visag'd suters his high will.

Boy. Proud of imployment, willingly I goe.

Exit.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
Who are the Votaries my Louing Lords, that are vow-fellowes
with this vertuous Duke?

Lor. Longauill is one.

Princ. Know you the man?

I Lady. I know him Madame at a marriage feast,
Betweene L[ord]. *Perigort* and the beautious heire
Of *Iaques Fauconbridge* solemnized.
In *Normandie* saw I this *Longauill*,
A man of soueraigne parts he is esteem'd:
Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The onely soyle of his faire vertues glosse,
If vertues glosse will staine with any soile,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will:
Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wills,
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, ist so?

Lad. 1. They say so most, that most his humors know.

Prin. such short liu'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

2.Lad. The yong *Dumaine*, a well accomplisht youth,
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued.
Most power to doe most harme, least knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though she had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke *Alansoes* once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthinesse.

Rossa. Another of these Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I haue heard a truth.
Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I neuer spent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For euery object that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-mouing iest.
Which his faire tongue (conceits expositor)
Deliuers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged eares play treuant at his tales,
And yonger hearings are quite rauished.
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God blesse my Ladies, are they all in loue?
That euery one her owne hath garnished,
With such bedecking ornaments of praise.

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 addrest to meete you gentle Lady
Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes heere to besiege his Court,
Then seeke a dispensation for his oath:

To let you enter his vnpeopled house.

Enter Nauar, Longauill, Dumaine, and Berowne.

Heere comes *Nauar*.

Nau. Faire Princesse, welcom to the Court of *Nauar*.

Prin. Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I haue not yet: the rooffe of this Court is too high to bee yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be mine.

Nau. You shall be welcome Madam to my Court.

Prin. I wil be welcome then, Conduct me thither.

Nau. Heare me deare Lady, I haue sworne an oath.

Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forsworne.

Nau. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els.

Nau. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath sworne out House-keeping:
'Tis deadly sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And sinne to breake it:
But pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
And sodainly resolue me in my suite.

Nau. Madam, I will, if sodainly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you'll proue periur'd if you make me stay.

Berow. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Rosa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Ber. I know you did.

Rosa. How needlesse was it then to ask the question?

Ber. You must not be so quicke.

[Page L4]

Rosa. 'Tis long of you that spur me with such questions.

Ber. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Rosa. Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire.

Ber. What time a day?

Rosa. The howre that fooles should aske.

Ber. Now faire befall your maske.

Rosa. Faire fall the face it couers.

Ber. And send you many louers.

Rosa. Amen, so you be none.

Ber. Nay then will I be gone.

Kin. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,
The paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
Being but th' one halfe, of an intire summe,
Disbursed by my father in his warres.
But say that he, or we, as neither haue
Receiu'd that summe; yet there remains vnpaid
A hundred thousand more: in surety of the which,
One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the moneys worth.
If then the King your father will restore
But that one halfe which is vnsatisfied,
We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,
And hold faire friendship with his Maiestie:
But that it seemes he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to haue repaie,
An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands
One paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
To haue his title liue in *Aquitaine*.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And haue the money by our father lent,
Then *Aquitane*, so guelded as it is.
Deare Princesse, were not his requests so farre
From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make
A yeelding 'gainst some reason in my brest,
And goe well satisfied to *France* againe.

Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so vnseeming to confesse receyt
Of that which hath so faithfully beene paid.

Kin. I doe protest I neuer heard of it,
And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeeld vp *Aquitaine*.

Prin. We arrest your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For such a summe, from speciall Officers,
Of *Charles* his Father.

Kin. Satisfie me so.

Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound,
To morrow you shall haue a sight of them.

Kin. It shall suffice me; at which enterview,
All liberall reason would I yeeld vnto:
Meane time, receiue such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthinesse.
You may not come faire Princesse in my gates,
But heere without you shall be so receiu'd,
As you shall deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart,
Though so deni'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 consort your grace.

Kin. Thy own wish wish I thee, in euery place.

Exit.

Boy. Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.

La.Ro. Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to see it.

Boy. I would you heard it grone.

La.Ro. Is the soule sicke?

Boy. Sicke at the heart.

La.Ro. Alacke, let it bloud.

Boy. Would that doe it good?

La.Ro. My Phisicke saies I.

Boy. Will you prick't with your eye.

La.Ro. No poynt, with my knife.

Boy. Now God saue thy life.

La.Ro. And yours from long liuing.

Ber. I cannot stay thanks-giuing.

Exit.

Enter Dumane.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that same?

Boy. The heire of *Alanson*, *Rosalin* her name.

Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounsier fare you well.

Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

Boy. A woman somtimes, if you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light: I desire her name.

Boy. Shee hath but one for her selfe,
To desire that were a shame.

Long. Pray you sir, whose daughter?

Boy. Her Mothers, I haue heard.

Long. Gods blessing a your beard.

Boy. Good sir be not offended,
Shee is an heyre of *Faulconbridge*.

Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
Shee is a most sweet Lady.

Exit. Long.

Boy. Not vnlike sir, that may be.

Enter Beroune.

Ber. What's her name in the cap.

Boy. Katherine by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

Boy. To her will sir, or so,

Ber. You are welcome sir, adiew.

Boy. Fare well to me sir, and welcome to you.

Exit.

La.Ma. That last is *Beroune*, the mery mad-cap Lord.
Not a word with him, but a iest.

Boy. And euery iest but a word.

Pri. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.

La.Ma. Two hot Sheepes marie:
And wherefore not Ships?

Boy. No Sheepe (sweet Lamb) vnlesse we feed on your lips.

La. You Sheepe & I pasture: shall that finish the iest?

Boy. So you grant pasture for me.

La. Not so gentle beast.
My lips are no Common, though seuerall they be.

Bo. Belonging to whom?

La. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits wil be iangling, but gentles agree.
This ciuill warre of wits were much better vsed
On *Nauar* and his bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.

Bo. If my obseruation (which very seldome lies
By the hearts still rhetoricke, disclosed with eyes)
Deceiue me not now, *Nauar* is infected.

Prin. With what?

Bo. With that which we Louers intitle affected.

Prin. Your reason.

Bo. Why all his behauiours doe make their retire,
 To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.
 His hart like an Agot with your print impressed,
 Proud with his forme, in his eie pride expressed.
 His tongue all impatient to speake and not see,
 Did stumble with haste in his eie-sight to be,
 All sences to that sence did make their repaire,
 To feele onely looking on fairest of faire:
 Me thought all his sences were lockt in his eye,
 As Iewels in Christall for some Prince to Buy.
 Who tendring their own worth from whence they were glast,
 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 giue you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his,
 And you giue him for my sake, but one louing Kisse.

Prin. Come to our Pauillion, *Boyet* is disposde.

Bro. But to speak that in words, which his eie hath dis-clos'd.
 I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie,
 By adding a tongue, which I know will not lie.

Lad.Ro. Thou art an old Loue-monger, and speakest
 skilfully.

Lad.Ma. He is *Cupids* Grandfather, and learnes news
 of him.

Lad. 2. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her fa-
 ther is but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad wenches?

La. I. No.

Boy. What then, do you see?

Lad. 2. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Braggart and Boy.

Song.

Bra. Warble childe, make passionate my sense of hearing.

Boy. Concolinel.

Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tendernesse of yeares: take this Key, giue enlargement to the swaine, bring him festinatly hither: I must imploy him in a letter to my Loue.

Boy. Will you win your loue with a French braule?

Bra. How meanest thou, brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat master, but to ligge off a tune at the tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour it with turning vp your eie: sigh a note and sing a note, sometime through the throate: if you swallowed loue with singing, loue sometime through: nose as if you snuft vp loue by smelling loue with your hat penthouse-like ore the shop of your eies, with your armes crost on your thinbellie doublet, like 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: these are complements, these are humours, these betraie nice wenches that would be betraied without these, and make them men of note: do you note men that most are affected to these?

Brag. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Boy. By my penne of obseruation.

Brag. But O, but O.

Boy. The Hobbie-horse is forgot.

Bra. Cal'st thou my loue Hobbi-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. Almost I had.

Boy. Negligent student, learne her by heart.

Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Master: all those three I will proue.

Brag. What wilt thou proue?

Boy. A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vp-on the instant: 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 enioy her.

Brag. I am all these 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 simpathis'd, a Horse to be embassadour for an Asse.

Brag. Ha, ha, What saiest thou?

Boy. Marrie sir, you must send the Asse vpon the Horse for he is verie slow gated: but I goe.

Brag. The way is but short, away.

Boy. As swift as Lead sir.

Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a mettall heauie, dull, and slow?

Boy. *Minnime* honest Master, or rather Master no.

Brag. I say Lead is slow.

Boy. You are too swift sir to say so.
Is that Lead slow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete smoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet that's he:
I shoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thump then, and I flee.

Bra. A most acute Iuuenall, voluble and free of grace,
By thy fauour sweet Welkin, I must sigh in thy face.
Most rude melancholie, Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Master, here's a *Costard* broken in a shin.

Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lenuoy* begin.

Clo. No egma, no riddle, no *lenuoy*, no *salue*, in thee male sir. Or sir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *lenuoy*, no *lenuoy*, no *Salue* sir, but a Plantan.

Ar. By vertue, thou inforcest laughter, thy sillie thought, my spleene, the heauing of my lunges prouokes me to rediculous smyling: O pardon me my stars, doth the inconsiderate take *salue* for *lenuoy*, and the word *len-uoy* for a *salue*?

Pag. Doe the wise thinke them other, is not *lenuoy* a *salue*?

Ar. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or discourse to make plaine, Some obscure precedence that hath tofore bin faine.
Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with my *lenuoy*.
The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
Were still at oddes, being but three.

Arm. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.

Pag. A good *Lenuoy*, ending in the Goose: would you desire more?

Clo. The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a Goose, that's flat.
Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your Goose be fat.
To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:
Let me see a fat *Lenuoy*, I that's a fat Goose.

Ar. Come hither, come hither:
How did this argument begin?

[Page L5]

Boy. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.
Then cal'd you for the *Lenuoy*.

Clow. True, and I for a Plantan:
Thus came your argument in:
Then the Boyes fat *Lenuoy*, the Goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Ar. But tell me: How was there a *Costard* broken in
a shin?

Pag. I will tell you sencibly.

Clow. Thou hast no feeling of it *Moth*,
I will speake that *Lenuoy*.
I *Costard* running out, that was safely within,
Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.

Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirra *Costard*, I will infranchise thee.

Clow. O, marrie me to one *Francis*, I smell some *Len-uoy*,
some Goose in this.

Arm. By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at li-
bertie. Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured,
restrained, captiuated, bound.

Clow. True, true, and now you will be my purgation,
and let me loose.

Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, set thee from durance,
and in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this:
Beare this significant to the countrey Maide *Iaquenetta*:
there is remuneration, for the best ward of mine honours
is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*, follow.

Pag. Like the sequell I.
Signeur *Costard* adew.

Exit.

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-far-

things: Three-farthings remuneration, What's the price of this yncle? i.d. no, Ile giue you a remuneration: Why? It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then a French-Crowne. I will neuer buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue *Costard*, exceedingly well met.

Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marrie sir, halfe pennie farthing.

Ber. O, Why then threefarthings worth of Silke.

Cost. I thanke your worship, God be wy you.

Ber. O stay slaue, I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,
Doe one thing for me that I shall intreate.

Clow. When would you haue it done sir?

Ber. O this after-noone.

Clo. Well, I will doe it sir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knowest not what it is.

Clo. I shall know sir, when I haue done it.

Ber. Why villaine thou must know first.

Clo. I wil come to your worship to morrow morning.

Ber. It must be done this after-noone,
Harke slaue, it is but this:
The Princesse comes to hunt here in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,
And *Rosaline* they call her, aske for her:
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-vp counsaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe.

Clo. Gardon, O sweete gardon, better then remuneration, a leuenpence-farthing better: most sweete gardon. I will doe it sir in print: gardon, remuneration.

Exit.

Ber. O, and I forsooth in loue,
I that haue beene loues whip?
A verie Beadle to a humerous sigh: A Criticke,
Nay, a night-watch Constable.
A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall so magnificent,
This wimpled, whyning, purblinde waiward Boy,
This signior *Iunios* gyant dwarfe, don *Cupid*,
Regent of Loue-rimes, Lord of folded armes,
Th' annointed soueraigne of sighes and groanes:
Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeeces.
Sole Emperor and great generall
Of trotting Parrators (O my little heart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope.
What? I loue, I sue, I seeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Germane Cloake,
Still a repairing: euer out of frame,
And neuer going a right, being a Watch:
But being watcht, that it may still goe right.
Nay, to be periurde, which is worst of all:
And among three, to loue the worst of all,
A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow.
With two pitch bals stucke in her face for eyes.
I, and by heauen, one that will doe the deede,
Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her garde.
And I to sigh 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 dreadfull little might.
Well, I will loue, write, sigh, pray, shue, grone,
Some men must loue my Lady, and some Ione.

Actus Quartus.

*Enter the Princesse, a Forrester, her Ladies, and
her Lords.*

Qu. Was that the King that spurd his horse so hard,
Against the steepe vprising 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 haue our dispatch,
On Saterday we will returne to *France*.
Then *Forrester* my friend, Where is the Bush
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

For. Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A stand where you may make the fairest shoote.

Qu. I thanke my beautie, I am faire that shoote,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoote.

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? alacke for woe.

[Page L5v]

For. Yes Madam faire.

Qu. Nay, neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true:
Faire paiment for foule words, is more then due.

For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.

Qu. See, see, my beautie will be sau'd by merit.
O heresie in faire, fit for these dayes,
A giuing hand, though foule, shall haue faire praise.
But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
And shooting well, is then accounted ill:
Thus will I saue my credit in the shoote,
Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill.
And out of question, so it is sometimes:
Glory growes guiltie of detested crimes,
When for Fames sake, for praise an outward part,

We bend to that, the working of the hart.
As I for praise alone now seeke to spill
The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.

Boy. Do not curst wiues hold that selfe-soueraigntie
Onely for praise sake, when they striue to be
Lords ore their Lords?

Qu. Onely for praise, and praise 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?

Qu. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the rest that haue
no heads.

Clo. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?

Qu. The thickest, and the tallest.

Clo. The thickest, & the tallest: it is so, truth is truth.
And your waste Mistris, were as slender as my wit,
One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.
Are not you the chiefe woma[n]? You are the thickest here?

Qu. What's your will sir? What's your will?

Clo. I haue a Letter from Monsier *Berowne*,
To one Lady *Rosaline*.

Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a side good bearer.

Boyet, you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serue.
This Letter is mistooke: it importeth none here:
It is writ to *Iaquenetta*.

Qu. We will read it, I sweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare.

Boyet reades. By heauen, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true that thou art beauteous, truth it selfe that thou art louely: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beautious, truer then truth it selfe: haue comiseration on thy heroi-call Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustrate King *Cophetua* set eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Begger *Zenelophon*: and he it was that might rightly say, *Ve-ni, vidi, vici*: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O base and obscure vulgar; *videliset*, He came, See, and ouercame: hee came one; see, two; ouercame three: Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who ouercame he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose side? the King: the captiue is inricht: On whose side? the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: on whose side? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the King (for so stands the comparison) thou the Begger, for so witnesseth thy lowlinesse. Shall I command thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could. Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, shalt thou exchange for ragges, robes: for tittles titles, for thy selfe mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy euerie part.

Thine in the dearest designe of industrie,
Don Adriana de Armatho.

Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:
Submissiue fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou striue (poore soule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is hee that indited this Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you euer heare better?

Boy. I am much deceiued, but I remember the stile.

Qu. Else your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.

Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court
A Phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Qu. Thou fellow, a word.
Who gaue thee this Letter?

Clow. I told you, my Lord.

Qu. To whom should'st thou giue 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 call'd *Rosaline*.

Qu. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here sweete, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day.

Exeunt.

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I my continent of beautie.

Rosa. Why she that beares 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 miscarrie.
Finely put on.

Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Rosa. If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not
neare. Finely put on indeede.

Maria. You still wrangle with her *Boyet*, and shee
strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she her selfe is hit lower:
Haue I hit her now.

Rosa. 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 answere thee with one as old that
was a woman when Queene *Guinouer* of *Brittaine* was a
little wench, as touching the hit it.

[Page L6]

Rosa. 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.

Exit.

Clo. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it.

Mar. A marke marueilous well shot, for they both
did hit.

Boy. A mark, O marke but that marke: a marke saies
my Lady.
Let the mark haue a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

Clo. Indeede a' must shoote nearer, or heele ne're hit
the clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand
is in.

Clo. Then will shee get the vpshoot by cleauing the
is in.

Ma. Come, come, you talke greasely, your lips grow
foule.

Clo. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir challenge her
to boule.

Boy. I feare 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 haue put him downe.
O my troth most sweete iests, most inconie vulgar wit,
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were,
so fit.

Armathor 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 sweetly a will
swear:

And his Page atother side, that handfull of wit,
Ah heauens, it is most patheticall nit.
Sowla, sowla.

Exeunt.

Shoote within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reuerent sport truely, and done in the testi-
mony of a good conscience.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood,
ripe as a Pomwater who now hangeth like a Jewell in
the eare of *Celo* the skie; the welken the heauen, and a-
non falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the soyle, the
land, the earth.

Curat. Nath. Truely M[aster]. *Holofernes*, the epythithes are
sweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but sir I assure
ye, it was a Bucke of the first head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

Dul. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of insi-
nation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication *facere*: as
it were replication, or rather *ostentare*, to show as it were
his inclination after his vndressed, vnpolished, vneduca-
ted, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rathe-
rest vnconfirmed fashion, to insert againe my *haud credo*
for a Deare.

Dul. I said the Deare was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a
Pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicitie, *bis coctus*, O thou mon-
ster Ignorance, how deformed doost thou looke.

Nath. Sir hee hath neuer fed of the dainties that are
bred in a booke.
He hath not eate paper as it were:
He hath not drunke inke.

His intellect is not replenished, hee is onely an animall,
onely sensible in the duller parts: and such barren plants
are set before vs, that we thankfull should be: which we
taste and feeling, are for those parts that doe fructifie in
vs more then he.

For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiscreet, or
a foole;

So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a
Schoole.

But *omne bene* say I, being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.

Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your
wit, What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fīue
weekes old as yet?

Hol. *Dictisima* goodman *Dull*, *dictisima* goodman
Dull.

Dul. What is *dictima*?

Nath. A title to *Phebe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone*.

Hol. The *Moone* was a month old when *Adam* was
no more.
And wrought not to fīue-weekes when he came to fīuescore.
Th' allusion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. 'Tis true indeede, the Collusion holds in the
Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I say th' allusion holds
in the Exchange.

Dul. And I say the polusion holds in the Exchange:
for the *Moone* is neuer but a month old: and I say be-
side that, 'twas a Pricket that the *Princesse* kill'd.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall
Epytaph on the death of the *Deare*, and to humour
the ignorant call'd the *Deare*, the *Princesse* kill'd a
Pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good M[aster]. *Holofernes*, *perge*, so it shall
please you to abrogate scurilitie.

Hol. I will something affect a letter, for it argues
facilitie.

*The prayfull Princesse pearst and prickt
a prettie pleasing Pricket,
Some say a Sore, but not a sore,
till now made sore with shooting.
The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,
then Sorrell iumps from thicket:
Or Pricket-sore, or else Sorell,
the people fall a hooting.
If Sore be sore, than ell to Sore,
makes fiftie sores O sorell:
Of one sore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.*

Nath. A rare talent.

Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him
with a talent.

Nath. This is a gift that I haue simple: simple, a foolish
extrauagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapes, ob-
iects, Ideas, apprehensions, motions, reuolutions. These
are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nourisht in the
wombe of primater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing
of occasion: but the gift is good in those in whom it is
acute, and I am thankfull for it.

Hol. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my
parishioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you,
and their Daughters profit very greatly vnder you: you
are a good member of the common-wealth.

Nath. Me hercle, If their Sonnes be ingenuous, they
shall want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable,
I will put it to them. But *Vir sapis qui pauca loquitur*, a
soule Feminine saluteth vs.

[Page L6v]

Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaqu. God giue you good morrow M[aster]. *Person.*

Nath. Master Person, *quasi* Person? And if one should
be perst, Which is the one?

Clo. Marry M[aster]. Schoolemaster, hee that is likest to a hogshead.

Nath. Of persing a Hogshead, a good luster of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie, it is well.

Iaqu. Good Master Parson be so good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen mee by *Costard*, and sent mee from *Don Armatho*: I beseech you read it.

Nath. *Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub vm-bra ruminat*, and so forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may speake of thee as the traueiler doth of *Venice*, *vem-chie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te perreche*. Old *Man-tuan*, old *Mantuan*. Who vnderstandeth thee not, *vt re sol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horrace* sayes in his, What my soule verses.

Hol. I sir, and very learned.

Nath. Let me heare a staffe, a stanze, a verse, *Lege do-mine*.

If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue?

Ah neuer faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed.

Though to my selfe forsworn, to thee Ile faithfull proue.

Those thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Osiers bowed.

Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.

Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would comprehend.

If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice.

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee co[m]mend.

All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder.

Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;

Thy eye *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.

Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweete fire.

Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this wrong,

That sings heauens praise, with such an earthly tongue.

Ped. You finde not the apostrophas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuise the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility, & golden cadence of poesie *caret: O-uiddius Naso* was the man. And why in deed *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his master, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But *Damosella virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Iaq. I sir from one mounsier *Berowne*, one of the strange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will ouerglance the superscript.
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.

Your Ladiships in all desired imployment, Berowne.

Ped. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a sequent of the stranger Queens: which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried. Trip and goe my sweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forgiue thy duetie, adue.

Maid. Good *Costard* go with me:
Sir God saue your life.

Cost. Haue with thee my girle.

Exit.

Hol. Sir you haue done this in the feare 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 Verses, Did they please you sir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I

haue with the parents of the foresaid Childe or Pupill,
vndertake your *bien venuto*, where I will proue those
Verses to be very vnlearned, neither sauouring of
Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beseech your So-
cietie.

Nat. And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text)
is the happinesse of life.

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it.
Sir I do inuite you too, you shall not say me nay: *pauca
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 coursing my selfe.
They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch,
pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, set thee
downe sorrow; for so they say the foole said, and so say
I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this
Loue is as mad as *Aiax*, it kils sheepe, it kils mee, I a
sheepe: Well proued againe a my side. I will not loue;
if I do hang me: yfaith 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 doe nothing in the world but lye,
and lye in my throate. By heauen I doe loue, and it hath
taught mee to Rime, and to be mallicholie: and here is
part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, she
hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it, the
Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it: sweet Clowne, swee-
ter 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 giue him grace to grone.

He stands aside. The King entreth.

Kin. Ay mee!

Ber. Shot by heauen: proceede sweet *Cupid*, thou hast thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap: in faith secrets.

King. So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne giues not,
To those fresh morning drops vpon the Rose,
As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue smot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes.
Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright,
Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou shin'st in euery teare that I doe weepe,
No drop, but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the teares that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grieve will show:
But doe not loue thy selfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glasses, and still make me weepe.
O Queene of Queenes, how farre dost thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall she know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweete leaues shade folly. Who is he comes heere?

[Page M1]

Enter Longaule. The King steps aside.

What *Longaull*, and reading: listen eare.

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 shame.

Ber. One drunkard loues another of the name.

Lon. Am I the first that haue been periur'd so?

Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know,
Thou makest the triumphery, the corner cap of societie,
The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hangs vp simplicitie.

Lon. I feare these stubborn lines lack power to moue.
O sweet *Maria*, Empresse of my Loue,
These numbers will I teare, and write in prose.

Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton *Cupids* hose,
Disfigure not his Shop.

Lon. This same shall goe.

He reades the Sonnet.

*Did not the heauenly Rhetoricke of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perswade my heart to this false periurie?
Vowes for thee broke deserue not punishment.
A Woman I forswore, but I will proue,
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.
My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
Then thou faire Sun, which on my earth doest shine,
Exhalest this vapor-vow, 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 liuer veine, which makes flesh a deity.
A greene Goose, a Goddesse, pure pure Idolatry.
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th' way.

Enter Dumaine.

Lon. By whom shall I send this (company?) Stay.

Bero. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wish,
Dumaine transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a dish.

Dum. O most diuine *Kate*.

Bero. O most prophane coxcombe.

Dum. By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.

Bero. By earth she is not, corporall, there you lye.

Dum. Her Amber haire for foule hath amber coted.

Ber. An Amber coloured Rauens 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 wish?

Lon. And I had mine.

Kin. And mine too good Lord.

Ber. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her, but a Feuer she
Raignes in my bloud, and will remembred be.

Ber. A Feuer in your bloud, why then incision
Would let her out in Sawcers, sweet misprision.

Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ.

Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can varry Wit.

Dumane reades his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:

Loue, whose Month is euery May,

Spied a blossome passing faire,

Playing in the wanton ayre:

Through the Veluet, leaues the winde,

All vnseene, can passage finde.

That the Louer sicke to death,

Wish himselfe the heauens breath.

Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,

Ayre, would I might triumph so.

But alacke my hand is sworne,

Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:

Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,

youth so apt to plucke a sweet.

Doe not call it sinne in me,

That I am forsworne for thee.

Thou for whom Ioue would sweare,

Iuno but an Aethiop were,

And denie himselfe for Ioue.

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*, *Berowne* and *Longauill*,
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 desir'st societie:
You may looke pale, but I should blush I know,
To be ore-heard, and taken napping so.

Kin. Come sir, you blush: as his, your case is such,
You chide at him, offending twice as much.
You doe not loue *Maria*? *Longaule*,
Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile;
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart
His louing bosome, to keepe downe his heart.
I haue beene closely shrowded in this bush,
And markt you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty Rimes, obseru'd your fashion:
Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.
Aye me, sayes one! O *Ioue*, the other cries!
On her haire were Gold, Christall the others eyes.
You would for Paradise breake Faith and troth,
And *Ioue* for your Loue would infringe an oath.
What will *Berowne* say when that he shall heare
Faith infringed, which such zeale did sweare.
How will he scorne? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did see,
I would not haue him know so much by me.

Bero. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisie.
Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace hast thou thus to reprove
These wormes for louing, that art most in loue?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princesse that appeares.
You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:
Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not

All three of you, to be thus much ore'shot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:
But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I seene.
Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what strict patience haue I sat,
To see a King transformed to a Gnat?
To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Salomon* tuning a Iygge?
And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boyes,
And *Critticke Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good *Dumaine*;
And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the brest:
A Candle hoa!

Kin. Too bitter is thy iest.
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 sinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconstancie.
When shall you see me write a thing in rime?
Or grone for *Ioane*? or spend a minutes time,
In pruning mee, when shall you heare that I will praise a
hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a state, a brow, a brest,
a waste, a legge, a limme.

Kin. Soft, Whither a-way so fast?
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so.

Ber. I post from Loue, good Louer let me go.

Enter Iaquenetta and Clowne.

Iaqu. God blesse the King.

Kin. What Present hast thou there?

Clo. Some certaine treason.

Kin. What makes treason heere?

Clo. Nay it makes nothing sir.

Kin. If it marre nothing neither,
The treason and you goe in peace away together.

Iaqu. I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our person mis-doubts it: it was treason he said.

Kin. Berowne, read it ouer.

He reades the Letter.

Kin. Where hadst thou it?

Iaqu. Of *Costard*.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of *Dun Adramadio*, *Dun Adramadio*.

Kin. How now, what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Ber. A toy my Lidge, a toy: your grace needes not
feare it.

Long. It did moue him to passion, and therefore let's
heare it.

Dum. It is *Berowns* writing, and heere is his name.

Ber. Ah you whoreson loggerhead, you were borne
to doe me shame.
Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.

Kin. What?

Ber. That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make
vp the messe.

He, he, and you: and you my Lidge, and I,
Are picke-purses in Loue, and we deserue to die.
O dismisse this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is euen.

Berow. True true, we are fowre: will these Turtles
be gone?

Kin. Hence sirs, 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 flesh and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will shew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot crosse the cause why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne.

King. What, did these rent lines shew some loue of
thine?

Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heauenly *Rosaline*,
That (like a rude and sauage man of *Inde*.)
At the first opening of the gorgeous East,
Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blinde,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory Eagle-sighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maiestie?

Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now?
My Loue (her Mistres) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light.

Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*.
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd soueraignty,
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where seuerall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it selfe doth seeke.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rethoricke, O she needs it not,
To things of sale, a sellers praise belongs:
She passes prayse, then prayse too short doth blot.
A withered Hermite, fuescore winters worne,
Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things shine.

King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.

Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?
A wife of such wood were felicite.
O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?

That I may sweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that she learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full so blacke.

Kin. O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties crest becomes the heauens well.

Ber. Diuels soonest tempt resembling spirits of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting vsurping haire
Should rauish doters with a false aspect:
And therefore is she borne to make blacke, faire.
Her fauour turnes the fashion of the dayes,
For natiue bloud is counted painting now:
And therefore red that would auoyd dispraise,
Paints it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are Chimny-sweepers blacke.

Lon. And since her time, are Colliers counted bright.

King. And *Aethiops* of their sweet complexion crake.

Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.

Ber. Your mistresses dare neuer come in raine,
For feare their colours should be washt away.

Kin. 'Twere good yours did: for sir to tell you plaine,
Ile finde a fairer face not washt to day.

Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till dooms-day here.

Kin. No Diuell will fright thee then so much as shee.

Duma. I neuer knew man hold vile stuffe so deere.

Lon. Looke, heer's thy loue, my foot and her face see.

Ber. O if the streets were paued with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Duma. O vile, then as she goes what vpward lyes?
The street should see as she walk'd ouer head.

Kin. But what of this, are we not all in loue?

Ber. O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.

[Page M2]

Kin. Then leaue this chat, & good *Berown* now proue
Our louing lawfull, and our fayth not torne.

Dum. I marie there, some flattery for this euill.

Long. O some authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the diuell.

Dum. Some salue for periurie,

Ber. O 'tis more then neede.

Haue at you then affections men at armes,
Consider what you first did sweare vnto:
To fast, to study, and to see no woman:
Flat treason against the Kingly state of youth.
Say, Can you fast? your stomacks are too young:
And abstinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you haue vow'd to studie (Lords)
In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.
Can you still dreame and pore, and thereon looke.
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Haue found the ground of studies excellence,
Without the beauty of a womans face;
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,
From whence doth spring the true *Promethean* fire.
Why, vniuersall plodding poysons vp
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The sinnowy vigour of the trauailer.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You haue in that forsworne the vse of eyes:
And studie too, the causer of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a womans eye:
Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewise is.
Then when our selues we see in Ladies eyes,
With our selues.
Doe we not likewise see our learning there?
O we haue made a Vow to studie, Lords,
And in that vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you?

In leaden contemplation haue found out
 Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
 Of beauties tutors haue inrich'd you with:
 Other slow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
 And therefore finding barraine practizers,
 Scarce shew a haruest of their heauy toyle.
 But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,
 Liues not alone emured in the braine:
 But with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in euery power,
 And giues to euery power a double power,
 Aboue their functions and their offices.
 It addes a precious seeing to the eye:
 A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
 A Louers eare will heare the lowest sound.
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
 Loues feeling is more soft and sensible,
 Then are the tender hornes of Cockle Snayles.
 Loues tongue proues dainty, *Bachus* grosse in taste,
 For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules*?
 Still climing trees in the *Hesperides*.
 Subtill as *Sphinx*, as sweet and musicall,
 As bright *Apollo's* Lute, strung with his haire.
 And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
 Make heauen drowsie with the harmonie.
 Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write,
 Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues sighes:
 O then his lines would rauish sauage eares,
 And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
 From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.
 They sparcle still the right promethean fire,
 They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,
 That shew, containe, and nourish all the world.
 Else none at all in ought proues excellent.
 Then fooles you were these women to forswear:
 Or keeping what is sworne, you will proue fooles,
 For Wisedomes sake, a word that all men loue:
 Or for Loues sake, a word that loues all men.
 Or for Mens sake, the author of these Women:
 Or Womens sake, by whom we men are Men.

Let's once loose our oathes to finde our selues,
Or else we loose our selues, to keepe our oathes:
It is religion to be thus forsworne.
For Charity it selfe fulfillls the Law:
And who can seuer loue from Charity.

Kin. Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.

Ber. Aduance your standards, & vpon them Lords,
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be first aduis'd,
In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.

Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay these glozes by,
Shall we resolute to woe these girles of France?

Kin. And winne them too, therefore let vs deuise,
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

Ber. First from the Park let vs conduct them thither,
Then homeward euery man attach the hand
Of his faire Mistresse, in the afternoone
We will with some strange pastime solace them:
Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,
For Reuels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,
Fore-runne faire Loue, strewing her way with flowres.

Kin. Away, away, no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by vs be fitted.

Ber. Alone, alone sowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,
And Iustice alwaies whirles in equall measure:
Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forsworne,
If so, our Copper buyes no better treasure.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Pedant. *Satis quid sufficit.*

Curat. I praise God for you sir, your reasons at dinner
haue beene sharpe & sententious: pleasant without scur-
rillity, witty without affection, audacious without im-

puddency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresie: I did conuerse this *quondam* day with a companion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armatho*.

Ped. Noui hominum tanquam te, His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate maiesticall, and his generall behaviour vaine, ridiculous, and thrasonicall. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too peregrinat, as I may call it.

[Page M2v]

Curat. A most singular and choise Epithat,

Draw out his Table-booke.

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbotie, finer then the staple of his argument. I abhor such phantasticall phantasies, such insociable and poynt deuise companions, such rackers of orthographie, as to speake dout fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; debt, not det: he clepeth a Calf, Cause: halfe, haufe: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abreuiated ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable it insinuateth me of infamie: *ne intelligis domine*, to make franticke, lunaticke?

Cura. Laus deo, bene intelligo.

Peda. Bome boon for boon prescian, a little scratcht, 'twil serue.

Enter Bragart, Boy.

Curat. Vides ne quis venit?

Peda. Video, & gaudio.

Brag. Chirra.

Peda. Quari Chirra, not Sirra?

Brag. Men of peace well incountred.

Ped. Most millitarie sir salutation.

Boy. They haue beene at a great feast of Languages, and stolne the scraps.

Clow. O they haue liu'd long on the almes-basket of words. I maruell thy M[aster]. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdragon.

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Brag. Mounsier, are you not lettred?

Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is Ab speld backward with the horn on his head?

Peda. Ba, *puericia* with a horne added.

Pag. Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his learning.

Peda. *Quis quis*, thou Consonant?

Pag. The last of the fiue Vowels if You repeat them, or the fift if I.

Peda. I will repeat them: a e I.

Pag. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.

Brag. Now by the salt waue of the mediteranium, a sweet tutch, a quicke venewe of wit, snip snap, quick & home, it reioyceth my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

Pag. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *vnum cita* a gigge of a Cuck-olds horne.

Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst haue it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of discretion. O & the heauens were so pleased, that thou wert but my Bastard;

What a ioyfull father wouldst thou make mee? Goe to,
thou hast it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends, as they say.

Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, *dunghel* for *vnguem*.

Brag. *Arts-man preambulat*, we will bee singled from
the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charg-
house on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your sweet pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe *sans question*.

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings most sweet pleasure and af-
fection, to congratulate the Princesse at her Paultion, in
the *posteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call
the after-noone.

Ped. The *posterior* of the day, most generous sir, is lia-
ble, congruent, and measurable for the after-noone: the
word is well culd, chose, sweet, and apt I doe assure you
sir, I doe assure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my fa-
miliar, I doe assure ye very good friend: for what is in-
ward betweene vs, let it passe. I doe beseech thee re-
member thy curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head:
and among other importunate & most serious designes,
and of great import indeed too: but let that passe, for I
must tell thee it will please his Grace (by the world)
sometime to leane vpon my poore shoulder, and with
his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my
mustachio: but sweet heart let that passe. By the world
I recount no fable, some certaine speciall honours it
pleaseth his greatnesse to impart to *Armado* a Souldier,
a man of trauell, that hath seene the world: but let that
passe; the very all of all is: but sweet heart I do implore
secrecie, that the King would haue mee present the
Princesse (sweet chucked) with some delightfull ostenta-
tion, or show, or pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke:
Now, vnderstanding 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 craue your assistance.

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants the Kings command: and this most gallant, illustrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princesse: I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to present them?

Peda. *Iosua*, 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 quantitie enough for that Worthies thumb, hee is not so big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience: he shall present *Hercules* in minoritie: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpose.

Pag. An excellent deuice: so if any of the audience hisse, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou crushest the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my selfe.

Pag. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beseech you follow.

Ped. Via good-man *Dull*, thou hast 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 the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.

Ped. Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport away.

Exit.

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet 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
haue from the louing King.

Rosa. 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 seale on *Cupids* name.

Rosa. That was the way to make his god-head wax:
For he hath beene fiue thousand yeeres a Boy.

Kath. I, and a shrewd vnhappy gallowes too.

Ros. You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heauy, and
so she died: had she beene Light like you, of such a mer-
rie nimble stirring spirit, she might a bin a Grandam ere
she died. And so may you: For a light heart liues long.

Ros. What's your darke meaning mouse, of this light
word?

Kat. A light condition in a beauty darke.

Ros. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in snuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.

Ros. Look what you doe, you doe it stil i'th darke.

Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

Ros. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.

Ka. You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.

Qu. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.
But *Rosaline*, you haue a Fauour too?
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witnesse this.
Nay, I haue Verses too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring 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?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

Qu. Beauteous as Incke: a good conclusion.

Kat. Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.

Ros. Ware pensals. 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 iest, and I beshrew all Shrowes:
But *Katherine*, what was sent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?

Kat. Madame, this Gloue.

Qu. Did he not send you twaine?

Kat. Yes Madame: and moreouer,
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Louer.
A huge translation of hypocrisie,
Vildly compiled, profound simplicitie.

Mar. This, and these Pearls, to me sent *Longaule*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

Qu. I thinke no lesse: Dost thou wish in heart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short.

Mar. I, or I would these hands might neuer part.

Quee. We are wise girles to mocke our Louers so.

Ros. They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.
That same *Berowne* ile torture ere I goe.
O that I knew he were but in by th' weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,
And wait the season, and obserue the times,
And spend his prodigall wits in booteles rimes,
And shape his seruice wholly to my deuce,
And make him proud to make me proud that iests.
So pertaunt like would I o'resway his state,
That he shold be my foole, and I his fate.

Qu. None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Wisedome hatch'd:
Hath wisdoms warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?

Ros. The bloud of youth burns not with such excesse,
As grauties reuolt to wantons be.

Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not so strong a note,
As fool'ry in the Wise, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in simplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

Qu. Heere comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.

Boy. O I am stab'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?

Qu. Thy newes *Boyet*?

Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.
Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Against your Peace, Loue doth approach, disguis'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be surpriz'd.
Muster your Wits, stand in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.

Qu. Saint *Dennis* to S[aint]. *Cupid:* What are they,
That charge their breath against vs? Say scout say.

Boy. Vnder the coole shade of a Siccamore,
 I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:
 When lo to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
 Toward that shade I might behold addrest,
 The King and his companions: warely
 I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
 And ouer-heard, what you shall ouer-heare:
 That by and by disguis'd they will be heere.
 Their Herald is a pretty knauish Page:
 That well by heart hath con'd his embassage,
 Action and accent did they teach him there.
 Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.
 And euer and anon they made a doubt,
 Presence maiesticall would put him out:
 For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see:
 Yet feare not thou, but speake audaciously.
 The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not euill:
 I should haue fear'd her, had she beene a deuill.
 With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the shoulder,
 Making the bold wagg by their praises bolder.
 One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and swore,
 A better speech was neuer spoke before.
 Another with his finger and his thumb,
 Cry'd *via*, we will doo't, come what will come.
 The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well.
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell:
 With that they all did tumble on the ground,
 With such a zelous laughter so profound,
 That in this spleene ridiculous appeares,
 To checke their folly passions solemne teares.

Que. But what, but what, come they to visit vs?

Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
 Like *Muscouites*; or *Russians*, as I gesse.
 Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and dance,
 And euery one his Loue-feat will aduance,
 Vnto his seuerall mistresse: which they'll know
 By fauours seuerall, which they did bestow.

[Page M3v]

Queen. And will they so? the Gallants shall be taskt:
For Ladies; we will euery one be maskt,
And not a man of them shall haue the grace
Despight of sute, to see a Ladies face.
Hold *Rosaline*, this Fauour thou shalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
Hold, take thou this my sweet, and giue me thine,
So shall *Berowne* take me for *Rosaline*.
And change your Fauours too, so shall your Loues
Woo contrary, deceiu'd by these remoues.

Rosa. Come on then, weare the fauours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?

Queen. The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs:
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.
Their seuerall counsels they vnbose shall,
To Loues mistooke, and so be mockt withall.
Vpon the next occasion that we meete,
With Visages displayd to talke and greete.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire vs too't?

Quee. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pen'd speech render we no grace:
But while 'tis spoke, each turne away his face.

Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite diuorce 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.
Theres no such sport, as sport by sport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So shall we stay mocking entended game,
And they well mockt, depart away with shame.

Sound.

Boy. The Trompet sounds, be maskt, the maskers
come.

*Enter Black moores with musicke, the Boy with a speech,
and the rest of the Lords disguised.*

Pag. All haile, the richest Beauties on the earth.

Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.

*Pag. A holy parcell of the fairest dames that euer turn'd
their backes to mortall viewes. The Ladies turne their backes to him.*

Ber. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.

*Pag. That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes.
Out*

Boy. True, out indeed.

*Pag. Out of your fauours heauenly spirits vouchsafe
Not to beholde.*

Ber. Once to behold, rogue.

*Pag. Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes,
With your Sunne beamed eyes.*

*Boy. They will not answer to that Epythite,
you were best call it Daughter beamed eyes.*

Pag. They do not marke me, and that brings me out.

Bero. Is this your perfectnesse? be gon you rogue.

*Rosa. What would these strangers?
Know their mindes Boyet.
If they doe speake our language, 'tis our will
That some plaine man recount their purposes.
Know what they would?*

Boyet. What would you with the Princes?

Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Rosa. Why that they haue, and bid them so be gon.

Boy. She saies you haue it, and you may be gon.

*Kin. Say to her we haue measur'd many miles,
To tread a Measure with you on the grasse.*

*Boy. They say that they haue measur'd many a mile,
To tread a Measure with you on this grasse.*

Rosa. It is not so. Aske them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they haue measur'd manie,
The measure then of one is easlie told.

Boy. If to come hither, you haue measur'd miles,
And many miles: the Princesse bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill vp one mile?

Ber. Tell her we measure them by weary steps.

Boy. She heares her selfe.

Rosa. How manie wearie steps,
Of many wearie miles you haue ore-gone,
Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?

Bero. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our dutie is so rich, so infinite,
That we may doe it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we (like sauages) may worship it.

Rosa. My face is but a Moone and clouded too.

Kin. Blessed are clouds, to doe as such clouds do.
Vouchsafe bright Moone, and these thy stars to shine,
(Those clouds remooued) vpon our waterie eyne.

Rosa. O vaine petitioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requests but Mooneshine in the water.

Kin. Then in our measure, vouchsafe but one change.
Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.

Rosa. Play musicke then: nay you must doe it soone.
Not yet no dance: thus change I like the Moone.

Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus e-
stranged?

Rosa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now shee's
changed?

Kin. Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man.

Rosa. The musick playes, vouchsafe some motion to
it: Our eares vouchsafe it.

Kin. But your legges should doe it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, & come here by chance,
Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.

Kin. Why take you hands then?

Rosa. Onelie to part friends.
Curtisie sweet hearts, and so the Measure ends.

Kin. More measure of this measure, be not nice.

Rosa. We can afford no more at such a price.

Kin. Prise your selues: What buyes your companie?

Rosa. Your absence onelie.

Kin. That can neuer be.

Rosa. Then cannot we be bought: and so adue,
Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.

Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In priuate then.

Kin. I am best pleas'd with that.

Be. White handed Mistris, one sweet word with thee.

Qu. Hony, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.

Ber. Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dozen sweets.

Qu. Seuenth sweet adue, since you can cogg,
Ile play no more with you.

Ber. One word in secret.

Qu. Let it not be sweet.

Ber. Thou greeu'st my gall.

Qu. Gall, bitter.

Ber. Therefore meete.

Du. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Faire Ladie:

[Page M4]

Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord:
Take you that for your faire Lady.

Du. Please it you,
As much in priuate, and Ile bid adieu.

Mar. What, was your vizard made without a tong?

Long. I know the reason Ladie why you aske.

Mar. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long.

Long. You haue a double tongue within your mask,
And would affoord my speechlesse vizard 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 proue an Oxe.

Long. Looke how you but your selfe in these sharpe
mockes.

Will you giue hornes chast Ladie? Do not so.

Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.

Lon. One word in priuate with you ere I die.

Mar. Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the Razors edge, inuisible:

Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,
Aboue the sense of sence so sensible:
Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings,
Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thoght, swifter things

Rosa. Not one word more my maides, breake off,
breake off.

Ber. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.

King. Farewell madde Wenches, you haue simple
wits.

Qu. Twentie adieus my frozen Muscouits.
Are these the breed of wits so wondred at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweete breathes
puft out.

Rosa. Wel-liking wits they haue, grosse, grosse, fat, fat.

Qu. O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.
Will they not (thinke you) hang themselues to night?
Or euer but in vizards shew their faces:
This pert *Berowne* was out of count'nance quite.

Rosa. They were all in lamentable cases.
The King was weeping ripe for a good word.

Qu. *Berowne* did sweare himselfe out of all suite.

Mar. Dumaine was at my seruice, and his sword:
No point (quoth I:) my seruant straight 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 sicknesse as thou art.

Ros. Well, better wits haue worne plain statute caps,
But will you heare; the King is my loue sworne.

Qu. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.

Kat. And *Longauill* was for my seruice borne.

Mar. Dumaine is mine as sure as barke on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and prettie mistresses giue eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.

Qu. Will they returne?

Boy. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,

Blow like sweet Roses, in this summer aire.

Qu. How blow? how blow? Speake to bee vnderstood.

Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their damaske sweet commixture showne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roses blowne.

Qu. Auant perplexitie: What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to wo?

Rosa. Good Madam, if by me you'l be aduis'd.
Let's mocke them still as well knowne as disguis'd:
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heare,
Disguis'd like Muscouites in shapelesse geare:
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their shallow showes, and Prologue vildely pen'd:
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to vs.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Quee. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land.

Exeunt.

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God saue you. Wher's the Princesse?

Boy. Gone to her Tent.

Please it your Maiestie command me any seruice to her?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boy. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord.

Exit.

Ber. This fellow pickes vp wit as Pigeons pease,
And vtters it againe, when *Ioue* doth please.
He is Wits Pedler, and retails his Wares,
At Wakes, and Wassels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
Haue not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeue.
Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eue*.

He can carue too, and lispe: Why this is he,
That kist away his hand in courtesie.
This is the Ape of Forme, Monsieur the nice,
That when he plaies at Tables, chides the Dice
In honorable tearmes: Nay he can sing
A meane most meanly, and in Vshering
Mend him who can: the Ladies call him sweete.
The staires as he treads on them kisse his feete.
This is the flower that smiles on euerie one,
To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And consciences that wil not die in debt,
Pay him the dutie of honie-tongued *Boyet*.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue with my hart,
That put *Armathoes* Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Ber. See where it comes. Behauour what wer't thou,
Till this madman shew'd thee? And what art thou now?

King. All haile sweet Madame, and faire time of day.

Qu. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Qu. Then wish me better, I wil giue you leaue.

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.

Qu. This field shal hold me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in periur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:
The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.

[Page M4v]

Q. You nickname vertue: vice you should haue spoke:
For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.
Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the vnsallied Lilly, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yeeld to be your houses guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heauenly oaths, vow'd with integritie.

Kin. O you haue liu'd in desolation heere,
Vnseene, vnvisited, much to our shame.

Qu. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
We haue had pastimes heere, and pleasant game,
A messe of Russians left vs but of late.

Kin. How Madam? Russians?

Qu. I in truth, my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state.

Rosa. Madam speake true. It is not so my Lord:
My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)
In curtesie giues vnderdeseruing praise.
We foure indeed confronted were with foure
In Russia habit: Heere they stayed an houre,
And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not blesse vs with one happy word.
I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
When they are thirstie, fooles would faine haue drinke.

Ber. This iest is drie to me. Gentle sweete,
Your wits makes wise things foolish when we greeke
With eies best seeing, heauens fierie eie:
By light we loose light; your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your huge stoore,
Wise things seeme foolish, and rich things but poore.

Ros. This proues you wise and rich: for in my eie

Ber. I am a foole, and full of pouertie.

Ros. 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.

Ros. All the foole mine.

Ber. I cannot giue you lesse.

Ros. Which of the Vizards what it that you wore?

Ber. Where? when? What Vizard?
Why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that vizard, that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

Kin. We are discried,
They'l mocke vs now downeright.

Du. Let vs confesse, and turne it to a iest.

Que. Amaz'd my Lord? Why lookes your Highnes
sadde?

Rosa. Helpe hold his browes, hee'l sound: why looke
you pale?
Sea-sicke I thinke comming from Muscouie.

Ber. Thus poure the stars down plagues for periury.
Can any face of brasse hold longer out?
Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,
Bruise me with scorne, confound me with a flout.
Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance.
Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:
And I will wish thee neuer more to dance,
Nor neuer more in Russian habit waite.
O! neuer will I trust to speeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boies tongue.
Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers songue,
Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise,
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, spruce affection;
Figures pedanticall, these summer flies,
Haue blowne me full of maggot ostentation.
I do forswear them, and I heere protest,
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)
Henceforth my woing minde shall be exprest
In russet yeas, and honest kersie noes.
And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,
My loue to thee is sound, *sans* cracke or flaw,

Rosa. *Sans, sans*, I pray you.

Ber. Yet I haue a tricke
Of the old rage: beare with me, I am sicke.
Ile leaue it by degrees: soft, let vs see,
Write *Lord haue mercie on vs*, on those three,

They are infected, in their hearts it lies:
They haue the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These Lords are visited, you are not free:
For the Lords tokens on you do I see.

Qu. No, they are free that gaue these tokens to vs.

Ber. Our states are forfeit, seeke not to vndo vs.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue.

Ber. Peace, for I will not haue to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Ber. Speake for your selues, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach vs sweete Madame, for our rude trans-
gression, some faire excuse.

Qu. The fairest is confession.
Were you not heere but euen now, disguis'd?

Kin. Madam, I was.

Qu. And were you well aduis'd?

Kin. I was faire Madam.

Qu. When you then were heere,
What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?

King. That more then all the world I did respect her

Qu. When shee shall challenge this, you will reiect
her.

King. Vpon mine Honor no.

Qu. Peace, peace, forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me when I breake this oath of mine.

Qu. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Rosaline*,
What did the Russian whisper in your eare?

Ros. Madam, he swore that he did hold me deare
As precious eye-sight, and did value me
Aboue this World: adding thereto moreouer,

That he would Wed me, or else die my Louer.

Qu. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord
Most honorably doth vphold his word.

King. What meane you Madame?
By my life, my troth
I neuer swore this Ladie such an oth.

Ros. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,
You gaue me this: But take it sir againe.

King. My faith and this, the Princesse I did giue,
I knew her by this Iewell on her sleeue.

Qu. Pardon me sir, this Iewell did she weare.
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.
What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?

Ber. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.
I see the tricke on't: Heere was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To dash it like a Christmas Comedie.
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight Zanie,
Some mumble-newes, some trencher-knight, som Dick
That smiles his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when she's dispos'd;
Told our intents before: which once disclos'd,
The Ladies did change Fauours; and then we
Following the signes, woo'd but the signe of she.
Now to our periurie, to adde more terror,
We are againe forsworne in will and error.
Much vpon this tis: and might not you
ForeSTALL our sport, to make vs thus vntrue?
Do not you know my Ladies foot by'th squier?
And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?
And stand betweene her backe sir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, iesting merrilie?
You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.
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.

[Page M5]

Boy. Full merrily hath this braue manager, this careere bene run.

Ber. Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.

Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'st a faire fray.

Clo. O Lord sir, they would kno,
Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Ber. What, are there but three?

Clo. No sir, but it is vara fine,
For euerie one pursents three.

Ber. And three times thrice is nine.

Clo. Not so sir, vnder correction sir, I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg vs sir, I can assure you sir, we know what
we know: I hope sir three times thrice sir.

Ber. Is not nine.

Clo. Vnder correction sir, wee know where-vntill it
doth amount.

Ber. By Ioue, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine.

Clow. O Lord sir, it were pittie you should get your
liuing by reckning sir.

Ber. How much is it?

Clo. O Lord sir, the parties themselues, the actors sir
will shew where-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne
part, I am (as they say, but to perfect one man in one
poore man) *Pompion* the great sir.

Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clo. It pleased them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey*
the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of
the Worthie, but I am to stand for him.

Ber. Go, bid them prepare.

Exit.

Clo. We will turne it finely off sir, we wil take some care.

King. Berowne, they will shame vs:
Let them not approach.

Ber. We are shame-proofe my Lord: and 'tis some policie, to haue one shew worse then the Kings and his companie.

Kin. I say they shall not come.

Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That sport best pleases, that doth least know how.
Where Zeale striues to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it presents:
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in mirth,
When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Ber. A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Annointed, I implore so much expence of thy royall sweet breath, as will vtter a brace of words.

Qu. Doth this man serue God?

Ber. Why aske you?

Qu. He speak'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 fantastical:
Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we wil put it (as they say) to *Fortuna delaguar*, I wish you the peace of minde most royall cupplement.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies;
He presents *Hector* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* the great,
the Parish Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*,
the Pedant *Iudas Machabeus*: and if these foure Worthies in their first shew thriue, these foure will change habites, and present the other fieve.

Ber. There is fieve in the first shew.

Kin. You are deceiued, tis 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 fiue such, take each one in's vaine.

Kin. The ship is vnder saile, and here she coms amain.

Enter Pompey.

Clo. *I Pompey am.*

Ber. You lie, you are not he.

Clo. *I Pompey am.*

Boy. With Libbards head on knee.

Ber. Well said old mocker,
I must needs be friends with thee.

Clo. *I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big.*

Du. The great.

Clo. It is great sir: *Pompey surnam'd the great:*
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my foe to sweat:
And traouiling along this coast, I heere am come by chance,
And lay my Armes before the legs of this sweet Lasse of
France.

If your Ladiship would say thankes *Pompey*, I had done.

La. Great thankes great *Pompey*.

Clo. Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in great.

Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, *Pompey* prooues the
best Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. *When in the world I liu'd, I was the worldes Com-mander:*

By East, West, North, & South, I spred my conquering might
My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Alisander.

Boiet. Your nose saies no, you are not:
For it stands too right.

Ber. Your nose smells no, in this most tender smelling Knight.

Qu. The Conqueror is dismayed:
Proceede good *Alexander*.

Cur. When in the world I liued, I was the worldes Com-mander.

Boiet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so *Alisander*.

Ber. Pompey the great.

Clo. your seruant and *Costard*.

Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Alisander*

Clo. O sir, you haue ouerthrowne *Alisander* the conqueror: you will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close stoole, will be giuen to Ajax. He will be the ninth wor-thie. A Conqueror, and affraid to speake? Runne away for shame *Alisander*. There an't shall please you: a foolish milde man, an honest man, looke you, & soon dasht. He is a maruellous good neighbour insooth, and a verie good Bowler: but for *Alisander*, alas you see, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming, will speake their minde in some other sort.

[Page M5v]

Exit Cu.

Qu. Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is presented by this Impe,
Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Manus*:
Quoniam, he seemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologie.
Keepe some state in thy *exit*, and vanish.

Exit Boy

Ped. Iudas I am.

Dum. A Iudas?

Ped. Not Iscariot sir.
Iudas I am, ycliped *Machabeus*.
Dum. *Iudas Machabeus* clipt, is plaine *Iudas*.
Ber. A kissing traitor. How art thou prou'd *Iudas*?
Ped. *Iudas* I am.
Dum. The more shame for you *Iudas*.
Ped. What meane you sir?
Boi. 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 hast no face.
Ped. What is this?
Boi. 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.
Boi. The pummell of *Caesars* Faulchion.
Dum. The caru'd-bone face on a Flaske.
Ber. S[aint]. Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.
Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.
Ber. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.
And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance
Ped. You haue put me out of countenance.
Ber. False, we haue giuen thee faces.
Ped. But you haue out-fac'd them all.
Ber. And thou wer't a Lion, we would do so.
Boy. Therefore as he is, an Asse, let him go:
And so adieu sweet *Iude*. Nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the *Asse* to the *Iude*: giue it him. *Iud-as* away.

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monsieur *Iudas*, it growes darke, he may stumble.

Que. Alas poore *Machabeus*, 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 thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timber'd.

Lon. His legge is too big for *Hector*.

Dum. More Calfe certaine.

Boi. 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, gaue Hector a gift.*

Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.

Ber. A Lemmon.

Lon. Stucke with Cloues.

Dum. No clouen.

Brag. *The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty,
Gaue Hector a gift, the heire of Illion;
A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea
From morne till night, out of his Pauillion.*

I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine.

Brag. Sweet Lord *Longauill* reine thy tongue.

Lon. I must rather giue it the reine: for it runnes against *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;
Sweete Royaltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

Berowne steppes forth.

Qu. Speake braue *Hector*, we are much delighted.

Brag. i do adore thy sweet Graces slipper.

Boy. Loues her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Brag. This *Hector* farre surmounted *Hanniball*.
The partie is gone.

Clo. Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two moneths on her way.

Brag. What meanest thou?

Clo. Faith vnlesse you play the honest Trojan, the poore Wench is cast away: she's quick, the child brags in her belly alreadie: tis yours.

Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou shalt die.

Clo. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Iaquenetta* 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 *Pompey*:
Pompey the huge.

Dum. Hector trembles.

Ber. *Pompey* is moued, more Atees more Atees stirre
them, or stirre them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Ber. I, if a'haue no more mans blood in's belly, then
will sup a Flea.

Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

Clo. I wil not fight with a pole like a Northern man;
Ile slash, Ile do it by the sword: I pray you let mee bor-
row my Armes againe.

Dum. Roome for the incensed Worthies.

Clo. Ile do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute *Pompey*.

Page. Master, let me take you a button hole lower:
Do you not see *Pompey* is vncasing for the combat: what
meane you? you will lose your reputation.

[Page M6]

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will
not combat in my shirt.

Du. You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the
challenge.

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Ber. What reason haue you for't?

Brag. The naked truth of it is, I haue no shirt,
I go woolward for penance.

Boy. True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want
of Linnen: since when, Ile be sworne he wore none, but
a dishclout of *Iaquenettas*, and that hee weares next his
heart for a fauour.

Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.

Mar. God saue you Madame.

Qu. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interruptest
our merriment.

Marc. I am sorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is
heauie in my tongue. The King your father

Qu. Dead for my life.

Mar. Euen so: My tale is told.

Ber. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I
haue seene 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?

Qu. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to night.

Kin. Madame not so, I do beseech you stay.

Qu. Prepare I say. I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeouours and entreats:
Out of a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberall opposition of our spirits,
If ouer-boldly we haue borne our selues,
In the conuerse of breath (your gentlenesse
Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord:
A heauie heart beares not a humble tongue.
Excuse me so, comming so short of thanks,
For my great suite, so easily obtain'd.

Kin. The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes
All causes to the purpose of his speed:
And often at his verie loose decides
That, which long processe could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progenie
Forbid the smiling curtesie of Loue:
The holy suite which faine it would conuince,
Yet since loues argument was first on foote,
Let not the cloud of sorrow iustle it
From what it purpos'd: since to waile friends lost,

Is not by much so wholesome profitable,
As to reioyce at friends but newly found.

Qu. I vnderstand you not, my greefes are double.

Ber. Honest plain words, best pierce the ears of grieve
And by these badges vnderstand the King,
For your faire sakes haue we neglected time,
Plaid foule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies
Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our humors
Euen to the opposed end of our intents.
And what in vs hath seem'd ridiculous:
As Loue is full of vnbecfitting straines,
All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.
Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.
Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of formes
Varying in subiects as the eie doth roule,
To euerie varied obiect in his glance:
Which partie-coated presence of loose loue
Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eies,
Haue misbecom'd our oathes and grauties.
Those heauenlie eies that looke into these faults,
Suggested vs to make: therefore Ladies
Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes
Is likewise yours. We to our selues proue false,
By being once false, for euer to be true
To those that make vs both, faire Ladies you.
And euen that falshood in it selfe a sinne,
Thus purifies it selfe, and turnes to grace.

Qu. We haue receiu'd your Letters, full of Loue:
Your Fauours, the Ambassadors of Loue.
And in our maiden counsaile rated them,
At courtship, pleasant iest, and curtesie,
As bumbast and as lining to the time:
But more deuout then these are our respects
Haue we not bene, and therefore met your loues
In their owne fashion, like a merriment.

Du. Our letters Madam, shew'd much more then iest.

Lon. So did our lookes.

Rosa. We did not coat them so.

Kin. Now at the latest minute of the houre,
Grant vs your loues.

Qu. A time me thinkes too short,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in:
No, no my Lord, your Grace is periur'd much,
Full of deare guiltinesse, and therefore this:
If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)
You will do ought, this shall you do for me.
Your oth I will not trust: but go with speed
To some forlorne and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world:
There stay, vntill the twelue Celestiall Signes
Haue brought about their annuall reckoning.
If this austere insociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood:
If frosts, and fasts, 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 kissing thine,
I will be thine: and till that instant shut
My wofull selfe vp in a mourning house,
Raining 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 denie,
To flatter vp these powers of mine with rest,
The sodaine hand of death close vp mine eie.
Hence euer then, my heart is in thy brest.

Ber. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rack'd.
You are attaint with faults and periurie:
Therefore if you my fauor meane to get,
A tweluemonth shall you spend, and neuer rest,
But seeke the wearie beds of people sicke.

Du. But what to me my loue? but what to me?

Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,
With three-fold loue, I wish you all these three.

Du. O shall I say, I thanke you gentle wife?

Kat. Not so my Lord, a tweluemonth and a day,
Ile marke no words that smoothfac'd wooers say.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you some.

[Page M6v]

Dum. Ile serue thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen.

Lon. What saies *Maria*?

Mari. At the tweluemonths 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? Mistresse, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:
What humble suite attends thy answer there,
Impose some seruice on me for my loue.

Ros. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,
Before I saw you: and the worlds large tongue
Proclaimes you for a man replete with mockes,
Full of comparisons, and wounding floutes:
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your wit.
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You shall this tweluemonth terme from day to day,
Visit the speechlesse sicke, and still conuerse
With groaning wretches: and your taske shall be,
With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Ber. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible.
Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie.

Ros. Why that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:
A iests prosperitie, lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly eares,
Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle scornes; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shal finde you emptie of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.

Ber. A tweluemonth? Well: befall what will befall,
Ile iest a tweluemonth in an Hospitall.

Qu. I sweet my Lord, and so I take my leaue.

King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.

Ber. Our woing doth not end like an old Play:
Iacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courtesie
Might wel haue made our sport a Comedie.

Kin. Come sir, it wants a tweluemonth and a day,
And then 'twil end.

Ber. That's too long for a play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Maiesty vouchsafe me.

Qu. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.

Brag. I wil kisse thy royal finger, and take leaue.
I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to *Iaquenetta* to holde the
Plough for her sweet loue three yeares. But most esteem-
med greatnesse, wil you heare the Dialogue that the two
Learned men haue compiled, in praise of the Owle and
the Cuckow? It should haue followed in the end of our
shew.

Kin. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Brag. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

This side is *Hiems*, Winter.

This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
Th' other by the Cuckow.

Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Dasies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Ladie-smockes all siluer white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten strawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree
Mockes married men; for thus sings he,
Cuckow.

Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married eare.

Winter. When Isicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Shepheard blowes his naile;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in paile:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly sings the staring Owle
Tu-whit to-
who. A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.
When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parsons saw:
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marrians nose lookes red and raw:
When roasted Crabs hisse in the bowle,

Then nightly sings the staring Owle,
Tu-whit to-
who: A merrie note,
While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

Brag. The Words of Mercurie,
Are harsh after the songs of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

Actus primus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, with others.

Theseus. Now faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in
Another Moon: but oh, me thinkes, how slow
This old Moon wanes; She lingers my desires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reuennew.

Hip. Foure daies wil quickly steep the[m]selues in nights
Foure nights wil quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a siluer bow,
Now bent in heauen, shal behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go *Philostrate*,
Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe,
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling.

*Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lysander,
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 Lysander.

And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the bosome of my childe:
Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast giuen her rimes,
And interchang'd loue-tokens with my childe:
Thou hast by Moone-light at her window sung,
With faining voice, verses of faining loue,
And stolne the impression of her fantasie,
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knackes, trifles, Nose-gaies, sweet meats (messengers
Of strong preuailment in vnhardned youth)
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To stubborne harshnesse. And my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not heere before your Grace,
Consent to marrie with *Demetrius*,
I beg the ancient priuiledge of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately prouided in that case.

The. What say you Hermia? be aduis'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 leaue the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.

Her. So is *Lysander*.

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 must with his iudgment 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 pleade my thoughts:
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

The. Either to dye the death, or to abiure
For euer 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 liue a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone,
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To vndergo such maiden pilgrimage,
But earthlier happie is the Rose distil'd,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, liues, and dies, in single blessednesse.

[Page N1v]

Her. So will I grow, so liue, so die my Lord,
Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp
Vnto his Lordship, whose vnwished yoake,
My soule consents not to giue soueraignty.

The. Take time to pause, and by the next new Moon
The sealing day betwixt my loue and me,
For euerlasting 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 single life.

Dem. Relent sweet *Hermia*, and *Lysander*, yeelde
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.

Lys. You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius*:
Let me haue *Hermiaes*: do you marry him.

Egeus. Scornfull *Lysander*, true, he hath my Loue;
And what is mine, my loue shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her,
I do estate vnto *Demetrius*.

Lys. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as he,
As well possest: my loue is more then his:
My fortunes euery way as fairely ranck'd
(If not with vantage) 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 *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her soule: and she (sweet Ladie) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confesse, that I haue heard so much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to haue spoke thereof:
But being ouer-full of selfe-affaires,
My minde did lose it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you shall go with me,
I haue some priuate schooling for you both.
For you faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe,
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will;
Or else the Law of Athens yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come my *Hippolita*, what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and *Egeus* go along:
I must imploy you in some businesse
Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you
Of something, neerely that concernes your selues.

Ege. With dutie and desire we follow you.

Exeunt

Manet Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. How now my loue? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the Roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of raine, which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. For ought that euer I could reade,
Could euer heare by tale or historie,
The course of true loue neuer did run smooth,
But either it was different in blood.

Her. O crosse! too high to be enthal'd to loue.

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares.

Her. O spight! too old to be ingag'd to yong.

Lys. Or else it stood vpon the choise of merit.

Her. O hell! to choose loue by anothers eie.

Lys. Or if there were a simpathie in choise,
Warre, death, or sicknesse, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentarie, as a sound:
Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleene) vnfoldes both heauen and earth;
And ere a man hath power to say, behold,
The iawes of darkness do deuoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true Louers haue beene euer crost,
It stands as an edict in destinie:
Then let vs teach our triall patience,
Because it is a customarie crosse,
As due to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,
Wishes and teares; poore Fancies followers.

Lys. A good perswasion; therefore heare me *Hermia*,
I haue a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuennue, and she hath no childe,
From Athens is her house remou'd seuen leagues,
And she respects me, as her onely sonne:
There gentle *Hermia*, may I marrie thee,
And to that place, the sharpe Athenian Law
Cannot pursue vs. If thou lou'st me, then
Steale 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 obseruance for a morne of May)

There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander*,

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 prospers loue,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
When the false Troyan vnder saile was seene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women spoke)
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meete with thee.

Lys. Keepe promise loue: looke here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speede faire *Helena*, whither away?

Hel. Cal you me faire? that faire againe vnsay,
Demetrius loues you faire: O happie faire!
Your eyes are loadstarres, and your tongues sweete ayre
More tuneable then Larke to shepherds eare,
When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,
Sicknesse is catching: O were fauor so,
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 sweete melodie,
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The rest Ile giue to be to you translated.
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
You sway 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 curses, yet he giues me loue.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection mooue.

Her. The more I hate, the more he followes 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 shall see my face,
Lysander and my selfe will flie this place.

Before the time I did *Lysander* see,
Seem'd Athens like a Paradise 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 mindes we will vnfold,
To morrow night, when *Phoebe* doth behold
Her siluer visage, in the watry glasse,
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse
(A time that Louers flights doth still conceale)
Through *Athens* gates, haue we deuis'd to steale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Primrose beds, were wont to lye,
Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld:
There my *Lysander*, 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 *Lysander* we must starue our sight,
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

Exit Hermia.

Lys. I will my *Hermia. Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* dotes on you.

Exit Lysander.

Hele. How happy some, ore othersome can be?
Through *Athens* I am thought as faire as she.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not so:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vilde, holding no quantity,

Loue can transpose to forme and dignity,
 Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,
 And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blinde.
 Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taste:
 Wings and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haste.
 And therefore is Loue said to be a childe,
 Because in choise he is often beguil'd,
 As waggish boyes in game themselues forswear;
 So the boy Loue is periur'd euery where.
 For ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyne,
 He hail'd downe oathes that he was onely mine.
 And when this Haile some heat from *Hermia* felt,
 So he dissolu'd, and showres of oathes did melt,
 I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
 Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
 Pursue her; and for his intelligence,
 If I haue thanks, it is a deere expence:
 But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,
 To haue his sight thither, and backe againe.

Exit.

*Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottome the
 Weauer, Flute the bellowes-mender, Snout the Tinker, and
 Starueling the Taylor.*

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man according to the scrip.

Qui. Here is the scrowle of euery 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. First, good *Peter Quince*, say 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 most lamentable comedy, and most cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbie*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke I assure you, and a merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the scrowle. Masters spread your selues.

Quince. Answer as I call you. *Nick Bottome* the Weauer.

Bottome. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You *Nicke Bottome* are set downe for *Py-ramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a loue, or a tyrant?

Quin. A Louer that kills himselfe most gallantly for loue.

Bot. That will aske 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 rest 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 shiuering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates, and *Phibbus* carre shall shine from farre, and make and marre the foolish Fates. This was lofty. Now name the rest of the Players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine: a loue is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute* the Bellows-mender.

Flu. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You must take *Thisbie* on you.

Flut. What is *Thisbie*, a wandring Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must loue.

Flut. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I haue a beard comming.

Qui. 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 *Thisbie* too: Ile speake in a monstrous little voyce; *Thisne*, *Thisne*, ah *Pyramus* my loue deare, thy *Thisbie* deare, and Lady

deare.

Quin. No no, you must play *Pyramus*, and *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Qu. *Robin Starueling* the Taylor.

Star. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quince. *Robin Starueling*, you must play *Thisbies* mother?

Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

Snowt. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quin. you, *Pyramus* father; my self, *Thisbies* father; *Snugge* the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope there is a play fitted.

Snug. Haue you the Lions part written? pray you if be, giue it me, for I am slow of studie.

Quin. You may doe it *extemporie*, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let mee play the Lyon too, I will roare that I will doe any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke say, Let him roare againe, let him roare againe.

Quin. If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutchesse and the Ladies, that they would shrike, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang vs euery mothers sonne.

Bottome. I graunt you friends, if that you should fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would haue no more discretion but to hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voyce so, that I will roare you as gently as any sucking Doue; I will roare and 'twere any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Piramus*, for *Piramus* is a sweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in a summers day; a most louely Gentleman-like man, ther-

[Page N2v]

fore you must needs play *Piramus*.

Bot. Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard, your orange tawnie beard, your purple in graine beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French Crownes haue no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But masters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by too morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearse: for if we meete in the Citie, we shalbe dog'd with company, and our deuises knowne. In the meane time, I wil draw a bil of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bottom. We will meete, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and couragiously. Take paines, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oake we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-strings.

Exeunt

Actus Secundus.

Enter a Fairie at one dore, and Robin good-fellow at another.

Rob. How now spirit, whether wander you?

Fai. Ouer hil, ouer dale, through bush, through briar,
Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire,
I do wander euerie where, swifter then the Moons sphere;
And I serue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the green.
The Cowslips tall, her pensioners bee,
In their gold coats, spots you see,

Those be Rubies, Fairie fauors,
In those freckles, liue their sauors,
I must go seeke some dew drops heere,
And hang a pearle in euery cowslips eare.
Farewell thou Lob of spirits, Ile be gon,
Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.

Rob. The King doth keepe his Reuels here to night,
Take heed the Queene come not within his sight,
For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A louely boy stolne from an Indian King,
She neuer had so sweet a changeling,
And iealous *Oberon* would haue the childe
Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde.
But she (perforce) with-holds the loued boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.
And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene,
By fountaine cleere, or spangled star-light sheene,
But they do square, that all their Elues for feare
Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrew'd and knauish spirit
Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagree,
Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,
And bootlesse make the breathlesse huswife cherne,
And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Misleade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke,
You do their worke, and they shall haue good lucke.
Are not you he?

Rob. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merrie wanderer of the night:
I iest to *Oberon*, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likenesse of a silly foale,
And sometime lurke I in a Gossips bole,
In very likenesse of a roasted crab:
And when she drinkes, against her lips I bob,

And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale.
The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stoole, mistaketh me,
Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she,
And tailour cries, and fals into a coffe.
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and sweare,
A merrier houre was neuer wasted there.
But roome Fairy, heere comes *Oberon*.

Fair. And heere my Mistris:
Would that he were gone.

*Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine,
and the Queene at another with hers.*

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light.
Proud *Tytania*.

Qu. What, iealous *Oberon*? Fairy skip hence.
I haue forsworne his bed and companie.

Ob. Tarrie rash Wanton; am not I thy Lord?

Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know
When thou wast stolne away from Fairy Land,
And in the shape of *Corin*, sate all day,
Playing on pipes of Corne, and versing loue
To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou heere
Come from the farthest steepe of *India*?
But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon*
Your buskin'd Mistresse, and your Warrior loue,
To *Theseus* must be Wedded; and you come,
To giue their bed ioy and prosperitie.

Ob. How canst thou thus for shame *Tytania*.
Glance at my credite, with *Hippolita*?
Knowing I know thy loue to *Theseus*?
Didst thou not leade him through the glimmering night
From *Peregenia*, whom he rauished?
And make him with faire Eagles breake his faith
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*?

Que. These are the forgeries of iealousie,
 And neuer since the middle Summers spring
 Met we on hil, in dale, forrest, or mead,
 By paued fountaine, or by rushie brooke,
 Or in the beached margent of the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling Winde,
 But with thy braules thou hast disturb'd our sport.
 Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine,
 As in reuenge, haue suck'd vp from the sea
 Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land,
 Hath euerie petty Riuer made so proud,
 That they haue ouer-borne their Continents.
 The Oxe hath therefore stretch'd his yoake in vaine,
 The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene Corne
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And Crowes are fatted with 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 blest;
 Therefore the Moone (the gouernesse of floods)
 Pale in her anger, washes all the aire;
 That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound.
 And through this distemperature, we see
 The seasons alter; hoared headed Frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose,
 And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icie crowne,
 An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds
 Is as in mockry set. The Spring, the Sommer,
 The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
 Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world,
 By their increase, now knowes not which is which;
 And this same progeny of euills,
 Comes from our debate, from our dissention,
 We are their parents and originall.

[Page N3]

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.

Qu. 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 gossipt by my side,
And sat with me on *Neptunes* yellow sands,
Marking th' embarked traders on the flood,
When we haue laught to see the sailes conceiue,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde:
Which she with pretty and with swimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my yong squire)
Would imitate, and saile vpon the Land,
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But she being mortall, of that boy did die,
And for her sake I doe reare vp her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Qu. Perchance till after *Theseus* wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And see our Moone-light reuels, goe with vs;
If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Giue me that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Qu. 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 groue,
Till I torment thee for this iniury.
My gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembrest
Since once I sat vpon a promontory,
And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew ciuill at her song,
And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids musicke.

Puc. I remember.

Ob. That very time I say (but thou couldst not)
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Vestall, throned by the West,
And loos'd his loue-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
But I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft
Quencht in the chaste beames of the watry Moone;
And the imperiall Votresse passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
It fell vpon a little westerne 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 sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Vpon the next liue creature that it sees.
Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,
Ere the *Leuiathan* can swim a league.

Pucke. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.

Ober. Hauing once this iuyce,
Ile watch *Titania*, when she is asleepe,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing when she waking lookes vpon,
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on busie Ape)
Shee shall pursue it, with the soule of loue.
And ere I take this charme off from her sight,
(As I can take it with another hearbe)
Ile make her render vp her Page to me.
But who comes heere? I am inuisible,
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 stolne into this wood;
And heere 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. Leauē you your power to draw,
And I shall haue 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 euen for that doe I loue thee the more;
I am your spaniell, and *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will fawne on you.
Vse me but as your spaniell; spurne me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; onely giue me leauē
(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 to be vsed as you doe your dogge.

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sicke when I do looke on thee.

Hel. And I am sicke when I looke not on you.

Dem. You doe impeach your modesty too much,
To leauē the Citty, and commit your selfe
Into the hands of one that loues you not,
To trust the opportunity of night.
And the ill counsell of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your vertue is my priuiledge: for that
It is not night when I doe see your face.
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is heere to looke on me?

[Page N3v]

Dem. Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
Runne when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies and *Daphne* holds the chase;
The Doue pursues the Griffin, the milde Hinde
Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootlesse speede,
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.

Demet. I will not stay thy questions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, doe not beleeeue,
But I shall doe thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towe, and Field
You doe me mischief. Fye *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs doe set a scandall on my sexe:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,
To die vpon the hand I loue so well.

Exit.

Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leaue this groue,
Thou shalt flie him, and he shall seeke thy loue.
Hast 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 Oxslips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouer-cannoped with luscious woodbine,
With sweet muske roses, and with Eglantine;
There sleepes *Tytania*, sometime of the night,
Lul'd in these flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the snake throwes her enammel'd skinne,
Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.
And with the iuyce of this Ile streake her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this groue;

A sweet *Athenian* Lady is in loue
With a disdainfull youth: annoint his eyes,
But doe it when the next thing he espies,
May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may proue
More fond on her, then she vpon her loue;
And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow.

Pu. Feare not my Lord, your seruant shall do so.

Exit.

Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

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 Reremise, for their leathern wings.
To make my small Elues coates, and some keepe backe
The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders
At our queint spirits: Sing me now asleepe,
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies Sing. You spotted Snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogges be not seene,
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
Philomele with melodie,
Sing in your sweet Lullaby.
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Neuer harme, nor spell, nor charme,
Come our louely Lady nye,
So good night with Lullaby.

2.Fairy. Weauing Spiders come not heere,
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:
Beetles blacke approach not neere;
Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.
Philomele with melody, &c.

1. Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;
One aloofe, stand Centinell. *Shee sleepes.*

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do 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'st, it is thy deare,
Wake when some vile thing is neere.

Enter Lisander and Hermia.

Lis. Faire loue, you faint with wandring in the woods,
And to speake troth I haue forgot our way:
Wee'll rest vs *Hermia*, If you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so *Lysander*; finde you out a bed,
For I vpon this banke will rest my head.

Lys. One turfe shall serue as pillow for vs both,
One heart, one bed, two bosomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay good *Lysander*, for my sake my deere
Lie further off yet, doe not lie so neere.

Lys. O take the sence sweet, of my innocence,
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two bosomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two bosomes, and a single troth.
Then by your side, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying so, *Hermia*, I doe not lye.

Her. *Lysander* riddles very prettily;
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* lied.
But gentle friend, for loue and courtesie
Lie further off, in humane modesty,
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,
So farre be distant, and good night sweet friend;
Thy loue nere alter, till thy sweet life end.

Lys. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Heere is my bed, sleepe giue thee all his rest.

Her. With halfe that wish, the wishers eyes be prest.

Enter Pucke. They sleepe.

Puck. Through the Forest haue I gone,
But *Athenian* finde I none,
One whose eyes I might approue
This flowers force in stirring loue.
Nigh and silence: who is heere?
Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare:
This is he (my master said)
Despised the *Athenian* maide:
And heere the maiden sleeping sound,
On the danke and durty ground.
Pretty soule, she durst not lye
Neere this lacke-loue, this kill-curtisie.
Churle, vpon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let loue forbid
Sleepe his seate on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I must now to *Oberon*.

[Page N4]

Exit.

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweete *Demetrius*.

De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O wilt thou darkling leaue me? do not so.

De. Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe.

Exit Demetrius.

Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace,
Happy is *Hermia*, wheresoere she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractiue eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares.

If so, my eyes are oftner washt then hers.
No, no, I am as vgly as a Beare;
For beasts that meete me, runne away for feare,
Therefore no maruaile, though *Demetrius*
Doe as a monster, flie my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* sphery eyne?
But who is here? *Lysander* on the ground;
Deade or asleepe? I see no bloud, no wound,
Lysander, if you liue, good sir awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent *Helena*, nature her shewes art,
That through thy bosome makes me see thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so *Lysander*, say not so:
What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
Yet *Hermia* still loues you; then be content.

Lys. Content with *Hermia*? no, I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue spent.
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I loue;
Who will not change a Rauens for a Doue?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd:
And reason saies you are the worthier Maide.
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 Marshall to my will.
And leades me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loues stories, written in Loues richest booke.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deserue this scorne?
Ist not enough, ist not enough, yong man,
That I did neuer, no nor neuer can,
Deserue a sweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good-sooth you do)
In such disdainfull manner, me to wooe.
But fare you well; perforce I must confesse,

I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse.
Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd.

Exit.

Lys. She sees not *Hermia*: *Hermia* sleepe thou there,
And neuer maist thou come *Lysander* neere;
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomacke brings:
Or as the heresies that men do leaue,
Are hated most of those that did deceiue:
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresie,
Of all be hated; but the most of me;
And all my powers addresse your loue and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight.

Exit.

Her. Helpe me *Lysander*, helpe me; do thy best
To plucke this crawling serpent from my brest.
Aye me, for pittie; what a dreame was here?
Lysander looke, how I do quake with feare:
Me-thought a serpent eate my heart away,
And yet sat smiling at his cruell prey.
Lysander, What remoou'd? *Lysander*, Lord,
What, out of hearing, gone? No sound, no word?
Alacke where are you? speake and if you heare:
Speake of all loues; I sound almost with feare.
No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,
Either death or you Ile finde immediately.

Exit.

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Clownes.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a maruailous conuenient
place for our rehearsall. This greene plot shall be our
stage, this hauthorne brake our tyring house, and we will

do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince?

Peter. What saist thou, bully *Bottome*?

Bot. There are things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and *Thisby*, that will neuer please. First, *Piramus* must draw a sword to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. Berlaken, a parlous feare.

Star. I beleeeue we must leaue the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I haue a deuice to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say, we will do no harme with our swords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better assurance, tell them, that I *Piramus* am not *Piramus*, but *Bottome* the Weauer; this will put them out of feare.

Quin. Well, we will haue such a Prologue, and it shall be written in eight and sixe.

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 promise you.

Bot. Masters, 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 fearefull wilde foule then your Lyon liuing: 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 seene through the Lyons necke, and he himselfe must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither

[Page N4v]

as a Lyon, it were pittie 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 him plainly hee is *Snug* the ioyner.

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, looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

Enter Pucke.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leaue a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may shine in at the casement.

Quin. I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing, we must haue a wall in the great Chamber; for *Piramus* and *Thisby* (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sn. You can neuer bring in a wall. What say you *Bottome*?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall, and let him haue some Plaster, or some Lome, or some rough cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny shall *Piramus* and *Thisby* whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe euery mothers sonne, and rehearse your parts. *Piramus*, you begin; when you haue spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so euery one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-spuns haue we swagge-
ring here,
So neere the Cradle of the Faerie Queene?
What, a Play toward? Ile be an auditor,
An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speake *Piramus*: *Thisby* stand forth.

Pir. *Thisby*, the flowers of odious sauors sweete.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pir. Odours sauors sweete,
So hath thy breath, my dearest *Thisby* deare.
But harke, a voyce: stay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare.

Exit. Pir.

Puck. A stranger *Piramus*, then ere plaid here.

This. Must I speake now?

Pet. I marry must you. For you must vnderstand he
goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come a-
gaine.

Thys. Most radiant *Piramus*, most Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer,
Most brisky Iuuenall, and eke most louely Iew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre,
Ile meete thee *Piramus*, at *Ninnies* toombe.

Pet. *Ninus* toombe man: why, you must not speake
that yet; that you answer to *Piramus*: you speake all
your part at once, cues and all. *Piramus* enter, your cue is
past; it is neuer tyre.

Thys. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would neuer
tyre:

Pir. If I were faire, *Thisby* I were onely thine.

Pet. O monstrous. O strange. We are hanted; pray
masters, flye masters, helpe.

The Clownes all Exit.

Puk. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through bryer,
Sometime a horse Ile be, sometime a hound:
A hogge, a headlesse beare, sometime a fire,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horse, hound, hog, beare, fire, at euery turne.

Exit.

Enter Piramus with the Asse head.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knauery of
them to make me afeard.

Enter Snowt.

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What doe I see on
thee?

Bot. What do you see? You see an Asse-head of your
owne, do you?

Enter Peter Quince.

Pet. Blesse thee *Bottome*, blesse thee; thou art transla-
ted.

Exit.

Bot. I see their knauery; this is to make an asse of me,
to fright me if they could; but I will not stirre from
this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe
here, and I will sing that they shall heare I am not a-
fraid.

The Woosell cocke, so blacke of hew,
With Orenge-tawny bill.

The Throstle, with his note so true,
The Wren and little quill.

Tyta. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,
The plainsong Cuckow gray;
Whose note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not answer, nay.
For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?

Who would giue a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow,
neuer so?

Tyta. I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe,
Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;
On the first view to say, to sweare I loue thee.
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape.
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me.

Bot. Me-thinkes mistresse, you should haue little
reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and
loue keepe little company together, now-
adays. The more the pittie, that some honest neighbours will
not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke vpon occa-
sion.

Tyta. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get
out of this wood, I haue enough to serue mine owne
turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,
Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate:
The Summer still doth tend vpon my state,
And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,
And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe:
And I will purge thy mortall grossnesse so,
That thou shalt like an airie spirit go.

*Enter Pease-blossome, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-
seede, and foure Fairies.*

Fai. Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?

[Page N5]

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,
The honie-bags steale from the humble Bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes,

To haue my loue to bed, and to arise:
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies.
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curtesies.

1.Fai. Haile mortall, haile.

2.Fai. Haile.

3.Fai. Haile.

Bot. I cry your worships mercy hartily; I beseech
your worships 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?

Pease. Pease Blossome.

Bot. I pray you commend me to mistresse *Squash*,
your mother, and to master *Peascod* your father. Good
master *Pease-blossome*, I shal desire of you more acquain-
tance to. Your name I beseech you sir?

Mus. Mustard-seede.

Peas. Pease-blossome.

Bot. Good master *Mustard seede*, I know your pati-
ence well: that same cowardly gyant-like Oxe beefe
hath deuoured many a gentleman of your house. I pro-
mise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere
now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master
Mustard-seede.

Tita. Come waite vpon him, lead him to my bower.
The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watrie eie,
And when she weepes, weepe euerie little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastitie.
Tye vp my louers tongue, bring him silently.

Exit.

Enter King of Pharies, solus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't;
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on, in extremitie.

Enter Pucke.

Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit,
What night-rule now about this haunted groue?

Puck. My Mistris with a monster is in loue,
Neere to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
That worke for bread vpon *Athenian* stals,
Were met together to rehearse a Play,
Intended for great *Theseus* nuptiall day:
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who *Piramus* presented, in their sport,
Forsooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this aduantage take,
An Asses nolle I fixed on his head.
Anon his *Thisbie* must be answered,
And forth my Mimmick comes: when they him spie,
As Wilde-geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or russe-d-pated choughes, many in sort
(Rising and cawing at the guns report)
Seuer themselves, and madly sweepe the skye:
So at his sight, away his fellowes flye,
And at our stampe, here ore and ore one fals;
He murther cries, and helpe from *Athens* cals.
Their sense thus weake, lost with their feares thus strong,
Made senselesse things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch,
Some sleeues, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,
I led them on in this distracted feare,
And left sweete *Piramus* translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to passe)
Tytania waked, and straightway lou'd an Asse.

Ob. This fals out better then I could deuise:
But hast thou yet lacht the *Athenians* eyes,
With the loue iuyce, as I bid thee doe?

Rob. I tooke him sleeping (that is finisht to)
And the *Athenian* woman by his side,
That when he wak't, of force she must 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 loues you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should vse thee worse.
For thou (I feare) hast giuen me cause to curse,
If thou hast slaine *Lysander* in his sleepe,
Being oreshooes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill
me too:
The Sunne was not so true vnto the day,
As he to me. Would he haue stollen away,
From sleeping *Hermia*? Ile beleeeue as soone
This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and so displease
Her brothers noonetide, with th'*Antipodes*.
It cannot be but thou hast murdred him,
So should a murtherer looke, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murderer looke, and so should I,
Pierst through the heart with your stearne cruelty:
Yet you the murderer lookes as bright as cleare,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering spheare.

Her. What's this to my *Lysander*? where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou giue him me?

Dem. I'de rather giue his carkasse to my hounds.

Her. Out dog, out cur, thou driu'st me past the bounds
Of maidens patience. Hast thou slaine him then?
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.
Oh, once tell true, euen for my sake,
Durst thou a lookt vpon him, being awake?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O braue tutch:
Could not a worme, an Adder do so 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 priuiledge, neuer to see me more;
And from thy hated presence part I: see me no more
Whether he be dead or no.

Exit.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vaine,
Here therefore for a while I will remaine.
So sorrowes heauinesse doth heauier grow:
For debt that bankrout slip doth sorrow owe,
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

[Page N5v]

Lie downe.

Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the loue iuyce on some true loues sight:
Of thy misprision, must perforce ensue
Some true loue turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Rob. Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood, goe swifter then the winde,
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.
All fancy sicke she is, and pale of cheere,
With sighes of loue, that costs the fresh bloud deare.
By some illusion see thou bring her heere,
Ile charme his eyes against she doth appeare.

Robin. I go, I go, looke how I goe,
Swifter then arrow from the *Tartars* bowe.

Exit.

Ob. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sinke in apple of his eye,
When his loue he doth espie,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the *Venus* of the sky.
When thou wak'st if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,
And the youth, mistooke by me,
Pleading for a Louers fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant see?
Lord, what fooles these mortals be!

Ob. Stand aside: the noyse they make,
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once wooe one,
That must needs be sport alone:
And those things doe best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should wooe in scorn?
Scorne and derision neuer comes in teares:
Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes so borne,
In their natiuity all truth appeares.
How can these things in me, seeme scorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to proue them true.

Hel. You doe aduance your cunning more & more,
When truth kils truth, O diuelish holy fray!
These vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her, and me, (put in two scales)
Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no iudgement, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none in my minde, now you giue her ore.

Lys. *Demetrius* loues her, and he loues not you.

Awa.

Dem. O *Helen*, goddesse, nimph, perfect, diuine,
To what, my loue, shall I compare thine eyne!
Christall is muddy, O how ripe in show,
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* snow,
Fan'd with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crow,
When thou holdst vp thy hand. O let me kisse
This Princesse of pure white, this seale of blisse.

Hell. O spight! O hell! I see you are all bent
To set against me, for your merriment:
If you were ciuill, and knew curtesie,
You would not doe me thus much iniury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you must ioyne in soules to mocke me to?
If you are men, as men you are in show,
You would not vse a gentle Lady so;
To vow, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are Riuals, and loue *Hermia*;
And now both Riuals to mocke *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To coniure teares vp in a poore maids eyes,
With your derision; none of noble sort,
Would so offend a Virgin, and extort
A poore soules patience, all to make you sport,

Lysa. You are vnkind *Demetrius*; be not so,
For you loue *Hermia*; this you know I know;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermias* loue I yeeld you vp my part;
And yours of *Helena*, To me bequeath,
Whom I do loue, and will do to my death.

Hel. Neuer did mockers wast more idle breth.

Dem. *Lysander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none:
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.
My heart to her, but as guest-wise soiourn'd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,

There to remaine.

Lys. It is not so.

De. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest 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 eare more quicke of apprehension makes,
Wherein it doth impaire the seeing sense,
It paies the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander* found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that sound.
But why vnkindly didst thou leaue me so?

Lysan. Why should hee stay whom Loue doth presse to go?

Her. What loue could presse *Lysander* from my side?

Lys. *Lysanders* loue (that would not let him bide)
Faire *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Then all yon fierie oes, and eies of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leaue thee so?

Her. You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.

Hel. Loe, she is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceiue they haue conioyn'd all three,
To fashion this false sport in spight of me.
Iniurous *Hermia*, most vngratefull maid,
Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd
To baite me, with this foule derision?
Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd,
The sisters vowes, the houres that we haue spent,
When wee haue chid the hasty footed time,
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?
All schooledaies friendship, child-hood innocence?
We *Hermia*, like two Artificiall gods,
Haue with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, 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, seeming parted,
 But yet a vnion in partition,
 Two louely 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 loue asunder,
 To ioyne with men in scorning your poore friend?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
 Our sexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
 Though I alone doe feele the iniurie.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words,
 I scorne you not; It seemes that you scorne me.

Hel. Haue you not set *Lysander*, as in scorne
 To follow me, and praise my eies and face?
 And made your other loue, *Demetrius*
 (Who euen but now did spurne me with his foote)
 To call me goddesse, nymph, diuine, and rare,
 Precious, celestially? Wherefore speakes he this
 To her he hates? and wherefore doth *Lysander*
 Denie your loue (so rich within his soule)
 And tender me (forsooth) affection,
 But by your setting on, by your consent?
 What though I be not so in grace as you,
 So hung vpon with loue, so fortunate?
 (But miserable most, to loue vnlou'd)
 This you should pittie, rather then despise.

Her. I vnderstand not what you meane by this.

Hel. I, doe, perseuer, counterfeit sad looks,
 Make mouthes vpon me when I turne my backe,
 Winke each at other, hold the sweete iest vp:
 This sport well carried, shall be chronicled.
 If you haue any pittie, grace, or manners,
 You would not make me such an argument:
 But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault,
 Which death or absence soone shall remedie.

Lys. Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excuse,
My loue, my life, my soule, faire *Helena*.

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweete, do not scorne her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreate, I can compell.

Lys. Thou canst compell, no more then she entreate.
Thy threats haue no more strength then her weak praise.
Helen, I loue thee, by my life I doe;
I sweare by that which I will lose for thee,
To proue him false, that saies I loue thee not.

Dem. I say, I loue thee more then he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, with-draw and proue it too.

Dem. Quick, come.

Her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you *Ethiope*.

Dem. No, no, Sir, seeme to breake loose;
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.

Lys. Hang off thou cat, thou bur; vile 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?

Lys. Thy loue? out tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out loathed medicine; O hated poison hence.

Her. Do you not iest?

Hel. Yes sooth, and so do you.

Lys. *Demetrius*: I will keepe my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceiue
A weake bond holds you; Ile not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate?
Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Loue?
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lysander*?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.
Since night you lou'd me: yet since night you left me.
Why then you left me (O the gods forbid)
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. I, by my life;
And neuer did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;
Be certaine, nothing truer: 'tis no iest,
That I do hate thee, and loue *Helena*.

Her. O me, you iugler, you canker blossome,
You theefe of loue; What, haue you come by night,
And stolne my loues heart from him?

Hel. Fine yfaith:
Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulnesse? What, will you teare
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet? why so? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceiue that she hath made compare
Betweene our statures, she hath vrg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height (forsooth) she hath preuail'd with him.
And are you growne so high in his esteeme,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake,
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was neuer curst:
I haue no gift at all in shrewishnesse;
I am a right maide for my cowardize;
Let her not strike me: you perhaps may thinke,
Because she is something lower then my selfe,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower? harke againe.

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me,
I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,
Did euer keepe your counsels, neuer wronged you,
Saue that in loue vnto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your stealth vnto this wood.
He followed you, for loue I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To strike me, spurne me, nay to kill me too;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You see how simple, and how fond I am.

Her. Why get you gone: who ist that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leaue here behinde.

Her. What, with *Lysander*?

Her. With *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee *Helena*.

Dem. No sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O when she's angry, she is keene and shrewd,
She was a vixen when she went to schoole,
And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone you dwarfe,
You *minimus*, of hindring knot-grasse made,
You bead, you acorne.

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalfe that scornes your seruices.
Let her alone, speake not of *Helena*,
Take not her part. For if thou dost intend
Neuer so little shew of loue to her,
Thou shalt abide it.

Lys. Now she holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine is most in *Helena*.

[Page N6v]

Dem. Follow? Nay, Ile goe with thee cheeke by
iowle.

Exit Lysander and Demetrius.

Her. You Mistris, all this coyle is long of you.
Nay, goe not backe.

Hel. I will not trust you I,
Nor longer stay in your curst companie.
Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to runne away.

Enter Oberon and Pucke.

Ob. This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaueries willingly.

Puck. Beleeue me, King of shadowes, I mistooke,
Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on?
And so farre blamelesse proues my enterprize,
That I haue noynted an Athenians eies,
And so farre am I glad, it so did sort,
As this their iangling I esteeme a sport.

Ob. Thou seest these Louers seeke a place to fight,
Hie therefore *Robin*, ouercast the night,
The starrie Welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
And lead these testie Riuals so astray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lysander*, sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stirre *Demetrius* vp with bitter wrong;
And sometime raile thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, sleepe
With leaden legs, and Battie-wings doth creepe:
Then crush this hearbe into *Lysanders* eie,
Whose liquor hath this vertuous propertie,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
and make his eie-bals role with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitless vision,

And backe to *Athens* shall the Louers wend
With league, whose date till death shall neuer end.
Whiles I in this affaire do thee imploy,
Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian* Boy;
And then I will her charmed eie release
From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,
For night-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast,
And yonder shines *Auroras* harbinger;
At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirits all,
That in crosse-waies and flouds haue buriall,
Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone;
For feare least day should looke their shames vpon,
They wilfully themselues exile from light,
And must for aye consort with blacke browd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort:
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made sport,
And like a Forrester, the groues may tread,
Euen till the Easterne gate all fierie red,
Opening on *Neptune*, With faire blessed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold, his salt greene streames.
But not withstanding haste, 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 fear'd in field and towne.
Goblin, lead them vp and downe: here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*?
Speake thou now.

Rob. Here villaine, 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 bush: Where dost thou hide thy head?

Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
That drawes a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Ro. Follow my voice, we'l try no manhood here.

Exit.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
When I come where he cal's, then he's gone.
The Villaine is much lighter heel'd then I:
I followed fast, but faster he did flye; *shifting places.*
That fallen am I in darke vneuen way,
And here wil rest me. Come thou gentle day: *lye down.*
For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this spight.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,
Thou runst before me, shifting euery place,
And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face.
Where art thou?

Rob. Come hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this
deere,
If euer I thy face by day-light see.
Now goe thy way: faintnesse constraineth me,
To measure out my length on this cold bed,
By daies approach looke to be visited.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres, shine comforts from the East,

That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light,
From these that my poore companie detest;
And sleepe that sometime shuts vp sorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie.

Sleepe.

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.
Here she comes, curst and sad,
Cupid is a knauish lad,

Enter Hermia.

Thus to make poore females mad.

Her. Neuer so wearie, neuer so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,
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,
Heauens shield *Lysander*, if they meane a fray.

Rob. On the ground sleepe sound,
Ile apply your eie gentle loue, remedy.
When thou wak'st, thou tak'st
True delight in the sight of thy former Ladies eye,
And the Country Prouerb knowne,
That euery man should take his owne,
In your waking shall be showne.
Iacke shall haue *Iill*, nought shall goe ill.
The man shall haue his Mare againe, and all shall bee
well.

[Page O1]

They sleepe all the Act.

Actus Quartus.

*Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne, and Fairies, and the
King behinde them.*

Tita. Come, sit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And sticke muske roses in thy sleeke smoothe head,

And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.

Clow. Where's *Peaseblossome*?

Peas. Ready.

Clow. Scratch my head, *Pease-blossome*. Wher's Moun-
sieur *Cobweb*.

Cob. Ready.

Clowne. Mounsieur *Cobweb*, good Mounsier get your
weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-Bee,
on the top of a thistle; and good Mounsieur bring mee
the hony bag. Doe not fret your selfe too much in the
action, Mounsieur; and good mounsieur haue a care the
hony bag breake not, I would be loth to haue you ouer-
flowne with a hony-bag signiour. Where's Mounsieur
Mustardseed?

Mus. Ready.

Clo. Giue me your neafe, Mounsieur *Mustardseed*.
Pray you leaue your courtesie good Mounsieur.

Mus. What's your will?

Clo. Nothing good Mounsieur, but to help Cauallery
Cobweb to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounsieur, for
me-thinkes I am maruellous hairy about the face. And I
am such a tender asse, if my haire do but tickle me, I must
scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou heare some musicke, my sweet
loue.

Clow. I haue a reasonable good eare in musicke. Let
vs haue the tongs and the bones.

Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke.

Tita. Or say sweete Loue, what thou desirest to eat.

Clowne. Truly a pecke of Prouender; I could munch
your good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I haue a great desire
to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweete hay hath no fel-
low.

Tita. I haue a venturous Fairy,
That shall seeke the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Clown. I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried
pease. But I pray you let none of your people stirre me, I
haue an exposition of sleepe come vpon me.

Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,
Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honisuckle,
Gently entwist; the female Iuy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.
O how I loue thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin*:
Seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I doe begin to pittie.
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,
Seeking sweet sauours for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraid 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 sometime on the buds,
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets 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 gaue me, and her fairy sent
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.
And now I haue the Boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
And gentle *Pucke*, take this transformed scalpe,
From off the head of this *Athenian* swaine;
That he awaking when the other doe,
May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of dreame.

But first I will release the Fairy Queene.
Be thou as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see.
Dians bud, or Cupids flower,
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now my *Titania* wake you my sweet Queene.

Tita. My *Oberon*, what visions haue I seene!
Me-thought I was enamoured of an asse.

Ob. There lies your loue.

Tita. How came these things to passe?
Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this visage now!

Ob. Silence a while. *Robin* take off his head:
Titania, musick call, and strike more dead
Then common sleepe; of all these, fine the sense.

Tita. Musicke, ho musicke, such as charmeth sleepe.

Musick still.

Rob. When thou wak'st, with thine owne fooles eies
peepe.

Ob. Sound musick; come my Queen, take hands with me
And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I new in amity,
And will to morrow midnight, solemnly
Dance in Duke *Theseus* house triumphantly,
And blesse it to all faire posterity.
There shall the paires of faithfull Louers be
Wedded, with *Theseus*, all in iollity.

Rob. Faire King attend, and marke,
I doe heare the morning Larke,

Ob. Then my Queene in silence sad,
Trip we after the nights shade;
We the Globe can compasse soone,
Swifter then the wandering Moone.

Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping heere was found, *Sleepers Lye still.*

[Page 01v]

With these mortals on the ground.

Exeunt.

Winde Hornes.

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his traine.

Thes. Goe one of you, finde out the Forrester,
For now our obseruation is perform'd;
And since we haue the vaward of the day,
My Loue shall heare the musicke of my hounds.
Vncouple in the Westerne valley, let them goe;
Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester.
We will faire Queene, vp to the Mountains top,
And marke the musicall confusion
Of hounds and eccho in coniunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once.
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare
With hounds of *Sparta*; neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For besides the groues,
The skies, the fountaines, euery region neere,
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
So musicall a discord, such sweet thunder.

Thes. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kinde,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With eares that sweepe away the morning dew,
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Thessalian* Buls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A cry more tuneable
Was neuer hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne,
In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Thessaly*;
Iudge when you heare. But soft, what nymphs are these?

Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleepe,
And this *Lysander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, olde *Nedars Helena*,
I wonder of this being heere together.

The. No doubt they rose vp early, to obserue
The right of May; and hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our solemnity.

But speake *Egeus*, is not this the day
That *Hermia* should giue answer of her choice?

Egeus. It is, my Lord.

Thes. Goe bid the hunts-men wake them with their
hornes.

Hornes and they wake.

Shout within, they all start vp.

Thes. Good morrow friends: Saint *Valentine* is past,
Begin these wood birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon my Lord.

Thes. I pray you all stand vp.
I know you two are Riual enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so farre from iealousie,
To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.

Lys. 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 perill of the *Athenian* Law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord: you haue enough;
I beg the Law, the Law, vpon his head:
They would haue stolne away, they would *Demetrius*,
Thereby to haue defeated 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 I in furie hither followed them;
Faire *Helena*, in fancy followed me.
But my good Lord, I wot not by what not by what power,
(But by some power it is) my loue
To *Hermia* (melted as the snow)

Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childehood I did doat vpon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is onely *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I betroth'd, ere I see *Hermia*,
But like a sicknesse did I loath this food,
But as in health, come to my naturall taste,
Now doe I wish it, loue it, long for it,
And will for euermore be true to it.

Thes. Faire Louers, you are fortunately met;
Of this discourse we shall heare more anon.
Egeus, I will ouer-beare your will;
For in the Temple, by and by with vs,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And for the morning now is something worne,
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with vs to *Athens*; three and three,
Wee'll hold a feast in great solemnitie.
Come *Hippolita*.

Exit Duke and Lords.

Dem. These things seeme small & vndistinguishable,
Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.

Her. Me-thinks I see these things with parted eye,
When euery thing seemes double.

Hel. So me-thinkes:
And I haue found *Demetrius*, like a iewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Dem. It seemes to mee,
That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father.

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

Lys. 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.

Clo. When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer.
My next is, most faire *Piramus*. Hey ho. *Peter Quince*?
Flute the bellows-mender? *Snout* the tinker? *Starue-ling*?
Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left me asleepe: I
haue had a most rare vision. I had a dreame, past the wit
of man, to say, what dreame it was. Man is but an Asse,
if he goe about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I
was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was,
and me-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 conceiue, 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 Dreame, because it hath no bottome; and I will
sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Per-
aduenture, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it
at her death.

Exit.

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbie, Snout, and Starueling.

Quin. Haue you sent to *Bottomes* house? Is he come
home yet?

Staru. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is
transported.

[Page O2]

This. If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes
not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you haue not a man in all
Athens, able to discharge *Piramus* but he.

This. No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handy-
craft man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too, and hee is a very
Paramour, for a sweet voyce.

This. You must say, Paragon. A Paramour is (God
blesse vs) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug the Ioyner.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is comming from the Tem-
ple, and there is two or three Lords & Ladies more mar-
ried. If our sport had gone forward, we had all bin made
men.

This. O sweet bully *Bottome*: thus hath he lost sixe-
pence a day, during his life; he could not haue scaped six-
pence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him sixpence
a day for playing *Piramus*, Ile be hang'd. He would haue
deserued it. Sixpence a day in *Piramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottome.

Bot. Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts?

Quin. *Bottome*, o most couragious day! O most hap-
pie houre!

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 euery thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let vs heare, sweet *Bottome*.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that
the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good
strings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps,
meete presently at the Palace, euery man looke ore his
part: for the short and the long is, our play is preferred:
In any case let *Thisby* haue cleane linnen: and let not him
that playes the Lion, paire his nailes, for they shall hang
out for the Lions clawes. And most deare Actors, eate
no Onions, nor Garlicke; for wee are to vtter 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, Egeus and his Lords.

Hip. 'Tis strange my *Theseus*, that these louers speake of.

The. More strange then true. I neuer may beleeeue
These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toyes,
Louers and mad men haue such seething braines,
Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more
Then coole reason euer comprehends.
The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One sees more diuels then vaste hell can hold;
That is the mad man. The Louer, all as franticke,
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*.
The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance
From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen.
And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things
Vnknowne; the Poets pen turns them to shapes,
And giues to aire nothing, a locall habitation,
And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend some ioy,
It comprehends some bringer of that ioy.
Or in the night, imagining some feare,
Howe easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

Hip. But all the storie of the night told ouer,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witnesseth than fancies images,
And growes to something of great constancie;
But howsoeuer, strange, and admirable.

*Enter louers, Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia,
and Helena.*

The. Heere come the louers, full of ioy and mirth:
Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and fresh dayes
Of loue accompany your hearts.

Lys. More then to vs, waite in your royall walkes,
your boord, your bed.

The. Come now, what maskes, what dances shall
we haue,
To weare away this long age of three houres,

Between our after supper, and bed-time?
Where is our vsuall manager of mirth?
What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing houre?
Call *Egeus*.

Ege. Heere mighty *Theseus*.

The. Say, what abridgement haue you for this eue-
ning?
What maske? What musicke? How shall we beguile
The lazie time, if not with some delight?

Ege. There is a breefe how many sports are rife:
Make choise of which your Highnesse will see first.

Lis. The battell with the Centaurs to be sung
By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.

The. Wee'l none of that. That haue I told my Loue
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

Lis. The riot of the tipsie Bachanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer, in their rage?

The. That is an old deuice, and it was plaid
When I from *Thebes* came last a Conqueror.

Lis. The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death
of learning, late deceast in beggerie.

The. That is some Satire keene and criticall,
Not sorting with a nuptiall ceremonie.

Lis. A tedious breefe Scene of yong *Piramus*,
And his loue *Thisby*; very tragicall mirth.

The. Merry and tragicall? Tedious, and briefe? That
is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall wee
finde the concord of this discord?

Ege. A play there is, my Lord, some ten words long,
Which is as breefe, as I haue 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*

Therein doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw
Rehearst, I must confesse, made mine eyes water:
But more merrie teares, the passion of loud laughter
Neuer shed.

Thes. What are they that do play it?

Ege. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere,
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.

[Page O2v]

Hip. No my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnless you can finde sport in their intents,
Extreamely stretched, and cond with cruell paine,
To doe you seruice.

Thes. I will heare that play. For neuer any thing
Can be amisse, when simplenesse and duty tender it.
Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

Hip. I loue not to see wretchednesse orecharged;
And duty in his seruice perishing.

Thes. Why gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He saies, they can doe nothing in this kinde.

Thes. The kinder we, to giue them thanks for nothing
Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;
And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I haue come, great Clearkes haue purposed
To greeete me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I haue seene them shiuer and looke pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And in conclusion, dumbly haue broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me sweete,
Out of this silence yet, I pickt a welcome:
And in the modesty of fearefull duty,
I read as much, as from the ratling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Loue therefore, and tongue-tide simplicity,
In least, speake most, to my capacity.

Egeus. So please your Grace, the Prologue is addrest.

Duke. Let him approach.

Flor. Trum.

Enter the Prologue. Quince.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should thinke, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despight.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not heere. That you should here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; and by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Thes. This fellow doth not stand vpon points.

Lys. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he knowes not the stop. A good morall my lord. it is not enough to speake, but to speake true.

Hip. Indeed hee hath plaid on his Prologue, like a childe on a Recorder, a sound, but not in gouernment.

Thes. His speech was like a tangled chaine: nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Tawyer with a Trumpet before them.

Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-shine, and Lyon.

Prol. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is *Piramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certaine.
This man, with lyme and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile wall, which did these louers sunder:
And through walls chink (poor soules) they are content
To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.

This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and bush of thorne,
Presenteth moone-shine. For if you will know,
By moone-shine did these Louers thinke no scorne
To meet at *Ninus* toombe, there, there to wooe:
This grizly beast (which Lyon hight by name)
The trusty *Thisby*, comming first by night,
Did scarre away, or rather did affright:
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did staine.
Anon comes *Piramus*, sweet youth and tall,
And findes his *Thisbies* Mantle slaine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broacht his boiling bloudy breast,
And *Thisby*, tarrying in Mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-shine*, *Wall*, and Louers 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, Thisbie, and Mooneshine.

Wall. In this same Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one *Snowt* (by name) present a wall:
And such a wall, as I would haue you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:
Through which the Louers, *Piramus* and *Thisbie*
Did whisper often, very secretly.
This loame, this rough-cast, and this stone doth shew,
That I am that same Wall; the truth is so.
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearfull Louers are to whisper.

Thes. Would you desire Lime and Haire to speake
better?

Deme. It is the wittiest partition, that euer I heard
discourse, my Lord.

Thes. *Pyramus* drawes neere the Wall, silence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pir. O grim lookt night, o night with hue so blacke,
O night, which euer art, when day is not:
O night, o night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my *Thisbies* promise is forgot.
And thou o wall, thou sweet and louely wall,
That stands between her fathers ground and mine,
Thou wall, o Wall, o sweet and louely wall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through with mine eine.
Thankes courteous wall. *Ioue* shield thee well for this.
But what see I? No *Thisbie* doe I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no blisse,
Curst be thy stones for thus deceiuing mee.

Thes. The wall me-thinkes being sensible, should
curse againe.

Pir. No in truth sir, he should not. *Deceiuing me*,
Is *Thisbies* cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy
Her through the wall. You shall see it will fall.

Enter Thisbie.

Pat as I told you; yonder she comes.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire *Piramus*, and me
My cherry lips haue often kist thy stones;
Thy stones with Lime and Haire knit vp in thee.

Pyra. I see a voyce; now will I to the chinke,
To spy and I can heare my *Thisbies* face. *Thisbie*?

This. My Loue thou art, my Loue I thinke.

Pir. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy Louers grace,
And like *Limander* am I trusty still.

This. And like *Helen* till the Fates me kill.

Pir. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was so true.

This. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pir. O kisse me through the hole of this vile wall.

[Page O3]

This. I kisse the wals hole, not your lips at all.

Pir. Wilt thou at *Ninnies* tombe meete me straight way?

This. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus haue I *Wall*, my part discharged so;
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go.

Exit Clow.

Du. Now is the morall downe between the two
Neighbours.

Dem. No remedie my Lord, when Wals are so wil-
full, to heare without warning.

Dut. This is the silliest stuffe that ere I heard.

Du. The best in this kind are but shadowes, and the
worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Dut. It must be your imagination then, & not theirs.

Duk. If wee imagine no worse of them then they of
themselues, they may passe for excellent men. Here com
two noble beasts, in a man and a Lion.

Enter Lyon and Moone-shine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whose gentle harts do feare
The smallest monstrous mouse that creepes on floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,
When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roare.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the Ioyner am
A Lion fell, nor else no Lions dam:
For if I should as Lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pittie of my life.

Du. A verie gentle beast, and of good conscience.

Dem. The verie best at a beast, my Lord, that ere I saw.

Lis. This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor.

Du. True, and a Goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so my Lord: for his valor cannot carrie
his discretion, and the fox carries the Goose.

Du. His discretion I am sure cannot carrie his valor:
for the Goose carries not the Fox. It is well; leaue it to
his discretion, and let vs hearken to the Moone.

Moone. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone present.

De. He should haue worne the hornes on his head.

Du. Hee is no crescent, and his hornes are inuisible,
within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone present: My selfe, the man i'th Moone doth seeme 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 see, it is already in snuffe.

Dut. I am wearie of this Moone; would he would
change.

Du. It appeares by his smal light of discretion, that
he is in the wane: but yet in courtesie, in all reason, we
must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed Moone.

Moon. All that I haue to say, is to tell you, that the
Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this
thorne bush; my thorne bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why all these should be in the Lanthorne: for
they are in the Moone. But silence, heere comes *Thisby*.

Enter Thisby.

This. This is old *Ninnies* tombe: where is my loue?

Lyon. Oh.

The Lion roares, Thisby runs off.

Dem. Well roar'd Lion.

Du. Well run *Thisby*.

Dut. Well shone Moone.

Truly the Moone shines with a good grace.

Du. Wel mouz'd Lion.

Dem. And then came *Piramus*.

Lys. And so the Lion vanisht.

Enter Piramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy sunny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for shining now so bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,
I trust to taste of truest *Thisbies* sight.
But stay: O spight! but marke, poore Knight,
What dreadful dole is heere?
Eyes do you see! How can it be!
O dainty Ducke: O Deere!
Thy mantle good; what staine with blood!
Approch you furies fell:
O Fates! come, come: Cut thred and thrum,
Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell.

Du. This passion, and the death of a deare friend,
Would go neere to make a man looke sad.

Dut. Beshrew my heart, but I pittie the man.

Pir. O wherefore Nature, did'st 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 like'd, that look'd with cheere.
Come teares, confound: Out sword, and wound
The pap of *Piramus*:
I, that left pap, 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.

Dem. No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lis. Lesse 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 Asse.

Dut. How chance Moone-shine is gone before?
Thisby comes backe, and findes her Louer.

Enter Thisby.

Duke. She wil finde him by starre-light.
Heere she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Dut. Me thinkes shee should not vse a long one for
such a *Piramus*: I hope she will be breefe.

Dem. A Moth wil turne the ballance, which *Piramus*
which *Thisby* is the better.

Lys. She hath spyed him already, with those sweete eyes.

Dem. And thus she meanes, *videlicet*.

This. Asleepe my Loue? What, dead my Doue?
O *Piramus* arise:

Speake, speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tombe
Must couer thy sweet eyes.

These Lilly Lips, this cherry nose,

These yellow Cowslip cheekes

Are gone, are gone: Louers make mone:

His eyes were greene as Leekes.

O Sisters three, come, come to mee,

With hands as pale as Milke,

Lay them in gore, since you haue shore

with sheeres, his thred of silke.

Tongue not a word: Come trusty sword:

Come blade, my brest imbrue:

And farwell friends, thus *Thisbie* ends;

Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duk. Moone-shine & Lion are left to burie the dead.

Deme. 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 heare a Bergomask dance, betweene two of our com-
pany?

[Page O3v]

Duk. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs
no excuse. Neuer excuse; for when the plaiers are all
dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that
writ it had plaid *Piramus*, and hung himselfe in *Thisbies*
garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy: and so it is
truely, and very notably discharg'd. but come, your
Burgomaske; let your Epilogue alone.
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelue.
Louers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time.
I feare we shall out-sleepe the comming morne,
As much as we this night haue ouer-watcht.
This palpable grosse play hath well beguil'd
The heauy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity.
In nightly Reuels; and new iollitie.

Exeunt.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons rores,
And the Wolfe beholds the Moone:
Whilest the heauy ploughman snores,
All with weary taske fore-done.
Now the wasted brands doe glow,
Whil'st the scritch-owle, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shrowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,
Euery one lets forth his spright,
In the Church-way paths to glide,
And we Fairies, that do runne,
By the triple *Hecates* teame,
From the presence of the Sunne,
Following darkenesse like a dreame,
Now are frolicke; not a Mouse
Shall disturbe this hallowed house.
I am sent with broome before,
To sweep the dust behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.

Ob. Through the house giue glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsie fier,
Euerie Elfe and Fairie spright,
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 blesse this place.

The Song.

*Now vntill the breake of day,
Through this house each Fairy stray.
To the best Bride-bed will we,
Which by vs shall blessed be:
And the issue there create,
Euer shall be fortunate:
So shall all the couples three,
Euer true in louing be:
And the blots of Natures hand,
Shall not in their issue stand.
Neuer mole, harelip, nor scarre,
nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in Natiuitie,
Shall vpon their children be.
With this field dew consecrate,
Euerie Fairy take his gate,
And each seuerall chamber blesse,
Through this Pallace with sweet peace,
Euer shall in safety rest.
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away, make no stay;
Meet me all by breake of day.*

Robin. If we shadowes haue offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you haue but slumbred heere,
While these Visions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,

Gentles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honest *Pucke*,
If we haue vnearned lucke,
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Else the *Pucke* a lyar call.
So good night vnto you all.
Giue me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* shall restore amends.

FINIS.

Actus primus.

Enter Anthonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Anthonio. In sooth 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,
What stuffe 'tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: and such a Want-wit sadnesse makes of
mee,
That I haue much ado to know my selfe.

Sal. Your minde is tossing on the Ocean,
There where your Argosies with portly saile
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the sea,
Do ouer-peere the pettie Traffiquers
That curtsie to them, do them reuerence
As they flye by them with their wouen wings.

Salar. Beleeue me sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections, would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grasse to know where sits the winde,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:
And euery obiect that might make me feare
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Sal. My winde cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great might doe at sea.
I should not see the sandie houre-glasse runne,
But I should thinke of shallows, and of flats,
And see my wealthy *Andrew* docks in sand,
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs
To kisse her buriall; should I goe to Church
And see the holy edifice of stone,

And not bethinke me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Vessels side
Would scatter all her spices on the streame,
Enrobe the roring waters with my silkes,
And in a word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and shall I lacke the thought
That such a thing bechaunc'd would make me sad?
But tell me, I know *Anthonio*
Is sad to thinke vpon his merchandize.

Anth. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Vpon the fortune of this present yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sola. Why then you are in loue.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in loue neither: then let vs say you are sad
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easie
For you to laugh and leape, and say you are merry
Because you are not sad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of such vineger aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though *Nestor* sweare the iest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sola. Heere comes *Bassanio*,
Your most noble Kinsman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenzo*. Faryewell,
We leaue you now with better company.

Sala. I would haue staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not preuented me.

Ant. Your worth is very deere in my regard.
I take it your owne busines calls on you,
And you embrace th' occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Sal. Wee'll make our leysures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.

Lor. My Lord *Bassanio*, since you haue found *Anthonio*
We two will leaue you, but at dinner time
I pray you haue in minde where we must meete.

Bass. I will not faile you.

Grat. You looke not well signior *Anthonio*,
You haue too much respect vpon the world:
They loose it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are maruellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,
A stage, where euery man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Grati. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckles come,
And let my Liuer rather heate with wine,
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.
Why should a man whose bloud is warme within,
Sit like his Grandsire, cut in Alabaster?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creep into the Iaundies
By being peeuish? I tell thee what *Anthonio*,
I loue thee, and it is my loue that speakes:
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do creame and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilfull stilnesse entertaine,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, grauity, profound conceit,
As who should say, I am sir an Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my *Anthonio*, I do know of these
That therefore onely are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when I am verie sure
If they should speake, would almost dam those eares
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles:

[Page O4v]

Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fish not with this melancholly baite
For this foole Gudgin, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenzo*, faryewell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I must be one of these same dumbe wise men.
For *Gratiano* neuer let's me speake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares mo,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine owne tongue.

Ant. Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Gra. Thankes ifaith, for silence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible.

Exit.

Ant. It is that any thing now.

Bas. *Gratiano* speakes an infinite deale of nothing,
more then any man in all Venice, his reasons are two
graines of wheate hid in two bushels of chaffe: you shall
seeke all day ere you finde them, & when you haue them
they are not worth the search.

An. Well: tel me now, what Lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret Pilgrimage
That you to day promis'd to tel me of?

Bas. Tis not vnknowne to you *Anthonio*
How much I haue disabled mine estate,
By something shewing a more swelling port
Then my faint meanes would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make mone to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
Wherein my time something too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Anthonio*
I owe the most in money, and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warrantie
To vnburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

An. I pray you good *Bassanio* let me know it,
And if it stand as you your selfe still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd
My purse, my person, my extreamest meanes
Lye all vnlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my schoole dayes, when I had lost one shaft
I shot his fellow of the selfesame flight
The selfesame way, with more aduised watch
To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,
I oft found both. I vrge this child-hoode prooffe,
Because what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,
That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoote another arrow that selfe way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme: Or to finde both,
Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,
And thankfully rest debter for the first.

An. 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 vttermost
Then if you had made waste of all I haue:
Then doe but say to me what I should doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest vnto it: therefore speake.

Bass. 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 receiue faire speechlesse messages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing vnderallewd
To *Cato's* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four windes blow in from euery coast
Renowned sutors, and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her seat of *Belmont Cholchos* strond,
And many *Iasons* come in quest of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the meanes

To hold a riuall place with one of them,
I haue a minde presages me such thrift,
That I should questionlesse be fortunate.

Anth. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea,
Neither haue I money, nor commodity
To raise a present summe, therefore goe forth
Try what my credit can in *Venice* doe,
That shall be rackt euen to the vttermost,
To furnish thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia*.
Goe presently enquire, and so will I
Where money is, and I no question make
To haue it of my trust, or for my sake.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerissa.

Portia. By my troth *Nerrissa*, my little body is a wearie of this great world.

Ner. You would be sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I see, they are as sicke that surfet with too much, as they that starue with nothing; it is no smal happinesse therefore to bee seated in the meane, superfluitie comes sooner by white haires, but competencie liues longer.

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

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 Pallaces: it is a good Diuine that followes his owne instructions; I can easier teach twentie what were good to be done, then be one of the twentie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may deuise lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a colde decree, such a hare is madnesse the youth, to skip ore the meshes of good counsaile 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,

nor refuse whom I dislike, so is the wil of a liuing daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: it is not hard *Ner-rissa*, 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 lotterie that hee hath deuised in these three chests of gold, siluer, and leade, whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you, wil no doubt neuer be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly loue: but what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these Princely suters that are already come?

[Page O5]

Por. I pray thee ouer-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them, and according to my description leuell at my affection.

Ner. First there is the Neopolitane Prince.

Por. I that's a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but talke of his horse, and hee makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can shoo him himselfe: I am much afraid my Ladie his mother plaid false with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who should say, and you will not haue me, choose: he heares merrie tales and smiles not, I feare hee will proue the weeping Phylosopher when he growes old, being so full of vn-mannerly sadnesse in his youth.) I had rather to be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to either of these: God defend me from these two.

Ner. How say you by the French Lord, Mounsier *Le Boune*?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him passe for a man, in truth I know it is a sinne to be a mocker, but he, why he hath a horse better then the Neopolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is euery man in no man, if a Trassell sing, he fals straight a capring, he will fence with his owne shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twentie husbands: if hee

would despise me, I would forgiue him, for if he loue me to madnesse, I should neuer requite him.

Ner. What say you then to *Fauconbridge*, the yong Baron of *England*?

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for hee vnderstands not me, nor I him: he hath neither *Latine*, *French*, nor *Italian*, and you will come into the Court & swear that I haue a poore pennie-worth in the *English*: hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can conuerse with a dumbe show? how odly he is suited, I thinke he bought his doublet in *Italie*, his round hose in *France*, his bonnet in *Germanie*, and his behauiour euery where.

Ner. What thinke you of the other Lord his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the *Englishman*, and swore he would pay him againe when hee was able: I thinke the *Frenchman* became his suretie, and seald vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the yong *Germaine*, the Duke of *Saxonies* Nephew?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when hee is sober, and most vildely in the afternoone when hee is drunke: 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 euer fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without 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 a deepe glasse of Reinish-wine on the contrary Casket, for if the diuell be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will doe any thing *Nerrissa* ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You neede not feare Lady the hauing any of these Lords, they haue acquainted me with their deter-

minations, which is indeede to returne to their home,
and to trouble you with no more suite, vnlesse you may
be won by some other sort then your Fathers impositi-
on, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I liue to be as olde as *Sibilla*, I will dye as
chaste as *Diana*: vnlesse I be obtained by the manner
of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers
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-
thers time, a *Venecian*, a Scholler and a Souldior that
came hither in companie of the Marquesse of *Mount-ferrat*?

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Bassanio*, as I thinke, so was hee
call'd.

Ner. True Madam, hee of all the men that euer my
foolish eyes look'd vpon, was the best deseruing a faire
Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him wor-
thy of thy praise.

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. The four Strangers seeke you Madam to take
their leaue: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift,
the Prince of *Moroco*, who brings word the Prince his
Maister will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome with so good
heart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I should be
glad of his approach: if he haue the condition of a Saint,
and the complexion of a diuell, I had rather hee should
shriue me then wiue me. Come *Nerrissa*, sirra go before;
whiles wee shut the gate vpon one wooer, another
knocks at the doore.

Exeunt.

Enter Bassanio with Shylocke the Iew.

Shy. Three thousand ducates, well.

Bass. I sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you,
Anthonio shall be bound.

Shy. *Anthonio* shall become bound, well.

Bass. May you sted me? Will you pleasure me?
Shall I know your answere.

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months,
and *Anthonio* bound.

Bass. Your answere to that.

Shy. *Anthonio* is a good man.

Bass. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shy. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man, is to haue you vnderstand me that he is sufficient, yet his meanes are in supposition: he hath an Argosie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I vnderstand moreouer vpon the Ryalta, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures hee hath squandred abroad, but ships are but boords, Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeues, and land theeues, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the perrill of waters, windes, and rocks: the man is not withstanding sufficient, three thousand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Bas. Be assured you may.

[Page O5v]

Iew. I will be assured I may: and that I may be assured, I will bethinke mee, may I speake with *Antho-nio*?

Bass. If it please you to dine with vs.

Iew. Yes, to smell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite coniured the diuell into: I will buy with you, sell 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 Ryalta, who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is signior *Anthonio*.

Iew. How like a fawning publican he looks.
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 vsance here with vs in *Venice*.
If I can catch him once vpon the hip,
I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our sacred Nation, and he railes
Euen there where Merchants most doe congregate
On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift,
Which he cals interest: Cursed by my Trybe
If I forgiue him.

Bass. *Shylock*, doe you heare.

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And by the neere gesse of my memorie
I cannot instantly raise vp the grosse
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 desire? Rest you faire good signior,
Your worship was the last man in our mouthes.

Ant. *Shylocke*, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giuing of excesse,
Yet to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a custome: is he yet possest
How much he would?

Shy. I, I, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond: and let me see, but heare you,
Me thoughts you said, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon aduantage.

Ant. I doe neuer vse it.

Shy. When *Iacob* graz'd his vncle *Labans* sheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* was
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third possesser; I, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him, did he take interrest?

Shy. No, not take interest, not as you would say
Directly interest, marke what *Iacob* did,
When *Laban* and himselfe were compremyz'd
That all the eanelings which were streakt and pied
Should fall as *Iacobs* hier, the Ewes being rancke,
In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilfull shepherd pil'd me certaine wands,
And in the dooing of the deede of kinde,
He stucke them vp before the fulsome Ewes,
Who then conceauing, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were *Iacobs*.
This was a way to thriue, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing if men steale it not.

Ant. This was a venture sir that *Iacob* seru'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to passe,
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heauen.
Was this inserted to make interrest good?
Or is your gold and siluer Ewes and Rams?

Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breede as fast,
But note me signior.

Ant. Marke you this *Bassanio*,
The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpose,
An euill soule producing holy witnesse,
Is like a villaine with a smiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outside falsehood hath.

Shy. Three thousand ducats, 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelue, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well *Shylocke*, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft
In the Ryalto you haue rated me
About my monies and my vsances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient shrug,
(For suffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.)
You call me misbeleueer, cut-throate dog,
And spet vpon my Iewish gaberdine,
And all for vse of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you say,
Shylocke, we would haue moneyes, you say so:
You that did voide your rume vpon my beard,
And foote me as you spurne a stranger curre
Ouer your threshold, moneyes is your suite.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A curre should lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whispring humblenesse,
Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You cald me dog: and for these curtesies
Ile lend you thus much moneyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,
To spet on thee againe, to spurne thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendship take
A breede of barraine mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemye,
Who if he breake, thou maist with better face
Exact the penalties.

Shy. Why looke you how you storme,
I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,
Forget the shames that you haue staine me with,
Supplie your present wants, and take no doite
Of vsance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me,
This is kinde I offer.

Bass. This were kindnesse.

Shy. This kindnesse will I showe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, seale me there
Your single bond, and in a merrie sport
If you repaie me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Exprest in the condition, let the forfeite
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your bodie it pleaseth me.

Ant. Content infaith, Ile seale to such a bond,
And say there is much kindnesse in the Iew.

[Page O6]

Bass. You shall not seale to such a bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my necessitie.

Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfeite it,
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I doe expect returne
Of thrice three times the valew of this bond.

Shy. O father *Abram*, what these Christians are,
Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others: Praie you tell me this,
If he should breake his daie, what should I gaine
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of mans flesh taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither
As flesh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I say
To buy his fauour, I extend this friendship,
If he will take it, so: if not adiew,
And for my loue I praie you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes *Shylocke*, I will seale vnto this bond.

Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries,
Giue him direction for this merrie bond,
And I will goe and purse the ducats strait.
See to my house left in the fearefull gard
Of an vnthriftie knaue: and presentlie
Ile be with you.

Exit.

Ant. Hie thee gentle *Iew*. This Hebrew will turne
Christian, he growes kinde.

Bass. I like not faire tearmes, and a villaines minde.

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismaie,
My Shippes come home a month before the daie.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

*Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or
foure followers accordingly, with Portia,
Nerrissa, and their traine.
Flo. Cornets.*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed liuerie of the burnisht sunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fairest creature North-ward borne,
Where *Phoebus* fire scarce thawes the ysicles,
And let vs make incision for your loue,
To proue whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee Ladie this aspect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I sweare)
The best regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue,
Except to steale your thoughts my gentle Queene.

Por. In tearmes of choise I am not solie led
By nice direction of a maidens eies:
Besides, the lottrie of my destenie
Bars me the right of voluntarie choosing:
But if my Father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yeelde my selfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you,
Your selfe (renowned Prince) than stood as faire
As any commmer I haue look'd on yet
For my affection.

Mor. Euen for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To trie my fortune: By this Symitare
That slew the Sophie, and a Persian Prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would ore-stare the sternest eies that looke:
Out-braue the heart most daring on the earth:
Plucke the yong sucking Cubs from the she Beare,
Yea, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray
To win the Ladie. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* plaie at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And so may I, blinde fortune leading me
Misse that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And die with grieuing.

Port. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or sweare before you choose, if you choose wrong
Neuer to speake to Ladie afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be aduis'd.

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 blest or cursed'st among men.

Exeunt.

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clo. Certainly, my conscience will serue me to run
from this Iew my Maister: the fiend is at mine elbow,
and tempts me, saying to me, *Iobbe*, *Launcelet Iobbe*, good
Launcelet, or good *Iobbe*, or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, vse
your legs, take the start, run awaie: my conscience saies
no; take heede honest *Launcelet*, take heed honest *Iobbe*,
or as afore-said honest *Launcelet Iobbe*, doe not runne,
scorne running with thy heeles; well, the most coragi-

ous fiend bids me packe, *fia* saies the fiend, away saies the fiend, for the heauens rouse vp a braue minde saies the fiend, and run; well, my conscience hanging about the necke of my heart, saies verie wisely to me: my honest friend *Launcelet*, being an honest mans sonne, or rather an honest womans sonne, for indeede my Father did something smack, something grow too; he had a kinde of taste; wel, my conscience saies *Lancelet* bouge not, bouge saies the fiend, bouge not saies my conscience, conscience say I you counsaile well, fiend say I you counsaile well, to be rul'd by my conscience I should stay with the *Iew* my Maister, (who God blesse the marke) is a kinde of diuell; and to run away from the *Iew* I should be ruled by the fiend, who sauing your reuerence is the diuell himselfe: certainly the *Iew* is the verie diuell incarnation, and in my conscience, my conscience is a kinde of hard conscience, to offer to counsaile me to stay with the *Iew*; the fiend giues the more friendly counsaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbe with a Basket.

Gob. Maister yong-man, you I praie you, which is the waie to Maister *Iewes*?

Lan. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then sand-blinde, high grauel blinde, knows me not, I will trie confusions with him.

Gob. Maister yong Gentleman, I praie you which is the waie to Maister *Iewes*.

Laun. Turne vpon your right hand at the next tur-ning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marrie at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn down indirectlie to the *Iewes* house.

Gob. Be Gods sonties 'twill be a hard waie to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him dwell with him or no.

[Page O6v]

Laun. Talke you of yong Master *Launcelet*, marke me now, now will I raise the waters; talke you of yong Maister *Launcelet*?

Gob. No Maister sir, but a poore mans sonne, his Father though I say't is an honest exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to liue.

Lan. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of yong Maister *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worships friend and *Launcelet*.

Laun. But I praie you *ergo* old man, *ergo* I beseech you, talke you of yong Maister *Launcelet*.

Gob. Of *Launcelet*, ant please your maistership.

Lan. *Ergo* Maister *Lancelet*, talke not of maister *Lance-let* Father, for the yong gentleman according to fates and destinies, and such odde sayings, the sisters three, & such branches of learning, is indeede deceased, or as you would say in plaine tearmes, gone to heauen.

Gob. Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie staffe of my age, my verie prop.

Lau. Do I look like a cudgell or a houell-post, a staffe or a prop: doe you know me Father.

Gob. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I praie you tell me, is my boy God rest his soule aliue or dead.

Lan. Doe you not know me Father.

Gob. Alacke sir I am sand blinde, I know you not.

Lan. Nay, indeede if you had your eies you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wise Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of your son, giue me your blessing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans sonne may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Praie you sir stand vp, I am sure you are not *Lancelet* my boy.

Lan. Praie you let's haue no more fooling about it, but giue mee your blessing: I am *Lancelet* your boy that was, your sonne that is, your childe that shall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my sonne.

Lan. I know not what I shall thinke of that: but I am *Lancelet* the *Iewes* man, and I am sure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* indeede, Ile be sworne if thou be *Lancelet*, thou art mine owne flesh and blood: Lord worshipt might he be, what a beard hast thou got; thou hast got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbins my philhorse has on his taile.

Lan. It should seeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am sure he had more haire of his taile then I haue of my face when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how doost thou and thy Master agree, I haue brought him a present; how gree you now?

Lan. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue set vp my rest to run awaie, so I will not rest till I haue run some ground; my Maister's a verie *Iew*, giue him a present, giue him a halter, I am famisht in his seruice. You may tell euerie finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your present to one Maister *Bassanio*, who indeede giues rare new Liuries, 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 Bassanio with a follower or two.

Bass. You may doe so, but let it be so hasted that supper be readie at the farthest by fiue of the clocke: see these Letters deliuered, put the Liuries to making, and desire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

Lan. To him Father.

Gob. God blesse your worship.

Bass. Gramercie, would'st thou ought with me.

Gob. Here's my sonne sir, a poore boy.

Lan. Not a poore boy sir, but the rich *Iewes* man that would sir as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection sir, as one would say to serue.

Lan. Indeede the short and the long is, I serue the *Iew*, and haue a desire as my Father shall specifie.

Gob. His Maister and he (sauing your worships reuerence) are scarce catercosins.

Lan. To be briefe, the verie truth is, that the *Iew* hauing done me wrong, doth cause me as my Father being I hope an old man shall frutifie vnto you.

Gob. I haue here a dish of Doues that I would bestow vpon your worship, and my suite is.

Lan. In verie briefe, the suite 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.

Bass. One speake for both, what would you?

Lan. Serue you sir.

Gob. That is the verie defect of the matter sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suite,
Shylocke thy Maister spoke with me this daie,
And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment
To leaue a rich *Iewes* seruice, to become
The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Clo. The old prouerbe is verie well parted betweene my Maister *Shylocke* and you sir, you haue the grace of God sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st well; go Father with thy Son,
Take leaue of thy old Maister, and enquire
My lodging out, giue him a Liuerie

More garded then his fellowes: see it done.

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a seruice, no, I haue nere a tongue in my head, well: if anie man in *Italie* haue a fairer table which doth offer to sweare vpon a booke, I shall haue good fortune; goe too, here's a simple line of life, here's a small trifle of wiues, alas, fifteene wiues is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maides is a simple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are simple scapes: well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gere: Father come, Ile take my leaue of the *Iew* in the twinkling.

Exit Clowne.

Bass. I praie thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
These things being bought and orderly bestowed
Returne in haste, for I doe feast to night
My best esteemd acquaintance, hie thee goe.

Leon. my best endeouors shall be done herein.

Exit Le.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maister.

[Page P1]

Leon. Yonder sir he walkes.

Gra. Signior *Bassanio*.

Bas. *Gratiano*.

Gra. I haue a sute to you.

Bass. You haue obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not denie me, I must goe with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why then you must: but heare thee *Gratiano*,
Thou art to wilde, to rude, and bold of voyce,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults;
But where they are not knowne, why there they show
Something too liberall, pray thee take paine

To allay with some cold drops of modestie
Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wilde behauour
I be misconsterd in the place I goe to,
And loose my hopes.

Gra. Signor *Bassanio*, heare me,
If I doe not put on a sober habite,
Talke with respect, and sweare but now and than,
Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen:
Vse all the obseruance of ciuillitie
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his Grandam, neuer trust me more.

Bas. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you shall not gage me
By what we doe to night.

Bas. No that were pittie,
I would intreate you rather to put on
Your boldest suite of mirth, for we haue friends
That purpose merriment: but far you well,
I haue some businesse.

Gra. And I must to *Lorenzo* and the rest,
But we will visite you at supper time.

Exeunt.

Enter Iessica and the Clowne.

Ies. I am sorry thou wilt leaue my Father so,
Our house is hell, and thou a merrie diuell
Did'st rob it of some taste of tediousnesse;
But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And *Lancelet*, soone at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new Maisters guest,
Giue him this Letter, doe it secretly,
And so farewell: I would not haue my Father
see me talke with thee.

Clo. Aduē, teares exhibit my tongue, most beautifull
Pagan, most sweete Iew, if a Christian doe not play the
knaue and get thee, I am much deceiued; but adue, these
foolish drops doe somewhat drowne my manly spirit:
adue.

Exit.

Ies. Farewell good *Lancelet*.
Alacke, what hainous sinne is it in me
To be ashamed to be my Fathers childe,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keepe promise I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy louing wife.

Exit.

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will slinke away in supper time,
Disguise vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Gra. We haue not made good preparation.

Sal. We haue not spoke vs yet of Torch-bearers.

Sol. 'Tis vile vnlesse it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not vndertooke.

Lor. 'Tis now but foure of clock, we haue two houres
To furnish vs; friend *Lancelet* what's the newes.

Enter Lancelet with a Letter.

Lan. And it shall please you to breake vp this, shall it
seeme to signifie.

Lor. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand
And whiter then the paper it writ on,
Is the faire hand that writ.

Gra. Loue newes in faith.

Lan. By your leaue sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Lan. Marry sir to bid my old Master the *Iew* to sup
to night with my new Master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Iessica*
I will not faile her, speake it priuately:
Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to
night,
I am prouided of a Torch-bearer.

Exit. Clowne.

Sal. I marry, ile be gone about it strait.

Sol. And so will I.

Lor. Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratianos* lodging
Some houre hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do so.

Exit.

Gra. Was not that Letter from faire *Iessica*?

Lor. I must needes tell thee all, she hath directed
How I shall take her from her Fathers house,
What gold and iewels she is furnisht with,
What Pages suite she hath in readinesse:
If ere the *Iew* her Father come to heauen,
It will be for his gentle daughters sake;
And neuer dare misfortune crosse her foote,
Vnlesse she doe it vnder this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithlesse *Iew*:
Come goe with me, pervse this as thou goest,
Faire *Iessica* shall be my Torch-bearer.

Exit.

Enter Iew, and his man that was the Clowne.

Iew. Well, thou shall see, thy eyes shall be thy iudge,
The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Bassanio*;
What *Iessica*, thou shalt not gurmandize
As thou hast done with me: what *Iessica*?
And sleepe, and snore, and rend apparrell out.
Why *Iessica* I say.

Clo. Why *Iessica*.

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Clo. Your worship was wont to tell me
I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter Iessica.

Ies. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper *Iessica*,
There are my Keyes: but wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for loue, they flatter me,
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede vpon
The prodigall Christian. *Iessica* my girle,
Looke to my house, I am right loath to goe,
There is some ill a bruing towards my rest,
For I did dreame of money bags to night.

Clo. I beseech you sir goe, my yong Master
Doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So doe I his.

Clo. And they haue conspired together, I will not say
you shall see a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for
nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on blacke monday
last, at six a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on
ashwensday was foure yeere in th' afternoone.

[Page P1v]

Shy. What are their maskes? heare you me *Iessica*,
Lock vp my doores, and when you heare the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber not you vp to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the publique streete
To gaze on Christian fooles with varnisht faces:
But stop my houses eares, I meane my casements,
Let not the sound of shallow fopperie enter
My sober house. By *Iacobs* staffe I sweare,
I haue no minde of feasting forth to night:
But I will goe: goe you before me sirra,
Say I will come.

Clo. I will goe before sir,
Mistris looke out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Iewes eye.

Shy. What saies that foole of *Hagars* off-spring?
ha.

Ies. His words were farewell mistris, nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kinde enough, but a huge feeder:
Snaile-slow in profit, but he sleepes by day
More then the wilde-cat: drones hiue not with me,
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would haue him helpe to waste
His borrowed purse. Well *Iessica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately;
Doe as I bid you, shut dores after you, fast binde, fast
finde,
A prouerbe neuer stale in thriftie minde.

Exit.

Ies. Farewell, and if my fortune be not crost,
I haue a Father, you a daughter lost.

Exit.

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.

Gra. This is the penthouse vnder which *Lorenzo*
Desired vs to make a stand.

Sal. His houre is almost past.

Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwels his houre,
For louers euer run before the clocke.

Sal. O ten times faster *Venus* Pidgions flye
To steale loues bonds new made, then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith vnforfaited.

Gra. That euer holds, who riseth from a feast
With that keene appetite that he sits downe?
Where is the horse that doth vntread againe
His tedious measures with the vnbated fire,
That he did pace them first: all things that are,

Are with more spirit chased then enioy'd.
How like a yonger or a prodigall
The skarfed barke puts from her natiue bay,
Hudg'd and embraced by the strumpet winde:
How like a prodigall doth she returne
With ouer-wither'd ribs and ragged sailes,
Leane, rent, and begger'd by the strumpet winde?

Enter Lorenzo.

Salino. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this here-
after.

Lor. Sweete friends, your patience for my long a-
bode,
Not I, but my affaires haue made you wait;
When you shall please to play the theeues for wiues
Ile watch as long for you then: approach
Here dwels my father Iew. Hoa, who's within?

Iessica aboue.

Iess. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile sweare that I do know your tongue.

Lor. *Lorenzo*, and thy Loue.

Ies. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my loue indeed,
For who loue I so much? and now who knowes
But you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heauen and thy thoughts are witness that thou
art.

Ies. Heere, catch this casket, it is worth the paines,
I am glad 'tis night, you do not looke on me,
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and louers 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. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Ies. What, must I hold a Candle to my shames?
They in themselues goodsooth are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discouery Loue,
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So you are sweet,
Euen in the louely garnish of a boy: but come at once,
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at *Bassanio's* feast.

Ies. I will make fast the doores and guild my selfe
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

Gra. Now by my hood, a gentle, and no Iew.

Lor. Beshrew me but I loue her heartily.
For she is wise, if I can iudge of her.
And faire she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath prou'd her selfe:
And therefore like her selfe, wise, faire, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soule.

Enter Iessica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for vs stay.

Exit.

Enter Anthonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior *Anthonio*?

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,
Bassanio presently will goe aboard,
I haue sent twenty out to seeke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I desire no more delight
Then to be vnder saile, and gone to night.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia with Morrocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the curtaines, and discouer
The seuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyse.

Mor. The first of gold, who this inscription beares,
Who chooseth me, shall gaine what men desire.
The second siluer, which this promise carries,
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I doe choose the right?
How shall I know if I doe choose the right.

[Page P2]

Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
If you choose that, then I am yours withall.

Mor. Some God direct my iudgement, let me see,
I will suruay the inscriptions, backe againe:
What saies this leaden casket?
Who chooseth me, must giue and hazard all he hath.
Must giue, for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all
Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:
A golden minde stoopes not to shewes of drosse,
He then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.
What saies the Siluer with her virgin hue?
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserues.
As much as he deserues; pause there *Morocho*,
And weigh thy value with an euen hand,
If thou beest rated by thy estimation
Thou doost deserue enough, and yet enough
May not extend so farre as to the Ladie:
And yet to be afeard of my deseruing,
Were but a weake disabling of my selfe.
As much as I deserue, why that's the Lady.
I doe in birth deserue her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more then these, in loue I doe deserue.
What if I strai'd no farther, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying grau'd in gold.
Who chooseth me shall gaine what many men desire:
Why that's the Lady, all the world desires her:

From the foure corners of the earth they come
 To kisse this shrine, this mortall breathing Saint.
 The Hircanion deserts, and the vaste wildes
 Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
 For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.
 The waterie Kingdome, whose ambitious head
 Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
 To stop the forraine spirits, but they come
 As ore a brooke to see faire *Portia*.
 One of these three containes her heauenly picture.
 Is't like that Lead containes her? 'twere damnation
 To thinke so base a thought, it were too grose
 To rib her searecloath in the obscure graue:
 Or shall I thinke in Siluer she's immur'd
 Being ten times vnderuallued to tride gold;
 O sinfull thought, neuer so rich a Iem
 Was set in worse then gold! They haue in England
 A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
 Stamp't in gold, but that's insculpt vpon:
 But here an Angell in a golden bed
 Lies all within. Deliuer me the key:
 Here doe I choose, and thriue I as I may.

Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there
 Then I am yours.

Mor. O hell! what haue we here, a carrion death,
 Within whose emptie eye there is a written scroule;
 Ile reade the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,
 Often haue you heard that told;
 Many a man his life hath sold
 But my outside to behold;
 Guilded timber doe wormes infold:
 Had you beene as wise as bold,
 Yong in limbs, in iudgement old,
 Your answere had not beene inscrolde,
 Fareyouwell, your suite is cold,*

Mor. Cold indeede, and labour lost,
 Then farewell heate, and welcome frost:
Portia adew, I haue too grieu'd a heart

To take a tedious leaue: thus loosers part.

Exit.

Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtaines, go:
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

Exeunt.

Enter Salarino and Solanio.

Flo. Cornets.

Sal. Why man I saw *Bassanio* vnder sayle;
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their ship I am sure *Lorenzo* is not.

Sol. The villaine *Iew* with outcries raisd the Duke.
Who went with him to search *Bassanios* ship.

Sal. He comes too late, the ship was vndersaile;
But there the Duke was giuen to vnderstand
That in a Gondilo were seene together
Lorenzo and his amorous *Iessica*.
Besides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke
They were not with *Bassanio* in his ship.

Sol. I neuer heard a passion so confusd,
So strange, outragious, and so variable,
As the dogge *Iew* did vtter in the streets;
My daughter, O my ducats, O my daughter,
Fled with a Christian, O my Christian ducats!
Iustice, the law, my ducats, and my daughter;
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolne from me by my daughter,
And iewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stolne by my daughter: iustice, finde the girle,
She hath the stones vpon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sol. Let good *Anthonio* looke he keepe his day
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry well remembred,
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,

Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscaried
A vessell of our countrey richly fraught:
I thought vpon *Anthonio* when he told me,
And wisht in silence that it were not his.

Sol. You were best to tell *Anthonio* what you heare.
Yet doe not suddainely, for it may grieue him.

Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,
I saw *Bassanio* and *Anthonio* part,
Bassanio told him he would make some speede
Of his returne: he answered, doe not so,
Slubber not businesse for my sake *Bassanio*,
But stay the very riping 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 chieftest thoughts
To courtship, and such faire ostents of loue
As shall conueniently become you there;
And euen there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,
And with affection wondrous sencible
He wrung *Bassanios* hand, and so 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 heauinesse
With some delight or other.

Sal. Doe we so.

Exeunt.

Enter Nerrissa and a Seruiture.

Ner. Quick, quick I pray thee, draw the curtain strait,
The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

[Page P2v]

Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia.

Flor. Cornets.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets noble Prince,
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptiall rights be solemniz'd:
But if thou faile, without more speech my Lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enioynd by oath to obserue three things;
First, neuer to vnfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I faile
Of the right casket, neuer in my life
To wooe a maide in way of marriage:
Lastly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choyse,
Immediately to leaue you, and be gone.

Por. To these iniunctions euery one doth sweare
That comes to hazard for my worthlesse selfe.

Ar. And so haue I addrest me, fortune now
To my hearts hope: gold, siluer, and base lead.
Who chooseth me must giue and hazard all he hath.
You shall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
What saies 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 show,
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,
Euen in the force and rode of casualtie.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not iumpe with common spirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou Siluer treasure house,
Tell me once more, what title thou doost beare;
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues:
And well said too; for who shall goe about
To cosen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the stampe of merrit, let none presume
To weare an vnderdeserued dignitie:
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
Were purchast by the merrit of the wearer;

How many then should couer 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
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new varnisht: Well, but to my choise.
Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserues.
I will assume desert; giue me a key for this,
And instantly vnlocke my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot
Presenting me a scedule, I will reade it:
How much vnlike art thou to *Portia*?
How much vnlike my hopes and my deseruings?
Who chooseth me, shall haue as much as he deserues.
Did I deserue no more then a fooles head,
Is that my prize, are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and iudge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?
The fier seauen times tried this,
Seauen times tried that iudgement is,
That did neuer choose amis,
Some there be that shadowes kisse,
Such haue but a shadowes blisse:
There be fooles aliue Iwis
Siluer'd o're, and so was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head:
So be gone, you are sped.

Ar. Still more foole I shall appeare
By the time I linger here,
With one fooles head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adue, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroath.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath:
O these deliberate fooles when they doe choose,
They haue the wisdome by their wit to loose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by destinie.

Por. Come draw the curtaine *Nerrissa*.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Mes. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate
A yong Venetian, one that comes before
To signifie th' approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;
To wit (besides commends and curteous breath)
Gifts of rich value; yet I haue not seene
So likely an Ambassador of loue.
A day in Aprill neuer came so sweete
To show how costly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his Lord.

Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt say anone he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him:
Come, come *Nerryssa*, for I long to see
Quicke *Cupids* Post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio Lord, loue if thy will it be.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Solanio and Salarino.

Sol. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

Sal. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Anthonio*
hath a ship of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the
Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous
flat, and fatall, where the carcasses of many a tall ship, lye

buried, as they say, if my gossips report be an honest woman of her word.

Sol. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as euer knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleue she wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plaine high-way of talke, that the good *Anthonio*, the honest *Anthonio*; o that I had a title good enough to keepe his name company!

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sol. Ha, what sayest thou, why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

[Page P3]

Sal. I would it might proue the end of his losses.

Sol. Let me say Amen betimes, least the diuell crosse my praier, for here he comes in the likenes of a *Iew*. How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants?

Enter Shylocke.

Shy. You knew none so well, none so well as you, of my daughters flight.

Sal. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings she flew withall.

Sol. And *Shylocke* for his owne part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them al to leaue the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certaine, if the diuell may be her Iudge.

Shy. My owne flesh and blood to rebell.

Sol. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at these yeeres.

Shy. I say my daughter is my flesh and bloud.

Sal. There is more difference betweene thy flesh and hers, then betweene Iet and Iuorie, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine and rennish: but tell vs, doe you heare whether *Anthonio* haue had anie losse at sea or no?

Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vsd to come so smug vpon the Mart: let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Vsurer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Christian curtsie, let him looke to his bond.

Sal. 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 reuenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaines, scorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the reason? I am a *Iewe*: Hath not a *Iew* eyes? hath not a *Iew* hands, organs, dementions, sences, affections, passions, fed with the same foode, hurt with the same weapons, subiect to the same diseases, healed by the same meanes, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Sommer as a Christian is: if you pricke vs doe we not bleede? if you tickle vs, doe we not laugh? if you poison vs doe we not die? and if you wrong vs shall we not reuenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a *Iew* wrong a *Christian*, what is his humility, reuenge? If a *Christian* wrong a *Iew*, what should his sufferance be by Christian example, why reuenge? The villanie you teach me I will execute, and it shall goe hard but I will better the instruction. *Enter a man from Anthonio.* Gentlemen, my maister *Anthonio* is at his house, and desires to speake with you both.

Sal. We haue 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 *Iew*.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from *Genowa*? 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 cost me two thousand ducats in Franckford, the curse neuer fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now, two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious iewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the iewels in her eare: would she were hearst at my foote, and the duckets in her coffin: no newes of them, why so? and I know not how much is spent in the search: why thou losse vpon losse, the theefe gone with so much, and so much to finde the theefe, and no satisfaction, no reuenge, nor no ill luck stirring but what lights a my shoulders, no sighes but a my breathing, no teares but a my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men haue ill lucke too, *Anthonio* as I heard in Genowa?

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tub. Hath an Argosie cast away comming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, is it true, is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the Saylers that escaped the wracke.

Shy. I thanke thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha, ha, here in Genowa.

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genowa, as I heard, one night fourescore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me, I shall neuer see my gold againe, fourescore ducats at a sitting, fourescore ducats.

Tub. There came diuers of *Anthonios* creditors in my company to Venice, that sweare hee cannot choose but breake.

Shy. I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad of it,

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring that hee had of
your daughter for a Monkie.

Shy. Out vpon her, thou torturest me *Tuball*, it was
my Turkies, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batcheler: I
would not haue giuen it for a wilderness of Monkie.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainly vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe *Tuball*, see
me an Officer, bespeake him a fortnight before, I will
haue the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Ve-
nice, I can make what merchandize I will: goe *Tuball*,
and meete me at our Sinagogue, goe good *Tuball*, at our
Sinagogue *Tuball*.

Exeunt.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traine.

Por. I pray you tarrie, pause a day or two
Before you hazard, for in choosing wrong
I loose your companie; therefore forbear a while,
There's something tels me (but it is not loue)
I would not loose you, and you know your selfe,
Hate counsailes not in such a quallitie;
But least you should not vnderstand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right, but then I am forsworne,
So will I neuer be, so may you misse me,
But if you doe, youle make me wish a sinne,
That I had beene forsworne: Beshrow your eyes,
They haue ore-lookt me and deuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would say: but of mine then yours,
And so all yours; O these naughtie times
Puts bars betweene the owners and their rights.
And so though yours, not yours (proue it so)
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I speake too long, but 'tis to peize the time,
To ich it, and to draw it out in length,

Bass. Let me choose,
For as I am, I liue vpon the racke.

Por. Vpon the racke *Bassanio*, then confesse
What treason there is mingled with your loue.

Bass. None but that vglie treason of mistrust.
Which makes me feare the enioying of my loue:
There may as well be amitie and life,
'Tweene snow and fire, as treason and my loue.

Por. I, but I feare you speake vpon the racke,
Where men enforced doth speake any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth.

Por. Well then, confesse and liue.

Bass. Confesse and loue
Had beene the verie sum of my confession:
O happie torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliuerance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.
Nerryssa and the rest, stand all aloofe,
Let musicke sound while he doth make his choise,
Then if he loose he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in musique. That the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame
And watrie death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is musique than? Than musique is
Euen as the flourish, when true subiects bowe
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no lesse presence, but with much more loue
Then yong *Alcides*, when he did redeeme
The virgine tribute, paied by howling *Troy*
To the Sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloofe are the Dardanian wiues:

With bleared visages come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit: Goe Hercules,
Liue thou, I liue with much more dismay
I view the sight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

Here Musicke.

*A Song the whilst Bassanio comments on the
Caskets to himselfe.*

*Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head:
How begot, how nourished. Replie, replie.
It is engendred in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the cradle where it lies:
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding, dong, bell.*

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shewes be least themselues
The world is still deceiu'd with ornament.
In Law, what Plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of euill? In Religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will blesse it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the grosenesse with faire ornament:
There is no voice so simple, but assumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How manie cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stayers of sand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*,
Who inward searcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And these assume but valors excrement,
To render them redoubted. Looke on beautie,
And you shall see 'tis purchast by the weight,
Which therein workes a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that weare most of it:
So are those crisped snakie golden locks
Which makes such wanton gambols with the winde

Vpon supposed fairenesse, often knowne
 To be the dowrie of a second head,
 The scull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
 To a most dangerous sea: the beautilous scarfe
 Vailing an Indian beautie; In a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To intrap the wisest. Therefore then thou gaudie gold,
 Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,
 Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
 'Tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
 Which rather threatnest then dost promise ought,
 Thy palenesse moues me more then eloquence,
 And here choose I, ioy be the consequence.

Por. How all the other passions fleet to ayre,
 As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despaire:
 And shuddring feare, and greene-eyed iealousie.
 O loue be moderate, allay thy extasie,
 In measure raine thy ioy, scant this excesse,
 I feele too much thy blessing, make it lesse,
 For feare I surfeit.

Bas. What finde I here?
 Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What demie God
 Hath come so neere creation? moue these eies?
 Or whether riding on the bals of mine
 Seeme they in motion? Here are seuer'd lips
 Parted with suger breath, so sweet a barre
 Should sunder such sweet friends: here in her haire
 The Painter plaies the Spider, and hath wouen
 A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of men
 Faster then gnats in cobwebs: but her eies,
 How could he see to doe them? hauing made one,
 Me thinkes it should haue power to steale both his
 And leaue it selfe vn furnisht: Yet looke how farre
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
 In vnderprising it, so farre this shadow
 Doth limpe behinde the substance. Here's the scroule,
 The continent, and summarie of my fortune.
You that choose not by the view

*Chance as faire, and choose as true:
Since this fortune fals to you,
Be content, and seeke no new.
If you be well pleasd with this,
And hold your fortune for your blisse,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a louing kisse.*

Bass. A gentle scroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receiue,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eies:
Hearing applause and vniuersall shout,
Giddie in spirit, still gazing in a doubt
Whether those peales of praise be his or no.
So thrice faire Lady stand I euen so,
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,
Vntill confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

[Page P4]

Por. You see my Lord *Bassiano* where I stand,
Such as I am; though for my selfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish 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 onely to stand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full summe of me
Is sum of nothing: which to terme in grosse,
Is an vnlessoned girle, vnschool'd, vnpractiz'd,
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learne: happier then this,
Shee is not bred so dull but she can learne;
Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit
Commits it selfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Gouvernour, her King.
My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire mansion, master of my seruants,
Queene ore my selfe: and euen now, but now,
This house, these seruants, and this same my selfe

Are yours, my Lord, I giue them with this ring,
Which when you part from, loose, or giue away,
Let it presage the ruine of your loue,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.

Bass. Maddam, you haue bereft me of all words,
Onely my bloud speakes to you in my vaines,
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration fairely spoke
By a beloued Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,
Where euery something being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, saue of ioy
Exprest, and not exprest: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to say *Bassanio's* dead.

Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That haue stood by and seene our wishes prosper,
To cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wish you all the ioy that you can wish:
For I am sure you can wish none from me:
And when your Honours meane to solemnize
The bargaine of your faith: I doe beseech you
Euen at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thanke your Lordship, you haue got 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 my Lord then you;
Your fortune stood vpon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing heere vntill I swet againe,
And swearing till my very rough was dry
With oathes of loue, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this faire one heere
To haue her loue: prouided that your fortune
Atchieu'd her mistresse.

Por. Is this true *Nerrissa*?

Ner. Madam it is so, so you stand pleas'd withall.

Bass. And doe you *Gratiano* meane good faith?

Gra. Yes faith my Lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage.

Gra. Weele play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What and stake downe?

Gra. No, we shal nere win at that sport, and stake downe.

But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his Infidell?
What and my old Venetian friend *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Iessica, and Salerio.

Bas. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hether,
If that the youth of my new interest heere
Haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my verie friends and Countrimen
Sweet *Portia* welcome.

Por. So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.

Lor. I thanke your honor; for my part my Lord,
My purpose was not to haue seene 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 haue reason for it, Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you.

Bass. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sicke my Lord, vnlesse it be in minde,
Nor wel, vnlesse in minde: his Letter there
Wil shew you his estate.

Opens the Letter.

Gra. Nerrissa, cheere yond stranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royal Merchant good *Anthonio*;
I know he will be glad of our successe,
We are the *Iasons*, we haue won the fleece.

Sal. I would you had won the fleece that hee hath
lost.

Por. There are some shrewd contents in yond same
Paper,
That steales the colour from *Bassianos* cheekes,
Some deere friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turne so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?
With leaue *Bassanio* I am halfe your selfe,
And I must freely haue the halfe of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet *Portia*,
Heere are a few of the vnpleasant'st words
That euer blotted paper. Gentle Ladie
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 selfe at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My state was nothing, I should then haue told you
That I was worse then nothing: for indeede
I haue ingag'd my selfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meereemie
To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter Ladie,
The paper as the bodie of my friend,
And euerie word in it a gaping 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 scape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?

[Page P4v]

Sal. Not one my Lord.

Besides, it should appeare, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Iew,
He would not take it: neuer did I know
A creature that did beare the shape of man
So keene 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 iustice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificoes
Of greatest port haue all perswaded with him,
But none can driue him from the enuious plea
Of forfeiture, of iustice, and his bond.

Iessi. When I was with him, I haue heard him sweare
To *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his Countri-men,
That he would rather haue *Anthonio's* flesh,
Then twenty times the value of the summe
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,
If law, authoritie, and power denie not,
It will goe hard with poore *Anthonio*.

Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The deerest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd, and vnwearied spirit
In doing curtesies: and one in whom
The ancient Romane honour more appeares
Then any that drawes breath in Italie.

Por. What summe owes he the Iew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him sixe thousand, and deface the bond:
Double sixe thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a haire through *Bassanio's* fault.
First goe with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend:
For neuer shall 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 *Nerrissa*, and my selfe meane time
Will liue as maids and widdowes; come away,
For you shall hence vpon your wedding day:
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheere,
Since you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.
*Sweet Bassanio, my ships haue all miscarried, my Credi-tors
grow cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the Iew is
forfeit, and since in paying it, it is impossible I should liue, all
debts are cleerd between you and I, if I might see you at my
death: notwithstanding, vse your pleasure, if your loue doe not
perswade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O loue! dispach all busines and be gone.

Bass. Since I haue your good leaue to goe away,
I will make hast; but till I come againe,
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposer twixt vs twaine.

Exeunt.

*Enter the Iew, and Solanio, and Anthonio,
and the Iaylor.*

Iew. Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,
This is the foole that lends out money *gratis*.
Iaylor, looke to him.

Ant. Heare me yet good *Shylok*.

Iew. Ile haue my bond, speake not against my bond,
I haue sworne an oath that I will haue my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,
The Duke shall grant me iustice, I do wonder
Thou naughty Iaylor, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee heare me speake.

Iew. Ile 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 ey'd foole,

To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld
To Christian intercessors: follow not,
Ile haue no speaking, I will haue my bond.

Exit Iew.

Sol. It is the most impenetrable curre
That euer kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone,
Ile follow him no more with bootlesse prayers:
He seekes my life, his reason well I know;
I oft deliuer'd from his forfeitures
Many that haue at times made mone to me,
Therefore he hates me.

Sol. I am sure the Duke will neuer grant
this forfeiture to hold.

An. The Duke cannot deny the course of law:
For the commoditie that strangers haue
With vs in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the iustice of the State,
Since that the trade and profit of the citty
Consisteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
These greefes and losses haue so bated mee,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To morrow, to my bloudy Creditor.
Well Iaylor, on, pray God *Bassanio* come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not.

Exeunt.

*Enter Portia, Nerrissa, Lorenzo, Iessica, and a man of
Portias.*

Lor. Madam, although I speake it in your presence,
You haue a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appeares 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 send releefe,
How deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke

Then customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I neuer did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do conuerse and waste the time together,
Whose soules doe beare an egal yoke of loue.
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lyniements, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me thinke that this *Anthonio*
Being the bosome loue of my Lord,
Must needs be like my Lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I haue bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soule;
From out the state of hellish cruelty,
This comes too neere the praising of my selfe,
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenzo I commit into your hands,
The husbandry and mannage of my house,
Vntill my Lords returne; for mine owne part
I haue toward heauen breath'd a secret vow,
To liue in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerrissa* heere,
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne:
There is a monastery too miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe desire you
Not to denie this imposition,
The which my loue and some necessity
Now layes vpon you.

Lorens. Madame, with all my heart,
I shall obey you in all faire commands.

Por. My people doe already know my minde,
And will acknowledge you and *Iessica*
In place of Lord *Bassanio* and my selfe.
So far you well till we shall meete againe.

Lor. Faire thoughts & happy houres attend on you.

Iessi. I wish your Ladiship all hearts content.

Por. I thanke you for your wish, and am well pleas'd
To wish it backe on you: faryouwell *Iessica*.
Now *Balthaser*, as I haue euer found thee honest true,

[Page P5]

Exeunt.

So let me finde thee still: take this same letter,
And vse thou all the indeauor of a man,
In speed to Mantua, see thou render this
Into my cosins hand, Doctor *Belario*,
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd speed
Vnto the Tranect, to the common Ferrie
Which trades to Venice; waste no time in words,
But get thee gone, I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I goe with all conuenient speed.

Por. Come on *Nerissa*, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of; wee'll see our husbands
Before they thinke of vs?

Nerrissa. Shall they see vs?

Portia. They shall *Nerrissa*: but in such a habit,
That they shall thinke we are accomplished
With that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutered like yong men,
Ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
And speake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voyce, and turne two minsing steps
Into a manly stride; and speake of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
How honourable Ladies sought my loue,
Which I denying, they fell sicke and died.
I could not doe withall: then Ile repent,
And wish for all that, that I had not kil'd them;
And twentie of these punie lies Ile tell,
That men shall sweare I haue discontinued schoole
Aboue a twelue moneth: I haue within my minde
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Iacks,
Which I will practise.

Nerris. Why, shall wee turne to men?

Portia. Fie, what a questions that?
If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole deice
When I am in my coach, which stayes for vs

At the Parke gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twentie miles to day.

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne and Iessica.

Clown. Yes truly; for looke you, the sinnes of the Father are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promise you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and so now I speake my agitation of the matter: therfore be of good cheere, for truly I thinke you are damn'd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you anie good, and that is but a kinde of bastard hope neither.

Iessica. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clow. Marrie you may partlie hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Iewes daughter.

Ies. That were a kinde of bastard hope indeed, so the sins of my mother should be visited vpon me.

Clow. Truly then I feare you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun *Scilla* your father, I fall into *Charibdis* your mother; well, you are gone both waies.

Ies. I shall be sau'd by my husband, he hath made me a Christian.

Clow. Truly the more to blame he, we were Christians enow before, e'ne as many as could wel liue one by another: this making of Christians will raise the price of Hogs, if wee grow all to be porke-eaters, wee shall not shortlie haue a rasher on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Ies. Ile tell my husband *Lancelet* what you say, heere he comes.

Loren. I shall grow iealous of you shortly *Lancelet*, if you thus get my wife into corners?

Ies. Nay, you need not feare vs *Lorenzo, Launcelet* and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for mee in heauen, because I am a Iewes daughter: and hee saies you are no good member of the common wealth, for in conuerting Iewes to Christians, you raise the price of Porke.

Loren. I shall answere that better to the Common-wealth, than you can the getting vp of the Negroes belie: the Moore is with childe by you *Launcelet*?

Clow. It is much that the Moore should be more then reason: but if she be lesse then an honest woman, shee is indeed more then I tooke her for.

Loren. How euerie foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the best grace of witte will shortly turne into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: goe in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done sir, they haue all stomacks?

Loren. Goodly Lord, what a witte-snapper are you, then bid them prepare dinner.

Clow. That is done to sir, onely couer is the word.

Loren. Will you couer than sir?

Clow. Not so sir neither, I know my dutie.

Loren. Yet more quarreling with occasion, wilt thou shew 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, serue in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Clow. For the table sir, it shall be seru'd in, for the meat sir, it shall bee couered, for your comming in to dinner sir, why let it be as humors and conceits shall gouerne.

Exit Clowne.

Lor. O deare discretion, how his words are suted,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An Armie of good words, and I doe know

A many fooles that stand in better place,
Garnisht like him, that for a tricksie word
Defie the matter: how cheer'st thou *Iessica*,
And now good sweet say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord *Bassiano's* wife?

[Page P5v]

Iessi. Past all expressing, it is very meete
The Lord *Bassanio* liue an vpright life
For hauing such a blessing in his Lady,
He findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, it
Is reason he should neuer come to heauen?
Why, if two gods should play some heauenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one: there must be something else
Paund with the other, for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Loren. Euen such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Ies. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that?

Lor. I will anone, first let vs goe to dinner?

Ies. Nay, let me praise you while I haue a stomacke?

Lor. No pray thee, let it serue for table talke,
Then how som ere thou speakst 'mong other things,
I shall digest it?

Iessi. Well, Ile set you forth.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

*Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Bassanio, and
Gratiano.*

Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace?

Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer
A stonie aduersary, an inhumane wretch,
Vncapable of pittie, voyd, and empty
From any dram of mercie.

Ant. I haue heard
Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie
His rigorous course: but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful meanes can carrie me
Out of his enuies reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietnesse of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Du. Go one and cal the Iew into the Court.

Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Du. Make roome, and let him stand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinkes, and I thinke so to
That thou but ledest this fashion of thy mallice
To the last houre of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt shew thy mercy and remorse more strange,
Than is thy strange apparant cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poore Merchants flesh,
Thou wilt not onely loose the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentlenesse and loue:
Forgiue a moytie of the principall,
Glancing an eye of pittie on his losses
That haue of late so hudled on his backe,
Enow to presse a royall Merchant downe;
And plucke commiseration of his state
From brassie bosomes, and rough hearts of flints,
From stubborne Turkes and Tartars neuer traind
To offices of tender curtesie,
We all expect a gentle answer Iew?

Iew. I haue possest your grace of what I purpose,
And by our holy Sabbath haue I sworne
To haue the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you denie it, let the danger light

Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather choose to haue
A weight of carrion flesh, then to receiue
Three thousand Ducats? Ile not answer that:
But say it is my humor; Is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to giue ten thousand Ducates
To haue it bain'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are loue not a gaping Pigge:
Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i'th nose,
Cannot containe their Vrine for affection.
Masters of passion swayes it to the moode
Of what it likes or loaths, now for your answer:
As there is no firme reason to be rendred
Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?
Why he a harmlesse necessarie Cat?
Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force
Must yeeld to such ineuitable shame,
As to offend himselfe being offended:
So can I giue no reason, nor I will not,
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
A loosing suite against him? Are you answered?

Bass. 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.

Bass. Do all men kil the things they do not loue?

Iew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Euerie offence is not a hate at first.

Iew. What wouldst thou haue a Serpent sting thee
twice?

Ant. I pray you thinke you question with the Iew:
You may as well go stand vpon the beach,
And bid the maine flood baite his vsuall height,
Or euen as well vse question with the Wolfe,
The Ewe bleate for the Lambe:

You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines
To wagge their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heauen:
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seeke 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 briefe and plaine conueniencie
Let me haue iudgement, and the Iew his will.

Bas. For thy three thousand Ducates heere is six.

Iew. If euerie Ducat in sixe thousand Ducates
Were in sixe parts, and euerie part a Ducate,
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?

Du. How shalt thou hope for mercie, rendring none?

Iew. What iudgement shall I dread doing no wrong?
You haue among you many a purchast slaue,
Which like your Asses, and your Dogs and Mules,
You vse in abiect and in slauish parts,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marrie them to your heires?
Why sweate they vnder burthens? Let their beds
Be made as soft as yours: and let their pallats
Be season'd with such Viands: you will answer
The slaues are ours. So do I answer you.
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is deerely bought, 'tis mine, and I will haue it.
If you deny me; fie vpon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice;
I stand for iudgement, answer, Shall I haue it?

Du. Vpon my power I may dismisse this Court,
Vnlesse *Bellarion* a learned Doctor,
Whom I haue sent for to determine this,
Come heere to day.

Sal. My Lord, heere stayes without
A Messenger with Letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua.

Du. Bring vs the Letters, Call the Messengers.

[Page P6]

Bass. Good cheere *Anthonio*. What man, corage yet:
The Iew shall haue my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt loose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,
Meetest for death, the weakest kinde of fruite
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;
You cannot better be employ'd *Bassanio*,
Then to liue still, and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerrissa.

Du. Came you from Padua from *Bellario*?

Ner. From both.
My Lord *Bellario* greets your Grace.

Bas. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.

Gra. Not on thy soale: but on thy soule harsh Iew
Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no mettall can,
No, not the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keenness
Of thy sharpe enuy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Iew. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd, execrable dogge,
And for thy life let iustice be accus'd:
Thou almost mak'st me wauer in my faith;
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That soules of Animals infuse themselues
Into the trunks of men. Thy currish spirit
Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
Euen from the gallows did his fell soule fleet;
And whil'st thou layest in thy vnhalloved dam,
Infus'd it selfe in thee: For thy desires
Are Woluish, bloody, steru'd, and rauinous.

Iew. Till thou canst raile the seale from off my bond
Thou but offend'st thy Lungs to speake so loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To endlesse ruine. I stand heere for Law.

Du. 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 answer, whether you'l admit him.

Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go giue him curteous conduct to this place,
Meane time the Court shall heare *Bellarioes* Letter.
*Your Grace shall vnderstand, that at the receite of your
Letter I am very sicke: but in the instant that your mes-senger
came, in louing visitation, was with me a yong Do-ctor
of Rome, his name is Balthasar: I acquainted him with
the cause in Controuersie, betweene the Iew and Anthonio
the Merchant: We turn'd ore many Bookes together: hee is
furnished with my opinion, which bettred with his owne lear-ning,
the greatnesse whereof I cannot enough commend, comes
with him at my importunity, to fill vp your Graces request in
my sted. I beseech you, let his lacke of years be no impediment
to let him lacke a reuerend estimation: for I neuer knewe so
yong a body, with so old a head. I leaue him to your gracious
acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*

Enter Portia for Balthazar.

Duke. You heare the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And heere (I take it) is the Doctor come.
Giue 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 enformed throughly of the cause.
Which is the Merchant heere? and which the Iew?

Du. *Anthonio* 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 confesse the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Iew 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
Vpon the place beneath. It is twice blest,
It blesseth him that giues, and him that takes,
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, 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 sit the dread and feare of Kings:
But mercy is aboue this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himselfe;
And earthly power doth then shew likest Gods
When mercie seasons Iustice. Therefore Iew,
Though Iustice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of Iustice, none of vs
Should see saluation: we do pray for mercie,
And that same prayer, doth teach vs all to render
The deeds of mercie. I haue spoke thus much
To mittigate the iustice of thy plea:
Which if thou follow, this strict course of Venice
Must needes giue sentence 'gainst the Merchant there.

Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the Law,
The penaltie and forfeite of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bas. 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
Wrest once the Law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curbe this cruell diuell of his will.

Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a President,
And many an error by the same example,
Will rush into the state: It cannot be.

[Page P6v]

Iew. A *Daniel* come to iudgement, yea a *Daniel*.
O wise young Iudge, how do I honour thee.

Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.

Iew. Heere 'tis most reuerend Doctor, heere it is.

Por. *Shylocke*, there's thrice thy monie offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen:
Shall I lay periurie vpon my soule?
No not for Venice.

Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Iew may claime
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Neerest the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.

Iew. When it is paid according to the tenure.
It doth appeare you are a worthy Iudge:
You know the Law, your exposition
Hath beene most sound. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deseruing pillar,
Proceede to iudgement: By my soule I sweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I stay heere on my bond.

An. Most heartily I do beseech the Court
To giue the iudgement.

Por. Why then thus it is:
You must prepare your bosome for his knife.

Iew. O noble Iudge, O excellent yong man.

Por. For the intent and purpose of the Law
Hath full relation to the penaltie,
Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond.

Iew. 'Tis verie true: O wise and vpriht Iudge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosome.

Iew. I, his brest,
So sayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?
Neerest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so: Are there ballance heere to weigh the
flesh?

Iew. I haue them ready.

Por. Haue by some Surgeon *Shylock* on your charge
To stop his wounds, least he should bleede to death.

Iew. It is not nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so exprest: but what of that?
'Twere 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.
Giue me your hand *Bassanio*, fare you well.
Greeue not that I am falne to this for you:
For heerein fortune shewes her selfe more kinde
Then is her custome. It is still her vse
To let the wretched man out-liue his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of pouerty. From which lingring penance
Of such miserie, doth she cut me off:
Commend me to your honourable Wife,
Tell her the processe of *Anthonio's* end:
Say how I lou'd you; speake me faire in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,
Whether *Bassanio* had not once a Loue:
Repent not you that you shall loose your friend,

And he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the Iew do cut but deepe enough,
Ile pay it instantly, with all my heart.

Bas. Anthonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deere to me as life it selfe,
But life it selfe, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd aboue thy life.
I would loose all, I sacrifice them all
Heere to this deuill, to deliuer you.

Por. Your wife would giue you little thanks for that
If she were by to heare you make the offer.

Gra. I haue a wife whom I protest I loue,
I would she were in heauen, so she could
Intreat some power to change this currish Iew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,
The wish would make else an vnquiet house.

Iew. These be the Christian husbands: I haue a daughter
Would any of the stocke of *Barrabas*
Had beene her husband, rather then a Christian.
We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same marchants flesh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth giue it.

Iew. Most rightfull Iudge.

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast,
The Law allowes it, and the Court awards it.

Iew. Most learned Iudge, a sentence, come prepare.

Por. Tarry a little, there is something else,
This bond doth giue thee heere no iot of bloud,
The words expresly are a pound of flesh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh,
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian bloud, thy lands and goods
Are by the Lawes of Venice confiscate
Vnto the state of Venice.

Gra. O vpright Iudge,
Marke Iew, o learned Iudge.

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thy selfe shalt see the Act:
For as thou vrgest iustice, be assur'd
Thou shalt haue iustice more then thou desirest.

Gra. O learned Iudge, mark Iew, a learned Iudge.

Iew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian goe.

Bass. Heere is the money.

Por. Soft, the Iew shall haue all iustice, soft, no haste,
He shall haue nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Iew, an vpright Iudge, a learned Iudge.

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh,
Shed thou no bloud, nor cut thou lesse nor more
But iust a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more
Or lesse then a iust pound, be it so much
As makes it light or heauy in the substance,
Or the deuision of the twentieth part
Of one poore scruple, nay if the scale doe turne
But in the estimation of a hayre,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second *Daniel*, a *Daniel* Iew,
Now infidell I haue thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Iew pause, take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Giue me my principall, and let me goe.

Bass. I haue it ready for thee, heere it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,
He shall haue meerly iustice and his bond.

Gra. A *Daniel* still say I, a second *Daniel*,
I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not haue barely my principall?

Por. Thou shalt haue nothing but the forfeiture,
To be taken so at thy perill Iew.

Shy. Why then the Deuill giue him good of it:
Ile stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry Iew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,
If it be proued against an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He seeke the life of any Citizen,
The party gainst the which he doth contriue,
Shall seaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe
Comes to the priuie coffer of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, gainst all other voice.
In which predicament I say thou standst:
For it appeares by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly to,
Thou hast contriu'd against the very life
Of the defendant: and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehearst.
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. Beg that thou maist haue leaue to hang thy selfe,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the states charge.

Duk. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
For halfe thy wealth, it is *Anthonio's*
The other halfe comes to the generall state,
Which humblenesse may driue vnto a fine.

Por. I for the state, not for *Anthonio*.

Shy. 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 meanes whereby I liue.

Por. What mercy can you render him *Anthonio*?

Gra. A halter *gratis*, nothing else for Gods sake.

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 haue

The other halfe in vse, to render it
Vpon his death, vnto the Gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.
Two things prouided more, that for this fauour
He presently become a Christian:
The other, that he doe record a gift
Heere in the Court of all he dies possest
Vnto his sonne *Lorenzo*, and his daughter.

Duk. He shall doe this, or else I doe recant
The pardon that I late pronounced heere.

Por. Art thou contented Iew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you giue me leaue to goe from hence,
I am not well, send the deed after me,
And I will signe it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it.

Gra. In christning thou shalt haue two godfathers,
Had I been iudge, thou shouldst haue had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font.

Exit.

Du. Sir I intreat 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 meete I presently set forth.

Duk. I am sorry that your leysure serues you not:
Anthonio, gratifie this gentleman,
For in my minde you are much bound to him.

Exit Duke and his traine.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Haue by your wisdom beene this day acquitted
Of greeuous penalties, in lieu whereof,
Three thousand Ducats due vnto the Iew
We freely cope your curteous paines withall.

An. And stand indebted ouer and aboue
In loue and seruice to you euermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied,
And I deliuering you, am satisfied,
And therein doe account my selfe well paid,
My minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wish you well, and so I take my leaue.

Bass. Deare 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 denie me, and to pardon me.

Por. You presse mee farre, and therefore I will yeeld,
Giue 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 you in loue shall not deny me this?

Bass. This ring good sir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not shame my selfe to giue you this.

Por. I wil haue nothing else but onely this,
And now methinkes I haue a minde to it.

Bas. There's more depends on this then on the vawlew,
The dearest ring in Venice will I giue 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.

Bas. Good sir, this ring was giuen me by my wife,
And when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should neither sell, nor giue, nor lose it.

Por. That scuse serues many men to saue their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I haue deseru'd this ring,
Shee would not hold out enemy for euer
For giuing it to me: well, peace be with you.

Exeunt.

Ant. My L[ord]. *Bassanio*, let him haue the ring,
Let his deseruings and my loue withall
Be valued against your wiues commandement.

Bass. Goe *Gratiano*, run and ouer-take him,
Giue him the ring, and bring him if thou canst
Vnto *Anthonios* house, away, make haste.
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flie toward *Belmont*, come *Anthonio*.

Exit Grati.

Exeunt.

Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

Por. Enquire the Iewes house out, giue him this deed,
And let him signe it, wee'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo*.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane:
My L[ord]. *Bassanio* vpon more aduice,
Hath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreat
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 *Shylockes* house.

Gra. That will I doe.

Ner. Sir, I would speake with you:
Ile see if I can get my husbands ring
Which I did make him sweare to keepe for euer.

[Page Q1v]

Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shal haue old swearing
That they did giue the rings away to men;
But wee le out-face them, and out-sweare them to:
Away, make haste, thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come good sir, will you shew me to this house.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Iessica.

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
When the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
And they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troylus me thinkes mounted the Troian walls,
And sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
Where *Cressed* lay that night.

Ies. In such a night
Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
And saw the Lyons shadow ere himselfe,
And ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Vpon the wilde sea bankes, and waft her Loue
To come againe to Carthage.

Ies. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night
Did *Iessica* steale from the wealthy Iewe,
And with an Vnthrif Loue did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.

Ies. In such a night
Did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lou'd her well,
Stealing her soule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.

Loren. In such a night
Did pretty *Iessica* (like a little shrow)
Slander her Loue, and he forgaue it her.

Iessi. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter Messenger.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Mes. A friend.

Loren. A friend, what friend? your name I pray you friend?

Mes. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word
My Mistresse will before the breake of day
Be heere at Belmont, she doth stray about
By holy crosses where she kneeles and prayes
For happy wedlocke houres.

Loren. Who comes with her?

Mes. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you is my Master yet return'd?

Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Iessica*,
And ceremoniously let vs prepare
Some welcome for the Mistresse of the house,

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Sola, sola: wo ha ho, sola, sola.

Loren. Who calls?

Clo. Sola, did you see M[aster]. *Lorenzo*, & M[aster]. *Lorenzo*, sola,

Lor. Leaue hollowing man, heere.

Clo. Sola, where, where?

Lor. Heere?

Clo. Tel him ther's a Post come from my Master, with
his horne full of good newes, my Master will be here ere
morning sweete soule.

Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter: why should we goe in?
My friend *Stephen*, signifie pray you
Within the house, your Mistresse is at hand,
And bring your musique foorth into the ayre.
How sweet the moone-light sleepes vpon this banke,
Heere will we sit, and let the sounds of musicke
Creepe in our eares soft stilnes, and the night
Become the tutches of sweet harmonie:

Sit *Iessica*, looke how the floore of heauen
Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
There's not the smallest orbe which thou beholdst
But in his motion like an Angell sings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;
Such harmonie is in immortall soules,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grosly close in it, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,
With sweetest tutches pearce your Mistresse eare,
And draw her home with musicke.

Iessi. I am neuer merry when I heare sweet musique.

Play musicke.

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentiuē:
For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard
Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their bloud,
If they but heare perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any ayre of musicke touch their eares,
You shall perceiue them make a mutuall stand,
Their sauage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of musicke: therefore the Poet
Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods.
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But musicke for time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no musicke in himselfe,
Nor is not moued with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoyles,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as *Erobus*,
Let no such man be trusted: marke the musicke.

Enter Portia and Nerrissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candell throwes his beames,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moone shone we did not see the can-dle?

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the lesse,
A substitute shines brightly as a King
Vntill a King be by, and then his state
Empties it selfe, as doth an inland brooke
Into the maine of waters: musique, harke.

Musicke.

Ner. It is your musicke Madame of the house.

Por. Nothing is good I see without respect,
Methinkes it sounds much sweeter then by day?

Ner. Silence bestowes that vertue on it Madam.

Por. The Crow doth sing as sweetly as the Larke
When neither is attended: and I thinke
The Nightingale if she should sing by day
When euey Goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a Musitian then the Wren?
How many things by season, season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moone sleepes with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd.

[Page Q2]

Musicke ceases.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiu'd of *Portia*.

Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the
Cuckow 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 *Nerrissa*,
Giue order to my seruants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Iessica* nor you.

A Tucket sounds.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.

Por. This night methinkes is but the daylight sicke,
It lookes a little paler, 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

*Enter Bassanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their
Followers.*

Bas. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in absence of the sunne.

Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
And neuer be *Bassanio* so for me,
But God sort all: you are welcome home my Lord.

Bass. I thanke you Madam, giue welcom to my friend
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sence be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more then I am wel acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are verie welcome to our house:
It must appeare in other waies then words,
Therefore I scant this breathing curtesie.

Gra. By yonder Moone I sweare you do me wrong,
Infaieth I gaue it to the Iudges 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 alreadie, what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring
That she did giue me, whose Poesie was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Vpon a knife; *Loue mee, and leaue mee not.*

Ner. What talke you of the Poesie or the valew:
You swore to me when I did giue it you,
That you would weare it til the houre of death,

And that it should lye with you in your graue,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should haue beene respectiue and haue kept it.
Gaued it a Iudges Clearke: but wel I know
The Clearke wil nere weare haire on's face that had it.

Gra. He wil, and if he liue to be a man.

Nerrissa. I, if a Woman liue to be a man.

Gra. Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth,
A kinde of boy, a little scrubbed boy,
No higher then thy selfe, the Iudges Clearke,
A prating boy that begg'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 so slightly with your wiues first gift,
A thing stucke on with oathes vpon your finger,
And so riueted with faith vnto your flesh.
I gaue my Loue a Ring, and made him sweare
Neuer to part with it, and heere he stands:
I dare be sworne for him, he would not leaue it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,
You giue your wife too vnkinde a cause of greefe,
And 'twere to me I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why I were best to cut my left hand off,
And sweare I lost the Ring defending it.

Gra. My Lord *Bassanio* gaue his Ring away
Vnto the Iudge that beg'd it, and indeede
Deseru'd it too: and then the Boy his Clearke
That tooke some paines in writing, he begg'd mine,
And neyther man nor master would take ought
But the two Rings.

Por. What Ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiu'd of me.

Bass. 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. Euen so 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.

Bass. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gaue the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gaue the Ring,
And would conceiue for what I gaue the Ring,
And how vnwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure?

Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthinesse that gaue the Ring,
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then haue parted with the Ring:
What man is there so much vnreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to haue defended it
With any termes of Zeale: wanted the modestie
To vrge the thing held as a ceremonie:
Nerrissa teaches me what to beleeeue,
Ile die for't, but some Woman had the Ring?

Bass. No by mine honor Madam, by my soule
No Woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand Ducates of me,
And beg'd the Ring; the which I did denie him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away:
Euen he that had held vp the verie life
Of my deere friend. What should I say sweete Lady?
I was inforc'd to send it after him,
I was beset with shame and curtesie,
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much besmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by these blessed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinke you would haue beg'd
The Ring of me, to giue the worthie Doctor?

[Page Q2v]

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my house,
Since he hath got the iewell that I loued,
And that which you did sweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,

Ile 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,
Ile haue the Doctor for my bedfellow.

Nerrissa. And I his Clarke: therefore be well aduis'd
How you doe leaue 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 subiect of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieue not you,
You are welcome notwithstanding.

Bas. *Portia*, forgiue me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of these manie friends
I sweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes
Wherein I see my selfe.

Por. Marke you but that?
In both my eyes he doubly sees himselfe:
In each eye one, sweare by your double selfe,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bas. Nay, but heare me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soule I sweare
I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth,
Which but for him that had your husbands ring
Had quite miscarried. I dare be bound againe,
My soule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will neuer more breake faith aduisedlie.

Por. Then you shall be his suretie: giue him this,
And bid him keepe it better then the other.

Ant. Heere Lord *Bassanio*, swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heauen it is the same I gaue the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon *Bassanio*,
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that same scrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke
In lieu of this, last night did lye 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 deseru'd it.

Por. Speake not so grossely, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leysure,
It comes from Padua from *Bellario*,
There you shall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerrissa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere
Shall witnesse I set forth as soone as you,
And but eu'n now return'd: I haue not yet
Entred my house. *Anthonio* you are welcome,
And I haue better newes in store for you
Then you expect: vnseale this letter soone,
There you shall finde three of your Argosies
Are richly come to harbour sodainlie.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Antho. I am dumbe.

Bass. 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 neuer meanes to doe it,
Vnlesse he liue vntill he be a man.

Bass. (Sweet Doctor) you shall be my bedfellow,
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

An. (Sweet Ladie) you haue giuen me life & liuing;
For heere I reade for certaine that my ships
Are safelie come to Rode.

Por. How now *Lorenzo*?
My Clarke hath some good comforts to for you.

Ner. I, and Ile giue them him without a fee.
There doe I giue to you and *Iessica*
From the rich Iewe, a speciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies possess'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 euent at full. Let vs goe in,
And charge vs there vpon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so, the first intergatory
That my *Nerrissa* shall be sworne on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or goe to bed, now being two houres to day,
But were the day come, I should wish it darke,
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while I liue, Ile feare no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe *Nerrissas* ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

Actus primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando. As I remember *Adam*, it was vpon 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 sadnesse: My brother *Iaques* he keepes at schoole, and report speakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keepes me rustically at home, or (to speak more properly) staies me heere at home vnkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an Oxe? his horses are bred better, for besides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders deerely hir'd: but I (his brother) gaine nothing vnder him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghils are as much bound to him as I: besides this nothing that he so plentifully giues me, the something that nature gaue mee, his countenance seemes to take from me: hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres 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 thinke is within mee, begins to mutinie against this seruitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to auoid it.

Enter Oliuer.

Adam. Yonder comes my Master, your brother.

Orlan. Goe a-part *Adam*, and thou shalt heare how he will shake 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. Marry sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours with idlenesse.

Oliuer. Marry sir be better employed, and be naught a while.

Orlan. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with them? what prodigall portion haue I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are sir?

Orl. O 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 bloud you should so know me: the courtesie of nations allowes you my better, in that you are the first borne, but the same tradition takes not away my bloud, were there twenty brothers betwixt vs: I haue as much of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confesse your coming before me is neerer to his reuerence.

Oli. What Boy.

Orl. Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

Orl. I am no villaine: I am the yongest sonne of Sir *Rowland de Boys*, he was my father, and he is thrice a villaine that saies such a father begot villaines: wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had puld out thy tongue for saying so, thou hast raild on thy selfe.

Adam. Sweet Masters bee patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me goe I say.

Orl. I will not till I please: you shall heare mee: my father charg'd you in his will to giue me good education: you haue train'd me like a pezant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father growes strong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or giue mee the poore allottery my father left me by testament, with that I will goe 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 shall haue some part of your will, I pray you leaue me.

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: most true, I haue lost my teeth in your seruice: God be with my olde master, he would not haue spoke such a word.

Ex. Orl. Ad.

Oli. Is it euen so, begin you to grow vpon me? I will physicke your ranckenesse, and yet giue no thousand crownes neyther: holla *Dennis*.

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not *Charles* the Dukes Wrastler 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 wrastling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Mounsier *Charles*: what's the new 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 haue put themselues into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and reuenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he giues them good leaue to wander.

[Page Q3v]

Oli. Can you tell if *Rosalind* the Dukes daughter bee banished with her Father?

Cha. O no; for the Dukes daughter her Cosen so loues her, being euer from their Cradles bred together, that hee would haue followed her exile, or haue died to stay behind her; she is at the Court, and no lesse beloued of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and neuer two Ladies loued as they doe.

Oli. Where will the old Duke liue?

Cha. They say hee is already in the Forrest of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they liue like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*: they say many yong Gentlemen flocke to him euery day, and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrastle to morrow before the new Duke.

Cha. Marry doe I sir: and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am giuen sir secretly to vnderstand, that your yonger brother *Orlando* hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against mee to try a fall: to morrow sir I wrastle 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 purpose heerein, and haue by vnder-hand meanes laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. Ile tell thee *Charles*, it is the stubbornest yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an enuious emulator of euery mans good parts, a secret & villanous contriuer against mee his naturall brother: therefore vse thy discretion, I had as lief thou didst breake his necke as his finger. And thou wert best looke to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie grace himselfe on thee, hee will practise against thee by poyson, entrap thee by some treacherous deuise, and neuer leaue thee till he hath tane thy life by some indirect meanes or other: for I assure thee, (and almost with teares I speake it) there is not one so young, and so villanous this day liuing. I speake but brotherly of him, but should I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I must blush, and weepe, and thou must looke pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee come to morrow, Ile giue him his payment: if euer hee goe alone againe, Ile neuer wrastle for prize more: and so God keepe your worship.

Exit.

Farewell good *Charles*. Now will I stirre 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 school'd, and yet learned, full of noble deuise, of all sorts enchantingly beloued, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my owne people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long, this wrastler shall cleare all: nothing remaines, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now Ile goe about.

Exit.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Rosalind, and Cellia.

Cel. I pray thee *Rosalind*, sweet my Coz, be merry.

Ros. Deere *Cellia*; I show more mirth then I am mistress of, and would you yet were merrier: vnlesse you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Heerein I see thou lou'st mee not with the full waight that I loue thee; if my Vncle thy banished father had banished thy Vncle the Duke my Father, so thou hadst beene still 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.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to reioyce in yours.

Cel. You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor none is like to haue; and truely when he dies, thou shalt be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honor I will, and when I breake that oath, let mee turne monster: therefore my sweet *Rose*, my deare *Rose*, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will Coz, and deuise sports: let me see, what thinke you of falling in Loue?

Cel. Marry I prethee doe, to make sport withall: but loue no man in good earnest, nor no further in sport neyther, then with safety of a pure blush, thou maist in honor come off againe.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let vs sit and mocke the good houswife *Fortune* from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee bestowed equally.

Ros. I would wee could doe so: for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for those that she makes faire, she scarce makes honest, & those that she makes honest, she makes very illfauouredly.

Ros. Nay now thou goest from Fortunes office to Natures: Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clowne.

Cel. No; when Nature hath made a faire creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature hath giuen vs wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this foole to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes natures naturall, the cutter off of natures witte.

Cel. Peraduenture this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceiueth our naturall wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, 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. Mistresse, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clo. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you

[Page Q4]

Ros. Where learned you that oath foole?

Clo. Of a certaine Knight, that swore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and swore by his Honor the Mustard was naught: Now Ile stand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Mustard was good, and yet was not the Knight forsworne.

Cel. How proue you that in the great heape of your knowledge?

Ros. I marry, now vnmuzzle your wisdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chinnes, and sweare by your beards that I am a knaue.

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

Clo. By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were: but if you sweare by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight swearing by his Honor, for he neuer had anie; or if he had, he had sworne it away, before euer he saw those Pancakes, or that Mustard.

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

Clo. One that old *Fredericke* your Father loues.

Ros. My Fathers loue is enough to honor him enough; speake no more of him, you'l be whipt for taxation one of these daies.

Clo. The more pittie that fooles may not speak wisely, what Wisemen do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth thou saiest true: For, since the little wit that fooles haue was silenced, the little foolerie that wise men haue makes a great shew; Heere comes Monsieur the *Beu*.

Enter le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of newes.

Cel. Which he will put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shal we be newes-cram'd.

Cel. All the better: we shalbe the more Marketable.
Boon-iour Monsieur le Beau, what's the newes?

Le Beau. Faire Princesse,
you haue lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport: of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour Madame? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the destinies decrees.

Cel. Well said, that was laid on with a trowell.

Clo. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke.

Ros. Thou loosest thy old smell.

Le Beu. You amaze me Ladies: I would haue told you of good wrastling, which you haue lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell vs the manner of the Wrastling.

Le Beu. I wil tell you the beginning: and if it please your Ladiships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to doe, and heere where you are, they are comming to performe it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old man, and his three sons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beu. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. 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 Wrastler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he seru'd the second, and so the third: yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father, making such pittiful dole ouer them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas.

Clo. But what is the sport Monsieur, that the Ladies haue lost?

Le Beu. Why this that I speake of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser euery day. It is the first time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was sport for Ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken Musicke in his sides? Is there yet another doates vpon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrastling Cosin?

Le Beau. You must if you stay heere, for heere is the place appointed for the wrastling, and they are ready to performe it.

Cel. 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 forwardnesse.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Euen he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks successefully

Du. How now daughter, and Cousin:
Are you crept hither to see the wrastling?

Ros. I my Liege, so please you giue vs leaue.

Du. You wil take little delight in it, I can tell you there is such oddes in the man: In pitie of the challengers youth, I would faine disswade him, but he will not bee entreated. Speake to him Ladies, see if you can moouue him.

Cel. Call him hether good Monsieuer *Le Beau*.

Duke. Do so: Ile not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the Challenger, the Princesse calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and dutie.

Ros. Young man, haue you challeng'd *Charles* the Wrastler?

Orl. No faire Princesse: he is the generall challenger, I come but in as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Yong Gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your yeares: you haue seene cruell prooffe of this mans strength, if you saw your selfe with your eies, or knew

your selfe with your iudgment, the feare of your aduerture would counsel you to a more equall enterprise. We pray you for your owne sake to embrace your own safetie, and giue ouer this attempt.

Ros. Do yong Sir, your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we wil make it our suite to the Duke, that the wrastling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish mee not with your harde thoughts, wherein I confesse me much guiltie to denie so faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your faire eies, and gentle wishes go with mee to my triall; wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was neuer gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to lament me: the world no iniurie, for in it I haue nothing: onely in the world I fil vp a place, which may bee better supplied, when I haue made it emptie.

Ros. The little strength that I haue, I would it were with you.

[Page Q4v]

Cel. And mine to eeke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: praie heauen I be deceiu'd in you.

Cel. Your hearts desires be with you.

Char. Come, where is this yong gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duk. You shall trie but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace you shall not entreat him to a second, that haue so mightilie perswaded him from a first.

Orl. You meane to mocke me after: you should not haue mockt me before: but come your waies.

Ros. Now Hercules, be thy speede yong man.

Cel. I would I were inuisible, to catch the strong fellow by the legge.

Wrastle.

Ros. Oh excellent yong man.

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who should downe.

Shout.

Duk. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes I beseech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd.

Duk. How do'st thou *Charles*?

Le Beu. He cannot speake my Lord.

Duk. Beare him awaie:
What is thy name yong man?

Orl. *Orlando* my Liege, the yongest sonne of Sir *Roland de Boys*.

Duk. I would thou hadst beene son to some man else,
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did finde him still mineemie:
Thou should'st haue better pleas'd me with this deede,
Hadst thou descended from another house:
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
I would thou had'st told me of another Father.

Exit Duke.

Cel. Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir *Rolands* sonne,
His yongest sonne, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heire to *Fredricke*.

Ros. 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 haue giuen him teares vnto entreaties,
Ere he should thus haue ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Cosen,
Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him:
My Fathers rough and enuious disposition

Sticks me at heart: Sir, you haue well deseru'd,
If you doe keepe your promises in loue;
But iustly as you haue exceeded all promise,
Your Mistris shall be happie.

Ros. Gentleman,
Weare this for me: one out of suites with fortune
That could giue more, but that her hand lacks meanes.
Shall we goe Coze?

Cel. I: fare you well faire Gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thanke you? My better parts
Are all throwne downe, and that which here stands vp
Is but a quintine, a meere liuelesse blocke.

Ros. He cals vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes,
He aske him what he would: Did you call Sir?
Sir, you haue wrastled well, and ouerthrowne
More then your enemies.

Cel. Will you goe Coze?

Ros. Haue with you: fare you well.

Exit.

Orl. What passion hangs these waights vpo[n] my toong?
I cannot speake to her, yet she vrg'd conference.

Enter Le Beu.

O poore *Orlando*! thou art ouerthrowne
Or Charles, or something weaker masters thee.

Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in friendship counsaile you
To leaue this place; Albeit you haue deseru'd
High commendation, true applause, and loue;
Yet such is now the Dukes condition,
That he misconsters all that you haue done:
The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede
More suites you to conceiue, then I to speake of.

Orl. I thanke you Sir; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the Wrastling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we iudge by manners,
But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her vsurping Vncle
To keepe his daughter companie, whose loues
Are deerer then the naturall bond of Sisters:
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath tane displeasure 'gainst his gentle Neece,
Grounded vpon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her vertues,
And pittie her, for her good Fathers sake;
And on my life his malice 'gainst the Lady
Will sodainly breake forth: Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better world then this,
I shall desire more loue and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.
Thus must I from the smoake into the smother,
From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother.
But heauenly *Rosaline*.

Exit

Scena Tertius.

Enter Celia and Rosaline.

Cel. Why Cosen, why *Rosaline*: *Cupid* haue mercie,
Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away
vpon curs, throw some of them at me; come lame mee
with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two Cosens laid vp, when the
one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad
without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my childes Father: Oh
how full of briers is this working day world.

Cel. They are but burs, Cosen, throwne vpon thee
in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths
our very petty-coates will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coate, these burs are
in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try if I could cry hem, and haue him.

Cel. Come, come, wrastle with thy affections.

Ros. O they take the part of a better wrastler then
my selfe.

Cel. O, a good wish vpon you: you will trie in time
in dispight of a fall: but turning these iests out of seruice,
let vs talke in good earnest: Is it possible on such a so-
daine, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir
Roulands yongest sonne?

[Page Q5]

Ros. The Duke my Father lou'd his Father deerelie.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should loue his
Sonne deerelie? By this kinde of chase, I should hate
him, for my father hated his father deerely; yet I hate
not *Orlando*.

Ros. No faith, hate him not for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserue well?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Ros. Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him
Because I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eies full of anger.

Duk. Mistris, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our Court.

Ros. Me Vncle.

Duk. You Cosen,
Within these ten daies if that thou beest found
So neere our publike Court as twentie miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I doe beseech your Grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me:
If with my selfe I hold intelligence,
Or haue acquaintance with mine owne desires,
If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke,
(As I doe trust I am not) then deere Vncle,
Neuer so much as in a thought vnborne,
Did I offend your highnesse.

Duk. Thus doe all Traitors,
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace it selfe;
Let is suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a Traitor;
Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends?

Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highnes took his Dukdome,
So was I when your highnesse banisht him;
Treason is not inherited my Lord,
Or if we did deriue it from our friends,
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor,
Then good my Leige, mistake me not so much,
To thinke 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 haue 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 so am I: we still haue slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, plaid, eate together,
And wheresoere we went, like *Iunos* Swans,
Still we went coupled and inseperable.

Duk. She is too subtile for thee, and her smoothnes;
Her verie silence, and her patience,
Speake to the people, and they pittie her:
Thou art a foole, she robs thee of thy name,

And thou wilt show more bright, & seem more vertuous
When she is gone: then open not thy lips
Firme, and irreuocable is my doombe,
Which I haue past vpon her, she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me my Leige,
I cannot liue 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 giue thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more grieu'd then I am.

Ros. I haue more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not Cosen,
Prethee be cheerefull; know'st thou not the Duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. 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 sundred? shall we part sweete girle?
No, let my Father seeke another heire:
Therefore deuise with me how we may flie
Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs,
And doe not seeke to take your change vpon you,
To beare your griefes your selfe, and leaue me out:
For by this heauen, now at our sorrowes pale;
Say what thou canst, Ile goe along with thee.

Ros. Why, whether shall we goe?

Cel. To seeke my Vncle in the Forrest of *Arden*.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to vs,
(Maides as we are) to trauell forth so farre?
Beautie prouoketh theeues sooner then gold.

Cel. Ile put my selfe in poore and meane attire,
And with a kinde of vmber smirch my face,
The like doe you, so shall we passe along,
And neuer stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more then common tall,
That I did suite 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 womans feare there will,
Weele haue a swashing and a marshall outside,
As manie other mannish cowards haue,
That doe outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. Ile haue no worse a name then *Ioues* owne Page,
And therefore looke you call me *Ganimed*.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Ros. But Cosen, what if we assaid to steale
The clownish Foole out of your Fathers Court:
Would he not be a comfort to our trauaile?

Cel. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me,
Leaue me alone to woe him; Let's away
And get our Iewels and our wealth together,
Deuise the fittest time, and safest 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. Scoena Prima.

*Enter Duke Senior: Amyens, and two or three Lords
like Forresters.*

Duk.Sen. Now my Coe-mates, and brothers in exile:
 Hath not old custome made this life more sweete
 Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods
 More free from perill then the enuious Court?
 Heere feele we not the penaltie of *Adam*,
 The seasons difference, as the Icie phange
 And churlish chiding of the winters winde,
 Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body
 Euen till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say
 This is no flattery: these are counsellors
 That feelingly perswade me what I am:
 Sweet are the vses of aduersitie
 Which like the toad, ougly and venemous,
 Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head:
 And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
 Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
 Sermons in stones, and good in euery thing.

Amien. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
 That can translate the stubbornnesse of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.

Du.Sen. Come, shall we goe and kill vs venison?
 And yet it irkes me the poore dapled fooles
 Being natie Burgers of this desert City,
 Should in their owne confines with forked heads
 Haue their round hanches goard.

I.Lord. Indeed my Lord
 The melancholy *Iaques* grieues at that,
 And in that kinde sweares you doe more vsurpe
 Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you:
 To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my selfe,
 Did steale behinde him as he lay along
 Vnder an oake, whose anticke roote peepes out
 Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
 To the which place a poore sequestred Stag
 That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,
 Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord
 The wretched annimall heau'd forth such groanes
 That their discharge did stretch his leatherne coat
 Almost to bursting, and the big round teares

Cours'd one another downe his innocent nose
In pitteous chase: and thus the hairie foole,
Much marked of the melancholie *Iaques*,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.

Du.Sen. But what said *Iaques*?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

I.Lord. O yes, into a thousand similies.
First, for his weeping into the needlesse streame;
Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings doe, giuing thy sum of more
To that which had too much: then being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his veluet friend;
'Tis right quoth he, thus miserie doth part
The Fluxe of companie: anon a carelesse Heard
Full of the pasture, iumps along by him
And neuer staies to greet him: I quoth *Iaques*,
Sweepe on you fat and greazie Citizens,
'Tis iust the fashion; wherefore doe you looke
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most inuectiuely he pierceth through
The body of Countrie, Citie, Court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are meere vsurpers, tyrants, and whats worse
To fright the Annimals, and to kill them vp
In their assign'd and natue dwelling place.

D.Sen. And did you leaue him in this contemplation?

2.Lord. We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Vpon the sobbing Deere.

Du.Sen. Show me the place,
I loue to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

I.Lor. Ile bring you to him strait.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Duk. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be, some villaines of my Court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1.Lo. I cannot heare of any that did see her,
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed vntreasur'd of their Mistris.

2.Lor. My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft,
Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing,
Hisperia the Princesse Gentlewoman
Confesses that she secretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Cosen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wrastler
That did but lately foile the synowie *Charles*,
And she beleeues where euer they are gone
That youth is surely in their companie.

Duk. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me,
Ile make him finde him: do this sodainly;
And let not search and inquisition quaille,
To bring againe these foolish runawaies.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. Who's there?

Ad. What my yong Master, oh my gentle master,
Oh my sweet master, O you memorie
Of old Sir *Rowland*; why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to ouercome
The bonnie priser of the humorous Duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not Master, to seeme kinde of men,

Their graces serue them but as enemies,
No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Master
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you:
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Enuenoms him that beares it?
Why, what's the matter?

Ad. O vnhappy youth,
Come not within these doores: within this roofe
The enemy of all your graces liues
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the sonne
(Yet not the son, I will not call him son)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your praises, and this night he meanes,
To burne the lodging where you vse to lye,
And you within it: if he faile of that
He will haue other meanes to cut you off;
I ouerheard him: and his practises:
This is no place, this house is but a butcherie;
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.

[Page Q6]

Ad. Why whether *Adam* would'st thou haue me go?

Ad. No matter whether, so you come not here.

Orl. What, would'st thou haue me go & beg my food,
Or with a base and boistrous Sword enforce
A theeuish liuing on the common rode?
This I must do, 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 haue five hundred Crownes,
The thriftie hire I sau'd vnder your Father,
Which I did store to be my foster Nurse,
When seruice should in my old limbs lie lame,
And vnregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede,
Yea prouidently caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I giue you, let me be your seruant,
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie;

For in my youth I neuer did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud,
Nor did not with vnbashfull forehead woe,
The meanes of weaknesse and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a lustie winter,
Frostie, but kindely; let me goe with you,
Ile doe the seruice of a yonger man
In all your businesse and necessities.

Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant seruice of the antique world,
When seruice sweate for dutie, not for meede:
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweate, but for promotion,
And hauing that do choake their seruice vp,
Euen with the hauing, it is not so with thee:
But poore old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossome yeelde,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,
But come thy waies, weele goe along together,
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages spent,
Weele light vpon some settled low content.

Ad. Master goe on, and I will follow thee
To the last gaspe with truth and loyaltie,
From seauentie yeeres, till now almost fourescore
Here liued I, but now liue here no more
At seauenteene yeeres, many their fortunes seeke
But at fourescore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Masters debter.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Rosaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena, and
Clowne, alias Touchstone.*

Ros. O *Iupiter*, 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 show it selfe coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good *Aliena*.

Cel. I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather beare with you, then beare you: yet I should beare no crosse if I did beare you, for I thinke you haue no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the Forrest of *Arden*.

Clo. I, now am I in *Arden*, the more foole I, when I was at home I was in a better place, but Trauellers must be content.

Enter Corin and Siluius.

Ros. I, be so good *Touchstone*: Look you, who comes here, a yong man and an old in solemne talke.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorne you still.

Sil. Oh *Corin*, that thou knew'st how I do loue her.

Cor. I partly guesse: for I haue lou'd ere now.

Sil. No *Corin*, being old, thou canst not guesse,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a louer
As euer sigh'd vpon a midnight pillow:
But if thy loue were euer like to mine,
As sure I thinke did neuer man loue so:
How many actions most ridiculous,
Hast thou beene drawne to by thy fantasie?

Cor. Into a thousand that I haue forgotten.

Sil. Oh thou didst then neuer loue so hartily,
If thou remembrest not the slightest folly,
That euer loue did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lou'd.
Or if thou hast not sat as I doe now,

Wearing thy hearer in thy Mistris praise,
Thou hast not lou'd.
Or if thou hast not broke from companie,
Abruptly as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lou'd.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe.

Exit.

Ros. Alas poore Shepheard searching of they would,
I haue by hard aduenture found mine owne.

Clo. And I mine: I remember when I was in loue, I
broke my sword vpon a stone, and bid him take that for
comming a night to *Iane Smile*, and I remember the kis-
sing of her batler, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie
chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing
of a peascod instead of her, from whom I tooke two
cods, and giuing her them againe, said with weeping
teares, weare these for my sake: wee that are true Lo-
uers, runne into strange capers; but as all is mortall in
nature, so is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser then thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I shall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till
I breake my shins against it.

Ros. *Ioue, Ioue*, this Shepherds passion,
Is much vpon my fashion.

Clo. And mine, but it growes something stale with
mee.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yon'd man,
If he for gold will giue vs any foode,
I faint almost to death.

Clo. Holla; you Clowne.

Ros. Peace foole, he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who cals?

Clo. Your betters Sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

[Page Q6v]

Ros. Peace I say; good euen to your friend.

Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prethee Shepheard, if that loue or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring vs where we may rest our selues, and feed:
Here's a yong maid with trauaile much oppressed,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Faire Sir, I pittie her,
And wish for her sake more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to releue her:
But I am shepheard to another man,
And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little wreakes to finde the way to heauen
By doing deeds of hospitalitie.
Besides his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede
Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coat now
By reason of his absence there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?

Cor. That yong Swaine that you saw heere but ere-
while,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honestie,
Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,
And thou shalt haue to pay for it of vs.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages:
I like this place, and willingly could
Waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me, if you like vpon report,
The soile, the profit, and this kinde of life,
I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
And buy it with your Gold right sodainly.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter, Amyens, Iaques, & others.

Song.

*Vnder the greene wood tree,
who loues to lye with mee,
And turne his merrie Note,
vnto the sweet Birds throte:
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Heere shall he see noemie,
But Winter and rough Weather.*

Iaq. More, more, I pre'thee more.

Amy. It will make you melancholly Monsieur *Iaques*

Iaq. I thanke it: More, I prethee more,
I can sucke melancholly out of a song,
As a Weazel suckes egges: More, I pre'thee more.

Amy. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please
you.

Iaq. I do not desire you to please me,
I do desire you to sing:
Come, more, another stanza: Cal you 'em stanza's?

Amy. What you wil Monsieur *Iaques*.

Iaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee
nothing. Wil you sing?

Amy. More at your request, then to please my selfe.

Iaq. Well then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke
you: but that they cal complement is like th' encounter
of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me hartily,
me thinkes I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me
the beggerly thanks. Come sing; and you that wil not
hold your tongues.

Amy. Wel, Ile end the song. Sirs, couer the while,
the Duke wil drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this
day to looke you.

Iaq. And I haue bin all this day to auoid him:
He is too disputeable for my companie:
I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue
Heauen thanks, and make no boast of them.
Come, warble, come.

Song. Altogether heere.

*Who doth ambition shunne,
and loues to liue i'th Sunne:
Seeking the food he eates,
and pleas'd with what he gets:
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Heere shall he see. &c.*

Iaq. Ile giue you a verse to this note,
That I made yesterday in despight of my Inuention.

Amy. And Ile sing it.

Amy. Thus it goes.
*If it do come to passe, that any man turne Asse:
Leauing his wealth and ease,
A stubborne will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Heere shall he see, grosse fooles as he,
And if he will come to me.*

Amy. What's that Ducdame?

Iaq. 'Tis a Greeke inuocation, to call fools into a circle. Ile go sleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile against all the first borne of Egypt.

Amy. And Ile go seeke the Duke,
His banket is prepar'd.

Exeunt

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

Adam. Deere Master, I can go no further:
O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,
And measure out my graue. Farwel kinde master.

Orl. Why how now *Adam*? No greater heart in thee:
Liue a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little.
If this vncouth Forrest yeeld any thing sauage,
I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee:
Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers.
For my sake 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 diest
Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.
Wel said, thou look'st cheerely,
And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou liest
In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee
To some shelter, and thou shalt not die
For lacke of a dinner,
If there liue any thing in this Desert.
Cheerely good *Adam*.

Exeunt

[Page R1]

Scena Septima.

Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, like Out-lawes.

Du.Sen. I thinke he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.

I.Lord. My Lord, he is but euen now gone hence,
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Du.Sen. If he compact of iarres, grow Musicall,
We shall haue shortly discord in the Spheares:
Go seeke him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter Iaques.

I.Lord. He saues my labor by his owne approach.

Du.Sen. Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this
That your poore friends must woe your companie,
What, you looke merrily.

Iaq. A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Forrest,
A motley Foole (a miserable world:)
As I do liue by foode, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,
In good set termes, and yet a motley foole.
Good morrow foole (quoth I:) no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not foole, till heauen hath sent me fortune,
And then he drew a diall from his poake,
And looking on it, with lacke-lustre eye,
Sayes, very wisely, it is ten a clocke:
Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world waggess:
'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 Chanticleere,
That Fooles should be so deepe contemplatiue:
And I did laugh, sans intermission
An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,
A worthy foole: Motley's the onely weare.

Du.Sen. What foole is this?

Iaq. O worthie Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier
And sayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
They haue the gift to know it: and in his braine,
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 haue one.

Iaq. It is my onely suite,
Prouided that you weed your better iudgements
Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,
That I am wise. I must haue liberty
Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,
To blow on whom I please, for so fooles haue:
And they that are most gauled with my folly,
They most must laugh: And why sir must they so?
The why is plaine, as way to Parish Church:
Hee, that a Foole doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart
Seeme senselesse of the bob. If not,
The Wise-mans folly is anathomiz'd
Euen by the squandring glances of the foole.
Inuest me in my motley: Giue me leaue
To speake my minde, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foule bodie of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receiue my medicine.

Du.Sen. Fie on thee. I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Iaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?

Du.Sen. Most mischeeuous foule sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thy selfe hast bene a Libertine,
As sensuall as the brutish sting it selfe,
And all th' imbossed sores, and headed euils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the generall world.

Iaq. Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein taxe any priuate party:
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebbe.
What woman in the Citie 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 shee, such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of basest function,
That sayes his brauerie is not on my cost,
Thinking that I meane him, but therein suites
His folly to the mettle of my speech,

There then, how then, what then, let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himselfe: if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies
Vnclain'd of any man. But who come here?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no more.

Iaq. Why I haue eate none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be seru'd.

Iaq. Of what kinde should this Cocke come of?

Du.Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy distres?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in ciuility thou seem'st so emptie?

Orl. You touch'd my veine at first, the thorny point
Of bare distresse, hath tane from me the shew
Of smooth ciuility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nourtire: But forbeare, I say,
He dies that touches any of this fruite,
Till I, and my affaires are answered.

Iaq. And you will not be answer'd with reason,
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 so gently? Pardon me I pray you,
I thought that all things had bin sauage heere,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of sterne command'ment. But what ere you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Vnder the shade of melancholly boughes,
Loose, and neglect the creeping houres of time:
If euer you haue look'd on better dayes:
If euer beene where bells haue knoll'd to Church:

If euer sate at any good mans feast:
If euer from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,
And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied:
Let gentlenesse my strong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my Sword.

[Page R1v]

Du.Sen. True is it, that we haue 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 gentlenesse,
And take vpon command, what helpe we haue
That to your wanting may be ministred.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while:
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And giue it food. There is an old poore man,
Who after me, hath many a weary steppe
Limpt in pure loue: till he be first suffic'd,
Opprest with two weake euils, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go finde him out,
And we will nothing waste till you returne.

Orl. I thanke ye, and be blest for your good comfort.

Du.Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone vnhappie:
This wide and vniuersall Theater
Presents more wofull Pageants then the Sceane
Wherein we play in.

Ia. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women, meerely Players;
They haue their *Exits* and their Entrances,
And one man in his time playes many parts,
His Acts being seuen ages. At first the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurses armes:
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And shining morning face, creeping like snaile
Vnwillingly to schoole. And then the Louer,
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad
Made to his Mistresse eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,

Ielous in honor, sodaine, and quicke in quarrell,
 Seeking the bubble Reputation
 Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iustice
 In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
 With eyes seuere, and beard of formall cut,
 Full of wise sawes, and moderne instances,
 And so he playes his part. The sixt age shifts
 Into the leane and slipper'd Pantalooone,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
 His youthfull hose well sau'd, a world too wide,
 For his shrunke shanke, and his bigge manly voice,
 Turning againe toward childish trebble pipes,
 And whistles in his sound. Last Scene of all,
 That ends this strange euentfull historie,
 Is second childishnesse, and meere obliuion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans euery 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 too: I wil not trouble you,
 As yet to question you about your fortunes:
 Giue vs some Musicke, and good Cozen, sing.

Song.

*Blow, blow, thou winter winde,
 Thou art not so vnkinde, as mans ingratitude
 Thy tooth is not so keene, because thou art not seene,
 although thy breath be rude.
 Heigh ho, sing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,
 Most frendship, is fayning; most Louing, meere folly:
 The heigh ho, the holly,
 This Life is most iolly.
 Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that dost not bight so nigh
 as benefitts forgot:
 Though thou the waters warpe, thy sting is not so sharpe,
 as freind remembred not.*

Heigh ho, 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 limn'd, and liuing in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lou'd your Father, the residue of your fortune,
Go to my Caue, and tell mee. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy masters is:
Support him by the arme: giue me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes vnderstand.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliuer.

Du. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I should not seeke an absent argument
Of my reuenge, thou present: but looke to it,
Finde out thy brother wheresoere he is,
Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or liuing
Within this tweluemonth, or turne thou no more
To seeke a liuing in our Territorie.
Thy Lands and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke against thee.

Ol. Oh that your Highnesse knew my heart in this:
I neuer lou'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villaine thou. Well push him out of dores
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent vpon his house and Lands:
Do this expediently, and turne him going.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there my verse, in wnesse of my loue,
And thou thrice crowned Queene of night suruey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale spheare aboue
Thy Huntresse name, that my full life doth sway.
O *Rosalind*, these Trees shall be my Bookes,
And in their barkes my thoughts Ile charracter,
That euerie eye, which in this Forrest lookes,
Shall see thy vertue witnest euery where.
Run, run *Orlando*, carue on euery Tree,
The faire, the chaste, and vnexpressiue shee.

Exit

Enter Corin & Clowne.

Co. And how like you this shepherds life Mr *Touchstone*?

[Page R2]

Clow. Truely Shepheard, in respect of it selfe, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherds 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 vild 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 stomacke. Has't any Philosophie in thee shepheard?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is: and that hee that wants money, meanes, and content, is without three good frends. That the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That good pasture makes fat sheepe: and that a great cause of the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a naturall Philosopher:
Was't euer in Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Clo. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roasted Egge,
all on one side.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reason.

Clo. Why, if thou neuer was't at Court, thou neuer
saw'st good manners: if thou neuer saw'st good maners,
then thy manners must be wicked, and wickednes is sin,
and sinne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state shep-
heard.

Cor. Not a whit *Touchstone*, those that are good ma-
ners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as
the behauiour of the Countrie is most mockeable at the
Court. You told me, you salute not at the Court, but
you kisse your hands; that courtesie would be vncleanlie
if Courtiers were shepheards.

Clo. Instance, briefly: come, instance.

Cor. Why we are still handling our Ewes, and their
Fels you know are greasie.

Clo. Why do not your Courtiers hands sweate? and
is not the grease of a Mutton, as wholesome as the sweat
of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance I say:
Come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips wil feele them the sooner. Shallow a-
gen: a more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd ouer, with the surgery
of our sheepe: and would you haue vs kisse Tarre? The
Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Ciuet.

Clo. Most shallow man: Thou wormes meate in re-
spect of a good peece of flesh indeed: learne of the wise
and perpend: Ciuet is of a baser birth then Tarre, the
verie vncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the instance Shep-
heard.

Cor. You haue too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile rest.

Clo. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God helpe thee shallow
man: God make incision in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get
that I weare; owe no man hate, enuie no mans happi-
nesse: glad of other mens good content with my harme:
and the greatest of my pride, is to see my Ewes graze, &
my Lambes sucke.

Clo. That is another simple sinne in you, to bring the
Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your
liuing, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Bel-
weather, and to betray a shee-Lambe of a tweluemonth
to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all
reasonable match. If thou bee'st not damn'd for this, the
diuell himselfe will haue no shepherds, I cannot see else
how thou shouldst scape.

Cor. Heere comes yong Mr *Ganimed*, my new Mistris-
ses Brother.

Enter Rosalind.

Ros. From the east to westerne Inde,
no iewel is like *Rosalinde*,
Hir worth being mounted on the winde,
through all the world beares Rosalinde.
All the pictures fairest Linde,
are but blacke to Rosalinde:
Let no face bee kept in mind,
but the faire of Rosalinde.

Clo. Ile rime you so, eight yeares together; dinners,
and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right
Butter-womens ranke to Market.

Ros. Out Foole.

Clo. For a taste.
If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde,
Let him seeke out Rosalinde:
If the Cat will after kinde,
so be sure will Rosalinde:
Wintred garments must be linde,
so must slender Rosalinde:

*They that reap must sheafe and binde,
then to cart with Rosalinde.*

*Sweetest nut, hath sowrest rinde,
such a nut is Rosalinde.*

*He that sweetest rose will finde,
must finde Loues pricke, & Rosalinde.*

This is the verie false gallop of Verses, why doe 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 i'th country: for you'l 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 iudge.

Enter Celia with a writing.

Ros. Peace, here comes my sister reading, stand aside.

Cel. Why should this Desert bee,
for it is vnpeopled? Noe:
*Tonges Ile hang on euerie tree,
that shall ciuill sayings shoe.
Some, how briefer the Life of man
runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span,
buckles in his summe of age.
Some of violated vowes,
twixt the soules of friend, and friend:
But vpon the fairest bowes,
or at euerie sentence end;
Will I Rosalinda write,
teaching all that reade, to know
The quintessence of euerie sprite,
heauen would in little show.
Therefore heauen Nature charg'd,
that one bodie should be fill'd
With all Graces wide enlarg'd,*

nature presently distill'd
Helens cheek, but not his heart,
Cleopatra's Maiestie:
Attalanta's better part,
sad Lucrecia's Modestie.
Thus Rosalinde of manie parts,
by Heauenly Synode was deuis'd,
Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,
to haue the touches deerest pris'd.
Heauen would that shee these gifts should haue,
and I to liue and die her slaue.

Ros. O most gentle Iupiter, what tedious homilie of Loue haue you wearied your parishioners 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 retreat, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

Exit.

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 Verses would beare.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might beare the verses.

Ros. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themselues without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou heare without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carued vpon these trees?

Ros. I was seuen of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came: for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree; I was neuer so berim'd since *Pythagoras* 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 pre'thee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to
meete; but Mountaines may bee remoou'd with Earth-
quakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pre'thee now, with most petitionary ve-
hemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull
wonderfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out
of all hooping.

Ros. Good my complection, dost thou think though
I am caparison'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hose in
my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South-sea
of discouerie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickly, and
speake apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou
might'st powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as
Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too
much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee 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 send more, if the man will bee
thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou
delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is yong *Orlando*, that tript vp the Wrastlers
heeles, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the diuell take mocking: speake sadde
brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith (Coz) tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet & hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What sayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes hee heere? Did he aske for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him againe? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantuas mouth first: 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size, to say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to answer in a Catechisme.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day he Wrastled?

Cel. It is as easie to count Atomies as to resolute the propositions of a Louer: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good obseruance. I found him vnder a tree like a drop'd Acorne.

Ros. It may wel be cal'd Ioues tree, when it droppes forth fruite.

Cel. Giue me audience, good Madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay hee stretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pittie to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curuettes vnseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.

Ros. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen, thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke,
I must speake: sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando & Iaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?

Ros. 'Tis he, slinke by, and note him.

Iaq. I thanke you for your company, but good faith
I had as lief haue beene my selfe alone.

Orl. And so had I: but yet for fashion sake
I thanke you too, for your societie.

Iaq. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Iaq. I pray you marre no more trees with Writing
Loue-songs in their barkes.

Orl. I pray you marre no moe of my verses with rea-
ding them ill-fauouredly.

Iaq. *Rosalinde* is your loues name?

Orl. Yes, Iust.

Iaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she
was christen'd.

Iaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Iust as high as my heart.

Iaq. You are ful of prety answers: haue you not bin ac-
quainted with goldsmiths wiues, & cond the[m] out of rings

Orl. Not so: but I answer you right painted cloath,
from whence you haue studied your questions.

Iaq. You haue a nimble wit; I thinke 'twas made of
Attalanta's heeles. Will you sitte downe with me, and
wee two, will raile against our Mistris the world, and all
our miserie.

Orl. I wil chide no breather in the world but my selfe
against whom I know most faults.

[Page R3]

Iaq. The worst fault you haue, is to be in loue.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your best vertue: I am wearie of you.

Iaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a Foole, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you shall see him.

Iaq. There I shal see mine owne figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

Iaq. Ile tarrie no longer with you, farewell good signior Loue.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monsieur Melancholly.

Ros. I wil speake to him like a sawcie Lacky, and vnder that habit play the knaue with him, do you hear Forrester.

Orl. Verie wel, what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what i'st a clocke?

Orl. You should aske me what time o' day: there's no clocke in the Forrest.

Ros. Then there is no true Louer in the Forrest, else sighing euerie minute, and groaning euerie houre wold detect the lazie foot of time, as wel as a clocke.

Orl. And why not the swift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Ros. By no meanes sir; Time trauels in diuers paces, with diuers persons: Ile tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands stil withall.

Orl. I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnizd: if the interim be but a sennight, Times pace is so hard, that it seemes the length of seuen yeare.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowt: for the one sleepes easily 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 withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a theefe to the gallows: for though hee go as softly as foot can fall, he thinkes himselfe too soon there.

Orl. Who staies it stil withal?

Ros. With Lawiers in the vacation: for they sleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not how time moues.

Orl. Where dwel you prettie youth?

Ros. With this Shepheardesse my sister: heere in the skirts of the Forrest, like fringe vpon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you natieue of this place?

Ros. As the Conie that you see dwell where shee is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer, then you could purchase in so remoued a dwelling.

Ros. 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 fel in loue. I haue heard him read many Lectors against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with so many giddie offences as hee hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall euils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe-pence are, euerie one fault seeming monstrous, til his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prethee recount some of them.

Ros. No: I wil not cast away my physick, but on those that are sicke. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that abuses our yong plants with caruing *Rosalinde* on their barks; hangs Oades vpon Hawthornes, and Elegies on brambles; all (forsooth) defying the name of *Rosalinde*. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would giue him some good counsel, for he seemes to haue the Quotidian of Loue vpon him.

Orl. I am he that is so Loue-shak'd, I pray you tel me your remedie.

Ros. There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you: he taught me how to know a man in loue: in which cage of rushes, I am sure you art not prisoner.

Orl. What were his markes?

Ros. A leane cheek, which you haue not: a blew eie and sunken, which you haue not: an vnquestionable spirit, which you haue not: a beard neglected, which you haue not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your hauing in beard, is a yonger brothers reuennue) then your hose should be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnbande'd, your sleeue vnbutton'd, your shoo vnti'de, and euerie thing about you, demonstrating a careless desolation: but you are no such man; you are rather point deuice in your accoutrements, as louing your selfe, then seeming the Louer of any other.

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleue I Loue.

Ros. Me beleue it? You may assoone make her that you Loue beleue it, which I warrant she is apter to do, then to confesse she do's: that is one of the points, in the which women stil giue the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the Trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired?

Orl. I sweare to thee youth, by the white hand of

Rosalind, I am that he, that vnfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in loue, as your rimes speak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much.

Ros. Loue is meereley a madnesse, and I tel you, deserues as wel 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 loue too: yet I professe curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you euer cure any so?

Ros. Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Loue, his Mistris: and I set him euerie day to woe me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, greeue, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of teares, full of smiles; for euerie 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 forswear him: now weepe for him, then spit at him; that I draue my Sutor from his mad humor of loue, to a liuing humor of madnes, which was to forswear the ful stream of the world, and to liue in a nooke meerly Monastick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way wil I take vpon mee to wash your Lier as cleane as a sound sheepes heart, that there shal not be one spot of Loue in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rosa-lind*, and come euerie day to my Coat, and woe me.

[Page R3v]

Orlan. Now by the faith of my loue, I will; Tel me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and Ile shew it you: and by the way, you shal tell me, where in the Forrest you liue: Wil you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call mee *Rosalind*: Come sister, will you go?

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Iaques.

Clo. Come apace good *Audrey*, I wil fetch vp your Goates, *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 Goats, as the most capricious Poet honest *Ouid* was among the Gothes.

Iaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worse then Ioue in a thatch'd house.

Clo. When a mans verses cannot be vnderstood, nor a mans good wit seconded with the forward childe, vnderstanding: it strikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poeticall.

Aud. I do not know what Poetical is: is it honest in deed and word: is it a true thing?

Clo. No trulie: for the truest poetrie is the most faining, and Louers are giuen to Poetrie: and what they sweare in Poetrie, may be said as Louers, they do feigne.

Aud. Do you wish then that the Gods had made me Poeticall?

Clow. I do truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might haue some hope thou didst feigne.

Aud. Would you not haue me honest?

Clo. No truly, vnlesse thou wert hard fauour'd: for honestie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a sawce to Sugar.

Iaq. A materiall foole.

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 slut, were to put good meate into an vncleane dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thanke the Goddes I am foule.

Clo. Well, praised be the Gods, for thy foulnesse; slut-tishnesse may come heereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I wil marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir *Oliuer Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meete me in this place of the Forrest, and to couple vs.

Iaq. I would faine see this meeting.

Aud. Wel, the Gods giue vs ioy.

Clo. Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt: for heere wee haue no Temple but the wood, no assembly but horne-beasts. But what though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are necessarie. It is said, many a man knowes 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, euen so poore men alone: No, no, the noblest Deere hath them as huge as the Rascal: Is the single man therefore blessed? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worthier then a village, so is the forehead 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 Oliuer Mar-text.

Heere comes Sir *Oliuer*: Sir *Oliuer Mar-text* you are wel met. Will you dispatch vs heere vnder this tree, or shal we go with you to your Chappell?

Ol. Is there none heere to giue the woman?

Clo. I wil not take her on guift of any man.

Ol. Truly she must be giuen, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Iaq. Proceed, proceede: Ile giue her.

Clo. Good euen good Mr what ye cal't: how do you Sir, you are verie well met: goddild you for your last companie, I am verie glad to see you, euen a toy in hand heere Sir: Nay, pray be couer'd.

Iaq. Wil you be married, Motley?

Clo. As the Oxe hath his bow sir, the horse his curb, and the Falcon her bels, so man hath his desires, and as Pigeons bill, so wedlocke would be nibling.

Iaq. And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be married vnder a bush like a begger? Get you to church, and haue a good Priest that can tel you what marriage is, this fellow wil but ioyne you together, as they ioyne Wainscot, then one of you wil proue a shrunke pannell, and like greene timber, 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 marrie me wel: and not being wel married, it wil be a good excuse for me heereafter, to leaue my wife.

Iaq. Goe thou with mee,
And let me counsel thee.

Ol. Come sweete *Audrey*,
We must be married, or we must liue in baudrey:
Farewel good Mr *Oliuer*: Not O sweet *Oliuer*, O braue *Oliuer* leaue me not behind thee: But winde away, bee gone I say, I wil not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantastical knaue of them all shal flout me out of my calling.

Exeunt

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Rosalind & Celia.

Ros. Neuer talke to me, I wil weepe.

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to consider,
that teares do not become a man.

Ros. But haue I not cause to weepe?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire,
Therefore weepe.

Ros. His very haire
Is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner then Iudasses:
Marrie his kisses are Iudasses owne children.

Ros. I'faith his haire is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour:
Your Chessnut was euer the onely colour:

Ros. And his kissing is as ful of sanctitie,
As the touch of holy bread.

[Page R4]

Cel. Hee hath bought a paire of cast lips of *Diana*: a
Nun of winters sisterhood kisses not more religiouslie,
the very yce of chastity is in them.

Rosa. But why did hee sweare hee would come this
morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

Ros. Doe you thinke so?

Cel. Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purse, nor a horse-stealer,
but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as
concaue as a couered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in loue?

Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

Ros. You haue heard him sweare downright he was.

Cel. Was, is not is: besides, the oath of Louer is no
stronger then the word of a Tapster, they are both the
confirmer of false reckonings, he attends here in the for-
rest 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 laugh'd and let mee goe. But what talke wee of Fathers, when there is such a man as *Orlando*?

Cel. O that's a braue man, hee writes braue verses, speakes braue words, sweares braue oathes, and breakes them brauely, quite trauers athwart the heart of his louer, as a puisny Tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breakes his staffe like a noble goose; but all's braue that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heere?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Mistresse and Master, you haue oft enquired After the Shepheard that complain'd of loue,
Who you saw sitting by me on the Turph,
Praising the proud disdainfull Shepherdesse
That was his Mistresse.

Cel. Well: and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truely plaid
Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue,
And the red glowe of scorne and prowd disdaine,
Goe hence a little, and I shall conduct you
If you will marke it.

Ros. O come, let vs remoue,
The sight of Louers feedeth those in loue:
Bring vs to this sight, and you shall say
Ile proue a busie actor in their play.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Siluius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* doe not scorne me, do not *Phebe*
Say that you loue me not, but say not so
In bitternesse; the common executioner
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard

Falls not the axe vpon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner 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 iniure thee:
Thou tellst me there is murder in mine eye,
'Tis pretty sure, and very probable,
That eyes that are the frailest, and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomyes,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers.
Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoound, why now fall downe,
Or if thou canst not, oh for shame, for shame,
Lye not, to say mine eyes are murtherers:
Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remaines
Some scarre of it: Leane vpon a rush
The Cicatrice and capable impresseure
Thy palme some moment keepes: but now mine eyes
Which I haue 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 euer (as that euer may be neere)
You meet in some fresh cheeke the power of fancie,
Then shall you know the wounds inuisible
That Loues keene arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mockes, pittie me not,
As till that time I shall not pittie 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 haue no beauty
As by my faith, I see no more in you
Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:

Must you be therefore proud and pittillesse?
Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me?
I see no more in you then in the ordinary
Of Natures sale-worke? 'ods my little life,
I thinke she meanes to tangle my eies too:
No faith proud Mistresse, hope not after it,
'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke silke haire,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheeke 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 fooles as you
That makes the world full of ill-fauour'd children:
'Tis not her glasse, but you that flatters her,
And out of you she sees her selfe more proper
Then any of her lineaments can show her:
But Mistris, know your selfe, downe on your knees
And thanke heauen, fasting, for a good mans loue;
For I must tell you friendly in your eare,
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 Shepheard, fareyouwell.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together,
I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe.

Ros. Hees falne in loue with your foulnesse, & shee'll
Fall in loue with my anger. If it be so, as fast
As she answeres thee with frowning lookes, ile sauce
Her with bitter words: why looke you so vpon me?

Phe. For no ill will I beare you.

Ros. I pray you do not fall in loue with mee,
For I am falsder 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 Sister: Shepheardesse, looke on him better
And be not proud, though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as hee.

[Page R4v]

Come, to our flocke,

Exit.

Phe. Dead Shepheard, now I find thy saw of might,
Who euer lov'd, that lou'd not at first sight?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe*.

Phe. Hah: what saist thou *Siluius*?

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* pittie me.

Phe. Why I am sorry for thee gentle *Siluius*.

Sil. Where euer sorrow is, reliefe would be:
If you doe sorrow at my grieve in loue,
By giuing loue your sorrow, and my grieve
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my loue, is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would haue you.

Phe. Why that were couetousnesse:
Siluius; the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue,
But since that thou canst talke of loue so well,
Thy company, which erst was irkesome to me
I will endure; and Ile employ thee too:
But doe not looke for further recompence
Then thine owne gladnesse, that thou art employd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my loue,
And I in such a pouerty of grace,
That I shall thinke it a most plenteous crop
To gleane the broken eares after the man
That the maine haruest reapes: loose now and then
A scattred smile, and that Ile liue vpon.

Phe. Knowst thou the youth that spoke to mee yere-while?

Sil. Not very well, but I haue met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds
That the old *Carlot* once was Master of.

Phe. Thinke not I loue him, though I ask for him,
'Tis but a peeuish boy, yet he talkes well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speakes them pleases those that heare:
It is a pretty youth, not very prettie,
But sure hee's proud, and yet his pride becomes him;
Hee'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster then his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heale it vp:
He is not very tall, yet for his yeeres hee's tall:
His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty rednesse in his lip,
A little riper, and more lustie red
Then that mixt in his cheeke: 'twas iust the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled Damaske.
There be some women *Siluius*, had they markt him
In parcells as I did, would haue gone neere
To fall in loue with him: but for my part
I loue him not, nor hate him not: and yet
Haue more cause to hate him then to loue him,
For what had he to doe to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my haire blacke,
And now I am remembred, scorn'd at me:
I maruell why I answer'd not againe,
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance:
Ile write to him a very tanting Letter,
And thou shalt beare it, wilt thou *Siluius*?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. Ile write it strait:
The matter's in my head, and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and passing short;
Goe with me *Siluius*.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia, and Iaques.

Iaq. I prethee, pretty youth, let me better acquainted with thee.

Ros They say you are a melancholly fellow.

Iaq. I am so: I doe loue it better then laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either, are abhominable fellowes, and betray themselues to euery moderne censure, worse then drunkards.

Iaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then 'tis good to be a poste.

Iaq. I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which is emulation: nor the Musitians, which is fantasticall; nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers, 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 simples, extracted from many obiects, and indeed the sundrie contemplation of my trauells, in which by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadnesse.

Ros. A Traueller: by my faith you haue great reason to be sad: I feare you haue sold your owne Lands, to see other mens; then to haue seene much, and to haue nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore hands.

Iaq. Yes, I haue gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather haue a foole to make me merrie, then experience to make me sad, and to trauaile for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happinesse, deere *Rosalind*.

Iaq. Nay then God buy you, and you talke in blanke verse.

Ros. Farewell Mounsieur Trauellor: looke you lispe, and weare strange suites; disable all the benefits of your owne Countrie: be out of loue with your natiuitie, and almost chide God for making you that

countenance you are; or I will scarce thinke you haue swam in a Gundello. Why how now *Orlando*, where haue you bin all this while? you a loue? and you serue me such another tricke, neuer come in my sight more.

Orl. My faire *Rosalind*, I come within an houre of my promise.

Ros. Breake an houres promise 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 said of him that *Cupid* hath clapt him oth' shoulder, but Ile warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me deere *Rosalind*.

Ros. Nay, and you be so tardie, come no more in my sight, I had as lief be woo'd of a Snaile.

Orl. Of a Snaile?

Ros. I, of a Snaile: for though he comes slowly, hee carries his house on his head; a better ioyncture I thinke then you make a woman: besides, he brings his destinie with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why hornes: which such as you are faine to be beholding to your wiues for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and preuents the slander of his wife.

[Page R5]

Orl. Vertue is no horne-maker: and my *Rosalind* is vertuous.

Ros. And I am your *Rosalind*.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so: but he hath a *Rosa-lind* of a better leere then you.

Ros. Come, wooe me, wooe mee: for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to consent: What would you say to me now, and I were your verie, verie *Rosalind*?

Orl. I would kisse before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speake first, and when you were grauel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take 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 denide?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreatie, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloued Mistris?

Ros. Marrie that should you if I were your Mistris, or I should thinke my honestie ranker then my wit.

Orl. What, of my suite?

Ros. Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your suite:

Am not I your *Rosalind*?

Orl. I take some ioy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not haue you.

Orl. Then in mine owne person, I die.

Ros. No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is almost six thousand yeeres old, and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne person (*videlicet*) in a loue cause: *Troilous* 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 patternes of loue. *Leander*, he would haue liu'd manie a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midsomer-night, for (good youth) he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the crampe, was droun'd, and the foolish Chronoclers of that age, found it was *Hero* of Cestos. But these are all lies, men haue died from time to time, and wormes 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.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a flie: but come,
now I will be your *Rosalind* in a more comming-on dis-
position: and aske me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then loue me *Rosalind*.

Ros. Yes faith will I, fridaies and saterdaies, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou haue me?

Ros. I, and twentie such.

Orl. What saiest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Rosalind. Why then, can one desire too much of a
good thing: Come sister, you shall be the Priest, and
marrie vs: giue me your hand *Orlando*: What doe you
say sister?

Orl. Pray thee marrie vs.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, will you *Orlando*.

Cel. Goe too: wil you *Orlando*, haue to wife this *Ro-salind*?

Orl. I will.

Ros. I, but when?

Orl. Why now, as fast as she can marrie vs.

Ros. Then you must say, I take thee *Rosalind* for
wife.

Orl. I take thee *Rosalind* for wife.

Ros. I might aske you for your Commission,
But I doe take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there's a
girle goes before the Priest, and certainly a Womans
thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts, they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would haue her, af-
ter you haue possest her?

Orl. For euer, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the euer: no, no *Orlando*, men are Aprill when they woe, December when they wed: Maides are May when they are maides, but the sky changes when they are wiues: I will bee more iealous 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 desires, then a monkey: I will weepe for nothing, like *Diana* in the Fountaine, & I wil do that when you are dispos'd to be merry: I will laugh like a Hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleepe.

Orl. But will my *Rosalind* doe so?

Ros. By my life, she will doe as I doe.

Orl. O but she is wise.

Ros. Or else shee could not haue the wit to doe this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doores vpon a womans wit, and it will out at the casement: shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: stop that, 'twill flie with the smoake out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, wit whether wil't?

Ros. Nay, you might keepe that checke for it, till you met your wiues wit going to your neighbours bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit haue, to excuse that?

Rosa. Marry to say, she came to seeke you there: you shall neuer take her without her answer, vnlesse you take her without her tongue: o that woman that cannot make her fault her husbands occasion, let her neuer nurse her childe her selfe, for she will breed it like a foole.

Orl. For these two houres *Rosalinde*, I wil leaue thee.

Ros. Alas, deere loue, I cannot lacke thee two houres.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner, by two a clock I will be with thee againe.

Ros. I, goe your waies, goe your waies: I knew what you would proue, my friends told mee as much, and I thought no lesse: that flattering tongue of yours wonne me: 'tis but one cast away, and so come death: two o' clocke is your howre.

Orl. I, sweet *Rosalind*.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend mee, and by all pretty oathes that are not dangerous, if you breake one iot of your promise, or come one minute behinde your houre, I will thinke you the most patheticall breake-promise, and the most hollow louer, and the most vnworthy of her you call *Rosalinde*, that may bee chosen out of the grosse band of the vnfaithfull: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no lesse religion, then if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind*: so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the olde Iustice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: adieu.

Exit.

Cel. You haue simply misus'd our sexe in your loue-prate: we must haue your doublet and hose pluckt ouer your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her owne neast.

[Page R5v]

Ros. O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathome deepe I am in loue: but it cannot bee sounded: my affection hath an vnknowne bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.

Cel. Or rather bottomlesse, that as fast as you poure affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked Bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiu'd of spleene, and borne of madnesse, that blinde rascally boy, that abuses euery ones eyes, because his owne are out, let him bee iudge, how deepe I am in loue: ile tell thee *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the sight of *Orlando*: Ile goe finde a shadow, and

sigh till he come.

Cel. And Ile sleepe.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iaques and Lords, Forresters.

Iaq. Which is he that killed the Deare?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Iaq. Let's present him to the Duke like a Romane
Conquerour, and it would doe well to set the Deares
horns vpon his head, for a branch of victory; haue you
no song Forrester for this purpose?

Lord. Yes Sir.

Iaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, so it
make noyse enough.

Musicke, Song.

*What shall he haue that kild the Deare?
His Leather skin, and hornes to weare:
Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen;
Take thou no scorne to weare the horne,
It was a crest ere thou wast borne,
Thy fathers father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The horne, the horne, the lusty horne,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorne.*

Exeunt.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. 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 Siluius.

He hath t'ane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth
To sleepe: looke who comes heere.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth,
My gentle *Phebe*, did bid me giue you this:
I know not the contents, but as I guesse
By the sterne brow, and waspish action
Which she did vse, as she was writing of it,
It beares an angry tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltlesse messenger.

Ros. Patience her selfe would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer, beare this, beare all:
Shee saies I am not faire, that I lacke manners,
She calls me proud, and that she could not loue me
Were man as rare as Phenix: 'od's my will,
Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt,
Why writes she so to me? well Shepheard, well,
This is a Letter of your owne deuce.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents,
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a foole,
And turn'd into the extremity of loue.
I saw her hand, she has a leatherne hand,
A freestone coloured hand: I verily did thinke
That her old gloues were on, but twas her hands:
She has a huswiues hand, but that's no matter:
I say she neuer did inuent this letter,
This is a mans inuention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Ros. Why, tis a boysterous and a cruell stile,
A stile for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turke to Christian: womens gentle braine
Could not drop forth such giant rude inuention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Then in their countenance: will you heare the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I neuer heard it yet:
Yet heard too much of *Phebes* crueltie.

Ros. She *Phebes* me: marke how the tyrant writes.

Read. Art thou god, to Shepherd turn'd?
That a maidens heart hath burn'd.
Can a woman raile thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros.

Read. Why, thy godhead laid a part,
War'st thou with a womans heart?
Did you euer heare such railing?
Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beast.
If the scorne of your bright eie
Haue power to raise such loue in mine,
Alacke, in me, what strange effect
Would they worke in milde aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did loue,
How then might your praiers moue?
He that brings this loue to thee,
Little knowes this Loue in me:
And by him seale vp thy minde,
Whether that thy youth and kinde
Will the faithfull offer take
Of me, and all that I can make,
Or else by him my loue denie,
And then Ile studie how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas poore Shepheard.

Ros. Doe you pittie him? No, he deserues no pittie:
wilt thou loue such a woman? what to make thee an in-
strument, and play false straines vpon thee? not to be en-dur'd.
Well, goe your way to her; (for I see Loue hath
made thee a tame snake) and say this to her; That if she
loue me, I charge her to loue thee: if she will not, I will
neuer haue her, vnlesse thou intreat for her: if you bee a
true louer hence, and not a word; for here comes more
company.

Enter Oliuer.

Oliu. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you know)
Where in the Purlews of this Forrest, stands
A sheep-coat, fenc'd about with Oliue-trees.

[Page R6]

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom
The ranke of Oziers, 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 fauour, and bestowes himselfe
Like a ripe sister: the woman low
And browner then her brother: are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth hee calls his *Rosalind*,
He sends this bloody napkin; are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we vnderstand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When last the yong *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promise to returne againe
Within an houre, and pacing through the Forrest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancie,
Loe what befell: he threw his eye aside,
And marke what object did present it selfe
Vnder an old Oake, whose bows were moss'd with age
And high top, bald with drie antiquitie:
A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire
Lay sleeping on his back; about his necke

A greene and guilded snake had wreath'd it selfe,
Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth: but sodainly
Seeing *Orlando*, it vnlink'd it selfe,
And with indented glides, did slip away
Into a bush, vnder which bushes shade
A Lyonnesse, with vdders all drawne drie,
Lay cowering head on ground, with catlike watch
When that the sleeping man should stirre; for 'tis
The royall disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing, that doth seeme as dead:
This scene, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O I haue heard him speake of that same brother,
And he did render him the most vnnaturall
That liu'd amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so doe,
For well I know he was vnnaturall.

Ros. But to *Orlando*: did he leaue him there
Food to the suck'd and hungry Lyonnesse?

Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd so:
But kindnesse, nobler euer then reuenge,
And Nature stronger then his iust occasion,
Made him giue battell to the Lyonnesse:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was't you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contriue to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I doe not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conuersion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by:
When from the first to last betwixt vs two,
Teares our recountments had most kindly bath'd,

As how I came into that Desert place.
In briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gaue me fresh aray, and entertainment,
Committing me vnto my brothers loue,
Who led me instantly vnto his Caue,
There stript himselfe, and heere vpon his arme
The Lyonesse had torne some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cride in fainting vpon *Rosalinde*.
Briefe, I recouer'd him, bound vp his wound,
And after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to giue 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; Cosen *Ganimed*.

Oli. Looke, he recouers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. Wee'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.

Ros. I doe so, I confesse it:

Ah, sirra, a body would thinke this was well counterfeited, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh-ho.

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I doe: but yfaith, I should haue beene a woman 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 answeere backe
How you excuse my brother, *Rosalind*.

Ros. 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.

Clow. We shall finde a time *Awdrie*, patience gentle *Awdrie*.

Awd. Faith the Priest was good enough, for all the olde gentlemans saying.

Clow. A most wicked Sir *Oliuer*, *Awdrie*, a most vile *Mar-text*. But *Awdrie*, there is a youth heere in the Forrest layes claime to you.

Awd. I, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in mee in the world: here comes the man you meane.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drinke to me to see a Clowne, by my troth, we that haue good wits, haue much to answer for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good eu'n *Audrey*.

Aud. God ye good eu'n *William*.

Will. And good eu'n to you Sir.

Clo. Good eu'n gentle friend. Couer thy head, couer thy head: Nay prethee bee couer'd. How olde are you Friend?

Will. Fiue and twentie Sir.

[Page R6v]

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, sir.

Clo. A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forrest heere?

Will. I sir, I thanke God.

Clo. Thanke God: A good answer:
Art rich?

Will. 'Faith sir, so, so.

Cle. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good:
and yet it is not, it is but so, so:
Art thou wise?

Will. I sir, I haue a prettie wit.

Clo. Why, thou saist well. I do now remember a saying: The Foole doth thinke he is wise, but the wiseman knowes himselfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a desire to eate a Grape, 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 loue this maid?

Will. I do sir.

Clo. Giue 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 Rhetoricke, that drink being powr'd out of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do consent, that *ipse* is hee: now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he sir?

Clo. He sir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leaue the societie: which in the boorish, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the society of this Female, or Clowne thou perishest: or to thy better vnderstanding, dyest; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life in-

to death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deale in poyson with thee, or in bastinado, or in steele: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will ore-run thee with policie: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do good *William*.

Will. God rest you merry sir.

Exit

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Master and Mistresse seekes you: come away, away.

Clo. Trip *Audry*, trip *Audry*, I attend,
I attend.

Exeunt

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Orlando & Oliuer.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should loue her? And louing woo? and wooing, she should graunt? And will you perseuer to enioy her?

Ol. Neither call the giddinesse of it in question; the pouertie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine wooing, nor sodaine consenting: but say with mee, I loue *Aliena*: say with her, that she loues mee; consent with both, that we may enioy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the reuennue, that was old Sir *Rowlands* will I estate vpon you, and heere liue and die a Shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orl. You haue my consent.
Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I
Inuite the Duke, and all's contented followers:

Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for looke you,
Heere comes my *Rosalinde*.

Ros. God saue you brother.

Ol. And you faire sister.

Ros. Oh my deere *Orlando*, how it greeues me to see
thee weare thy heart in a scarfe.

Orl. It is my arme.

Ros. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with
the clawes of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeyted
to sound, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there
was neuer any thing so sodaine, but the sight of two
Rammes, and *Cesars* Thrasonicall bragge of I came, saw,
and ouercome. For your brother, and my sister, no soo-
ner 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 sought the remedie: and in these
degrees, haue they made a paire of staires to marriage,
which they will climbe incontinent, or else bee inconti-
nent before marriage; they are in the verie wrath of
loue, 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 happines through another mans eies:
by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height
of heart heauinesse, by how much I shal thinke my bro-
ther happie, in hauing what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then to morrow, I cannot serue your turne
for *Rosalind*?

Orl. I can liue no longer by thinking.

Ros. 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 should beare a good opinion of my knowledge: insomuch (I say) I know you are: neither do I labor for a greater esteeme 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 haue since I was three yeare old conuerst with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue *Rosalinde* so neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your brother marries *Aliena*, shall you marrie her. I know into what straights of Fortune she is driuen, and it is not impossible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you, to set her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is, and without any danger.

[Page S1]

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life I do, which I tender deerly, though I say I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you shall: and to *Rosalind* if you will.

Enter Siluius & Phebe.

Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a louer of hers.

Phe. Youth, you haue done me much vngentlenesse, To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I haue: it is my studie To seeme despightfull and vngentle to you: you are there followed by a faithful shepheard, Looke vpon him, loue him: he worships you.

Phe. Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue

Sil. It is to be all made of sighes and teares, And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orl. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and seruice,
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orl. And I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes,
All adoration, dutie, and obseruance,
All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience,
All puritie, all triall, all obseruance:
And so am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And so am I for *Ganimed*.

Orl. And so am I for *Rosalind*.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. 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?

Ros. Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee
to loue you.

Orl. To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heare.

Ros. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling
of Irish Wolues against the Moone: I will helpe you
if I can: I would loue you if I could: To morrow meet
me altogether: I wil marrie you, if euer I marrie Wo-
man, and Ile be married to morrow: I will satisfie you,
if euer I satisfi'd man, and you shall bee married to mor-
row. I wil content you, if what pleases you contents
you, and you shal 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 wel: I haue left you com-
mands.

Sil. Ile not faile, if I liue.

Phe. Nor I.

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Clo. To morrow is the ioyfull day *Audrey*, to morow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world? Heere come two of the banish'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1.Pa. Wel met honest Gentleman.

Clo. By my troth well met: come, sit, sit, and a song.

2.Pa. We are for you, sit i'th middle.

1.Pa. Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, 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 lasse,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o're the greene corne feild did passe,
In the spring time, the onely pretty rang time.
When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet Louers loue the spring,
And therefore take the present time.
With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino,
For loue is crowned with the prime.
In spring time, &c.
Betweene the acres of the Rie,
With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino:
These prettie Country folks would lie.
In spring time, &c.
This Carroll they began that houre,
With a hey and a ho, & a hey nonino:*

*How that a life was but a Flower,
In spring time, &c.*

Clo. Truly yong Gentlemen, though there was no
great matter in the dittie, yet the note was very vntunable

I.Pa. you are deceiu'd Sir, we kept time, we lost 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 *Audrie*.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, Iaques, Orlando, Oliuer, Celia.

Du.Sen. Dost thou beleeeue *Orlando*, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do beleeeue, and somtimes do not,
As those that feare they hope, and know they feare.

Enter Rosalinde, Siluius, & Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our co[m]pact is vrg'd:
You say, if I bring in your *Rosalinde*,
You wil bestow her on *Orlando* heere?

Du.Se. That would I, had I kingdoms to giue with hir.

Ros. And you say you wil haue her, when I bring hir?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdomes King.

Ros. You say, you'l marrie me, if I be willing.

Phe. That will I, should I die the houre after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marrie me,
You'l giue your selfe to this most faithfull Shepheard.

Phe. So is the bargaine.

Ros. You say that you'l haue *Phebe* if she will.

Sil. Though to haue her and death, were both one thing.

[Page S1v]

Ros. I haue promis'd to make all this matter euen:
Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter,
You yours *Orlando*, to receiue his daughter:
Keepe you your word *Phebe*, that you'l marrie me,
Or else refusing me to wed this shepheard:
Keepe your word *Siluius*, that you'l marrie her
If she refuse me, and from hence I go
To make these doubts all euen.

Exit Ros. and Celia.

Du.Sen. I do remember in this shepheard boy,
Some liuely touches of my daughters fauour.

Orl. My Lord, the first time that I euer saw him,
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter:
But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne,
And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies, by his vnckle,
Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.

Iaq. 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
Foolles.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Iaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the
Motley-minded Gentleman, that I haue so often met in
the Forrest: 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 politicke with my friend, smooth with mine
emie, I haue vndone three Tailors, I haue had foure
quarrels, and like to haue fought one.

Iaq. And how was that tane vp?

Clo. 'Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vpon the seuenth cause.

Iaq. How seuenth cause? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Du.Se. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you sir, I desire you of the like: I presse in heere sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatiues to sweare, and to forswear, according as mariage binds and blood breakes: a poore virgin sir, an il-fauor'd thing sir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honestie dwels like a miser sir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oyster.

Du.Se. By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious

Clo. According to the fooles bolt sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Iaq. But for the seuenth cause. How did you finde the quarrell on the seuenth cause?

Clo. Vpon a lye, seuen times remoued: (beare your bodie more seeming *Audry*) as thus sir: I did dislike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him word againe, it was not well cut, he wold send me word he cut it to please himselfe: this is call'd the quip modest. If againe, it was not well cut, he disabled my iudgment: this is called, the reply churlish. If againe it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is call'd the reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold say, I lie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarrelsome: and so to lye circumstantiall, and the lye direct.

Iaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durst go no further then the lye circumstantial: nor he durst not giue me the lye direct: and so wee mea-sur'd swords, and parted.

Iaq. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the lye.

Clo. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you haue bookes for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous: the second, the Quip-modest: the third, the reply Churlish: the fourth, the Reproofe valiant: the fift, the Counterchecke quarrelsome: the sixt, the Lye with circumstance: the seauenth, the Lye direct: all these you may auoyd, but the Lye direct: and you may auoide that too, with an If. I knew when seuen Iustices could not take vp a Quarrell, but when the parties were met themselues, one of them thought but of an If; as if you saide so, then I saide so: and they shooke hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is the onely peace-maker: much vertue in if.

Iaq. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a foole.

Du.Se. He vses his folly like a stalking-horse, and vnder the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.

Still Musicke.

Hymen. Then is there mirth in heauen,
When earthly things made eauen
attone together.
Good Duke receiue thy daughter,
Hymen from Heauen brought her,
Yea brought her hether.
That thou mightst ioyne his hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosome is.

Ros. To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.
To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.

Du.Se. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my *Rosalind*.

Phe. If sight & shape be true, why then my loue adieu

Ros. Ile haue no Father, if you be not he:
Ile haue no Husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not shee.

Hy. Peace hoa: I barre confusion,
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange euent:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To ioyne in *Hymens* bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you, no crosse shall part;
You and you, are hart in hart:
You, to his loue must accord,
Or haue a Woman to your Lord.
You and you, are sure together,
As the Winter to fowle Weather:
Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing,
Feede your selues with questioning:
That reason, wonder may diminish
How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

*Wedding is great Iunos crowne,
O blessed bond of boord and bed:
'Tis Hymen peoples euerie towne,
High wedlock then be honored:
Honor, high honor and renowne
To Hymen, God of euerie Towne.*

Du.Se. O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me,
Euen daughter welcome, in no lesse degree.

[Page S2]

Phe. I wil not eate my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2.Bro. Let me haue 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 euerie day
Men of great worth resorted to this forrest,
Addrest a mightie power, which were on foote

In his owne conduct, purposely to take
His brother heere, 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 conuerted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother,
And all their Lands restor'd to him againe
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Du.Se. Welcome yong 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 Dukedome.
First, in this Forrest, let vs do those ends
That heere were well begun, and wel begot:
And after, euery of this happie number
That haue endur'd shrew'd daies, and nights with vs,
Shal share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie,
And fall into our Rusticke Reuelrie:
Play Musicke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,
With measure heap'd in ioy, 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 pompous Court.

2.Bro. He hath.

Iaq. To him will I: out of these conuertites,
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd:
you to your former Honor, I bequeath
your patience, and your vertue, well deserues it.
you to a loue, that your true faith doth merit:
you to your land, and loue, and great allies:
you to a long, and well-deserued bed:
And you to wrangling, for thy louing voyage
Is but for two moneths victuall'd: So to your pleasures,
I am for other, then for dancing meazures.

Du.Se. Stay, *Iaques*, stay.

Iaq. To see no pastime, I: what you would haue,
Ile stay to know, at your abandon'd caue.

Exit.

Du.Se. Proceed, proceed: wee'l begin these rights,
As we do trust, they'l end in true delights.

Exit

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epilogue: but it is no more vnhandsome, then to see the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do vse good bushes: and good playes proue the better by the helpe of good Epilogues: What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalfe of a good play? I am not furnish'd like a Begger, therefore to begge will not become mee. My way is to coniure you, and Ile 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 perceiue by your simpring, none of you hates them) that betweene you, and the women, the play may please. If I were a Woman, I would kisse as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defi'de not: And I am sure, as many as haue good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'sie, bid me farewell.

Exit.

FINIS.

Actus primus. Scaena Prima.

Enter Begger and Hostes, Christophero Sly.

Begger. Ile pheeze you infaith.

Host. A paire of stockes you rogue.

Beg. Y'are a baggage, the *Slies* are no Rogues. Looke in the Chronicles, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*: therefore *Pau-cas pallabris*, let the world slide: Sessa.

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you haue burst?

Beg. No, not a deniere: go by S[aint]. *Ieronimie*, goe to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

Host. I know my remedie, I must go fetch the Head-borough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile answere him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him come, and kindly.

Falles asleepe.

Winde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.

Lo. Huntsman I charge thee, tender wel my hounds,
Brach *Meriman*, the poore Curre is imbost,
And couple *Clowder* with the deepe-mouth'd brach,
Saw'st thou not boy how *Siluer* made it good
At the hedge corner, in the couldest fault,
I would not loose the dogge for twentie pound.

Hunts. Why *Belman* is as good as he my Lord,
He cried vpon it at the meerest losse,
And twice to day pick'd out the dullest sent,
Trust me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a Foole, if *Eccho* were as fleete,
I would esteeme him worth a dozen such:
But sup them well, and looke vnto them all,
To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Hunts. I will my Lord.

Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth
he breath?

2.Hun. He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd
with Ale, this were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. Oh monstrous beast, how like a swine he lyes.
Grim death, how foule and loathsome is thine image:
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in sweet cloathes: Rings put vpon his fingers:
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himselfe?

1.Hun. Beleeue me Lord, I thinke he cannot choose.

2.H. It would seem strange vnto him when he wak'd

Lord. Euen as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.
Then take him vp, and manage well the iest:
Carrie him gently to my fairest Chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balme his foule head in warme distilled waters,
And burne sweet Wood to make the Lodging sweete:
Procure me Musicke readie when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heauenly sound:
And if he chance to speake, be readie straight
(And with a lowe submissiue reuerence)
Say, what is it your Honor wil command:
Let one attend him with a siluer Bason
Full of Rose-water, and bestrew'd with Flowers,
Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper,
And say wilt please your Lordship coole your hands.
Some one be readie with a costly suite,
And aske him what apparrel he will weare:
Another tell him of his Hounds and Horse,

And that his Ladie mournes at his disease,
Perswade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,
And when he sayes he is, say that he dreames,
For he is nothing but a mightie Lord:
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs,
It wil be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modestie.

1.Hunts. My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part
As he shall thinke by our true diligence
He is no lesse then what we say he is.

Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sound trumpets.

Sirrah, go see what Trumpet 'tis that sounds,
Belike some Noble Gentleman that meanes
(Trauelling some iourney) to repose him heere.

Enter Seruingman.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your Honor, Players
That offer seruice to your Lordship.

Enter Players.

Lord. Bid them come neere:
Now fellowes, you are welcome.

Players. We thanke your Honor.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night?

2.Player. So please your Lordshippe to accept our
dutie.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he plaide a Farmers eldest sonne,
'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman so well:
I haue forgot your name: but sure that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sincklo. I thinke 'twas *Soto* that your honor meanes.

Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didst it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happie time,
The rather for I haue some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a Lord will heare you play to night;
But I am doubtfull of your modesties,
Least (ouer-eyng of his odde behauour,
For yet his honor neuer heard a play)
You breake into some merrie passion,
And so offend him: for I tell you sirs,
If you should smile, he growes impatient.

Plai. Feare not my Lord, we can contain our selues,
Were he the veriest anticke in the world.

Lord. Go sirra, take them to the Butterie,
And giue them friendly welcome euerie one,
Let them want nothing that my house affoord. *Exit one with the Players.*
Sirra go you to Bartholmew 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 loue)
He beare himselfe with honourable action,
Such as he hath obseru'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accomplished,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With soft lowe tongue, and lowly curtesie,
And say: What is't your Honor will command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May shew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
And then with kinde embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosome
Bid him shed teares, as being ouer-ioyed
To see her noble Lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seuen yeares hath esteemed him
No better then a poore and loathsome begger:
And if the boy haue not a womans guift
To raine a shower of commanded teares,
An Onion wil do well for such a shift,
Which in a Napkin (being close conuei'd)

Shall in despite enforce a waterie eie:

See this dispatch'd with all the hast thou canst,

Anon Ile giue thee more instructions.

Exit a seruingman.

I know the boy will wel vsurpe the grace,

Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:

I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,

And how my men will stay themselues from laughter,

When they do homage to this simple peasant,

Ile in to counsell them: haply my presence

May well abate the ouer-merrie spleene,

Which otherwise would grow into extreames.

*Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, some with apparel,
Bason and Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord.*

Beg. For Gods sake a pot of small Ale.

1.Ser. Wilt please your Lord drink a cup of sacke?

2.Ser. Wilt please your Honor taste of these Con-
serues?

3.Ser. What raiment wil your honor weare to day.

Beg. I am *Christophero Sly*, call not mee Honour nor
Lordship: I ne're drank sacke in my life: and if you giue
me any Conserues, giue me conserues of Beefe: nere ask
me what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doub-
lets then backes: no more stockings then legges: nor
no more shooes then feet, nay sometime more feete then
shooes, or such shooes as my toes looke through the o-uer-leather.

Lord. Heauen cease this idle humor in your Honor.
Oh that a mightie man of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteeme
Should be infused with so foule a spirit.

Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I *Chri-stopher
Slie*, old Slies sonne of Burton-heath, by byrth a
Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by transmutation a
Beare-heard, and now by present profession a Tinker.
Aske *Marrian Hacket* the fat Alewife of Wincot, if shee
know me not: if she say I am not xiiii.d. on the score for
sheere Ale, score me vp for the lyingst knaue in Christen
dome. What I am not bestraught: here's — —

3.*Man.* Oh this it is that makes your Ladie mourne.

2.*Man.* Oh this is it that makes your seruants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shuns your house
As beaten hence by your strange Lunacie.
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abiection lowly dreames:
Looke how thy seruants do attend on thee,
Each in his office readie at thy becke.
Wilt thou haue Musicke? Harke Apollo plaies, *Musick*
And twentie caged Nightingales do sing.
Or wilt thou sleepe? Wee'l haue thee to a Couch,
Softer and sweeter then the lustfull bed
On purpose trim'd vp for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walke: we wil bestrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horses shal be trap'd,
Their harnesses studded all with Gold and Pearle.
Dost thou loue hawking? Thou hast hawkes will soare
Abooue the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy hounds shall make the Welkin answer them
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1.*Man.* Say thou wilt course, thy gray-hounds are as swift
As breathed Stags: I fleetier then the Roe.

2.*M.* Dost thou loue pictures? we wil fetch thee strait
Adonis painted by a running brooke,
And Citherea all in sedges hid,
Which seeme to moue and wanton with her breath,
Euen as the wauing sedges play with winde.

Lord. Wee'l shew thee *Io*, as she was a Maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpriz'd,
As liuelie painted, as the deede was done.

3.*Man.* Or *Daphne* roming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shal sweare she bleeds,
And at that sight shal sad Apollo weepe,
So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou hast a Ladie farre more Beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.

1.Man. And til the teares that she hath shed for thee,
Like enuious flouds ore-run her louely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world,
And yet shee is inferiour to none.

Beg. Am I a Lord, and haue I such a Ladie?
Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now?
I do not sleepe: I see, I heare, I speake:
I smel sweet sauours, and I feelee soft things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,
And not a Tinker, nor Christopher Slie.
Well, bring our Ladie hither to our sight,
And once againe a pot o'th smallest Ale.

[Page S3v]

2.Man. Wilt please your mightinesse to wash your
hands:
Oh how we ioy to see your wit restor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
These fifteene yeeres you haue bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Beg. These fifteene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I neuer 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 vpon the Hostesse of the house,
And say you would present her at the Leete,
Because she brought stone-Iugs, and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Beg. I, the womans maide of the house.

3.Man. Why sir you know no house, nor no such maid
Nor no such men as you haue reckon'd vp,
As *Stephen Slie*, and old *Iohn Naps* of Greece,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twentie more such names and men as these,
Which neuer were, nor no man euer saw.

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 cal 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. *Alce* Madam, or *Ione* Madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else, so Lords cal Ladies

Beg. Madame wife, they say that I haue dream'd,
And slept aboue some fifteene yeare or more.

Lady. I, and the time seeme's thirty vnto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Beg. 'Tis much, seruants leaue me and her alone:
Madam vndresse you, 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 so, vntill the Sun be set.
For your Physitians haue expressely charg'd,
In perill to incurre your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Beg. I, it stands so that I may hardly tarry so long:
But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe: I
wil therefore tarrie in despite of the flesh & the blood

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant Comedie,
For so your doctors hold it very meete,
Seeing too much sadnesse hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurse of frenzie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thousand harmes, and lengthens life.

Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comon-
tie, a Christmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?

Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleasing stuffe.

Beg. What, houshold stuffe.

Lady. It is a kinde of history.

Beg. Well, we'l see't:
Come Madam wife sit by my side,
And let the world slip, we shall nere be yonger.

Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Triano.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see faire *Padua*, nurserie of Arts,
I am arriu'd for fruitfull *Lumbardie*,
The pleasant garden of great *Italy*,
And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie.
My trustie seruant well approu'd in all,
Heere let vs breath, and haply institute
A course of Learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa renowned for graue Citizens
Gaue me my being, and my father first
A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentiulij*,
Vincentio's sonne, brought vp in *Florence*,
It shall become to serue all hopes conceiu'd
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:
And therefore *Tranio*, for the time I studie,
Vertue and that part of Philosophie
Will I applie, that treats of happinesse,

By vertue specially to be atchieu'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I haue *Pisa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaues
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deepe,
And with sacietie seekes to quench his thirst.

Tra. Me Pardonato, gentle master mine:
I am in all affected as your selfe,
Glad that you thus continue your resolute,
To sucke the sweets of sweete Philosophie.
Onely (good master) while we do admire
This vertue, and this morall discipline,
Let's be no Stoickes, nor no stockes I pray,
Or so deuote to *Aristotles* checkes
As *Ouid*; be an out-cast quite abiur'd:
Balke Lodgicke with acquaintance that you haue,
And practise Rhetoricke in your common talke,
Musicke and Poesie vse, to quicken you,
The Mathematickes, and the Metaphysickes
Fall to them as you finde your stomacke serues you:
No profit growes, where is no pleasure tane:
In briefe sir, studie what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies *Tranio*, well dost thou aduise,
If *Biondello* thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put vs in readinesse,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friends (as time) in *Padua* shall beget.
But stay a while, what companie is this?

Tra. Master some shew to welcome vs to Towne.

*Enter Baptista with his two daughters, Katerina & Bianca,
Gremio a Pantelowne, Hortentio sister to Bianca.
Lucen. Tranio, stand by.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolu'd you know:
That is, not to bestow my yongest daughter,
Before I haue a husband for the elder:
If either of you both loue *Katherina*,
Because I know you well, and loue you well,
Leaue shall you haue to court her at your pleasure.

[Page S4]

Gre. To cart her rather. She's too rough for mee,
There, there *Hortensio*, will you any Wife?

Kate. I pray you sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates maid, how meane you that?
No mates for you,
Vnlesse you were of gentler milder mould.

Kate. I'faith sir, you shall neuer neede to feare,
I-wis it is not halfe way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd stoole,
And paint your face, and vse you like a foole.

Hor. From all such diuels, good Lord deliuer vs.

Gre. And me too, good Lord.

Tra. Husht master, heres some good pastime toward;
That wench is starke mad, or wonderfull froward.

Lucen. But in the others silence do I see,
Maids milde behauiour and sobrietie.
Peace *Tranio*.

Tra. Well said Mr, mum, and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soone make good
What I haue said, *Bianca* get you in,
And let it not displease thee good *Bianca*,
For I will loue thee nere the lesse my girle.

Kate. A pretty peate, it is best put finger in the eye,
and she knew why.

Bian. Sister content you, in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My bookes and instruments shall be my companie,
On them to looke, and practise by my selfe.

Luc. Harke *Tranio*, thou maist heare *Minerua* speak.

Hor. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange,
Sorrie am I that our good will effects
Bianca's greefe.

Gre. Why will you mew her vp
(Signior *Baptista*) for this fiend of hell,
And make her beare the pennance of her tongue.

Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am resolud:
Go in *Bianca*.
And for I know she taketh most delight
In Musicke, Instruments, and Poetry,
Schoolemasters will I keepe within my house,
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 liberall,
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And so farewell: *Katherina* you may stay,
For I haue more to commune with *Bianca*.

Exit.

Kate. Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What shall I be appointed houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leaue? Ha.

Exit

Gre. You may go to the diuels dam: your guifts are
so good heere's none will holde you: Their loue is not
so great *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nails together,
and fast it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both sides.
Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my sweet *Bianca*, if
I can by any meanes light on a fit man to teach her that
wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I signiour *Gremio*: but a word I pray:
Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd
parle, know now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs both: that
we may yet againe haue accesse to our faire Mistris, and
be happie riualls in *Bianca*'s loue, to labour and effect
one thing specially.

Gre. What's that I pray?

Hor. Marrie sir to get a husband for her Sister.

Gre. A husband: a diuell.

Hor. I say a husband.

Gre. I say, a diuell: Think'st thou *Hortensio*, though her father be 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 lowd alarums, why man there bee good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie with this condition; To be whipt at the hie crosse euerie morning.

Hor. Faith (as you say) there's small choise in rotten apples: but come, since this bar in law makes vs friends, it shall be so farre forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping *Baptistas* eldest daughter to a husband, wee set his yongest free for a husband, and then haue too't afresh: Sweet *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: hee that runnes fastest, gets the Ring: How say you signior *Gremio*?

Grem. I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the best horse in *Padua* to begin his woing that would thoroughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the house of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio

Tra. I pray sir tel me, is it possible
That loue should of a sodaine take such hold.

Luc. Oh *Tranio*, till I found it to be true,
I neuer thought it possible or likely.
But see, while idely I stood looking on,
I found the effect of Loue in idlenesse,
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 perish *Tranio*,
If I atchieue not this yong modest gyrl:
Counsaile me *Tranio*, for I know thou canst:

Assist 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 remaines but so,
Redime te captam quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies Lad: Go forward, this contents,
The rest wil comfort, for thy counsels sound.

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 sweet beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Ioue* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kist the Cretan strond.

Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how hir sister
Began to scold, and raise vp such a storme,
That mortal eares might hardly indure the din.

Luc. *Tranio*, I saw her corall lips to moue,
And with her breath she did perfume the ayre,
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to stirre him fro[m] his trance:
I pray awake sir: if you loue the Maide,
Bend thoughts and wits to atcheeue her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrew'd,
That til the Father rid his hands of her,
Master, your Loue must liue a maide at home,
And therefore has he closely meu'd her vp,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suters.

Luc. Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell Fathers he:
But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke some care
To get her cunning Schoolemasters to instruct her.

Tra. I marry am I sir, and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I haue it *Tranio*.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inuentions meet and iumpe in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

[Page S4v]

Tra. You will be schoole-master,
And vndertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your deuice.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible: for who shall beare your part,
And be in *Padua* heere *Vincentio's* sonne,
Keepe house, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Visit his Countrimen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta, content thee: for I haue it full.
We haue not yet bin seene in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces,
For man or master: then it followes thus;
Thou shalt be master, *Tranio* in my sted:
Keepe house, and port, and seruants, as I should,
I will some other be, some *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Pisa*.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so: *Tranio* at once
Vncase thee: take my Coulord hat and cloake,
When *Biondello* comes, he waites on thee,
But I will charme him first to keepe his tongue.

Tra. So had you neede:
In breefe Sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,
For so your father charg'd me at our parting:
Be seruiceable to my sonne (quoth he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another sense,
I am content to bee *Lucentio*,
Because so well I loue *Lucentio*.

Luc. Tranio be so, because *Lucentio* loues,
And let me be a slaue, t' atchieue that maide,
Whose sodaine sight hath thral'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? Maister, ha's my fellow *Tranio* stolne your
cloathes, or you stolne his, or both? Pray what's the
newes?

Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to iest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to saue my life,
Puts my apparrell, and my count'nance on,
And I for my escape haue put on his:
For in a quarrell since I came a-shore,
I kil'd a man, and feare I was descried:
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to saue my life:
You vnderstand me?

Bion. I sir, ne're a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Bion. The better for him, would I were so too.

Tra. So could I 'faith boy, to haue the next wish after, that *Lucentio* indeede had *Baptistas* yongest daughter. But sirra, not for my sake, but your masters, I advise you vse your manners discreetly in all kind of companies: When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio*: but in all places else, your master *Lucentio*.

Luc. Tranio let's go:
One thing more rests, that thy selfe execute,
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reasons are both good and waighty.

Exeunt. The Presenters aboue speakes.

I .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 peece of worke, Madame
Ladie: would 'twere done.

They sit and marke.

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 beloued and approued 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 heere soundly.

Gru. Knocke you heere sir? Why sir, what am I sir,
that I should knocke you heere sir.

Petr. Villaine I say, knocke me at this gate,
And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate.

Gru. My Mr is growne quarrelsome:
I should knocke you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Petr. Will it not be?
'Faith sirrah, and you'l not knocke, Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa*, and sing it.

He rings him by the eares

Gru. Helpe mistris helpe, my master is mad.

Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: sirrah villaine.

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?
Contutti le core bene trobatto, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa bene venuto multo honorata signi-
or mio Petruchio.*

Rise *Grumio* rise, we will compound this quarrell.

Gru. Nay 'tis no matter sir, what he leges in Latine.
If this be not a lawfull cause for me to leaue his seruice,
looke you sir: He bid me knocke him, & rap him sound-
ly sir. Well, was it fit for a seruant to vse his master so,

being perhaps (for ought I see) two and thirty, a peepe
out? Whom would to God I had well knockt at first,
then had not *Grumio* come by the worst.

Petr. A sencelesse villaine: good *Hortensio*,
I bad the rascall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knocke at the gate? O heauens: spake you not
these words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rappe me
heere: knocke me well, and knocke me soundly? 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 heauie chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient trustie pleasant seruant *Grumio*:
And tell me now (sweet friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*?

Petr. Such wind as scatters yongmen through the world,
To seeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where small experience growes but in a few.
Signior *Hortensio*, thus it stands with me,
Antonio my father is deceast,
And I haue thrust my selfe into this maze,
Happily to wiue and thriue, as best I may:
Crownes in my purse I haue, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

[Page S5]

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrew'd ill-fauour'd wife?
Thou'dst thanke me but a little for my counsell:
And yet Ile promise thee she shall be rich,
And verie rich: but th'art too much my friend,
And Ile not wish thee to her.

Petr. Signior *Hortensio*, 'twixt such friends as wee,
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio*'s wife:
(As wealth is burthen of my woing dance)
Be she as foule as was *Florentius* Loue,
As old as *Sibell*, and as curst and shrow'd

As *Socrates Zentippe*, or a worse:
She moues me not, or not remoues at least
Affections edge in me. Were she is as rough
As are the swelling *Adriaticke* seas.
I come to wiue it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua*.

Gru. Nay looke you sir, hee tels you flatly what his
minde is: why giue him Gold enough, and marrie him
to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a
tooth in her head, though she haue as manie diseases as
two and fiftie horses. Why nothing comes amisse, so
monie comes withall.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stept thus farre in,
I will continue that I broach'd in iest,
I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and beautious,
Brought vp as best becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her onely fault, and that is faults enough,
Is, that she is intollerable curst,
And shrow'd, and froward, so beyond all measure,
That were my state farre worser then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.

Petr. Hortensio peace: thou knowst not golds effect,
Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough:
For I will boord her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke.

Hor. Her father is *Baptista Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.

Petr. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well:
I wil not sleepe *Hortensio* til I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To giue you ouer at this first encounter,
Vnlesse you wil accompanie me thither.

Gru . I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts.
A my word, and she knew him as wel as I do, she would
thinke scolding would doe little good vpon him. Shee
may perhaps call him halfe a score Knaues, or so: Why
that's nothing; and he begin once, hee'l raile in his rope
trickes. Ile tell you what sir, and she stand him but a li-
tle, he wil throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure hir
with it, that shee shal haue no more eies to see withall
then a Cat: you know him not sir.

Hor. Tarrie *Petruchio*, I must go with thee,
For in *Baptistas* keepe my treasure is:
He hath the Iewel of my life in hold,
His yongest daughter, beautiful *Bianca*,
And her with-holds from me. Other more
Suters to her, and riuals in my Loue:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I haue before rehearst,
That euer *Katherina* wil be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath *Baptista* tane,
That none shal haue accesse vnto *Bianca*,
Til *Katherine* the Curst, haue got a husband.

Gru. *Katherine* the curst,
A title for a maide, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shal my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes,
To old *Baptista* as a schoole-master
Well seene in Musicke, to instruct *Bianca*,
That so I may by this deuice at least
Haue leaue and leisure to make loue to her,
And vnsuspected court her by her selfe.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio disguised.

Gru. Heere's no knauerie. See, to beguile the olde-folkes,
how the young folkes lay their heads together.
Master, master, looke about you: Who goes there? ha.

Hor. Peace *Grumio*, it is the riual of my Loue.
Petruchio stand by a while.

Grumio. A proper stripling, and an amorous.

Gremio. O very well, I haue perus'd the note:
Hearke you sir, Ile haue them verie fairely bound,
All bookes of Loue, see that at any hand,
And see you reade no other Lectures to her:
You vnderstand me. Ouer and beside
Signior *Baptistas* liberalitie,
Ile mend it with a Largesse. Take your paper too,
And let me haue them verie wel perfum'd;
For she is sweeter then perfume it selfe
To whom they go to: what wil you reade to her.

Luc. What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,
As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
As firmly as your selfe were still in place,
Yea and perhaps with more successefull words
Then you; vnlesse you were a scholler sir.

Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.

Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Asse it is.

Petru. Peace sirra.

Hor. *Grumio* mum: God saue you signior *Gremio*.

Gre. And you are wel met, Signior *Hortensio*.
Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptista Minola*,
I promist to enquire carefully
About a schoolemaster for the faire *Bianca*,
And by good fortune I haue lighted well
On this yong man: For learning and behauiour
Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman
Hath promist me to helpe one to another,
A fine Musitian to instruct our Mistris,
So shal I no whit be behinde in dutie
To faire *Bianca*, so beloued of me.

Gre. Beloued of me, and that my deeds shal proue.

Gru. And that his bags shal proue.

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our loue,
 Listen to me, and if you speake me faire,
 Ile tel you newes indifferent good for either.
 Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met
 Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
 Will vndertake to woo curst *Katherine*,
 Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowrie please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well:
Hortensio, haue you told him all her faults?

Petr. I know she is an irkesome brawling scold:
 If that be all Masters, I heare no harme.

Gre. No, sayst me so, friend? What Countreyman?

Petr. Borne in *Verona*, old *Butonios* sonne:
 My father dead, my fortune liues 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 haue a stomacke, too't a Gods name,
 You shal haue me assisting you in all.
 But will you woo this Wilde-cat?

Petr. Will I liue?

Gru. Wil he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.

Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
 Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?
 Haue I not in my time heard Lions rore?
 Haue I not heard the sea, puft vp with windes,
 Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with sweat?
 Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
 And heauens Artillerie thunder in the skies?
 Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
 Loud larums, neighing steeds, & trumpets clangue?
 And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
 That giues not halfe so great a blow to heare,
 As wil a Chesse-nut in a Farmers fire.
 Tush, tush, feare boyes with bugs.

Gru. For he feares none.

Grem. Hortensio hearke:
This Gentleman is happily arriu'd,
My minde presumes for his owne good, and yours.

Hor. I promist we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing whatsoere.

Gremio. And so we wil, prouided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God saue you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior *Baptista Minola*?

Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: ist he you
meane?

Tra. Euen he *Biondello*.

Gre. Hearke you sir, you meane not her to — —

Tra. Perhaps him and her sir, what haue you to do?

Petr. Not her that chides sir, at any hand I pray.

Tranio. I loue no chiders sir: *Biondello*, let's away.

Luc. Well begun *Tranio*.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:
Are you a sutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?

Tra. And if I be sir, is it any offence?

Gremio. No: if without more words you will get you
hence.

Tra. Why sir, I pray are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason I beseech you.

Gre. For this reason if you'l kno,
That she's the choise loue of Signior *Gremio*.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior *Hortensio*.

Tra. Softly my Masters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: 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 sutors haue, and me for one.
Faire *Laedaes* daughter had a thousand wooers,
Then well one more may faire *Bianca* haue;
And so she shall: *Lucentio* shal make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all.

Luc. Sir giue him head, I know hee'l proue a Iade.

Petr. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as aske you,
Did you yet euer see *Baptistas* daughter?

Tra. No sir, but heare I do that he hath two:
The one, as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other, for beauteous modestie.

Petr. Sir, sir, the first's for me, let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leaue 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 keepes from all accesse of sutors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Vntill the elder sister first be wed.
The yonger then is free, and not before.

Tranio. If it be so sir, that you are the man
Must steed vs all, and me amongst the rest:
And if you breake the ice, and do this seeke,
Atchieue the elder: set the yonger free,
For our accesse, whose hap shall be to haue her,
Wil not so gracelesse be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir you say wel, and wel you do conceiue,
And since you do professe to be a sutor,
You must as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,

To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tranio. Sir, I shal not be slacke, in signe whereof,
Please ye we may contriue this afternoone,
And quaffe carowes to our Mistresse health,
And do as aduersaries do in law,
Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.

Gru. Bion. Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon.

Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it so,
Petruchio, I shal be your *Been venuto*.

Exeunt.

Enter Katherina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister wrong me not, nor wrong your self,
To make a bondmaide and a slaue of mee,
That I disdaine: but for these other goods,
Vnbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my selfe,
Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,
Or what you will command me, wil I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders.

Kate. Of all thy sutors heere I charge tel
Whom thou lou'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bianca. Beleeue me sister, of all the men aliue,
I neuer yet beheld that speciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other.

Kate. Minion thou lvest: Is't not *Hortensio*?

Bian. If you affect him sister, heere I sweare
Ile pleade for you my selfe, but you shal haue him.

Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more,
You wil haue *Gremio* to keepe you faire.

Bian. Is it for him you do enuie me so?
Nay then you iest, and now I wel perceiue
You haue but iested with me all this while:
I prethee sister Kate, vntie my hands.

Ka. If that be iest, then all the rest was so.

Strikes her

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this insolence?

Bianca stand aside, poore gyrl she weepes:
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For shame thou Hilding of a diuellish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?
When did she crosse thee with a bitter word?

Kate. Her silence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd.

Flies after Bianca

Bap. What in my sight? *Bianca* get thee in.

Exit.

Kate. What will you not suffer me: Nay now I see
She is your treasure, she must haue a husband,
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your loue to her, leade Apes in hell.
Talke not to me, I will go sit and weepe,
Till I can finde occasion of reuenge.

Bap. Was euer Gentleman thus greeu'd as I?
But who comes heere.

*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 saue
you Gentlemen.

Pet. And you good sir: pray haue you not a daughter,
cal'd *Katerina*, faire and vertuous.

Bap. I haue a daughter sir, cal'd *Katerina*.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me signior *Gremio*, giue me leaue.
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 behauour,
Am bold to shew my selfe a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witnesse
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 Musicke, 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 *Litio*, borne in *Mantua*.

Bap. Y'are welcome sir, and he for your good sake.
But for my daughter *Katerine*, this I know,
She is not for your turne, the more my greefe.

Pet. I see 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. Sauing your tale *Petruchio*, I pray let vs that are
poore petitioners speake too? *Bacare*, you are meruay-
lous forward.

Pet. Oh, Pardon me signior *Gremio*, I would faine be
doing.

Gre. I doubt it not sir. But you will curse
Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift
Very gratefull, I am sure of it, to expresse
The like kindnesse my selfe, that haue beene
More kindly beholding to you then any:
Freely giue vnto this yong Scholler, that hath
Beene long studying at *Rhemes*, as cunning
In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages,
As the other in Musicke and Mathematickes:
His name is *Cambio*: pray accept his seruice.

Bap. A thousand thanks signior *Gremio*:

Welcome good *Cambio*. But gentle sir,
Me thinkes you walke like a stranger,
May I be so bold, to know the cause of your comming?

Tra. Pardon me sir, the boldnesse is mine owne,
That being a stranger in this Cittie heere,
Do make my selfe a sutor to your daughter,
Vnto *Bianca*, faire and vertuous:
Nor is your firme resolue vnknowne to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,
That vpon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may haue welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free accesse and fauour as the rest.
And toward the education of your daughters:
I heere bestow a simple instrument,
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 *Pisa* sir, sonne to *Vincentio*.

Bap. A mightie man of *Pisa* by report,
I know him well: you are verie welcome sir:
Take you the Lute, and you the set of bookes,
You shall go see your Pupils presently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Seruant.

Sirrah, leade these Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
These are their Tutors, bid them vse them well,
We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to thinke your selues.

Pet. Signior *Baptista*, my businesse asketh haste,
And euerie day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left solie heire to all his Lands and goods,
Which I haue bettered rather then decreast,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters loue,

What dowrie shall I haue with her to wife.

Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in possession twentie thousand Crownes.

Pet. And for that dowrie, Ile assure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that she suruiue me
In all my Lands and Leases whatsoeuer,
Let specialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,
That couenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. I, when the speciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her loue: for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as she proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do consume the thing that feedes their furie.
Though little fire growes great with little winde,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well maist thou woo, and happy be thy speed:
But be thou arm'd for some vnhappie words.

Pet. I to the prooffe, as Mountaines are for windes,
That shakes not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortensio with his head broke.

Bap. How now my friend, why dost thou looke so
pale?

Hor. For feare I promise you, if I looke pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter proue a good Musiti-
an?

Hor. I thinke she'l sooner proue a souldier,
Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes.

Bap. Why then thou canst not break her to the Lute?

Hor. Why no, for she hath broke the Lute to me:
I did but tell her she mistooke her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When (with a most impatient diuellish spirit)

[Page S6v]

Frets call you these? (quoth she) Ile fume with them:
And with that word she stroke me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way,
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,
While she did call me Rascall, Fidler,
And twangling Iacke, with twentie such vilde tearmes,
As had she studied to misvse me so.

Pet. Now by the world, it is a lustie Wench,
I loue her ten times more then ere I did,
Oh how I long to haue some chat with her.

Bap. Wel go with me, and be not so discomfited.
Proceed in practise with my yonger daughter,
She's apt to learne, and thankefull for good turnes:
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with vs,
Or shall I send my daughter *Kate* to you.

Exit. Manet Petruchio.

Pet. I pray you do. Ile attend her heere,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes,
Say that she raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,
She sings as sweetly as a Nightingale:
Say that she frowne, Ile say she lookes as cleere
As morning Roses newly washt with dew:
Say she be mute, and will not speake a word,
Then Ile commend her volubility,
And say she vttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me packe, Ile giue her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a weeke:
If she denie to wed, Ile craue the day
When I shall aske the banes, and when be married.
But heere she comes, and now *Petruchio* speake.

Enter Katerina.

Good morrow *Kate*, for thats your name I heare.

Kate. Well haue you heard, but something hard of
hearing:
They call me *Katerine*, that do talke of me.

Pet. You lye infaith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,
And bony *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst:
But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendome,
Kate of *Kate*-hall, my super-daintie *Kate*,
For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation,
Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in euery Towne,
Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
My selfe am moou'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kate. Mou'd, in good time, let him that mou'd you
hether
Remoue you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a mouable.

Pet. Why, what's a mouable?

Kat. A ioyn'd stoole.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come sit on me.

Kate. Asses are made to beare, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to beare, and so are you.

Kate. No such Iade 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 such a swaine as you to catch,
And yet as heauie as my waight should be.

Pet. Shold be, should: buzze.

Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh slow-wing'd Turtle, shal a buzard take thee?

Kat. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzard.

Pet. Come, come you Waspe, y'faith you are too
angrie.

Kate. If I be waspish, best 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 Waspe does weare
his sting? In his taile.

Kate. In his tongue?

Pet. Whose tongue.

Kate. Yours if you talke of tales, and so farewell.

Pet. What with my tongue in your taile.

Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman,

Kate. That Ile trie.

she strikes him

Pet. I sweare Ile cuffe you, if you strike againe.

Kate. So may you loose 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 Crest, a Coxcombe?

Pet. A comblesse Cocke, so *Kate* will be my Hen.

Kate. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a crauen

Pet. Nay come *Kate*, come: you must not looke so
sowre.

Kate. It is my fashion when I see a Crab.

Pet. Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not
sowre.

Kate. There is, there is.

Pet. Then shew it me.

Kate. Had I a glasse, I would.

Pet. What, you meane my face.

Kate. Well aym'd of such a yong one.

Pet. Now by S[aint]. 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*. Insooth you scape not so.

Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit, I finde you passing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I finde report a very liar:
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech: yet sweet as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a sconce,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be crosse in talke:
But thou with mildnesse entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft, and affable.
Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe?
Oh sland'rous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig
Is straight, and slender, and as browne in hue
As hazle nuts, and sweeter then the kernels:
Oh let me see thee walke: thou dost not halt.

Kate. Go foole, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did euer *Dian* so 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.

[Page T1]

Kate. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Petr. It is *extempore*, from my mother wit.

Kate. A witty mother, witlesse else her sonne.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kat. Yes, keepe you warme.

Pet. Marry so I meane sweet *Katherine* in thy bed:
And therefore setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plaine termes: your father hath consented
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 Baptista, Gremio, Trayno.

For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wilde *Kate* to a *Kate*
Conformable as other houshold *Kates*:
Heere comes your father, neuer make deniall,
I must, and will haue *Katherine* to my wife.

Bap. Now Signior *Petruchio*, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amisse.

Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your dumps?

Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promise you
You haue shewd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Iacke,
That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus, your selfe and all the world
That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amisse of her:
If she be curst, it is for pollicie,
For shee's not froward, but modest as the Doue,
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,
For patience shee will proue a second *Grissell*,
And Romane *Lucrece* for her chastitie:
And to conclude, we haue greed so well together,
That vpon sonday is the wedding day.

Kate. Ile see thee hang'd on sonday first.

Gre. Hark *Petruchio*, she saies shee'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay the[n] godnight our part.

Pet. Be patient gentlemen, I choose 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 curst in company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to beleeeue
How much she loues me: oh the kindest *Kate*,
Shee hung about my necke, and kisse on kisse

Shee vi'd so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twinke she won me to her loue.
Oh you are nouices, 'tis a world to see
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacocke wretch can make the curstest shrew:
Giue me thy hand *Kate*, I will vnto *Venice*
To buy apparell 'gainst the wedding day;
Prouide the feast father, and bid the guests,
I will be sure my *Katherine* shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say, but giue me your ha[n]ds,
God send you ioy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen say we, we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,
I will to *Venice*, sonday comes apace,
We will haue rings, and things, and fine array,
And kisse me *Kate*, we will be married a sonday.

Exit Petruchio and Katherine.

Gre. Was euer match clapt vp so sodainly?

Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part,
And venture madly on a desperate Mart.

Tra. Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,
'Twill bring you gaine, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gaine I seeke, is quiet me the match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now *Baptista*, to your yonger daughter,
Now is the day we long haue looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was suter first.

Tra. And I am one that loue *Bianca* more
Then words can wnesse, or your thoughts can guesse.

Gre. Yongling thou canst not loue so deare as I.

Tra. Gray-beard thy loue doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth frie,
Skipper stand backe, 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that florisheth.

Bap. Content you gentlemen, I wil co[m]pound this strife
'Tis deeds must win the prize, and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall haue my *Biancas* loue.
Say signior *Gremio*, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the City
Is richly furnished with plate and gold,
Basons and ewers to laue her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *tirian* tapestry:
In Iuory cofers I haue stufte my crownes:
In Cypres chests my arras counterpoints,
Costly apparell, tents, and Canopies,
Fine Linnen, Turkey cushions bost with pearle,
Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worke:
Pewter and brasse, and all things that belongs
To house or house-keeping: then at my farme
I haue a hundred milch-kine to the pale,
Sixe-score fat Oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
My selfe am strooke in yeeres I must confesse,
And if I die to morrow this is hers,
If whil'st I liue she will be onely mine.

Tra. That only came well in: sir, list to me,
I am my fathers heyre and onely sonne,
If I may haue your daughter to my wife,
Ile leaue her houses three or foure as good
Within rich *Pisa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,
Besides, two thousand Duckets by the yeere
Of fruitfull land, all which shall be her ioynter.
What, haue I pinchd you Signior *Gremio*?

Gre. Two thousand Duckets by the yeere of land,
My Land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall haue, besides an Argosie
That now is lying in Marcellus roade:
What, haue I choakt you with an Argosie?

Tra. *Gremio*, 'tis knowne my father hath no lesse
Then three great Argosies, besides two Galliasses
And twelue tite Gallies, these I will assure her,

And twice as much what ere thou offrest next.

Gre. Nay, I haue offred all, I haue no more,
And she can haue no more then all I haue,
If you like me, she shall haue me and mine.

Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firme promise, *Gremio* is out-vied.

Bap. I must confesse your offer is the best,
And let your father make her the assurance,
Shee is your owne, else you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cauill: he is olde, I young.

Gre. And may not yong men die as well as old?

Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus resolu'd,
On sonday next, you know
My daughter *Katherine* is to be married:
Now on the sonday following, shall *Bianca*
Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance:
If not, to Signior *Gremio*:
And so I take my leaue, and thanke you both.

Exit.

Gre. Adieu good neighbour: now I feare thee not:
Sirra, yong gamester, your father were a foole
To giue thee all, and in his wayning age
Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy,
An olde Italian foxe is not so kinde my boy.

Exit.

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,
Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to doe my master good:
I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio*
Must get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*,
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Doe get their children: but in this case of woing,
A childe shall get a sire, if I faile not of my cunning.

Exit.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbeare, you grow too forward Sir,
Haue you so soone forgot the entertainment
Her sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.

Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is
The patronesse of heauenly harmony:
Then giue me leaue to haue prerogatiue,
And when in Musicke we haue spent an houre,
Your Lecture shall haue leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous Asse that neuer read so farre,
To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd:
Was it not to refresh the minde of man
After his studies, or his vsuall paine?
Then giue me leaue to read Philosophy,
And while I pause, serue in your harmony.

Hort. Sirra, I will not beare these braues of thine.

Bianc. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To striue for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholler in the schooles,
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 sit we downe,
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd.

Hort. You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?

Luc. That will be neuer, tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Heere Madam: *Hic Ibat Simois, hic est sigeria tellus, hic steterat Priami regia Celsa senis.*

Bian. Conster them.

Luc. *Hic Ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lucentio*, *hic est*, sonne vnto *Vincentio* of *Pisa*, *Sigeria tel-lus*, disguised thus to get your loue, *hic steterat*, and that

Lucentio that comes a wooing, *priami*, is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis* that we might beguile the old Pantalowne.

Hort. Madam, my Instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's heare, oh fie, the treble iarres.

Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.

Bian. Now let mee see if I can conster it. *Hic ibat si-mois*, I know you not, *hic est sigeria tellus*, I trust you not, *hic staterat priami*, take heede he heare vs not, *regia* presume not, *Celsa senis*, despaire not.

Hort. Madam, tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hort. The base is right, 'tis the base knaue that iars.

Luc. How fiery and forward our Pedant is,
Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue,
Pedascule, Ile watch you better yet:
In time I may beleeeue, yet I mistrust.

Bian. Mistrust it not, for sure *Aeacides*
Was *Ajax* cald so from his grandfather.

Hort. I must beleeeue my master, else I promise you,
I should be arguing still vpon that doubt,
But let it rest, now *Litio* to you:
Good master take it not vnkindly pray
That I haue beene thus pleasant with you both.

Hort. You may go walk, and giue me leaue a while,
My Lessons make no musicke in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formall sir, well I must waite
And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,
Our fine Musitian groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learne the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamoth in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectuall,
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,

And there it is in writing fairely drawne.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe.

Hor. Yet read the gamouth of *Hortentio*.

Bian. Gamouth I am, the ground of all accord:
Are, to plead *Hortensio*'s passion:
Beeme, *Bianca* take him for thy Lord
*Cfau*t, that loues with all affection:
D sol re, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,
Ela mi, show pittie or I die,
Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,
Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice
To charge true rules for old inuentions.

Enter a Messenger.

Nicke. Mistresse, your father prayes you leaue your books,
And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber vp,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.

Bian. Farewell sweet masters both, I must be gone.

Luc. Faith Mistresse then I haue no cause to stay.

Hor. But I haue cause to pry into this pedant,
Methinkes he lookes as though he were in loue:
Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be so humble
To cast thy wandring eyes on euery stale:
Seize thee that List, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

Exit.

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 will be said, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-groome when the Priest attends
To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What saies *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?

Kate. No shame but mine, I must forsooth be forst

To giue my hand oppos'd against my heart
Vnto a mad-braine rudesby, full of spleene,
Who woo'd in haste, and meanes to wed at leysure:
I told you I, he was a franticke foole,
Hiding his bitter iests in blunt behauour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
Hee'll wooe a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, inuite, and proclaime the banes,
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now must the world point at poore *Katherine*,
And say, loe, there is mad *Petruchio's* wife
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptista* too,
Vpon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well,
What euer fortune stayes him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise,
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.

Kate. Would *Katherine* had neuer seen him though.

Exit weeping.

Bap. Goe girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,
For such an iniurie would vexe a very saint,
Much more a shrew of impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master, newes, and such newes as you
neuer heard of,

Bap. Is it new and olde too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not newes to heard of *Petruchio's* comming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why no sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is comming.

Bap. When will he be heere?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But say, what to thine olde newes?

Bion. Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat and an old ierkin, a paire of old breeches thrice turn'd; a paire of bootes that haue beene candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd: an olde rusty sword tane out of the Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapelesse: with two broken points: his horse hip'd with an olde mothie saddle, and stirrops of no kindred: besides possest with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, troubled with the Lampasse, infected with the fashions, full of Windegalls, sped with Spauins, raied with the Yellowes, past cure of the Fiues, starke spoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe, and shoulder-shotten, neere leg'd before, and with a halfe-checkt Bitte, & a headstall of sheepes leather, which being restrain'd to keepe him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth sixe times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairely set down in studs, and heere and there peec'd with packthred.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh sir, his Lackey, for all the world Capari-son'd like the horse: with a linnen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartred with a red and blew list; an old hat, & the humor of forty fancies prickt in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparell, & not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentlemans Lacky.

Tra. 'Tis some od humor pricks him to this fashion, Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he's come, howsoere he comes.

Bion. Why sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say hee comes?

Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?

Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came.

Bion. No sir, I say his horse comes with him on his backe.

Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay by S[aint]. *Iamy*, I hold you a penny, a horse and a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome sir.

Petr. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd as I wish you were.

Petr. Were it better I should rush in thus:
But where is *Kate*? where is my louely Bride?
How does my father? gentles methinkes you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some Commet, or vnusuall prodigie?

Bap. Why sir, you know this is your wedding day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come,
Now sadder that you come so vnprouided:
Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemne festiuall.

Tra. And tell vs what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so vnlike your selfe?

Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to heare,
Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,
Though in some part inforced to digresse,
Which at more leysure I will so excuse,
As you shall well be satisfied 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 visit her.

Bap. But thus I trust you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth euen thus: therefore ha done with words,
To me she's married, not vnto my cloathes:
Could I repaire what she will weare in me,
As I can change these poore accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my selfe.
But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my Bride?
And seale the title with a louely kisse.

Exit.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire,
We will perswade him be it possible,
To put on better ere he goe to Church.

Bap. Ile after him, and see the euent of this.

Exit.

Tra. But sir, Loue concerneth vs to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to passe
As before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne,
And he shall be *Vincentio* of *Pisa*,
And make assurance heere in *Padua*
Of greater summes then I haue promised,
So shall you quietly enioy your hope,
And marry sweet *Bianca* with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolemaster
Doth watch *Bianca's* steps so narrowly:
'Twere good me-thinkes to steale our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
Ile keepe mine owne despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we meane to looke into,
And watch our vantage in this businesse,
Wee'll ouer-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint Musician, amorous *Litio*,
All for my Masters sake *Lucentio*.

[Page T2v]

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?

Gre. As willingly as ere I came from schoole.

Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroome say you? 'tis a groome indeed,
A grumlling groome, and that the girle shall finde.

Tra. Curster then she, why 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why hee's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.

Tra. Why she's a deuill, a deuill, the deuils damme.

Gre. Tut, she's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:
He tell you sir *Lucentio*; when the Priest
Should aske if *Katherine* should be his wife,
I, by goggs woones quoth he, and swore so loud,
That all amaz'd the Priest let fall the booke,
And as he stoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him such a cuffe,
That downe fell Priest and booke, and booke and Priest,
Now take them vp quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench when he rose againe?

Gre. Trembled and shooke: for why, he stamp'd and
swore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after ma-
ny ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth
he, as if he had beene aboard carowsing to his Mates af-
ter a storme, quafft off the Muscadell, and threw the sops
all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reason, but that
his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and seem'd to aske
him sops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the
Bride about the necke, and kist her lips with such a cla-
mourous smacke, that at the parting all the Church did
eccho: and I seeing this, came thence for very shame, and
after mee I know the rout is comming, such a mad mar-
ryage neuer was before: harke, harke, I heare the min-
strels play.

Musicke playes.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista.

Petr. 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 so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore heere I meane to take my leaue.

Bap. Is't possible 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 thanke you all,
That haue beheld me giue away my selfe
To this most patient, sweet, and vertuous wife,
Dine with my father, drinke 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.

Gra. 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 loue me stay.

Pet. *Grumio*, my horse.

Gru. I sir, they be ready, the Oates haue eaten the
horses.

Kate. 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 iogging whiles your bootes are greene:
For me, Ile not be gone till I please my selfe,
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly surly groome,

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O *Kate* content thee, prethee be not angry.

Kat. I will be angry, what hast 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 resist.

Pet. They shall goe forward *Kate* at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Goe to the feast, reuell and domineere,
Carowse full measure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your selues:
But for my bonny *Kate*, she must with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor stampe, not stare, nor fret,
I will be master of what is mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My houshold-stuffe, my field, my barne,
My horse, my oxe, my asse, my any thing,
And heere she stands, touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with theeues,
Rescue thy Mistresse if thou be a man:
Feare 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.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.

Luc. Mistresse, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That being mad her selfe, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bride-groom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know there wants no iunkets at the feast:
Lucentio, you shall supply the Bridegroomes place,
And let *Bianca* take her sisters roome.

Tra. Shall sweet *Bianca* practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall *Lucentio*: come gentlemen lets goe.

Enter Grumio.

Exeunt.

Gru. Fie, fie on all tired Iades, on all mad Masters, &
all foule waies: was euer man so beaten? was euer man
so raide? was euer man so weary? I am sent before to
make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them:
now were not I a little pot, & soone 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 thaw me, but I with blowing the fire shall warme my
selfe: for considering the weather, a taller man then I
will take cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis*.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maist
slide from my shoulder to my heele, with no
greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good
Curtis.

Cur. Is my master and his wife comming *Grumio*?

Gru. Oh I *Curtis* I, and therefore fire, fire, cast on no
water.

Cur. Is she so hot a shrew 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 mistris, and my
selfe fellow *Curtis*.

Gru. Away you three inch foole, I am no beast.

[Page T3]

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complaine on thee to our mistris, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soone feele, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office.

Cur. I prethee good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world *Curtis* in euery office but thine, & therefore fire: do thy duty, and haue thy dutie, for my Master and mistris are almost frozen to death.

Cur. There's fire readie, and therefore good *Grumio* the newes.

Gru. Why Iacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as wilt thou.

Cur. Come, you are so full of conicatching.

Gru. Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is supper ready, the house trim'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept, the seruimgmen in their new fustian, the white stockings, and euery officer his wedding garment on? Be the Iackes faire within, the Gils faire without, the Carpets laide, and euerie thing in order?

Cur. All readie: and therefore I pray thee newes.

Gru. First know my horse is tired, my master & mistris falne out.

Cur. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the durt, and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine eare.

Cur. Heere.

Gru. There.

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis cal'd a sensible tale: and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beseech listening: now I begin, Inprimis wee came downe a fowle hill, my Master riding behinde my Mistris.

Cur. Both of one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crost me, thou shouldst haue heard how her horse fel, and she vnder her horse: thou shouldst haue heard in how miery a place, how she was bemoil'd, how hee left her with the horse vpon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the durt to plucke him off me: how he swore, how she prai'd, that neuer prai'd before: how I cried, how the horses ranne away, how her bridle was burst: how I lost my crupper, with manie things of worthy memorie, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou returne vnexperienc'd to thy graue.

Cur. By this reckning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. I, and that thou and the proudest of you all shall finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this? Call forth *Nathaniel, Ioseph, Nicholas, Phillip, Walter, Suggersop* and the rest: let their heads bee slickely comb'd, their blew coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit, let them curtsie with their left legges, and not presume to touch a haire of my Masters horse-taile, till they kisse their hands. Are they all readie?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you heare ho? you must meete my maister to countenance my mistris.

Gru. Why she hath a face of her owne.

Cur. Who knowes not that?

Gru. Thou it seemes, that cals for company to countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foure or fiue seruingmen.

Gru. Why she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home *Grumio*.

Phil. How now *Grumio*.

Ios. What *Grumio*.

Nick. Fellow *Grumio*.

Nat. How now old lad.

Gru. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fellow you: and thus much for greeting. Now my spruce companions, is all readie, and all things neate?

Nat. All things is readie, how neere is our master?

Gre. E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not — — Cockes passion, silence, I heare my master.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be these knaues? What no man at doore
To hold my stirrop, nor to take my horse?
Where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Phillip*.

All ser. Heere, heere sir, heere sir.

Pet. Heere sir, heere sir, heere sir, heere sir.
You logger-headed and vnpollisht groomes:
What? no attendance? no regard? no dutie?
Where is the foolish knaue I sent before?

Gru. Heere sir, as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You pezant, swain, you horson malt-horse drudg
Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
And bring along these rascal knaues with thee?

Grumio. *Nathaniels* coate sir was not fully made,
And *Gabrels* pumpes were all vnpinkt i'th heele:
There was no Linke to colour *Peters* hat,
And *Walters* dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Rafe*, and *Gregory*,
The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly,

Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you.

Pet. Go rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.
Where is the life that late I led?
Where are those? Sit downe *Kate*,
And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.

Ex. Ser.

Enter seruants with supper.

Why when I say? Nay good sweete *Kate* be merrie.
Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?
It was the Friar of Orders gray,
As he forth 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 *Troilus*? Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither:
One *Kate* that you must kisse, and be acquainted with.
Where are my Slippers? Shall I haue some water?
Come *Kate* and wash, & welcome heartily:
You horson villaine, will you let it fall?

[Page T3v]

Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling.

Pet. A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knaue:
Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomacke,
Will you giue thanks, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?
What's this, Mutton?

I. Ser. I.

Pet. Who brought it?

Peter. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:
What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?
How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser
And serue it thus to me that loue it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You heedlesse iolt-heads, and vnmanner'd slaues.
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.

Kate. I pray you husband be not so disquiet,
The meate was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressely am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of vs did fast,
Since of our selues, our selues are chollericke,
Then feede it with such ouer-rosted flesh:
Be patient, to morrow't shalbe mended,
And for this night we'l fast for companie.
Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber.

Exeunt.

Enter Seruants seuerally.

Nath. Peter didst euer see the like.

Peter. He kils her in her owne humor.

Grumio. Where is he?

Enter Curtis a Seruant.

Cur. In her chamber, making a sermon of continencie to her, and railes, and swears, and rates, that shee (poore soule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke, to speake, and sits as one new risen from a dreame. Away, away, for he is comming hither.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus haue I politickely begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end successefully:
My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing emptie,
And til she stoope, she must not be full gorg'd,
For then she neuer lookes vpon her lure.
Another way I haue to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keepers call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,
That baite, and beate, 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 meate, some vnderued fault

Ile finde about the making of the bed,
And heere Ile fling the pillow, there the boulder,
This way the Couerlet, another way the sheets:
I, and amid this hurlie I intend,
That all is done in reuerend care of her,
And in conclusion, she shal watch all night,
And if she chance to nod, Ile raile and brawle,
And with the clamor keepe her stil awake:
This is a way to kil a Wife with kindnesse,
And thus Ile curbe 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.

Tra. Is't possible friend *Lisio*, that mistris *Bianca*
Doth fancie any other but *Lucentio*,
I tel you sir, she beares me faire in hand.

Luc. Sir, to satisfie you in what I haue said,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Hor. Now Mistris, profit you in what you reade?

Bian. What Master reade you first, resolute me that?

Hor. I reade, that I professe the Art to loue.

Bian. And may you proue sir Master of your Art.

Luc. While you sweet deere proue Mistresse of my
heart.

Hor. Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray,
you that durst sweare that your Mistris *Bianca*
Lou'd me in the World so wel as *Lucentio*.

Tra. Oh despightful Loue, vnconstant womankind,
I tel thee *Lisio* this is wonderfull.

Hor. Mistake no more, I am not *Lisio*,
Nor a Musitian as I seeme to bee,
But one that scorne to liue in this disguise,

For such a one as leaues a Gentleman,
And makes a God of such a Cullion;
Know sir, that I am cal'd *Hortensio*.

Tra. Signior *Hortensio*, I haue often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,
And since mine eyes are witnesse of her lightnesse,
I wil with you, if you be so contented,
Forsweare *Bianca*, and her loue for euer.

Hor. See how they kisse and court: Signior *Lucentio*,
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow
Neuer to woo her more, but do forswear her
As one vnworthie all the former fauours
That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.

Tra. And heere I take the like vnfained oath,
Neuer to marrie with her, though she would intreate,
Fie on her, see how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forsworn
For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath.
I wil be married to a wealthy Widdow,
Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lou'd me,
As I haue lou'd this proud disdainful Haggard,
And so farewell signior *Lucentio*,
Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous looks
Shal win my loue, and so I take my leaue,
In resolution, as I swore before.

Tra. Mistris *Bianca*, blesse you with such grace,
As longeth to a Louers blessed case:
Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue,
And haue forsworne you with *Hortensio*.

Bian. *Tranio* you iest, but haue you both forsworne
mee?

Tra. Mistris we haue.

Luc. Then we are rid of *Lisio*.

Tra. I'faith hee'l haue a lustie Widdow now,
That shalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day.

Bian. God giue him ioy.

Tra. I, and hee'l tame her.

Bianca. He sayes so *Tranio*.

Tra. Faith he is gone vnto the taming schoole.

Bian. The taming schoole: what is there such a place?

Tra. I mistris, and *Petruchio* is the master,
That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,
To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh Master, master I haue watcht so long,
That I am dogge-wearie, but at last I spied
An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,
Wil serue the turne.

Tra. What is he *Biondello*?

Bio. Master, a Marcantant, or a pedant,
I know not what, but formall in apparrell,
In gate and countenance surely like a Father.

[Page T4]

Luc. And what of him *Tranio*?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
Ile make him glad to see me *Vincentio*,
And giue assurance to *Baptista Minola*.
As if he were the right *Vincentio*.

Par. Take me your loue, and then let me alone.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God saue you sir.

Tra. And you sir, you are welcome,
Trauaile you farre on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,
But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,
And so to Tripolie, if God lend me life.

Tra. What Countreyman I pray?

Ped. Of *Mantua*.

Tra. Of *Mantua* Sir, marrie God forbid,
And come to *Padua* carelesse of your life.

Ped. My life sir? how I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to *Padua*, know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at *Venice*, and the Duke
For priuate quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis meruaile, but that you are but newly come,
You might haue heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,
For I haue bils for monie by exchange
From *Florence*, and must heere deliuer them.

Tra. Wel sir, to do you courtesie,
This wil I do, and this I wil aduise you.
First tell me, haue you euer beene at *Pisa*?

Ped. I sir, in *Pisa* haue I often bin,
Pisa renowned for graue Citizens.

Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?

Ped. I know him not, but I haue heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father sir, and sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, & all one.

Tra. To saue your life in this extremitie,
This fauor wil I do you for his sake,
And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*.
His name and credite shal you vndertake,
And in my house you shal be friendly lodg'd,
Looke that you take vpon you as you should,
You vnderstand me sir: so shal you stay
Til you haue done your businesse in the Citie:
If this be court'sie sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh sir I do, and wil repute you euer
The patron of my life and libertie.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you vnderstand,
My father is heere look'd for euerie day,
To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage
'Twixt me, and one *Baptistas* daughter heere:
In all these circumstances Ile instruct you,
Go with me to cloath you as becomes you.

Exeunt.

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 famish me?
Beggars that come vnto my fathers doore,
Vpon intreatie haue a present almes,
If not, elsewhere they meete with charitie:
But I, who neuer knew how to intreat,
Nor neuer needed that I should intreate,
Am staru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of sleepe:
With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,
And that which spights me more then all these wants,
He does it vnder name of perfect loue:
As who should say, if I should sleepe or eate
'Twere deadly sicknesse, or else present death.
I prethee go, and get me some repast,
I care not what, so it be holsome foode.

Gru. What say you to a Neats foote?

Kate. 'Tis passing good, I prethee let me haue it.

Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate.
How say you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?

Kate. I like it well, good Grumio fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.
What say you to a peece of Beefe and Mustard?

Kate. A dish 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 rest.

Gru. Nay then I wil not, you shal haue 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 false deluding slaue,

Beats him.

That feed'st 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 say.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortensio with meate.

Petr. How fares my Kate, what sweeting all a-
mort?

Hor. Mistris, what cheere?

Kate. Faith as cold as can be.

Pet. Plucke vp thy spirits, looke cheerfully vpon me.
Heere Loue, thou seest how diligent I am,
To dresse thy meate my selfe, and bring it thee.
I am sure sweet Kate, this kindnesse merites thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lou'st it not:
And all my paines is sorted to no prooffe.
Heere take away this dish.

Kate. I pray you let it stand.

Pet. The poorest seruice is repaide with thanks,
And so shall mine before you touch the meate.

Kate. I thanke you sir.

Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are too blame:
Come Mistris Kate, Ile beare you companie.

Petr. Eate it vp all *Hortensio*, if thou louest mee:
Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:
Kate eate apace; and now my honie Loue,

Will we returne vnto thy Fathers house,
And reuell it as brauely as the best,
With silken coats and caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things:
With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brau'ry,
With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knau'ry.
What hast thou din'd? The Tailor staies thy leasure,
To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treasure.*Enter Tailor.*
Come Tailor, let vs see these ornaments.

[Page T4v]

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gowne. What newes with you sir?

Fel. Heere is the cap your Worship did bespeake.

Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,
A Veluet dish: Fie, fie, '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. Ile haue no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen weare such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall haue one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in hast.

Kate. Why sir I trust I may haue leaue to speake,
And speake I will. I am no childe, no babe,
Your betters haue indur'd me say my minde,
And if you cannot, best you stop your eares.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or els my heart concealing it wil breake,
And rather then it shall, I will be free,
Euen to the vttermost as I please in words.

Pet. Why thou saist true, it is paltrie cap,
A custard coffen, a bauble, a silken pie,
I loue thee well in that thou lik'st it not.

Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,
And it I will haue, or I will haue none.

Pet. Thy gowne, why I: come Tailor let vs see't.
Oh mercie God, what masking stuffe is heere?
Whats this? a sleeue? 'tis like demi cannon,
What, vp and downe caru'd like an apple Tart?
Heers snip, and nip, and cut, and slish and slash,
Like to a Censor in a barbers shoppe:
Why what a deuils name Tailor cal'st thou this?

Hor. I see shees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.

Tai. You bid me make it orderlie and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marrie and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marre it to the time.
Go hop me ouer euery kennell home,
For you shall hop without my custome sir:
Ile none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kate. I neuer saw a better fashion'd gowne,
More queint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.

Tail. She saies your Worship meanes to make a
puppet of her.

Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance:
Thou lvest, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brau'd in mine owne house with a skeine of thred:
Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt thinke on prating whil'st thou liu'st:
I tell thee I, that thou hast marr'd her gowne.

Tail. Your worship is deceiu'd, the gowne is made
Iust as my master had direction:
Grumio gaue order how it should be done.

Gru. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the stuffe.

Tail. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marrie sir with needle and thred.

Tail. But did you not request to haue it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things.

Tail. I haue.

Gru. Face not mee: thou hast brau'd manie men,
braue not me; I will neither bee fac'd nor brau'd. I say
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 testify.

Pet. Reade it.

Gru. The note lies in's throate if he say I said so.

Tail. Inprimis, a loose bodied gowne.

Gru. Master, if euer I said loose-bodied gowne, sow
me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bot-
tome of browne thred: I said a gowne.

Pet. Proceede.

Tai. With a small compast cape.

Gru. I confesse the cape.

Tai. With a trunke sleeue.

Gru. I confesse two sleeues.

Tai. The sleeues curiously cut.

Pet. I there's the villanie.

Gru. Error i'th bill sir, error i'th bill? I commanded
the sleeues should be cut out, and sow'd vp againe, and
that Ile proue vpon thee, though thy little finger be ar-
med 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 straight: take thou the bill, giue
me thy meat-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercie *Grumio*, then hee shall haue no
oddes.

Pet. Well sir in breefe the gowne is not for me.

Gru. You are i'th right sir, 'tis for my mistris.

Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy masters vse.

Gru. Villaine, not for thy life: Take vp my Mistresse
gowne for thy masters vse.

Pet. Why sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh sir, the conceit is deeper then you think for:
Take vp my Mistris gowne to his masters vse.
Oh fie, fie, fie.

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see 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 vnkindnesse of his hastie words:
Away I say, commend me to thy master.

Exit Tail.

Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will vnto your fathers,
Euen in these honest meane habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poore:
For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.
And as the Sunne breakes through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the Iay 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 meane array.
If thou accountedst it shame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolicke, 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 horses vnto Long-lane end,
There wil we mount, and thither walke on foote,
Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some seuen a clocke,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kate. I dare assure you sir, 'tis almost two,
And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seuen ere I go to horse:
 Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,
 You are still crossing it, sirs let't 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 sunne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call.

Ped. I what else, and but I be deceiued,
 Signior *Baptista* may remember me
 Neere twentie yeares a goe in *Genoa*.

Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegasus*,
 Tis well, and hold your owne in any case
 With such austeritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but sir here comes your boy,
 'Twere good he were school'd.

Tra. Feare you not him: sirra *Biondello*,
 Now doe your dutie throughlie I aduise you:
 Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.

Bion. Tut, feare not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to *Baptista*.

Bion. I told him that your father was at *Venice*,
 And that you look't for him this day in *Padua*,

Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,
 Here comes *Baptista*: set your countenance sir.

*Enter Baptista and Lucentio: Pedant booted
 and bare headed.*

Tra. Signior *Baptista* you are happilie met:
 Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
 I pray you stand good father to me now,
 Giue me *Bianca* for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft son: sir by your leaue, hauing com to *Padua*
To gather in some debts, my son *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a waighty cause
Of loue betweene your daughter and himselfe:
And for the good report I heare of you,
And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him: to stay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care
To haue him matcht, and if you please to like
No worse then I, vpon some agreement
Me shall you finde readie and willing
With one consent to haue her so bestowed:
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior *Baptista*, of whom I heare so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to say,
Your plainnesse and your shortnesse please me well:
Right true it is your sonne *Lucentio* here
Doth loue my daughter, and she loueth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections:
And therefore if you say no more then this,
That like a Father you will deale with him,
And passe my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your sonne shall haue my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thanke 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 haue eares, and I haue manie seruants,
Besides old *Gremio* is harkning still,
And happilie we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie: and there this night
Weele passe the businesse priuately and well:
Send for your daughter by your seruant here,
My Boy shall fetch the Scriuener presentlie,
The worst is this that at so slender warning,
You are like to haue a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:
Cambio hie 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.

Biond. I praie the gods she may withall my heart.

Exit.

Tran. Dallie not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior *Baptista*, shall I leade the way,
Welcome, one messe is like to be your cheere,
Come sir, we will better it in *Pisa*.

Bap. I follow you.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. *Cambio*.

Luc. What saist thou *Biondello*.

Biond. You saw my Master winke and laugh vpon
you?

Luc. *Biondello*, what of that?

Biond. Faith nothing: but has left mee here behinde
to expound the meaning or morrall of his signes and to-
kens.

Luc. I pray thee moralize them.

Biond. Then thus: *Baptista* is safe talking with the
deceiuing Father of a deceitfull sonne.

Luc. And what of him?

Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the
supper.

Luc. And then.

Bio. 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 are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *Cum preuilegio ad Impremendum solem*, to th' Church take the Priest, Clarke, and some sufficient honest witnesses: If this be not that you looke for, I haue no more to say, But bid *Bianca* farewell for euer and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou *Biondello*.

Biond. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoone as shee went to the Garden for Parseley 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, Ile 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.

Pet. I say it is the Moone that shines so bright.

Kate. I know it is the Sunne that shines so bright.

Pet. Now by my mothers sonne, and that's my selfe,
It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,
Or ere I iourney to your Fathers house:
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe,

[Page T5v]

Euermore crost and crost, nothing but crost.

Hort. Say as he saies, or we shall neuer goe.

Kate. Forward I pray, since we haue come so farre,
And be it moone, or sunne, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush 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 then you lye: it is the blessed Sunne.

Kate. Then God be blest, it is the blessed sun,
But sunne it is not, when you say it is not,
And the Moone changes euen as your minde:
What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is,
And so it shall be so for *Katherine*.

Hort. Petruchio, goe thy waies, the field is won.

Petr. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle should run,
And not vnluckily against the Bias:
But soft, Company is comming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Mistris, where away:
Tell me sweete *Kate*, and tell me truely too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman:
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:
What stars do spangle heauen with such beautie,
As those two eyes become that heauenly face?
Faire louely 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 fresh, & sweet,
Whether away, or whether is thy aboade?
Happy the Parents of so faire a childe;
Happier the man whom fauourable stars
A lots thee for his louely bedfellow.

Petr. Why how now *Kate*, I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinckled, faded, withered,
And not a Maiden, as thou saist he is.

Kate. Pardon old father my mistaking eies,
That haue bin so bedazled with the sunne,
That euery thing I looke on seemeth greene:
Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father:
Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.

Petr. Do good old grandsire, & withall make known
Which way thou trauellest, if along with vs,
We shall be ioyfull of thy companie.

Vin. Faire Sir, and you my merry Mistris,
That with your strange encounter much amasde me:
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Pisa*,
And bound I am to *Padua*, there to visite
A sonne of mine, which long I haue not scene.

Petr. What is his name?

Vinc. Lucentio gentle sir.

Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy sonne:
And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,
I may intitle thee my louing Father,
The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieued, she is of good esteeme,
Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth;
Beside, so qualified, as may beseeme
The Spouse of any noble Gentleman:
Let me imbrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to see thy honest sonne,
Who will of thy arriual be full ioyous.

Vinc. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant trauailors to breake a Iest
Vpon the companie you ouertake?

Hort. I doe assure thee father so it is.

Petr. Come goe along and see the truth hereof,
For our first merriment hath made thee iealous.

Exeunt.

Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart;
Haue to my Widdow, and if she froward,
Then hast thou taught *Hortentio* to be vntoward.

Exit.

*Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio
is out before.*

Biond. Softly and swiftly sir, for the Priest is ready.

Luc. I flie *Biondello*; but they may chance to neede
thee at home, therefore leaue vs.

Exit.

Biond. Nay faith, Ile see the Church a your backe,
and then come backe to my mistris as soone as I can.

Gre. I maruaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

*Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio
with Attendants.*

Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* house,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither must I, and here I leaue you sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drinke before you go,
I thinke I shall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood some cheere is toward.

Knock.

Grem. They're busie within, you were best knocke
lowder.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beat downe
the gate?

Vin. 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. Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe, hee shall neede none so long as I liue.

Petr. Nay, I told you your sonne was well beloued in *Padua*: doe you heare sir, to leaue friuolous circumstances, I pray you tell signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Pisa*, and is here at the doore to speake with him.

Ped. Thou liest his Father is come from *Padua*, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. I sir, so his mother saies, if I may belecue her.

Petr. Why how now gentleman: why this is flat kna-uerie to take vpon you another mans name.

Peda. Lay hands on the villaine, I belecue a meanes to cosen some bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bio. I haue seene them in the Church together, God send 'em good shipping: but who is here? mine old Master *Vincentio*: now wee are vndone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither crackhempe.

Bion. I hope I may choose Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot mee?

Biond. Forgot you, no sir: I could not forget you, for I neuer saw you before in all my life.

Vinc. What, you notorious villaine, didst thou neuer see thy Mistris father, *Vincentio*?

Bion. What my old worshipfull old master? yes marie sir see where he lookes out of the window.

Vin. Ist so indeede.

[Page T6]

He beates Biondello.

Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will murder me.

Pedan. Helpe, sonne, helpe signior *Baptista*.

Petr. Preethe *Kate* let's stand aside and see the end of this controuersie.

Enter Pedant with seruants, Baptista, Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my seruant?

Vinc. What am I sir: nay what are you sir: oh immortal Goddes: oh fine villaine, a silken doublet, a velvet hose, a scarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am vndone, I am vndone: while I plaie the good husband at home, my sonne and my seruant spend all at the vniuersitie.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman by your habit: but your words shew you a mad man: why sir, what cernes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold: I thank my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in *Bergamo*.

Bap. You mistake sir, you mistake sir, praie what do you thinke is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue brought him vp euer since he was three yeeres old, and his name is *Tranio*.

Ped. Awaie, awaie mad asse, his name is *Lucentio*, and he is mine onelie sonne and heire to the Lands of me signior *Vincentio*.

Ven. Lucentio: oh he hath mured his Master; laie hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my sonne, my sonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my son

Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knave to the Iaile: father *Baptista*, I charge you see that hee be forth comming.

Vinc. Carrie me to the Iaile?

Gre. Staie officer, he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talke not signior *Gremio*: I saie he shall goe to prison.

Gre. Take heede signior *Baptista*, least you be conicatcht in this businesse: I dare sweare this is the right *Vincentio*.

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'st.

Gre. Naie, I dare not sweare it.

Tran. Then thou wert best saie that I am not *Lu-centio*.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior *Lucentio*.

Bap. Awaie with the dotard, to the Iaile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianeu.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haild and abusd: oh monstrous villaine.

Bion. Oh we are spoil'd, and yonder he is, denie him, forswear him, or else we are all vndone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.

Luc. Pardon sweete father.

Kneele.

Vin. Liues my sweete sonne?

Bian. Pardon deere father.

Bap. How hast thou offended, where is *Lucentio*?

Luc. Here's *Lucentio*, right sonne to the right *Vin-centio*,

That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bleer'd thine eie.

Gre. Here's packing with a witnesse to deceiue vs all.

Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,
That fac'd and braued me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me is not this my *Cambio*?

Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio*.

Luc. Loue wrought these miracles. *Biancas* loue
Made me exchange my state with *Tranio*,
While he did beare my countenance in the towne,
And happilie I haue arriued at the last
Vnto the wished hauen of my blisse:
What *Tranio* did, my selfe enforst him to;
Then pardon him sweete Father for my sake.

Vin. Ile slit the villaines nose that would haue sent
me to the laile.

Bap. But doe you heare sir, haue you married my
daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Feare not *Baptista*, we will content you, goe to:
but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie.

Exit.

Bap. And I to sound the depth of this knauerie.

Exit.

Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*, thy father will not frown.

Exeunt.

Gre. My cake is dough, but Ile in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.

Kate. Husband let's follow, to see the end of this adoe.

Petr. First kisse me *Kate*, and we will.

Kate. What in the midst of the streete?

Petr. What art thou asham'd of me?

Kate. No sir, God forbid, but asham'd to kisse.

Petr. Why then let's home againe: Come Sirra let's
awaie.

Kate. Nay, I will giue thee a kisse, now praie thee
Loue staie.

Petr. Is not this well? come my sweete *Kate*.
Better once then neuer, for neuer to late.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

*Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and
Bianca. Tranio, Biondello Grumio, and Widdow:
The Seruingmen with Tranio bringing
in a Banquet.*

Luc. At last, though long, our iarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging warre is come,
To smile at scapes and perils ouerblowne:
My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome,
While I with selfesame kindnesse welcome thine:
Brother *Petruchio*, sister *Katerina*,
And thou *Hortentio* with thy louing *Widdow*:
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house,
My Banket is to close our stomakes vp
After our great good cheere: praie you sit downe,
For now we sit to chat as well as eate.

Petr. Nothing but sit and sit, and eate and eate.

Bap. *Padua* affords this kindnesse, sonne *Petruchio*.

Petr. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kinde.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now for my life *Hortentio* feares his Widow.

Wid. Then neuer trust me if I be affeard.

Petr. You are verie sencible, and yet you misse my
sence:

I meane *Hortentio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round.

Petr. Roundlie replied.

[Page T6v]

Kat. Mistris, how meane you that?

Wid. Thus I conceiue by him.

Petr. Conceiues by me, how likes *Hortentio* that?

Hor. My Widdow saies, thus she conceiues her tale.

Petr. Verie well mended: kisse him for that good Widdow.

Kat. He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round,
I praie you tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your housband being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husbands sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.

Kate. A verie meane meaning.

Wid. Right, I meane you.

Kat. And I am meane indeede, respecting you.

Petr. To her *Kate*.

Hor. To her *Widdow*.

Petr. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.

Hor. That's my office

Petr. Spoke like an Officer: ha to the lad.

Drinkes to Hortentio.

Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quicke witted folkes?

Gre. Beleeue me sir, they But together well.

Bian. Head, and but an hastie witted bodie,
Would say your Head and But were head and horne.

Vin. I Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?

Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile sleepe a-
gaine.

Petr. Nay that you shall not since you haue begun:
Haue at you for a better iest or too.

Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your Bow.
You are welcome all.

Exit Bianca.

Petr. She hath preuented me, here signior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
Therefore a health to all that shot and mist.

Tri. Oh sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master.

Petr. A good swift simile, but something 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 thanke thee for that gird good *Tranio*.

Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?

Petr. A has a little gald me I confesse:
And as the Iest did glaunce awaie from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too out right.

Bap. Now in good sadnesse sonne *Petruchio*,
I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Petr. Well, I say no: and therefore sir assurance,
Let's each one send vnto his wife,
And he 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 vpon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Petr. A match, 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Goe *Biondello*, bid your Mistris come to me.

Bio. I goe.

Exit.

Bap. Sonne, Ile be your halfe, *Bianca* comes.

Luc. Ile haue no halues: Ile beare it all my selfe.

Enter Biondello.

How now, what newes?

Bio. Sir, my Mistris sends you word
That she is busie, and she cannot come.

Petr. How? she's busie, and she cannot come: is that
an answere?

Gre. I, and a kinde one too:
Praise God sir your wife send you not a worse.

Petr. I hope better.

Hor. Sirra *Biondello*, goe and intreate my wife to
come to me forthwith.

Exit. Bion.

Pet. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then shee must needes
come.

Hor. I am affraid sir, doe what you can

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She saies you haue some goodly Iest in hand,
She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Petr. Worse and worse, she will not come:
Oh vilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirra *Grumio*, goe to your Mistris,
Say I command her come to me.

Exit.

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katerina.

Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katerina*.

Kat. What is your will sir, that you send for me?

Petr. Where is your sister, and *Hortensios* wife?

Kate. They sit conferring 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.

Hor. 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 short, what not, that's sweete and happie.

Bap. Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio*;
The wager thou hast won, and I will adde
Vnto their losses twentie thousand crownes,
Another dowrie to another daughter,
For she is chang'd as she had neuer bin.

Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more signe of her obedience,
Her new built vertue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wiues
As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion:
Katerine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bable, throw it vnderfoote.

Wid. Lord let me neuer haue a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a sillie passe.

Bian. Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?

Luc. I would your dutie were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your dutie faire *Bianca*,
Hath cost me five hundred crownes since supper time.

Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie.

Pet. Katherine I charge thee tell these head-strong
women, what dutie they doe owe their Lords and hus-
bands.

[Page V1]

Wid. Come, come, your mocking: we will haue no
telling.

Pet. Come on I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall, and first begin with her.

Kate. Fie, fie, vnknit that threatning vnkinde brow,
And dart not scornefull glances from those eies,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouvernour.
It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire budds,
And in no sence is meete or amiable.
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill seeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,
And while it is so, none so dry or thirstie
Will daigne to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy soueraigne: One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his body
To painfull labour, both by sea and land:
To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,
Whil'st thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,
And craues no other tribute at thy hands,
But loue, faire looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such dutie as the subiect owes the Prince,
Euen such a woman oweth to her husband:
And when she is froward, peeuish, sullen, sowre,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foule contending Rebell,

And gracelesse Traitor to her louing Lord?
I am asham'd that women are so simple,
To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:
Or seeke for rule, supremacie, and sway,
When they are bound to serue, loue, and obay.
Why are our bodies soft, and weake, 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 wormes,
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haplie more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I see our Launces are but strawes:
Our strength as weake, our weakenesse past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vale your stomackes, 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 kisse mee
Kate.

Luc. Well go thy waies olde 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*, wee'le 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 Petruchio

Horten. Now goe thy wayes, thou hast tam'd a curst
Shrow.

Luc. Tis a wonder, by your leaue, she wil be tam'd so.

FINIS.

Actus primus. Scoena Prima.

*Enter yong Bertram Count of Rossillion, his Mother, and
Helena, Lord Lafew, all in blacke.*

Mother. In deliuering my sonne from me, I burie a second husband.

Ros. And I in going Madam, weep ore my fathers death anew; but I must attend his maiesties command, to whom I am now in Ward, euermore in subiection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband Madame, you sir a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessitie hold his vertue to you, whose worthinesse 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 Phisitions Madam, vnder whose practises he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other aduantage in the processe, but onely the loosing of hope by time.

Mo. This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how sad a passage tis, whose skill was almost as great as his honestie, had it stretch'd so far, would haue made nature immortall, and death should haue play for lacke of worke. Would for the Kings sake hee were liuing, I thinke it would be the death of the Kings disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speake of Madam?

Mo. He was famous sir in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very latelie spoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: hee was skilfull enough to haue liu'd stil, if knowledge could

be set vp against mortallitie.

Ros. What is it (my good Lord) the King languishes of?

Laf. A Fistula my Lord.

Ros. 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 ouer looking. I haue those hopes of her good, that her education promises her dispositions shee inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer: for where an vncleane mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pittie, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplenesse; she deriues her honestie, and atcheeues her goodnesse.

Lafew. Your commendations Madam get from her teares.

Mo. 'Tis the best brine a Maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father neuer approches her heart, but the tirrany of her sorrowes takes all liuelihood from her cheeke. No more of this *Helena*, go too, no more least it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, then to haue — —

Hell. I doe affect a sorrow indeed, but I haue it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessiue Greefe the enemie to the liuing.

Mo. If the liuing be enemie to the Greefe, the excesse makes it soone mortall.

Ros. Maddam I desire your holie wishes.

Laf. How vnderstand we that?

Mo. Be thou blest *Bertrame*, and succeed thy father
In manners as in shape: thy blood and vertue
Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodnesse
Share with thy birth-right. Loue all, trust a few,
Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemie

Rather in power then vse: and keepe thy friend
Vnder thy owne lifes key. Be checkt for silence,
But neuer tax'd for speech. What heauen more wil,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers plucke downe,
Fall on thy head. Farwell my Lord,
'Tis an vnseason'd Courtier, good my Lord
Aduise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his loue.

Mo. Heauen blesse him: Farwell *Bertram*.

Ro. The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts
be seruants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your
Mistris, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell prettie Lady, you must hold the credit of your father.

Hell. O were that all, I thinke not on my father,
And these great teares grace his remembrance more
Then those I shed for him. What was he like?
I haue forgott him. My imagination
Carries no fauour in't but *Bertrams*.
I am vndone, there is no liuing, none,
If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one,
That I should loue a bright particuler starre,
And think to wed it, he is so aboue me
In his bright radience and colaterall light,
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere;
Th' ambition in my loue thus plagues it selfe:
The hind that would be mated by the Lion
Must die for loue. 'Twas prettie, though a plague
To see him euerie houre to sit and draw
His arched browes, his hawking eie, his curles
In our hearts table: heart too capeable
Of euerie line and tricke of his sweet fauour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie
Must sanctifie his Reliques. Who comes heere?

[Page V2]

Enter Parrolles.

One that goes with him: I loue him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Thinke him a great way foole, solie a coward,
Yet these fixt euils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when Vertues steely bones
Lookes bleake i'th cold wind: withall, full ofte we see
Cold wisdomes waighting on superfluous follie.

Par. Saue you faire Queene.

Hel. And you Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

Hel. I: you haue some staine of souldier in you: Let mee aske you a question. Man is enimie to virginitie, how may we barracado it against him?

Par. Keepe him out.

Hel. But he assailes, and our virginitie though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: vnfold to vs some war-like resistance.

Par. There is none: Man setting downe before you, will vndermine you, and blow you vp.

Hel. Blesse our poore Virginitie from vnderminers and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how Virgins might blow vp men?

Par. Virginitie beeing blowne downe, Man will quicklier be blowne vp: marry in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your selues made, you lose your Citty. It is not politicke, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preserue virginitie. Losse of Virginitie, is rationall encrease, and there was neuer Virgin goe, till virginitie was first lost. That you were made of, is mettall to make Virgins. Virginitie, by beeing once lost, may be ten times found: by being euer kept, it is euer lost: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with't.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die
a Virgin.

Par. There's little can bee saide in't, 'tis against the
rule of Nature. To speake on the part of virginitie, is
to accuse your Mothers; which is most infallible diso-
bedience. He that hangs himselfe is a Virgin: Virgini-
tie murthers it selfe, and should be buried in highwayes
out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate Offendresse a-
gainst Nature. Virginitie breedes mites, much like a
Cheese, consumes it selfe to the very payring, and so
dies with feeding his owne stomacke. Besides, Virgini-
tie is peeuish, proud, ydle, made of selfe-loue, which
is the most inhibited sinne 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 in-
crease, and the principall it selfe not much the worse.
Away with't.

Hel. How might one do sir, 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 lose the glosse with lying:
The longer kept, the lesse worth: Off with't while 'tis
vendible. Answer the time of request, Virginitie like
an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of fashion, richly
suted, but vnsuteable, iust like the brooch & the tooth-pick,
which were not now: your Date is better in your
Pye and your Porredge, then in your cheek: and your
virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French
wither'd peares, it lookes ill, it eates drily, marry 'tis a
wither'd peare: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a
wither'd peare: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet:
There shall your Master haue a thousand loues,
A Mother, and a Mistresse, and a friend,
A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,
A guide, a Goddesse, and a Soueraigne,
A Counsellor, a Traitoresse, and a Deare:
His humble ambition, proud humility:
His iarring, concord: and his discord, dulcet:

His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious christendomes
That blinking Cupid gossips. 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 ifaith?

Hel. That I wish 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,
Whose baser starres do shut vs vp in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And shew what we alone must thinke, which neuer
Returns vs thanks.

Enter Page.

Pag. Monsieur *Parrolles*,
My Lord cals for you.

Par. Little *Hellen* farewell, if I can remember thee, I
will thinke of thee at Court.

Hel. Monsieur *Parolles*, you were borne vnder a
charitable starre.

Par. Vnder *Mars* I.

Hel. I especially thinke, vnder *Mars*.

Par. Why vnder *Mars*?

Hel. The warres hath so kept you vnder, that you
must needes be borne vnder *Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde I thinke rather.

Par. Why thinke you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for aduantage.

Hel. So is running away,
When feare proposes the safetie:

But the composition that your valour and feare makes
in you, is a vertue of a good wing, and I like the
weare well.

Paroll. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answere
thee acutely: I will returne perfect Courtier, in the
which my instruction shall serue to naturalize thee, so
thou wilt be capeable of a Courtiers counsell, and vn-
derstand what aduice shall thrust vpon thee, else thou
diest in thine vnthankfulnes, and thine ignorance makes
thee away, farewell: When thou hast leysure, say thy
praier: when thou hast none, remember thy Friends:
Get thee a good husband, and vse him as he vses thee:
So farewell.

[Page V2v]

Hel. Our remedies oft in our selues do lye,
Which we ascribe to heauen: the fated skye
Giues vs free scope, onely doth backward pull
Our slow designes, when we our selues are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my loue so hye,
That makes me see, and cannot feede mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings
To ioyne like, likes; and kisse like natie things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their paines in sence, and do suppose
What hath beene, cannot be. Who euer stroue
To shew her merit, that did misse her loue?
(The Kings disease) my proiect may deceiue me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leaue me.

Exit

Flourish Cornets.

*Enter the King of France with Letters, and
diuers Attendants.*

King. The *Florentines* and *Senoyes* are by th' eares,
Haue fought with equall fortune, and continue
A brauing warre.

I.Lo.G. So tis reported sir.

King. Nay tis most credible, we heere receiue it,
A certaintie vouch'd from our Cosin *Austria*,
With caution, that the *Florentine* will moue vs
For speedie ayde: wherein our deerest friend
Preiudicates the businesse, and would seeme
To haue vs make deniall.

1.Lo.G. His loue and wisdom
Approu'd so to your Maiesty, may pleade
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And *Florence* is deni'de before he comes:
Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to see
The *Tuscan* seruice, freely haue they leaue
To stand on either part.

2.Lo.E. It well may serue
A nurserie to our Gentry, who are sicke
For breathing, and exploit.

King. What's he comes heere.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

1.Lor.G. It is the Count *Rosignoll* my good Lord,
Yong *Bertram*.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face,
Franke Nature rather curious then in hast
Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts
Maist thou inherit too: Welcome to *Paris*.

Ber. My thanks and dutie are your Maiesties.

Kin. I would I had that corporall soundnesse now,
As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship
First tride our souldiership: he did looke farre
Into the seruice of the time, and was
Discipl'd of the brauest. He lasted long,
But on vs both did haggish Age steale on,
And wore vs out of act: It much repaires me
To talke of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obserue
To day in our yong Lords: but they may iest

Till their owne scorne returne to them vnnoted
Ere they can hide their leuitie in honour:
So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride, or sharpnesse; if they were,
His equall had awak'd them, and his honour
Clocke to it selfe, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speake: and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
He vs'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes,
Making them proud of his humilitie,
In their poore praise he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copie to these yonger times;
Which followed well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance sir
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe:
So in approofe liues not his Epitaph,
As in your royall speech.

King. Would I were with him he would alwaies say,
(Me thinkes I heare him now) his plausiue words
He scatter'd not in eares, but grafted them
To grow there and to beare: Let me not liue,
This his good melancholly oft began
On the Catastrophe and heele of pastime
When it was out: Let me not liue (quoth hee)
After my flame lackes oyle, to be the snuffe
Of yonger spirits, whose apprehensiuie senses
All but new things disdaine; whose iudgements are
Meere fathers of their garments: whose constancies
Expire before their fashions: this he wish'd.
I after him, do after him wish too:
Since I nor wax nor honie can bring home,
I quickly were dissolued from my hiue
To giue some Labourers roome.

2.L.E. You'r loued Sir,
They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first.

Kin. I fill a place I know't: how long ist Count
Since the Physitian at your fathers died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six moneths since my Lord.

Kin. If he were liuing, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arme: the rest haue worne me out
With seuerall applications: Nature and sicknesse
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count,
My sonne's no deerer.

Ber. Thanke your Maiesty.

Exit

Flourish.

Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowne.

Coun. I will now heare, what say you of this gentle-
woman.

Ste. Maddam the care I haue had to euen your con-
tent, I wish might be found in the Kalender of my past
endeuours, for then we wound our Modestie, and make
foule the clearnesse of our deseruings, when of our selues
we publish them.

Coun. What doe's this knaue heere? Get you gone
sirra: the complaints I haue heard of you I do not all be-
leeue, 'tis my slownesse that I doe not: For I know you
lacke not folly to commit them, & haue abilitie enough
to make such knaueries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not vnknown to you Madam, I am a poore
fellow.

Coun. Well sir.

Clo. No maddam,
'Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie
of the rich are damn'd, but if I may haue your Ladiships
good will to goe to the world, *Isbell* the woman and I
will doe as we may.

Coun. Wilt thou needes be a begger?

[Page V3]

Clo. I doe beg your good will in this case.

Cou. In what case?

Clo. In *Isbels* case and mine owne: seruice is no heritage, and I thinke I shall neuer haue the blessing of God, till I haue issue a my bodie: for they say barnes are blessings.

Cou. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?

Clo. My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driuen on by the flesh, and hee must needes goe that the diuell driues.

Cou. Is this all your worships reason?

Clo. Faith Madam I haue other holie reasons, such as they are.

Cou. May the world know them?

Clo. I haue beene Madam a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that I may repent.

Cou. Thy marriage sooner then thy wickednesse.

Clo. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to haue friends for my wiues sake.

Cou. Such friends are thine enemies knaue.

Clo. Y'are shallow Madam in great friends, for the knaues come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of: he that eres my Land, spares my teame, and giues mee leaue to Inne the crop: if I be his cuckold hee's my drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; hee that cherishes my flesh and blood, loues my flesh and blood; he that loues my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend: if men could be contented to be what they are, there were no feare in marriage, for yong *Charbon* the Puritan, and old *Poysam* the Papist, how somere their hearts are seuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one, they may ioule horns together like any Deare i'th Herd.

Cou. Wilt thou euer be a foule mouth'd and calumnious knaue?

Clo. A Prophet I Madam, and I speake the truth the next waie, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full true shall finde, your marriage comes by destinie, your Cuckow sings by kinde.

Cou. Get you gone sir, Ile talke with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you Madam, that hee bid *Hellen* come to you, of her I am to speake.

Cou. Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would speake with her, *Hellen* I meane.

Clo. Was this faire face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked *Troy*,
Fond done, done, fond was this King *Priams* ioy,
With that she sighed as she stood, *bis*
And gaue this sentence then, among nine bad if one be
good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one
good in ten.

Cou. What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the song sirra.

Clo. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a purifying ath' song: would God would serue the world so all the yeere, weed finde no fault with the tithe woman if I were the Parson, one in ten quoth a? and wee might haue a good woman borne but ore euerie blazing starre, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lotterie well, a man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one.

Cou. Youle begone sir knaue, and doe as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at womans command, and yet no hurt done, though honestie be no Puritan, yet it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humilitie ouer the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am going forsooth, the businesse is for *Helen* to come hither.

Exit.

Cou. Well now.

Stew. I know Madam you loue your Gentlewoman intirely.

Cou. Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee, and she her selfe without other aduantage, may lawfullie make title to as much loue as shee findes, there is more owing her then is paid, and more shall be paid her then sheele demand.

Stew. Madam, I was verie late more neere her then I thinke shee wisht mee, alone shee was, and did communicate to her selfe her owne words to her owne eares, shee thought, I dare vowe for her, they toucht not anie stranger sence, her matter was, shee loued your Sonne; Fortune shee said was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates: Loue no god, that would not extend his might onelie, where qualities were leuell, Queene of Virgins, that would suffer her poore Knight surpris'd without rescue in the first assault or ransome afterward: This shee deliuer'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaime in, which I held my dutie speedily to acquaint you withall, sithence in the losse that may happen, it concernes you something to know it.

Cou. You haue discharg'd this honestlie, keepe it to your selfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this before, which hung so tottring in the ballance, that I could neither beleue nor misdoubt: praie you leaue mee, stall this in your bosome, and I thanke you for your honest care: I will speake with you further anon.

Exit Steward.

Enter Hellen.

Old.Cou. Euen so it was with me when I was yong:
If euer we are natures, these are ours, this thorne
Doth to our Rose of youth rightlie belong
Our bloud to vs, this to our blood is borne,

It is the show, and seale of natures truth,
Where loues strong passion is imprest in youth,
By our remembrances of daies forgon,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,
Her eie is sicke on't, I obserue her now.

Hell. What is your pleasure Madam?

Ol.Cou. You know *Hellen* I am a mother to you.

Hell. Mine honorable Mistris.

Ol.Cou. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I
sed 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 seene
Adoption striues with nature, and choise breeds
A natue slip to vs from forraine seedes:
You nere opprest me with a mothers groane,
Yet I expresse 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 messenger of wet?
The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?
— — Why, that you are my daughter?

[Page V3v]

Hell. That I am not.

Old.Cou. I say I am your Mother.

Hell. Pardon Madam.

The Count *Rosillion* cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honored name:
No note vpon my Parents, his all noble,
My Master, my deere Lord he is, and I
His seruant liue, and will his vassall die:
He must not be my brother.

Ol.Cou. 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 heauen,

So I were not his sister, cant no other,
But I your daughter, he must be my brother.

Old.Cou. Yes *Hellen*, you might be my daughter in law,
God shield you meane it not, daughter and mother
So striue vpon your pulse; what pale agen?
My feare hath catcht your fondnesse! now I see
The mistrie of your louelinesse, and finde
Your salt teares head, now to all sence 'tis grosse:
You loue my sonne, inuention is asham'd
Against the proclamation of thy passion
To say thou doost not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheekes
Confesse it 'ton tooth to th' other, and thine eies
See it so grosely showne in thy behauiours,
That in their kinde they speake it, onely sinne
And hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue
That truth should be suspected, speake, ist so?
If it be so, you haue wound a goodly clewe:
If it be not, forswear't how ere I charge thee,
As heauen shall worke in me for thine auaile
To tell me truelie.

Hell. Good Madam pardon me.

Cou. Do you loue my Sonne?

Hell. Your pardon noble Mistris.

Cou. Loue you my Sonne?

Hell. Doe not you loue him Madam?

Cou. Goe not about; my loue hath in't a bond
Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose:
The state of your affection, for your passions
Haue to the full appeach'd.

Hell. Then I confesse
Here on my knee, before high heauen and you,
That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I loue your
Sonne:
My friends were poore but honest, so's my loue:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is lou'd of me; I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suite,
Nor would I haue him, till I doe deserue him,
Yet neuer know how that desert should be:
I know I loue in vaine, striue against hope:
Yet in this captious, and intemible Siue.
I still poure in the waters of my loue
And lacke not to loose still; thus *Indian* like
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sunne that lookes vpon his worshipper,
But knowes of him no more. My deerest Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my loue,
For louing where you doe; but if your selfe,
Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,
Did euer, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastly, and loue dearely, that your *Dian*
Was both her selfe and loue, O then giue pittie
To her whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and giue where she is sure to loose;
That seekes not to finde that, her search implies,
But riddle like, liues sweetely where she dies.

Cou. Had you not lately an intent, speake truely,
To goe to *Paris*?

Hell. Madam I had.

Cou. Wherefore? tell true.

Hell. I will tell truth, by grace it selfe I sweare:
You know my Father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prou'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience, had collected
For generall soueraigntie: and that he wil'd me
In heedefull'st reseruatiō to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusiue were,
More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,
There is a remedie, approu'd, set downe,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The King is render'd lost.

Cou. This was your motiue for *Paris*, was it, speake?

Hell. My Lord, your sonne, made me to think of this;
Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conuersation of my thoughts,
Happily beene absent then.

Cou. But thinke you *Hellen*,
If you should tender your supposed aide,
He would receiue it? He and his Phisitions
Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him:
They, that they cannot helpe, how shall they credit
A poore vnlearned Virgin, when the Schooles
Embowel'd of their doctrine, haue left off
The danger to it selfe.

Hell. There's something in't
More then my Fathers skill, which was the great'st
Of his profession, that his good receipt,
Shall for my legacie be sanctified
Byth' luckiest stars in heauen, and would your honor
But giue me leaue to trie successe, I'de venture
The well lost life of mine, on his Graces cure,
By such a day, an houre.

Cou. Doo'st thou beleeeue't?

Hell. I Madam knowingly.

Cou. Why *Hellen* thou shalt haue my leaue and loue,
Meanes and attendants, and my louing greetings
To those of mine in Court, Ile staie at home
And praie Gods blessing into thy attempt:
Begon to morrow, and be sure of this,
What I can helpe thee to, thou shalt not misse.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

*Enter the King with diuers yong Lords, taking leaue for
the Florentine warre: Count, Rosse, and
Parrolles. Florish Cornets.*

King. Farewell yong Lords, these warlike principles
Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell:
Share the aduice betwixt you, if both gaine, all
The guift doth stretch it selfe as 'tis receiu'd,
And is enough for both.

Lord.G. 'Tis our hope sir,
After well entred souldiers, to returne
And finde your grace in health.

[Page V4]

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confesse he owes the mallady
That doth my life besiege: farwell yong Lords,
Whether I liue or die, be you the sonnes
Of worthy French men: let higher Italy
(Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last Monarchy) see that you come
Not to wooe honour, but to wed it, when
The brauest questant shrinkes: finde what you seeke,
That fame may cry you loud: I say farewell.

L.G. Health at your bidding serue your Maiesty.

King. Those girles of Italy, take heed of them,
They say our French, lacke language to deny
If they demand: beware of being Captiues
Before you serue.

Bo. Our hearts receiue your warnings.

King. Farewell, come hether to me.

1.Lo.G. Oh my sweet Lord that you wil stay behind vs.

Parr. 'Tis not his fault the spark.

2.Lo.E. Oh 'tis braue warres.

Parr. Most admirable, I haue seene those warres.

Rossill. I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,
Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.

Parr. And thy minde stand too't boy,
Steale away brauely.

Rossill. I shal stay here the for-horse to a smocke,
Creeking my shooes on the plaine Masonry,
Till honour be bought vp, and no sword worne
But one to dance with: by heauen, Ile steale away.

1.Lo.G. There's honour in the theft.

Parr. Commit it Count.

2.Lo.E. I am your accessary, and so farewell.

Ros. I grow to you, & our parting is a tortur'd body.

1.Lo.G. Farewell Captaine.

2.Lo.E. Sweet Mounsier *Parolles*.

Parr. Noble *Heroes*; my sword and yours are kinne,
good sparkes and lustrous, a word good mettals. You
shall finde in the Regiment of the Spinij, one Captaine
Spurio his sicatrice, with an Embleme of warre heere on
his sinister cheeke; it was this very sword entrench'd it:
say to him I liue, and obserue his reports for me.

Lo.G. We shall noble Captaine.

Parr. *Mars* doate on you for his nouices, what will
ye doe?

Ross. Stay the King.

Parr. Vse a more spacious ceremonie to the Noble
Lords, you haue restrain'd your selfe within the List of
too cold an adieu: be more expressiue to them; for they
weare themselues in the cap of the time, there do muster
true gate; eat, speake, and moue vnder the influence of
the most receiu'd starre, and though the deuill leade the
measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a
more dilated farewell.

Ross. And I will doe so.

Parr. Worthy fellowes, and like to prooue most si-
newie sword-men.

Exeunt.

Enter Lafew.

L.Laf. Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings.

King. Ile see thee to stand vp.

L.Laf. Then heres a man stands that has brought his pardon,
I would you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could so stand vp.

King. I would I had, so I had broke thy pate
And askt thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith a-crosse, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmitie?

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 sprightly fire and motion, whose simple touch
Is powerfull to arayse King *Pippen*, nay
To giue great *Charlemaine* a pen in's hand
And write to her a loue-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why doctor she: my Lord, there's one arriu'd,
If you will see her: now by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may conuay my thoughts
In this my light deliuerance, I haue spoke
With one, that in her sexe, her yeeres, profession,
Wisedome and constancy, hath amaz'd mee more
Then I dare blame my weakenesse: will you see her?
For that is her demand, and know her businesse?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now good *Lafew*,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondring how thou tookst it.

Laf. Nay, Ile fit you,
And not be all day neither.

King. Thus he his speciall nothing euer prologues.

Laf. Nay, come your waies.

Enter Hellen.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your waies,
This is his Maiestie, say your minde to him,
A Traitor you doe looke like, but such traitors
His Maiesty seldome feares, I am *Cresseds* Vncle,
That dare leaue two together, far you well.

Exit.

King. Now faire one, do's your busines follow vs?

Hel. I my good Lord,
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did professe, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him,
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,
Many receits he gaue me, chieflie one,
Which as the dearest issue of his practice
And of his olde experience, th' onlie 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 cause, wherein the honour
Of my deare fathers gift, stands cheefe in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humblenesse.

King. We thanke you maiden,
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned Doctors leaue vs, and
The congregated Colledge haue concluded,
That labouring Art can neuer ransome nature
From her inaydible estate: I say we must not
So staine our iudgement, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malladie
To empericks, or to disseuer so
Our great selfe and our credit, to esteeme

Hell. My dutie then shall pay me for my paines:
I will no more enforce mine office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,
A modest one to beare me backe againe.

King. I cannot giue thee lesse to be cal'd gratefull:
Thou thoughtst to helpe me, and such thanks I giue,
As one neere death to those that wish him liue:
But what at full I know, thou knowst no part,
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.

Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you set vp your rest 'gainst remedie:
He that of greatest workes is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy Writ, in babes hath iudgement showne,
When Iudges haue bin babes; great flouds haue flowne
From simple sources: and great Seas haue dried
When Miracles haue by the great'st beene denied.
Oft expectation failes, and most oft there
Where most it promises: and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despaire most shifts.

King. I must not heare thee, fare thee wel kind maide,
Thy paines not vs'd, must by thy selfe be paid,
Proffers not tooke, reape thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired Merit so by breath is bard,
It is not so with him that all things knowes
As 'tis with vs, that square our guesse by shoves:
But most it is presumption in vs, when
The help of heauen we count the act of men.
Deare sir, to my endeauors giue consent,
Of heauen, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Imposture, that proclaime
My selfe against the leuill of mine aime,
But know I thinke, and thinke I know most sure,
My Art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sunne shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring,
Ere twice in murke and occidentall dampe
Moist *Hesperus* hath quench'd her sleepy Lampe:
Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glasse
Hath told the theeuish minutes, how they passe:
What is infirme, from your sound parts shall flie,
Health shall liue free, and sicknesse freely dye.

King. Vpon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venter?

Hell. Taxe of impudence,
A strumpets boldnesse, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maidens name
Seard otherwise, ne worse of worst extended
With vildest torture, let my life be ended.

Kin. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerfull sound, within an organ weake:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sence, sence saues another way:
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happines and prime, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate,
Sweet practiser, thy Physicke I will try,
That ministers thine owne death if I die.

Hel. If I breake time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, vnpittied let me die,
And well deseru'd: not helping, death's my fee,
But if I helpe, what doe you promise me.

Kin. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it euen?

Kin. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.

Hel. Then shalt thou giue me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royall bloud of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one thy vassall, whom I know
Is free for me to aske, thee to bestow.

Kin. Heere is my hand, the premises obseru'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be seru'd:
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I
Thy resolv'd Patient, on thee still relye:
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know, could not be more to trust:
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, but rest
Vnquestion'd welcome, and vndoubted blest.
Giue me some helpe heere hoa, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

Florish. Exit.

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

Lady. Come on sir, I shall now put you to the height
of your breeding.

Clown. I will shew my selfe highly fed, and lowly
taught, I know my businesse is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you speciall,
when you put off that with such contempt, but to
the Court?

Clo. Truly Madam, if God haue lent a man any manners,
hee may easilie put it off at Court: hee that cannot
make a legge, put off's cap, kisse his hand, and say nothing,
has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow,
to say precisely, were not for the Court, but for me, I haue an
answere will serue all men.

Lady. Marry that's a bountifull answer that fits all
questions.

Clo. It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttockes, the pin buttocke, the quatch-buttocke, the brawn buttocke, or any buttocke.

Lady. Will your answere serue fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Atturney, as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as *Tibs* rush for *Toms* fore-finger, as a pancake for Shroue-tuesday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cuckold to his horne, as a scolding queane to a wrangling knaue, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth, nay as the pudding to his skin.

Lady. Haue you, I say, an answere of such fitnessse for all questions?

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Constable, it will fit any question.

Lady. It must be an answere of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned should speake truth of it: heere it is, and all that belongs to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, it shall doe you no harme to learne.

Lady. To be young againe if we could: I will bee a foole in question, hoping to bee the wiser by your answer.

[Page V5]

La. I pray you sir, are you a Courtier?

Clo. O Lord sir theres a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

La. Sir I am a poore freind of yours, that loues you.

Clo. O Lord sir, thicke, thicke, spare not me.

La. I thinke sir, you can eate none of this homely meate.

Clo. O Lord sir; nay put me too't, I warrant you.

La. You were lately whipt sir as I thinke.

Clo. O Lord sir, spare not me.

La. Doe you crie O Lord sir at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed your O Lord sir, is very sequent to your whipping: you would answere very well to a whipping if you were but bound too't.

Clo. I nere had worse lucke in my life in my O Lord sir: I see things may serue long, but not serue euer.

La. I play the noble huswife with the time, to entertaine it so merrily with a foole.

Clo. O Lord sir, why there't serues well agen.

La. And end sir to your businesse: giue *Hellen* this,
And vrge her to a present answer backe,
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my sonne,
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

La. Not much imployment for you, you vnderstand me.

Clo. Most fruitfully, I am there, before my legges.

La. Hast you agen.

Exeunt

Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.

Ol.Laf. They say miracles are past, and we haue our Philosophicall persons, to make moderne and familiar things supernaturall and causelesse. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terroures, ensconcing our selues into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our selues to an vnknowne feare.

Par. Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ros. And so 'tis.

Ol.Laf. To be relinquisht of the Artists.

Par. So I say both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*.

Ol.Laf. Of all the learned and authenticke fellowes.

Par. Right so I say.

Ol.Laf. That gaue him out incureable.

Par. Why there 'tis, so say I too.

Ol.Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of a — —

Ol.Laf. Vncertaine life, and sure death.

Par. Iust, you say well: so would I haue said.

Ol.Laf. I may truly say, it is a noueltie to the world.

Par. It is indeede if you will haue it in shewing, you shall reade it in what do ye call there.

Ol.Laf. A shewing of a heauenly effect in an earthly Actor.

Par. That's it, I would haue said, the verie same.

Ol.Laf. Why your Dolphin is not lustier: fore mee I speake in respect — —

Par. Nay 'tis strange, 'tis very straunge, that is the breefe and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinerious spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the — —

Ol.Laf. Very hand of heauen.

Par. I, so I say.

Ol.Laf. In a most weake — —

Par. And debile minister great power, great transcendence, which should indeede giue vs a further vse to be made, then alone the recou'ry of the king, as to bee

Old Laf. Generally thankfull.

Enter King, Hellen, and attendants.

Par. I would haue said it, you say well: heere comes the King.

Ol.Laf. Lustique, as the Dutchman saies: Ile like a maide the Better whil'st I haue a tooth in my head: why he's able to leade her a Carranto.

Par. *Mor 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 preseruer by thy patients side,
And with this healthfull hand whose banisht sence
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receyue
The confirmation of my promis'd guift,
Which but attends thy naming. Enter 3 or 4 Lords.
Faire Maide send forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell
Of Noble Batchellors, stand at my bestowing,
Ore whom both Soueraigne power, and fathers voice
I haue to vse; thy franke election make,
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you, one faire and vertuous Mistris;
Fall when loue please, marry to each but one.

Old Laf. I'de giue bay curtall, and his furniture
My mouth no more were broken then these boyes,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a Noble father.

She addresses her to a Lord.

Hel. Gentlemen, heauen hath through me, restor'd
the king to health.

All. We vnderstand it, and thanke heauen for you.

Hel. I am a simple Maide, and therein wealthiest
That I protest, I simply am a Maide:
Please it your Maiestie, I haue done already:
The blushes in my cheekes thus whisper mee,
We blush that thou shouldst choose, but be refused;
Let the white death sit on thy cheeke for euer,
Wee'l nere come there againe.

King. Make choise and see,
Who shuns thy loue, shuns all his loue in mee.

Hel. Now *Dian* from thy Altar do I fly,
And to imperiall loue, that God most high
Do my sighes streame: Sir, wil you heare my suite?

1.Lo. And grant it.

Hel. Thankes sir, all the rest is mute.

Ol.Laf. I had rather be in this choise, then throw
Ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honor sir that flames in your faire eyes,
Before I speake too threatningly replies:
Loue make your fortunes twentie times aboue
Her that so wishes, and her humble loue.

2.Lo. No better if you please.

Hel. My wish receiue,
Which great loue grant, and so I take my leaue.

Ol.Laf. Do all they denie her? And they were sons
of mine, I'de haue them whip'd, or I would send them
to'th Turke to make Eunuches of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take,
Ile neuer do you wrong for your owne sake:
Blessing vpon your vowes, and in your bed
Finde fairer fortune, if you euer wed.

Old Laf. These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none
haue heere: sure they are bastards to the English, the
French nere got em.

[Page V5v]

La. You are too young, too happie, and too good
To make your selfe a sonne out of my blood.

4.Lord. Faire one, I thinke not so.

Ol.Lord There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father
drunke wine. But if thou be'st not an asse, I am a youth
of fourteene: I haue knowne thee already.

Hel. I dare not say I take you, but I giue
Me and my seruice, euer whilst I liue
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 shal beseech your highnes
In such a busines, giue me leaue 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 neuer hope to know
why I should marrie her.

King. Thou know'st shee ha's rais'd me from my sick-
ly bed.

Ber. But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe
Must answer for your raising? I knowe her well:
Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge:
A poore Physitians daughter my wife? Disdaine
Rather corrupt me euer.

King. Tis onely title thou disdainst in her, the which
I can build vp: strange is it that our bloods
Of colour, waight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction: yet stands off
In differences so mightie. If she bee
All that is vertuous (saue what thou dislik'st)
A poore Phisitians daughter, thou dislik'st
Of vertue for the name: but doe not so:
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 dropsied honour. Good alone,
Is good without a name? Vilenesse is so:
The propertie by what is is, should go,
Not by the title. Shee is young, wise, faire,
In these, to Nature shee's immediate heire:
And these breed honour: that is honours scorne,
Which challenges it selfe as honours borne,
And is not like the sire: Honours thriue,
When rather from our acts we them deriue
Then our fore-goers: the meere words, a slaue
Debosh'd on euerie tombe, on euerie graue:
A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe,
Where dust, and damn'd obliuion is the Tombe.

Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be saide?
If thou canst like this creature, as a maide,
I can create the rest: Vertue, and shee
Is her owne dower: Honour and wealth, from mee.

Ber. I cannot loue her, nor will striue to doo't.

King. Thou wrong'st thy selfe, if thou shold'st striue
to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd my Lord, I'me glad:
Let the rest go.

King. My Honor's at the stake, which to defeate
I must produce my power. Heere, take her hand,
Proud scornfull boy, vnworthie this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle vp
My loue, and her desert: that canst not dreame,
We poizing vs in her defectiue scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beame: That wilt not know,
It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where
We please to haue it grow. Checke thy contempt:
Obey Our will, which trauailes in thy good:
Beleeue not thy disdain, but presentlie
Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes,
Or I will throw thee from my care for euer
Into the staggers, and the carelesse lapse
Of youth and ignorance: both my reuenge and hate
Loosing vpon thee, in the name of iustice,
Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine answer.

Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord: for I submit
My fancie to your eies, when I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it: I finde that she which late
Was in my Nobler thoughts, most base: is now
The praised of the King, who so ennobled,
Is as 'twere borne so.

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 repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

Kin. Good fortune, and the fauour of the King
Smile vpon this Contract: whose Ceremonie
Shall seeme expedient on the now borne briefe,
And be perform'd to night: the solemne Feast
Shall more attend vpon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lou'st her,
Thy loue's to me Religious: else, do's erre.

Exeunt

*Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commen-
ting of this wedding.*

Laf. Do you heare Monsieur? A word with you.

Par. Your pleasure sir.

Laf. Your Lord and Master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? My Lord? my Master?

Laf. I: Is it not a Language I speake?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to bee vnderstoode without bloudie succeeding. My Master?

Laf. Are you Companion to the Count *Rosillion*?

Par. To any Count, to all Counts: to what is man.

Laf. To what is Counts man: Counts maister is of another stile.

Par. You are too old sir: Let it satisfie you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee sirrah, 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 wise fellow, thou didst make tollerable vent of thy trauell, it might passe: yet the scarffes and the banerets about thee, did manifoldlie dissuade me from beleeuing thee a vessell of too great a burthen. I haue now

found thee, when I loose thee againe, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking vp, and that th'ourt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity vp-on thee.

Laf. Do not plundge thy selfe to farre in anger, least thou hasten thy triall: which if, Lord haue mercie on thee for a hen, so my good window of Lettice fare thee well, thy casement I neede not open, for I look through thee. Giue me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you giue me most egregious indignity.

[Page V6]

Laf. I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I haue not my Lord deseru'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. Eu'n as soone as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smacke a'th contrarie. If euer thou bee'st bound in thy skarfe and beaten, thou shall finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage, I haue a desire to holde my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say 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 giue me leaue.

Exit.

Par. Well, thou hast a sonne shall take this disgrace off me; scuruy, old, filthy, scuruy Lord: Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. Ile beate him (by my life) if I can meete him with any conuenience, and he were double and double a Lord. Ile haue no more pittie of his age then I would haue of — — Ile beate him, and if I could but meet him agen.

Enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirra, your Lord and masters married, there's newes for you: you haue a new Mistris.

Par. I most vnfaignedly beseech your Lordshippe to make some reseruatiō of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I serue aboue is my master.

Laf. Who? God.

Par. I sir.

Laf. The deuill it is, that's thy master. Why dooest thou garter vp thy armes a this fashion? Dost make hose of thy sleeues? Do other seruants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine Honor, if I were but two houres yonger, I'de beate thee: mee-think'st thou art a generall offence, and euery man shold beate thee: I thinke thou wast created for men to breath themselues vpon thee.

Par. This is hard and vndererued measure my Lord.

Laf. Go too sir, you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranat, you are a vagabond, and no true traueller: you are more sawcie with Lordes and honourable personages, then the Commission of your birth and vertue giues you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'de call you knaue. I leaue you.

Exit

Enter Count Rossillion.

Par. Good, very good, it is so then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.

Ros. Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer.

Par. What's the matter sweet-heart?

Rossill. Although before the solemne Priest I haue sworne, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what sweet heart?

Ros. O my *Parrolles*, they haue married me: Ile to the *Tuscan* warres, and neuer bed her.

Par. *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits,
The tread of a mans foot: too'th warres.

Ros. There's letters from my mother: What th' import is, I know not yet.

Par. I that would be knowne: too'th warrs my boy,
too'th warres:
He weares his honor in a boxe vnseene,
That hugges his kickie wickie heare at home,
Spending his manlie marrow in her armes
Which should sustaine the bound and high curuet
Of *Marses* fierie steed: to other Regions,
France is a stable, wee that dwell in't Iades,
Therefore too'th warre.

Ros. 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 durst not speake. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellowes strike: Warres is no strife
To the darke house, and the detected wife.

Par. Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art sure?

Ros. Go with me to my chamber, and aduice me.
Ile send her straight away: To morrow,
Ile to the warres, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why these bals bound, ther's noise in it. Tis hard
A yong man married, is a man that's mard:
Therefore away, and leaue her brauely: go,
The King ha's done you wrong: but hush 'tis so.

Exit

Enter Helena and Clowne.

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 thanks be gi-
uen she's very well, and wants nothing i'th world: but
yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be verie wel, what do's she ayle, that she's not verie well?

Clo. Truly she's very 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 send her quickly.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Blesse you my fortunate Ladie.

Hel. I hope sir I haue your good will to haue 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 she did as you say.

Par. Why I say nothing.

Clo. Marry you are the wiser man: for many a mans tongue shakes out his masters 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 beene 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 search sir was profitable, and much Foole may you find in you, euen to the worlds pleasure, and the encrease of laughter.

Par. A good knaue ifaith, and well fed.
 Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,
 A verie serrious 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:
 Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets
 Which they distill now in the curbed time,
 To make the comming houre oreflow with ioy,
 And pleasure drowne the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leaue a'th king,
 And make this hast as your owne good proceeding,
 Strengthened with what Apologie you thinke
 May make it probable neede.

Hel. What more commands hee?

Par. That hauing this obtain'd, you presentlie
 Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In euery thing I waite vpon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Exit Par.

Hell. I pray you come sirrah.

Exit

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him a
 souldier.

Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approofe.

Laf. You haue it from his owne deliuerance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimonie.

Laf. Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this Larke
 for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you my Lord he is very great in know-
 ledge, and accordinglie valiant.

Laf. I haue then sinn'd against his experience, and transgrest against his valour, and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: Heere he comes, I pray you make vs freinds, I will pursue the amitie.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done sir.

Laf. Pray you sir whose his Tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O I know him well, I sir, hee sirs a good worke-man, a verie good Tailor.

Ber. Is shee gone to the king?

Par. Shee is.

Ber. Will shee away to night?

Par. As you'le haue her.

Ber. I haue writ my letters, casketted my treasure,
Giuen order for our horses, and to night,
When I should take possession of the Bride,
And ere I doe begin.

Laf. A good Trauailer is something at the latter end of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and vses a known truth to passe a thousand nothings with, should bee once hard, and thrice beaten. God saue you Capitaine.

Ber. Is there any vnkindnes betweene my Lord and you Monsieur?

Par. I know not how I haue deserued to run into my Lords displeasure.

Laf. You haue made shift to run into't, bootes and spurres and all: like him that leapt into the Custard, and out of it you'le runne againe, rather then suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may bee you haue mistaken him my Lord.

Laf. And shall doe so euer, though I tooke him at's prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleeeue this of me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the soule of this man is his cloathes: 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 deserue at my hand, but we must do good against euill.

Par. An idle Lord, I sweare.

Ber. I thinke so.

Par. Why do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech Giues him a worthy passe. Heere comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I haue sir as I was commanded from you Spoke with the King, and haue procur'd his leaue For present parting, onely he desires Some priuate speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not meruaile *Helena* 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 driues me to intreate you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse then aske why I intreate you,
For my respects are better then they seeme,
And my appointments haue in them a neede
Greater then shewes 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, so
I leaue you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient seruant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And euer shall
With true obseruance seeke to eeke out that
Wherein toward me my homely starres haue faild
To equall my great fortune.

Ber. Let that goe: my hast is verie great. Farwell:
Hie 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 theefe, most faine would steale
What law does vouch mine owne.

Ber. What would you haue?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much: nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes,
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kisse.

Ber. I pray you stay not, but in hast to horse.

Hel. I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farwell.

Exit

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I wil neuer come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or heare 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 fundamentall reasons of this warre,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.

[Page X1]

I.Lord. Holy seemes the quarrell
Vpon your Graces part: blacke and fearefull
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we meruaile much our Cosin France
Would in so iust a businesse, shut his bosome
Against our borrowing prayers.

French E. Good my Lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yeelde,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a Counsaile frames,
By selfe vnable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I thinke of it, since I haue found
My selfe in my incertaine grounds to faile
As often as I guest.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

Fren.G. But I am sure the yonger of our nature,
That surfet on their ease, will day by day
Come heere for Physicke.

Duke. Welcome shall they bee:
And all the honors that can flye from vs,
Shall on them settle: you know your places well,
When better fall, for your auailles they fell,
To morrow to'th the field.

Flourish.

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

Count. It hath happen'd all, as I would haue had it, saue
that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a ve-
rie melancholly man.

Count. By what obseruance I pray you.

Clo. Why he will looke vpon his boote, and sing:
mend the Ruffe and sing, aske questions and sing, picke
his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this tricke of
melancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a song.

Lad. Let me see what he writes, and when he meanes to come.

Clow. I haue no minde to *Isbell* since I was at Court. Our old Lings, and our *Isbels* a'th Country, are nothing like your old Ling and your *Isbels* a'th Court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to loue, 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, shee hath recouered the King, and vndone me: I haue wedded her, not bedded her, and sworne to make the not eternall. You shall heare I am runne away, know it before the report come. If there bee bredth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you. Your vnfortunate sonne,
Bertram.

This is not well rash and vnbridled boy,
To flye the fauours of so good a King,
To plucke his indignation on thy head,
By the misprising of a Maide too vertuous
For the contempt of Empire.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. O Madam, yonder is heauie newes within betweene two souldiers, and my yong Ladie.

La. What is the matter.

Clo. Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some comfort, your sonne will not be kild so soone as I thoght he would.

La. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he does, the danger is in standing too't, that's the losse of men, though it be the getting of children. Heere they come will tell you more. For my part I onely heare your

sonne was run away.

Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Saue you good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for euer gone.

French G. Do not say so.

La. Thinke vpon patience, pray you Gentlemen,
I haue felt so many quirkes of ioy and greefe,
That the first face of neither on the start
Can woman me vntoo't. Where is my sonne I pray you?

Fren.G. Madam he's gone to serue 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. Looke on his Letter Madam, here's my Pasport.
*When thou canst get the Ring vpon my finger, which neuer
shall come off, and shew mee a childe begotten of thy bodie,
that I am father too, then call me husband: but in such a (then)
I write a Neuer.*
This is a dreadfull sentence.

La. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?

I.G. I Madam, and for the Contents sake are sorrie
for our paines.

Old La. I prethee Ladie haue a better cheere,
If thou engrossest, all the greefes are thine,
Thou robst me of a moiety: He was my sonne,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?

Fren.G. I Madam.

La. And to be a souldier.

Fren.G. Such is his noble purpose, and beleeu't
The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor
That good conuenience claimes.

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 Madame.

Fren.E. 'Tis but the boldnesse of his hand haply, which
his heart was not consenting too.

Lad. Nothing in France, vntill he haue no wife:
There's nothing heere that is too good for him
But onely she, and she deserues a Lord
That twenty such rude boyes might tend vpon,
And call her hourelly Mistris. Who was with him?

Fren.E. A seruant onely, and a Gentleman: which I
haue sometime knowne.

La. *Parolles* was it not?

Fren.E. I my good Ladie, hee.

La. A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse,
My sonne corrupts a well deriued nature
With his inducement.

Fren.E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of
that, too much, which holds him much to haue.

La. Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you
when you see my sonne, to tell him that his sword can
neuer winne the honor that he looses: more Ile intreate
you written to beare along.

[Page X1v]

Fren.G. We serue you Madam in that and all your
worthiest affaires.

La. Not so, but as we change our courtesies,
Will you draw neere?

Exit.

Hel. Till I haue no wife I haue nothing in France.
Nothing in France vntill he has no wife:
Thou shalt haue none *Rossillion*, none in France,
Then hast thou all againe: poore Lord, is't I

That chase thee from thy Countrie, and expose
 Those tender limbes of thine, to the euent
 Of the none-sparing warre? And is it I,
 That driue thee from the sportiue Court, where thou
 Was't shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke
 Of smoakie Muskets? O you leaden messengers,
 That ride vpon the violent speede of fire,
 Fly with false ayme, moue the still-peering aire
 That sings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:
 Who euer shoots at him, I set him there.
 Who euer charges on his forward brest
 I am the Caitiffe that do hold him too't,
 And though I kill him not, I am the cause
 His death was so effected: Better 'twere
 I met the rauine Lyon when he roar'd
 With sharpe constraint of hunger: better 'twere,
 That all the miseries which nature owes
 Were mine at once. No come thou home *Rossillion*,
 Whence honor but of danger winnes a scarre,
 As oft it looses 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 ayre of Paradise did fan the house,
 And Angels offic'd all: I will be gone,
 That pittifull rumour may report my flight
 To console thine eare. Come night, end day,
 For with the darke (poore theefe) Ile steale away.

Exit.

*Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Rossillion,
 drum and trumpets, soldiers, Parrolles.*

Duke. The Generall of our horse thou art, and we
 Great in our hope, lay our best loue and credence
 Vpon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir it is
 A charge too heauy for my strength, but yet
 Wee'l striue to beare it for your worthy sake,
 To th' extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play vpon thy prosperous helme
As thy auspicious mistris.

Ber. This very day
Great Mars I put my selfe into thy file,
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall proue
A louer of thy drumme, hater of loue.

Exeunt omnes

Enter Countesse & Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her:
Might you not know she would do, as she has done,
By sending me a Letter. Reade it agen.

Letter.

*I am S[aint]. Iaques Pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious loue hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground vpon
With sainted vow my faults to haue amended
Write, write, that from the bloodie course of warre,
My deerest Master your deare sonne, may hie,
Blesse him at home in peace. Whilst I from farre,
His name with zealous feruour sanctifie:
His taken labours bid him me forgiue:
I his despightfull Iuno sent him forth,
From Courtly friends, with Camping foes to liue,
Where death and danger dogges the heeles of worth.
He is too good and faire for death, and mee,
Whom I my selfe embrace, to set him free.
Ah what sharpe stings are in her mildest words?
Rynaldo, you did neuer lacke aduice so much,
As letting her passe so: had I spoke with her,
I could haue well diuerted her intents,
Which thus she hath preuented.*

Ste. Pardon me Madam,
If I had giuen you this at ouer-night,
She might haue beene ore-tane: and yet she writes
Pursuite would be but vaine.

La. What Angell shall
Blesse this vnworthy husband, he cannot thriue,
Vnlesse her prayers, whom heauen delights to heare
And loues to grant, repreeue him from the wrath
Of greatest Iustice. Write, write *Rynaldo*,
To this vnworthy husband of his wife,
Let euerie word waigh heauie of her worth,
That he does waigh too light: my greatest greefe,
Though little he do feele it, set downe sharpely.
Dispatch the most conuenient messenger,
When haply he shall heare that she is gone,
He will returne, and hope I may that shee
Hearing so much, will speede her foote againe,
Led hither by pure loue: which of them both
Is deerest to me, I haue no skill in sence
To make distinction: prouide this Messenger:
My heart is heauie, 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 Citty,
We shall loose all the sight.

Diana. They say, the French Count has done
Most honourable seruice.

Wid. It is reported,
That he has taken their great'st Commander,
And that with his owne hand he slew
The Dukes brother: we haue lost our labour,
They are gone a contrarie way: harke,
you may know by their Trumpets.

Maria. Come lets returne againe,
And suffice our selues 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 honestie.

Widdow. I haue told my neighbour
How you haue beene solicited by a Gentleman
His Companion.

[Page X2]

Maria. I know that knaue, hang him, one *Parolles*,
a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young
Earle, beware of them *Diana*; their promises, entise-
ments, oathes, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are
not the things they go vnder: many a maide hath beene
seduced by them, and the miserie is example, that so
terrible shewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot
for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed
with the twigges that threatens them. I hope I neede
not to aduise you further, but I hope your owne grace
will keepe you where you are, though there were no
further danger knowne, but the modestie which is so
lost.

Dia. You shall not neede to feare me.

Enter Hellen.

Wid. I hope so: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know
she will lye at my house, thither they send one another,
Ile question her. God saue you pilgrim, whether are
bound?

Hel. To S[aint]. *Iaques la grand.*
Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the S[aint]. *Francis* heere beside the Port.

Hel. Is this the way?

A march afarre.

Wid. I marrie ist. Harke you, they come this way:
If you will tarrie 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 hostesse
As ample as my selfe.

Hel. Is it your selfe?

Wid. If you shall please so Pilgrime.

Hel. I thanke you, and will stay vpon your leisure.

Wid. You came I thinke from *France*?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Heere you shall see a Countriman of yours
That has done worthy seruice.

Hel. His name I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Rossillion*: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the eare that heares most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. What somere he is
He's brauely 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 surely meere the truth, I know his Lady.

Dia. There is a Gentleman that serues the Count,
Reports but coursely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur *Parrolles*.

Hel. Oh I beleeeue with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himselfe, she is too meane
To haue her name repeated, all her deseruing
Is a reserued honestie, and that
I haue not heard examin'd.

Dian. Alas poore Ladie,
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting Lord.

Wid. I write good creature, wheresoere she is,
Her hart waighes sadly: this yong maid might do her
A shrewd 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 keepes her guard
In honestest defence.

Drumme and Colours.

Enter Count Rossillion, Parrolles, and the whole Armie.

Mar. The goddes forbid else.

Wid. So, now they come:
That is *Anthonio* the Dukes eldest sonne,
That *Escalus*.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. Hee,
That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,
I would he lou'd his wife: if he were honest
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsom Gentleman

Hel. I like him well.

Di. 'Tis pittie he is not honest: yonds that same knaue
That leades him to these places: were I his Ladie,
I would poison that vile Rascall.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That Iacke-an-apes with scarfes. Why is hee
melancholly?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th battaile.

Par. Loose our drum? Well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vext at something. Looke he
has spyed vs.

Wid. Marrie hang you.

Mar. And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier.

Exit.

Wid. The troope is past: Come pilgrim, I wil bring
you, Where you shall host: Of inioyn'd penitents
There's foure or fiue, to great S[aint]. *Iaques* bound,
Alreadie at my house.

Hel. I humbly thanke you:
Please 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. Wee'l take your offer kindly.

Exeunt.

*Enter Count Rossillion and the Frenchmen,
as at first.*

Cap.E. Nay good my Lord put him too't: let him
haue 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 thinke I am so farre
Deceiued in him.

Cap.E. Beleeue it my Lord, in mine owne direct
knowledge, without any malice, but to speake of him
as my kinsman, hee's a most notable Coward, an infi-
nite and endlesse Lyar, an houely promise-breaker, the
owner of no one good qualitie, worthy your Lordships
entertainment.

Cap.G. It were fit you knew him, least reposing too
farre in his vertue which he hath not, he might at some
great and trustie 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 vnder-take to do.

C.E. I with a troop of Florentines wil sodainly sur-prize him; such I will haue whom I am sure he knowes not from theemie: wee will binde and hoodwinke him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the Leager of the aduersaries, when we bring him to our owne tents: be but your Lordship present at his examination, if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base feare, offer to betray you, and deliuer all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the diuine forfeite of his soule vpon oath, neuer trust my iudgement in anie thing.

Cap.G. O for the loue of laughter, let him fetch his drumme, he sayes he has a stratagem for't: when your Lordship sees the bottome of this successe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeyt lump of ours will be melted if you giue him not Iohn drummes entertainment, your inclining cannot be remoued. Heere he comes.

Enter Parrolles.

Cap.E. O for the loue of laughter hinder not the honor of his designe, let him fetch off his drumme in any hand.

Ber. How now Monsieur? This drumme sticks sorely in your disposition.

Cap.G. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.

Par. But a drumme: Ist but a drumme? A drum so lost. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horse vpon our owne wings, and to rend our owne souldiers.

Cap.G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the seruice: it was a disaster of warre that *Caesar* him selfe could not haue preuented, if he had beene there to command.

[Page X2v]

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our suc-
cesse: some dishonor wee had in the losse of that drum,
but it is not to be recouered.

Par. It might haue beene recouered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recouered, but that the merit of ser-
uice is sildome attributed to the true and exact perfor-
mer, I would haue that drumme or another, or *hic ia-cet*.

Ber. Why if you haue a stomacke, too't Monsieur: if
you thinke your mysterie in stratagem, can bring this
instrument of honour againe into his natiue quarter, be
magnanimious in the enterprize and go on, I wil 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, euen to the vtmost
syllable of your worthinesse.

Par. By the hand of a souldier I will vndertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. Ile about it this euening, and I will presently
pen downe my dilemma's, encourage my selfe in my
certaintie, put my selfe into my mortall preparation:
and by midnight looke to heare further from me.

Ber. May I bee bold to acquaint his grace you are
gone about it.

Par. I know not what the successe wil be my Lord,
but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant,
And to the possibility of thy souldiership,
Will subscribe for thee: Farewell.

Par. I loue not many words.

Exit

Cap.E. No more then a fish loues water. Is not this
a strange fellow my Lord, that so confidently seemes to
vndertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be
done, damnes himselfe to do, & dares better be damnd

then to doo't.

Cap.G. You do not know him my Lord as we doe,
certaine it is that he will steale himselfe into a mans fa-
uour, and for a weeke escape a great deale of discoue-
ries, but when you finde him out, you haue him euer af-
ter.

Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at
all of this that so seriouslie hee dooes addresse himselfe
vnto?

Cap.E. None in the world, but returne with an in-
uention, and clap vpon you two or three probable lies:
but we haue almost imbost him, you shall see his fall to
night; for indeede he is not for your Lordshippes re-
spect.

Cap.G. Weele make you some sport with the Foxe
ere we case him. He was first smoak'd by the old Lord
Lafew, when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what
a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall see this ve-
rie night.

Cap.E. I must go looke my twigges,
He shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Cap.G. As't please your Lordship, Ile leaue you.

Ber. Now wil I lead you to the house, and shew you
The Lasse 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 sent to her
By this same Coxcombe that we haue i'th winde
Tokens and Letters, which she did resend,
And this is all I haue done: She's a faire creature,
Will you go see her?

Cap.E. With all my heart my Lord.

Exeunt

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not shee,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall loose the grounds I worke vpon.

Wid. Though my estate be falne, I was well borne,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First giue me trust, the Count he is my husband,
And what to your sworne counsaile I haue spoken,
Is so from word to word: and then you cannot
By the good ayde that I of you shall borrow,
Erre in bestowing it.

Wid. I should beleue you,
For you haue shew'd me that which well approues
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of Gold,
And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre,
Which I will ouer-pay, and pay againe
When I haue found it. The Count he woes your
daughter,
Layes downe his wanton siedge before her beautie,
Resolue to carrie her: let her in fine consent
As wee'l direct her how 'tis best to beare it:
Now his important blood will naught denie,
That shee'l demand: a ring the Countie weares,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From sonne to sonne, some foure or fiue discents,
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 seemes as wonne,
Desires this Ring; appoints him an encounter;

In fine, deliuers me to fill the time,
Her selfe most chastly absent: after
To marry her, Ile adde three thousand Crownes
To what is past already.

Wid. I haue yeelded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall perseuer,
That time and place with this deceite so lawfull
May proue coherent. Euery night he comes
With Musickes of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her vnworthinesse: It nothing steeds vs
To chide him from our eeues, for he persists
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to night
Let vs assay our plot, which if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede;
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,
Where both not sinne, and yet a sinfull fact.
But let's about it.

Actus Quartus.

*Enter one of the Frenchmen, with fiue or sixe other
souldiers in ambush.*

Lord E. He can come no other way but by this hedge
corner: when you sallie vpon him, speake what terrible
Language you will: though you vnderstand it not your
selues, no matter: for we must not seeme to vnderstand
him, vnlesse some one among vs, whom wee must pro-
duce for an Interpreter.

I.Sol. Good Captaine, let me be th' Interpreter.

Lor.E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not
thy voice?

I.Sol. No sir I warrant you.

Lo.E. But what linsie wolsy hast thou to speake to vs
again.

I.Sol. E'n such as you speake to me.

Lo.E. He must thinke vs some band of strangers, i'th aduersaries entertainment. Now he hath a smacke of all neighbouring Languages: therefore we must euery one be a man of his owne fancie, not to know what we speak 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 politicke. But couch hoa, heere hee comes, to beguile two houres in a sleepe, and then to returne & swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parrolles.

Par. Ten a clocke: Within these three houres 'twill be time enough to goe home. What shall I say I haue done? It must bee a very plausiue inuention that carries it. They beginne to smoake mee, and disgraces haue 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 daring the reports of my tongue.

Lo.E. This is the first truth that ere thine own tongue was guiltie of.

Par. What the diuell should moue mee to vndertake the recouerie of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must giue my selfe some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carrie it. They will say, came you off with so little? And great ones I dare not giue, wherefore what's the instance. Tongue, I must put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my selfe another of *Baiazeths* Mule, if you prattle mee into these perilles.

Lo.E. Is it possible he should know what hee is, and be that he is.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments wold serue the turne, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Lo.E. We cannot affoord you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in stratagem.

Lo.E. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drowne my cloathes, and say I was stript.

Lo.E. Hardly serue.

Par. Though I swore I leapt from the window of the Citadell.

Lo.E. How deepe?

Par. Thirty fadome.

Lo.E. Three great oathes would scarce make that be beleueed.

Par. I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I would sweare I recouer'd it.

Lo.E. You shall heare one anon.

Par. A drumme now of the enemies.

Alarum within.

Lo.E. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O ransome, ransome,
Do not hide mine eyes.

Inter. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

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,
He discouer that, which shal vndo the Florentine.

Int. *Boskos vauvado*, I vnderstand thee, & can speake
thy tongue: *Kerelybonto* sir, betake thee to thy faith, for
seuenteene ponyards are at thy bosome.

Par. Oh.

Inter. Oh pray, pray, pray,
Manka reuania dulce.

Lo.E. Oscorbidulchos voliuorco.

Int. The Generall is content to spare thee yet,
And hoodwinkt as thou art, will leade thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst informe
Something to saue thy life.

Par. O let me liue,
And all the secrets of our campe Ile shew,
Their force, their purposes: Nay, Ile speake that,
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damne me.

Inter. Acordo linta.
Come on, thou are granted space.

Exit

A short Alarum within.

[Page X3v]

L.E. Go tell the Count *Rossillion* and my brother,
We haue caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him muffled
Till we do heare from them.

Sol. Captaine I will.

L.E. A will betray vs all vnto our selues,
Informe on that.

Sol. So I will sir.

L.E. Till then Ile keepe him darke and safely lockt.

Exit

*Enter Bertram, and the Maide called
Diana.*

Ber. They told me that your name was *Fontybell*.

Dia. No my good Lord, *Diana*.

Ber. Titled Goddesses,
And worth it with addition: but faire soule,
In your fine frame hath loue no qualitie?
If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,

You are no Maiden but a monument
When you are dead you should be such a one
As you are now: for you are cold and sterne,
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet selfe was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but dutie, such (my Lord)
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more a'that:

I prethee do not striue against my vowes:
I was compell'd to her, but I loue thee
By loues owne sweet constraint, and will for euer
Do thee all rights of seruice.

Dia. I so you serue vs

Till we serue you: But when you haue our Roses,
You barely leaue our thornes to pricke our selues,
And mocke vs with our barenesse.

Ber. How haue I sworne.

Dia. Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth,
But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true:
What is not holie, that we sweare not by,
But take the high'st to witnesse: then pray you tell me,
If I should sweare by Ioues great attributes,
I lou'd you deerely, would you beleue my oathes,
When I did loue you ill? This ha's no holding
To sweare by him whom I protest to loue
That I will worke against him. Therefore your oathes
Are words and poore conditions, but vnseal'd
At lest in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:

Be not so holy cruell: Loue is holie,
And my integritie ne're knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But giue thy selfe vnto my sicke desires,
Who then recouers. Say thou art mine, and euer

My loue as it beginnes, shall so perseuer.

Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,
That wee'l forsake our selues. Giue me that Ring.

Ber. Ile lend it thee my deere; but haue no power
To giue it from me.

Dia. Will you not my Lord?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed downe from manie Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In me to loose.

Dian. Mine Honors such a Ring,
My chastities the Iewell of our house,
Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In mee to loose. Thus your owne proper wisdom
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Against your vaine assault.

Ber. Heere, take my Ring,
My house, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
And Ile be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knocke at my chamber window:
Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you haue 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 deliuer'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 faile not: you haue wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heauen on earth I haue won by wooing thee.

Di. For which, liue long to thank both heauen & me,
You may so in the end.
My mother told me iust how he would woo,

As if she sate in's heart. She sayes, all men
Haue the like oathes: He had sworne to marrie me
When his wife's dead: therfore Ile lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,
Marry that will, I liue and die a Maid:
Onely in this disguise, I think't no sinne,
To cosen him that would vniustly winne.

Exit

*Enter the two French Captaines, and some two or three
Souldiours.*

Cap.G. You haue not giuen him his mothers letter.

Cap.E. I haue deliu'ed it an houre since, there is som
thing in't that stings his nature: for on the reading it,
he chang'd almost into another man.

Cap.G. He has much worthy blame laid vpon him,
for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a Lady.

Cap.E. Especially, hee hath incurred the euerlasting
displeasure of the King, who had euen tun'd his bounty
to sing happinesse to him. I will tell you a thing, but
you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

Cap.G. When you haue spoken it 'tis dead, and I am
the graue of it.

Cap.E. Hee hath peruerted a young Gentlewoman
heere in *Florence*, of a most chaste renown, & this night
he fleshes his will in the spoyle of her honour: hee hath
giuen her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himselfe
made in the vnchaste composition.

Cap.G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our
selues, what things are we.

Cap.E. Meerely our owne traitours. And as in the
common course of all treasons, we still see them reueale
themselues, till they attaine to their abhor'd ends: so
he that in this action contriues against his owne Nobi-
lity in his proper streame, ore-flowes himselfe.

Cap.G. Is it not meant damnable in vs, to be Trumpeters of our vnlawfull intents? We shall not then haue his company to night?

Cap.E. Not till after midnight: for hee is dieted to his houre.

Cap.G. That approaches apace: I would gladly haue him see his company anathomiz'd, that hee might take a measure of his owne iudgements, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

[Page X4]

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 meane time, what heare you of these Warres?

Cap.E. I heare there is an ouerture of peace.

Cap.G. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

Cap.E. What will Count *Rossillion* do then? Will he trauaile higher, or returne againe into France?

Cap.G. I perceiue by this demand, you are not altogether of his councill.

Cap.E. Let it be forbid sir, so should I bee a great deale of his act.

Cap.G. Sir, his wife some two months since fledde from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint *Ia-ques le grand*; which holy vndertaking, with most austere sanctimonie she accomlisht: and there residing, the tendernesse of her Nature, became as a prey to her greefe: in fine, made a groane of her last breath, & now she sings in heauen.

Cap.E. How is this iustified?

Cap.G. The stronger part of it by her owne Letters, which makes her storie true, euen to the poynt 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. I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the veritie.

Cap.E. I am heartily sorrie that hee'l bee gladde of this.

Cap.G. How mightily sometimes, we make vs comforts of our losses.

Cap.E. And how mightily some other times, wee drowne our gaine in teares, the great dignitie that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be encountred 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 cherish'd by our vertues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? Where's your master?

Ser. He met the Duke in the street sir, of whom hee hath taken a solemne leaue: his Lordshippe 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 Rossillion.

Ber. They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tartnesse, heere's his Lordship now. How now my Lord, i'st not after midnight?

Ber. I haue to night dispatch'd sixteene businesses, a moneths length a peece, by an abstract of successe: I haue congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neerest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my Ladie mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Conuoy, & betweene these maine parcels of dispatch, affected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I haue not ended yet.

Cap.E. If the businesse bee of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires hast of your Lordship.

Ber. I meane the businesse is not ended, as fearing to heare of it hereafter: but shall we haue this dialogue betweene the Foole and the Soldiour. Come, bring forth this counterfet module, ha's deceiu'd mee, like a double-meaning Prophetier.

Cap.E. Bring him forth, ha's sate i'th stockes all night poore gallant knaue.

Ber. No matter, his heeles haue deseru'd it, in vsurping his spurres so long. How does he carry himselfe?

Cap.E. I haue told your Lordship alreadie: The stockes carrie him. But to answer you as you would be vnderstood, hee weepes like a wench that had shed her milke, he hath confest himselfe to *Morgan*, whom hee supposes to be a Friar, fro[m] the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th stockes: 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 Lordshippe be in't, as I beleeeue you are, you must haue the patience to heare it.

Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague vpon him, muffled; he can say nothing of me: hush, hush.

Cap.G. Hoodman comes: *Portotartarossa*.

Inter. He calles for the tortures, what will you say without em.

Par. I will confesse what I know without constraint, If ye pinch me like a Pasty, I can say no more.

Int. Bosko Chimurcho.

Cap. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

Int. You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall bids you answer to what I shall aske you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to liue.

Int. First demand of him, how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Fiue or sixe thousand, but very weake and vn-seruiceable: the troopes are all scattered, and the Commanders verie poore rogues, vpon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to liue.

Int. Shall I set downe your answer so?

Par. Do, Ile take the Sacrament on't, how & which way you will: all's one to him.

Ber. What a past-sauing slaue is this?

Cap.G. Y'are deceiu'd my Lord, this is Mounsieur *Parrolles* the gallant militarist, that was his owne phrase that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot of his scarfe, and the practise in the chape of his dagger.

Cap.E. I will neuer trust a man againe, for keeping his sword cleane, nor beleeeue he can haue euerie thing in him, by wearing his apparrell neatly.

Int. Well, that's set downe.

Par. Fiue or six thousand horse I sed, I will say true, or thereabouts set downe, for Ile speake truth.

Cap.G. He's very neere the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't in the nature he deliuers it.

Par. Poore rogues, I pray you say.

Int. Well, that's set downe.

Par. I humbly thanke you sir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are maruailous poore.

Interp. Demaund of him of what strength they are a foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth sir, if I were to liue this present houre, I will tell true. Let me see, *Spurio* a hundred & fiftie, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Iaques* so many: *Guiltian*, *Cosmo*, *Lodowicke*, and *Gratij*, two hundred fiftie each: Mine owne Company, *Chitopher*, *Vau-mond*, *Bentij*, two hundred fiftie each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, vppon my life amounts not to fifteene thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shake the snow from off their Cassockes, least they shake themselves to peeces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

Cap.G. Nothing, but let him haue thanks. Demand of him my condition: and what credite I haue with the Duke.

Int. Well that's set downe: you shall demaund of him, whether one Captaine *Dumaine* bee i'th Campe, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honestie, and expertnesse in warres: or whether he thinkes it were not possible with well-waighing summes of gold to corrupt him to a reuolt. What say you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand them singly.

Int. Do you know this Captaine *Dumaine*?

Par. I know him, a was a Botchers Prentize in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieues fool with childe, a dumbe innocent that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leaue hold your hands, though I know his braines are forfeite to the next tile that fals.

Int. Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florences campe?

Par. Vpon my knowledge he is, and lowsie.

Cap.G. Nay looke not so vpon me: we shall heare 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 writ to mee this other day, to turne him out a'th band. I thinke I haue his Letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry we'll search.

Par. In good sadnesse I do not know, either it is there, or it 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 maide in Florence, one *Diana*, to take heede of the allurement of one Count *Rossillion*, a foolish idle boy: but for all that very ruttish. I pray you sir put it vp againe.

Int. Nay, Ile reade it first by your fauour.

Par. My meaning in't I protest was very honest in the behalfe of the maid: for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lasciuious boy, who is a whale to Virginitie, and deuours vp all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue.

Int.

Let.

When he sweares oathes, bid him drop gold, and take it:

After he scores, he neuer payes the score:

Halfe won is match well made, match and well make it,

He nere payes after-debts, take it before,

And say a souldier (Dian) told thee this:

Men are to mell with, boyes are not to kis.

For count of this, the Counts a Foole I know it,

Who payes before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine eare,

Parolles.

Ber. He shall be whipt through the Armie with this rime in's forehead.

Cap.E. This is your deuoted friend sir, the manifold Linguist, and the army-potent souldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceiue sir by your Generals lookes, wee shall be faine to hang you.

Par. My life sir in any case: Not that I am afraide to dye, but that my offences beeing many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me liue sir in a dungeon, i'th stockes, or any where, so I may liue.

Int. Wee'le see what may bee done, so you confesse freely: therefore once more to this Captaine *Dumaine*: you haue answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honestie?

Par. He will steale sir an Egge out of a Cloister: for rapes and rauishments he paralels *Nessus*. Hee professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then *Hercules*. He will lye sir, with such volubilitie, that you would thinke truth were a foole: drunkennesse is his best vertue, for he will be swine-drunke, and in his sleepe he does little harme, saue to his bed-cloathes about him: but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I haue but little more to say sir of his honesty, he ha's euerie thing that an honest man should not haue; what an honest man should haue, he has nothing.

Cap.G. I begin to loue him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honestie? A pox vpon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What say you to his expertnesse in warre?

Par. Faith sir, ha's led the drumme before the English Tragedians: to belye him I will not, and more of his souldiership I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called *Mile-end*, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine.

Cap.G. He hath out-villain'd villanie so 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 Cardceue he will sell the fee-simple of his saluation, the inheritance of it, and cut th' intaile from all remainders, and a perpetuall succession for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumain*?

Cap.E. Why do's he aske him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'ne a Crow a'th same nest: not altogether so great as the first in goodnesse, but greater a great deale in euill. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat hee outrunnes any Lackey; marrie in comming on, hee ha's the Crampe.

Int. If your life be saued, will you vndertake to betray the Florentine.

Par. I, and the Captaine of his horse, Count *Rossillion*.

Int. Ile whisper with the Generall, and knowe his pleasure.

Par. Ile no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, onely to seeme to deserue well, and to beguile the supposition of that lasciuious yong boy the Count, haue I run into this danger: yet who would haue suspected an ambush where I was taken?

[Page X5]

Int. There is no remedy sir, but you must dye: the Generall sayes, you that haue so traitorously discouerd the secrets of your army, and made such pestifferous reports of men very nobly held, can serue the world for no honest vse: therefore you must dye. Come headesman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord sir let me liue, or let me see my death.

Int. That shall you, and take your leaue of all your friends:

So, looke about you, know you any heere?

Count. Good morrow noble Captaine.

Lo.E. God blesse you Captaine *Parolles*.

Cap.G. God saue you noble Captaine.

Lo.E. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafew*? I am for *France*.

Cap.G. Good Captaine will you giue me a Copy of the sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalfe of the Count *Rossillion*, and I were not a verie Coward, I'de compell it of you, but far you well.

Exeunt.

Int. You are vndone Captaine all but your scarfe, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

Inter. If you could finde out a Countrie where but women were that had receiued so much shame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare yee well sir, I am for *France* too, we shall speake of you there.

Exit

Par. Yet am I thankfull: if my heart were great
'Twould burst at this: Captaine Ile be no more,
But I will eate, and drinke, and sleepe as soft
As Captaine shall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me liue: who knowes himselfe a braggart
Let him feare this; for it will come to passe,

That euery braggart shall be found an Asse.
Rust sword, coole blushes, and *Parrolles* liue
Safest in shame: being fool'd, by fool'rie thriue;
There's place and meanes for euery man aliue.
Ile after them.

Exit.

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceiue I haue not
wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my suretie: for whose throne 'tis needfull
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.
Time was, I did him a desired office
Deere almost as his life, which gratitude
Through flintie Tartars bosome would peepe forth,
And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at *Marcellae*, to which place
We haue conuenient conuoy: you must know
I am supposed dead, the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home, where heauen ayding,
And by the leaue of my good Lord the King,
Wee'l be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You neuer had a seruant to whose trust
Your busines was more welcome.

Hel. Nor your Mistris
Euer a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your loue: 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 strange men,
That can such sweet vse make of what they hate,
When sawcie trusting of the cosin'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night, so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away,
But more of this heereafter: you *Diana*,
Vnder my poore instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalfe.

Dia. Let death and honestie
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Vpon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When Briars shall haue leaues as well as thornes,
And be as sweet as sharpe: we must away,
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time reuiues vs,
All's well that ends well, still the fines the Crowne;
What ere the course, the end is the renowne.

Exeunt

Enter Clowne, old Lady, and Lafew.

Laf. No, no, no, your sonne was misled with a snipt
taffata fellow there, whose villanous saffron wold haue
made all the vnbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his
colour: your daughter-in-law had beene aliue at this
houre, and your sonne heere at home, more aduanc'd
by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I speak
of.

La. I would I had not knowne him, it was the death
of the most vertuous gentlewoman, that euer Nature
had praise for creating. If she had pertaken of my flesh
and cost mee the deerest groanes of a mother, I could
not haue owed her a more rooted loue.

Laf. Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. Wee
may picke a thousand sallets ere wee light on such ano-
ther hearbe.

Clo. Indeed sir she was the sweete Margerom of the
sallet, or rather the hearbe of grace.

Laf. They are not hearbes you knaue, they are nose-hearbes.

Clowne. I am no great *Nabuchadnezar* sir, I haue not
much skill in grace.

Laf. Whether doest thou professe thy selfe, a knaue
or a foole?

Clo. A foole sir at a womans seruice, and a knaue at a mans.

Laf. Your distinction.

Clo. I would cousen the man of his wife, and do his seruice.

Laf. So you were a knaue at his seruice indeed.

Clo. And I would giue his wife my bauble sir to doe her seruice.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knaue and foole.

Clo. At your seruice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why sir, if I cannot serue you, I can serue as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Whose that, a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith sir a has an English maine, but his fisnomie is more hotter in France then there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The blacke prince sir, alias the prince of darke-nesse, alias the diuell.

Laf. Hold thee there's my purse, I giue thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st off, serue him still.

[Page X5v]

Clo. I am a woodland fellow sir, that alwaies loued a great fire, and the master I speak of euer keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobilitie 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 humble themselues may, but the manie will be too chill and tender, and theyle bee for the flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy waies, I begin to bee a wearie of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy wayes, let my horses be wel look'd too, without any trickes.

Clo. If I put any trickes vpon em sir, they shall bee lades trickes, which are their owne right by the law of Nature.

Exit

Laf. A shrewd knaue and an vnhappie.

Lady. So a is. My Lord that's gone made himselfe much sport out of him, by his authoritie hee remaines heere, which he thinkes is a pattent for his sawcinesse, and indeede he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amisse: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your sonne was vpon his returne home. I moued the King my master to speake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his Maiestie out of a selfe gracious remembrance did first propose, his Highnesse hath promis'd me to doe it, and to stoppe vp the displeasure he hath conceiued against your sonne, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

La. With verie much content my Lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His Highnesse comes post from *Marcellus*, of as able bodie as when he number'd thirty, a will be heere to morrow, or I am deceiu'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldome fail'd.

La. It reioyces me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I haue letters that my sonne will be heere 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 pleade your honourable priuiledge.

Laf. Ladie, of that I haue made a bold charter, but I thanke my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. O Madam, yonders my Lord your sonne with a patch of veluet on's face, whether there bee a scar vn-der't or no, the Veluet knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch of Veluet, his left cheeke is a cheeke of two pile and a halfe, but his right cheeke is worne bare.

Laf. A scarre 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 go see
your sonne I pray you, I long to talke
With the yong noble souldier.

Clowne. 'Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous 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 posting day and night,
Must wear your spirits low, we cannot helpe it:
But since you haue made the daies and nights as one,
To weare your gentle limbes in my affayres,
Be bold you do so grow in my requitall,
As nothing can vnroote you. In happie time,

Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may helpe me to his Maiesties eare,
If he would spend his power. God saue you sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I haue seene you in the Court of France.

Gent. I haue beene sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume sir, that you are not falne
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 giue this poore petition to the King,
And ayde me with that store of power you haue
To come into his presence.

Gen. The Kings not heere.

Hel. Not heere sir?

Gen. Not indeed,
He hence remou'd last night, and with more hast
Then is his vse.

Wid. Lord how we loose our paines.

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seeme so aduerse, and meanes vnfit:
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marrie as I take it to *Rossillion*,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend 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 Ile do for you.

Hel. And you shall finde your selfe to be well thank
what e're falles more. We must to horse againe, Go, go,
prouide.

Enter Clowne and Parrolles.

Par. Good Mr *Lauatch* giue my Lord *Lafew* this letter, I haue ere now sir beene better knowne to you, when I haue held familiaritie with fresher cloathes: but I am now sir muddied in fortunes mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truely, Fortunes displeasure is but sluttish if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will hencefoorth eate no Fish of Fortunes butt'ring. Prethee alow the winde.

Par. Nay you neede not to stop your nose sir: I spake but by a Metaphor.

Clo. Indeed sir, if your Metaphor stinke, I will stop my nose, or against any mans Metaphor. Prethe get thee further.

[Page X6]

Par. Pray you sir deliuer me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prethee stand away: a paper from fortunes close-stoole, to giue to a Nobleman. Looke heere he comes himselfe.

Enter Lafew.

Clo. Heere is a purre of Fortunes sir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Muscat, that ha's falne into the vncleane fish-pond of her displeasure, and as he sayes is muddied withall. Pray you sir, vse the Carpe as you may, for he lookes like a poore decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knaue. I doe pittie his distresse in my smiles 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 haue you played the knaue with fortune that she should scratch you, who of her selfe is a good Lady, and would not haue knaues thriue long vnder? There's a Cardecue for you: Let the Iustices 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 peny more: Come you shall ha't, saue your word.

Par. My name my good Lord is *Parrolles*.

Laf. You begge more then word then. Cox my passion, giue me your hand: How does your drumme?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the first that found mee.

Laf. Was I insooth? And I was the first that lost 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, doest thou put vpon mee at once both the office of God and the diuel: 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 too, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

Flourish. Enter King, old Lady, Lafew, the two French Lords, with attendants.

Kin. We lost a Iewell of her, and our esteeme Was made much poorer by it: but your sonne, As mad in folly, lack'd the sence to know Her estimation home.

Old La. 'Tis past my Liege, And I beseech your Maiestie to make it Naturall rebellion, done i'th blade of youth,

When oyle and fire, too strong for reasons force,
Ore-beares it, and burnes on.

Kin. My honour'd Lady,
I haue forgiuen and forgotten all,
Though my reuenges were high bent vpon him,
And watch'd the time to shoote.

Laf. This I must say,
But first I begge my pardon: the yong Lord
Did to his Maiesty, his Mother, and his Ladie,
Offence of mighty note; but to himselfe
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the suruey
Of richest eies: whose words all eares tooke captiue,
Whose deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serue,
Humbly call'd Mistris.

Kin. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither,
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: Let him not aske our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper then obliuion, we do burie
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 sayes he to your daughter,
Haue you spoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.

Kin. Then shall we haue a match. I haue letters sent
me, that sets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertram.

Laf. He lookes well on't.

Kin. I am not a day of season,
For thou maist see a sun-shine, and a haile
In me at once: But to the brightest beames
Distracted clouds giue way, so stand thou forth,

The time is faire againe.

Ber. My high repented blames
Deere Soueraigne pardon to me.

Kin. All is whole,
Not one word more of the consumed time,
Let's take the instant by the forward top:
For we are old, and on our quick'st 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 first
I stucke my choice vpon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herauld of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornfull Perspectiue did lend me,
Which warpt the line, of euerie other fauour,
Scorn'd a faire colour, or exprest it stolne,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my selfe,
Since I haue lost, haue lou'd; was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

Kin. Well excus'd:
That thou didst loue her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt: but loue that comes too late,
Like a remorsefull pardon slowly carried
To the great sender, turnes a sowre offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone: Our rash faults,
Make triuiall price of serious things we haue,
Not knowing them, vntill we know their graue.
Oft our displeasures to our selues vniust,
Destroy our friends, and after weepe their dust:
Our owne loue waking, cries to see what's done,
While shamefull hate sleepes out the afternoone.
Be this sweet *Helens* knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for faire *Maudlin*,
The maine consents are had, and heere wee'l stay
To see our widdowers second marriage day:
Which better then the first, O deere heauen blesse,

Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature cesse.

Laf. Come on my sonne, in whom my houses name
Must be digested: giue a fauour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
And eu'rie haire that's on't, *Helen* that's dead
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that ere I tooke her leaue at Court,
I saw vpon 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 gaue it *Hellen*,
I bad her if her fortunes euer stooode
Necessitied to helpe, that by this token
I would releuee her. Had you that craft to reauue her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious Soueraigne,
How ere it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was neuer hers.

Old La. Sonne, on my life
I haue seene her weare it, and she reckon'd it
At her liues rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her weare it.

Ber. You are deceiu'd my Lord, she neuer saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement throwne mee,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd, but when I had subscrib'd
To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of Honour
As she had made the ouerture, she ceast
In heauie satisfaction, and would neuer
Receiue the Ring againe.

Kin. Platus himselfe,
That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine,
Hath not in natures mysterie more science,

Then I haue in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helens*,
Who euer gaue 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 suretie,
That she would neuer put it from her finger,
Vnlesse she gaue it to your selfe in bed,
Where you haue neuer come: or sent it vs
Vpon her great disaster.

Ber. She neuer saw it.

Kin. Thou speak'st it falsely: as I loue mine Honor,
And mak'st connecturall feares to come into me,
Which I would faine shut out, if it should proue
That thou art so inhumane, 'twill not proue so:
And yet I know not, thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead, which nothing but to close
Her eyes my selfe, could win me to beleue,
More then to see this Ring. Take him away,
My fore-past proofes, how ere the matter fall
Shall taze my feares of little vanitie,
Hauing vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
Wee'l sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall proue
This Ring was euer hers, you shall as easie
Proue that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she neuer was.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrap'd in dismall thinkings.

Gen. Gracious Soueraigne.
Whether I haue beene too blame or no, I know not,
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for foure or fiue remoues come short,
To tender it her selfe. I vndertooke it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the faire grace and speech
Of the poore suppliant, who by this I know
Is heere attending: her businesse lookes in her
With an importing visage, and she told me
In a sweet verball breefe, it did concerne

Your Highnesse with her selfe.

A Letter.

Vpon his many protestations to marrie mee when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he wonne me. Now is the Count Ros-sillion a Widdower, his vowes are forfeited to mee, and my honors payed to him. Hee stole from Florence, taking no leaue, and I follow him to his Countrey for Iustice: Grant it me, O King, in you it best lies, otherwise a seducer flou-rishes, and a poore Maid is vndone.

Diana Capilet.

Laf. I will buy me a sonne in Law in a faire, and toule for this. Ile none of him.

Kin. The heauens haue thought well on thee *Lafew*,
To bring forth this discou'rie, seeke these sutors:
Go speedily, and bring againe the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am a-feard the life of *Hellen* (Ladie)
Was fowly snatcht.

Old La. Now iustice on the doers.

King. I wonder sir, sir, wiues are monsters to you,
And that you flye them as you sweare them Lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that?

Enter Widdow, Diana, and Parrolles.

Dia. I am my Lord a wretched Florentine,
Deriued from the ancient Capilet,
My suite as I do vnderstand you know,
And therefore know how farre I may be pittied.

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 further?

Dia. Why do you looke so strange vpon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine my Lord.

Dia. If you shall marrie
You giue away this hand, and that is mine,
You giue away heauens vowes, and those are mine:
You giue away my selfe, which is knowne mine:
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she 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 desp'rate creature,
Whom sometime I haue laugh'd with: Let your highnes
Lay a more noble thought vpon mine honour,
Then for to thinke that I would sinke it heere.

Kin. Sir for my thoughts, you haue them il to friend,
Till your deeds gaine them fairer: proue 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 saist 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 beleeeue him. O behold this Ring,
Whose high respect and rich validitie
Did lacke a Paralell: yet for all that
He gaue it to a Commoner a'th Campe
If I be one.

Coun. He blushes, and 'tis hit:
Of sixe preceding Ancestors that Iemme
Confer'd by testament to'th sequent issue
Hath it beene owed and worne. This is his wife,
That Ring's a thousand proofes.

[Page Y1]

King. Me thought you saide
You saw one heere in Court could witenesse it.

Dia. I did my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument, his names *Parrolles*.

Laf. I saw the man to day, if man he bee.

Kin. Finde him, and bring him hether.

Ros. What of him:
He's quoted for a most perfidious slaue
With all the spots a'th world, taxt and debosh'd,
Whose nature sickens: but to speake a truth,
Am I, or that or this for what he'l vtter,
That will speake any thing.

Kin. She hath that Ring of yours.

Ros. I thinke she has; certaine it is I lyk'd her,
And boorded her i'th wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for mee,
Madding my eagernesse with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancies course
Are motiues of more fancie, and in fine,
Her insuite comming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate, she got the Ring,
And I had that which any inferiour might
At Market price haue bought.

Dia. I must be patient:
You that haue turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May iustly dyet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lacke vertue, I will loose a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And giue me mine againe.

Ros. I haue it not.

Kin. What Ring was yours I pray you?

Dian. Sir much like the same vpon your finger.

Kin. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gaue him being a bed.

Kin. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a Casement.

Dia. I haue spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ros. My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.

Kin. You boggle shrewdly, euery feather starts 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 displeasure of your master:
Which on your iust proceeding, Ile keepe off,
By him and by this woman heere, what know you?

Par. So please your Maiesty, my master hath bin an
honourable Gentleman. Trickees hee hath had in him,
which Gentlemen haue.

Kin. Come, come, to'th' purpose: Did hee loue this
woman?

Par. Faith sir he did loue her, but how.

Kin. How I pray you?

Par. He did loue her sir, as a Gent. loues 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-
uocall Companion is this?

Par. I am a poore man, and at your Maiesties com-
mand.

Laf. Hee's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughtie
Orator.

Dian. Do you know he promist me marriage?

Par. Faith I know more then Ile speake.

Kin. But wilt thou not speake all thou know'st?

Par. Yes so please your Maiesty: I did goe betweene them as I said, but more then that he loued her, for indeede he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would deriue mee ill will to speake of, therefore I will not speake what I know.

Kin. Thou hast spoken all alreadie, vnlesse thou canst say they are married, but thou art too fine in thy euidence, therefore stand aside. This Ring you say was yours.

Dia. I my good Lord.

Kin. Where did you buy it? Or who gaue it you?

Dia. It was not giuen me, nor I did not buy it.

Kin. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

Kin. Where did you finde it then?

Dia. I found it not.

Kin. If it were yours by none of all these wayes,
How could you giue it him?

Dia. I neuer gaue it him.

Laf. This womans an easie gloue my Lord, she goes off and on at pleasure.

Kin. This Ring was mine, I gaue 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 prison with her: and away with him,
Vnlesse thou telst me where thou hadst this Ring,
Thou diest within this houre.

Dia. Ile neuer tell you.

Kin. Take her away.

Dia. Ile put in baile my liedge.

Kin. I thinke thee now some common Customer.

Dia. By Ioue if euer I knew man 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accusde him al this while.

Dia. Because he's guiltie, and he is not guilty:
He knowes I am no Maid, and hee'l 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 does abuse our eares, to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall sir,
The Ieweller that owes the Ring is sent 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, heere I quit him.
He knowes himselfe my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with childe:
Dead though she be, she feeles 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 exorcist
Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes?
Is't reall that I see?

Hel. No my good Lord,
'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,
Ile loue her dearely, euer, euer dearely.

[Page Y1v]

Hel. If it appeare not plaine, and proue vntrue,
Deadly diuorce step betweene me and you.
O my deere mother do I see you liuing?

Laf. Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weepe anon:
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, Ile make sport with
thee: Let thy curtsies alone, they are scuruy ones.

King. Let vs from point to point this storie know,
To make the euen truth in pleasure flow:
If thou beest yet a fresh vncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower.
For I can guesse, that by thy honest ayde,
Thou keptst a wife her selfe, thy selfe a Maide.
Of that and all the progresse more and lesse,
Resoluedly more leasure shall expresse:
All yet seemes well, and if it end so meete,
The bitter past, 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 strife 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.

Actus Primus, Scaena Prima.

*Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other
Lords.*

Duke. If Musicke be the food of Loue, play on,
Giue me excesse of it: that surfetting,
The appetite may sicken, and so dye.
That straine agen, it had a dying fall:
O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet sound
That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;
Stealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of Loue, how quicke and fresh art thou,
That notwithstanding thy capacitie,
Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch so ere,
But falles into abatement, and low price
Euen in a minute; so full of shapes is fancie,
That it alone, is high fantasticall.

Cu. Will you go hunt my Lord?

Du. What *Curio*?

Cu. The Hart.

Du. Why so I do, the Noblest that I haue:
O when mine eyes did see *Oliuia* first,
Me thought she purg'd the ayre of pestilence;
That instant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my desires like fell and cruell hounds,
Ere since pursue me. How now what newes from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do returne this answer:
The Element it selfe, till seuen yeares heate,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:

But like a Cloystresse she will vailed walke,
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 lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Du. O she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of loue but to a brother,
How will she loue, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections else
That liue in her. When Liuer, Braine, and Heart,
These soueraigne thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd
Her sweete perfections with one selfe king:
Away before me, to sweet beds of Flowres,
Loue-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Saylor.

Vio. What Country (Friends) is this?

Cap. This is Illyria Ladie.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elizium,
Perchance he is not drown'd: What thinke 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,
Assure your selfe, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poore number saued with you,
Hung on our driuing boate: I saw your brother
Most prouident in perill, binde himselfe,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practise)
To a strong Maste, that liu'd vpon the sea:
Where like *Orion* on the Dolphines backe,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waues,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's Gold:
Mine owne escape vnfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serues for authoritie
The like of him. Know'st thou this Countrey?

Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne
Not three houres trauaile from this very place.

Vio. Who gouernes heere?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. *Orsino*.

Vio. *Orsino*: I haue heard my father name him.
He was a Batchellor 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 lesse will prattle of,)
That he did seeke the loue of faire *Oliuia*.

Vio. What's shee?

Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count
That dide some tweluemonth since, then leauing her
In the protection of his sonne, her brother,
Who shortly also dide: for whose deere loue
(They say) she hath abiur'd the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O that I seru'd that Lady,
And might not be deliuered to the world
Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow
What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compasse,
Because she will admit no kinde of suite,
No, not the Dukes.

Vio. There is a faire behaiour in thee Captaine,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution: yet of thee
I will beleeeue thou hast a minde that suites

[Page Y2v]

With this thy faire and outward charracter.
I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteously)
Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,
For such disguise as haply shall become
The forme of my intent. Ile serue 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 sorts of Musicke,
That will allow me very worth his seruice.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile bee,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thanke thee: Lead me on.

Exeunt

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague meanes 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 earlyer
a nights: your Cosin, my Lady, takes great exceptions
to your ill houres.

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:
these cloathes are good enough to drinke in, and so bee
these boots too: and they be not, let them hang them-
selues in their owne straps.

Ma. That quaffing and drinking will vndoe you: I
heard my Lady talke of it yesterday: and of a foolish
knight that you brought in one night here, to be hir woer

To. Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheeke*?

Ma. I 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 hee'l haue but a yeare in all these ducates:
He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

To. Fie, that you'l say so: he playes o'th Viol-de-gam-boys,
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 allay the gust he hath in quarrel-
ling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly
haue the gift of a graue.

Tob. By this hand they are scoundrels and substra-
ctors that say so of him. Who are they?

Ma. They that adde moreour, hee'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 Coystrell that will not
drinke to my Neece, till his braines turne o'th toe, like a
parish top. What wench? *Castiliano vulgo*: for here coms
Sir *Andrew Agueface*.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir *Toby Belch*. How now sir *Toby Belch*?

To. Sweet sir *Andrew*.

And. Blesse you faire Shrew.

Mar. And you too sir.

Tob. Accost Sir *Andrew*, accost.

And. What's that?

To. My Neeces Chamber-maid.

Ma. Good Mistris accost, I desire better acquaintance

Ma. My name is *Mary* sir.

And. Good mistris *Mary*, accost.

To, You mistake knight: Accost, is front her, boord
her, woe her, assayle her.

And. By my troth I would not vndertake her in this
company. Is that the meaning of Accost?

Ma. Far you well Gentlemen.

To. And thou let part so Sir *Andrew*, would thou
mightst neuer draw sword agen.

And. And you part so mistris, I would I might neuer
draw sword agen: Faire Lady, doe you thinke you haue
fooles in hand?

Ma. Sir, I haue not you by'th hand.

An. Marry but you shall haue, 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 Meta-
phor?

Ma. It's dry sir.

And. Why I thinke so: I am not such an asse, but I
can keepe my hand dry. But what's your iest?

Ma. A dry iest Sir.

And. Are you full of them?

Ma. I Sir, I haue 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 thinke, vnlesse you see Ca-
narie put me downe: mee thinkes sometimes I haue 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'de forswear it. Ile ride home to morrow sir *Toby*.

To. *Pur-quoy* my deere knight?

An. What is *purquoy*? Do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I haue in fencing dancing, and beare-bayting: O had I but followed the Arts.

To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of haire.

An. Why, would that haue mended my haire?

To. Past question, for thou seest it will not coole my nature

An. But it becoms me wel enough, dost not?

To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaffe: & I hope to see a huswife take thee between her legs, & spin it off.

An. Faith Ile home to morrow sir *Toby*, your niece wil not be seene, or if she be it's four to one, she'l none of me: the Count himselve here hard by, wooes her.

To. Shee'l none o'th Count, she'l not match aboue hir degree, neither in estate, yeares, nor wit: I haue heard her swear't. Tut there's life in't man.

[Page Y3]

And. Ile stay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th strangest minde i'th world: I delight in Maskes and Reuels sometimes altogether.

To. Art thou good at these kicke-chawses Knight?

And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoeuer 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-tricke, 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 dust, like mistris *Mals* picture? Why dost thou not goe to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto? My verie walke should be a Iigge: I would not so much as make water but in a Sinke-a-pace: What dooest thou meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by the excellent constitution of thy legge, it was form'd vnder the starre of a Galliard.

And. I, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd stocke. Shall we sit about some Reuels?

To. What shall we do else: were we not borne vnder Taurus?

And. Taurus? That sides and heart.

To. No sir, it is leggs and thighes: let me see thee caper. Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in mans attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these fauours towards you *Cesario*, you are like to be much aduanc'd, he hath known you but three dayes, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either feare his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his loue. Is he inconstant sir, in his fauours.

Val. No beleeue me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thanke you: heere comes the Count.

Duke. Who saw *Cesario* hoa?

Vio. On your attendance my Lord heere.

Du. Stand you a-while aloofe. *Cesario*,
Thou knowst no lesse, but all: I haue vnclasp'd
To thee the booke euen of my secret soule.
Therefore good youth, addresse thy gate vnto her,
Be not deni'de accesse, stand at her doores,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou haue audience.

Vio. Sure my Noble Lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she neuer will admit me.

Du. Be clamorous, and leape all ciuill bounds,
Rather then make vnprofited returne,

Vio. Say I do speake with her (my Lord) what then?

Du. O then, vnfold the passion of my loue,
Surprize 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 Nuntio's of more graue aspect.

Vio. I thinke not so, my Lord.

Du. Deere Lad, beleeeue it;
For they shall yet belye thy happy yeeres,
That say thou art a man: *Dianas* lip
Is not more smooth, and rubious: thy small pipe
Is as the maidens organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblatiue a womans part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affayre: some foure or fiue attend him,
All if you will: for I my selfe am best
When least in companie: prosper well in this,
And thou shalt liue as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. Ile do my best
To woe your Lady: yet a barrefull strife,
Who ere I woe, my selfe would be his wife.

Exeunt.

Enter Maria, and Clowne.

Ma. Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I will not open my lippes so wide as a brissle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my Lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: hee that is well hang'de in this world, needs to feare no colours.

Ma. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to feare.

Ma. A good lenton answer: I can tell thee where y saying was borne, of I feare no colours.

Clo. Where good mistris *Mary*?

Ma. In the warrs, & that may you be bolde to say in your foolerie.

Clo. Well, God giue them wisdom that haue it: & those that are fooles, let them vse 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?

Clo. Many a good hanging, preuents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let summer beare it out.

Ma. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neyther, but I am resolu'd on two points

Ma. That if one breake, the other will hold: or if both breake, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if sir *Toby* would leaue drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eues* 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 Oliuia, with Maluolio.

Clo. 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
wise man. For what saies *Quinapalus*, Better a witty foole,
then a foolish wit. God blesse thee Lady.

Ol. Take the foole away.

Clo. Do you not heare fellowes, take away the Ladie.

Ol. Go too, y'are a dry foole: Ile no more of you: be-
sides you grow dis-honest.

Clo. Two faults Madona, that drinke & good counsell
wil amend: for giue 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 hee cannot, let the Botcher
mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: vertu
that transgresses, is but patcht with sinne, and sin that a-
mends, is but patcht with vertue. If that this simple
Sillogeisme will serue, so: if it will not, what remedy?
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.

[Page Y3v]

Ol. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, *Cucullus
non facit monachum*: that's as much to say, as I weare not
motley in my braine: good *Madona*, giue mee leaue to
proue you a foole.

Ol. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good Madona.

Ol. Make your prooffe.

Clo. I must catechize you for it Madona, Good my
Mouse of vertue answer mee.

Ol. Well sir, for want of other idlenesse, Ile bide your
prooffe.

Clo. Good Madona, why mournst thou?

Ol. Good foole, for my brothers death.

Clo. I thinke his soule is in hell, Madona.

Ol. I know his soule is in heauen, foole.

Clo. The more foole (Madona) to mourne for your Brothers soule, being in heauen. Take away the Foole, Gentlemen.

Ol. What thinke you of this foole *Maluolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity that decaies the wise, doth euer make the better foole.

Clow. God send you sir, a speedie Infirmity, for the better increasing your folly: Sir *Toby* will be sworn that I am no Fox, but he wil 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 rascall: 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: vnles you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest I take these Wisemen, that crow so at these set kinde of fooles, no better then the fooles Zanies.

Ol. O you are sicke of selfe-loue *Maluolio*, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltlesse, and of free disposition, is to take those things for Bird-bolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle; nor no rayling, in a knowne discreet man, though hee do nothing but reproue.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fooles.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much desires to speake with you.

Ol. From the Count *Orsino*, is it?

Ma I know not (Madam) 'tis a faire young man, and well attended.

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Ma. Sir *Toby* Madam, your kinsman.

Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he speakes nothing but madman: Fie on him. Go you *Maluolio*; If it be a suit from the Count, I am sicke, or not at home. What you will, to dismisse it.

Exit Maluo.

Now you see sir, how your fooling growes old, & people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for vs (Madona) as if thy eldest sonne should be a foole: whose scull, 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 Cosin?

To. A Gentleman.

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. 'Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague o'these pickle herring: How now Sot.

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*.

Ol. Cosin, Cosin, how haue you come so earely 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: giue me faith say I. Well, it's all one.

Exit

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 Coz: 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 so much, and therefore comes to speak
with you. I told him you were asleepe, he seems to haue
a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to
speake with you. What is to be said to him Ladie, hee's
fortified against any deniall.

Ol. Tell him, he shall not speake with me.

Mal. Ha's beene told so: and hee sayes hee'l stand at
your doore like a Sheriffes post, and be the supporter to
a bench, but hee'l speake with you.

Ol. What kinde o'man is he?

Mal. Why of mankinde.

Ol. What manner of man?

Mal. Of verie ill manner: hee'l 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 squash is before tis a pescod, or a Codling
when tis almost an Apple: Tis with him in standing wa-
ter, betweene 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 Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calles.

Enter Maria.

Ol. Giue me my vaile: come throw it ore my face,
Wee'l once more heare *Orsinos* Embassie.

Enter Violenta.

Vio. The honorable Ladie of the house, which is she?

Ol. Speake to me, I shall answer for her: your will.

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and vnmatchable beautie. I pray you tell me if this bee the Lady of the house, for I neuer saw her. I would bee loath to cast away my speech: for besides that it is excellently well pend, I haue taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let mee sustaine no scorne; I am very comptible, euen to the least sinister vsage.

Ol. Whence came you sir?

Vio. I can say little more then I haue studied, & that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, giue mee modest assurance, if you be the Ladie of the house, that I may proceede in my speech.

[Page Y4]

Ol. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No my profound heart: and yet (by the verie phangs of malice, I sweare) I am not that I play. Are you the Ladie of the house?

Ol. If I do not vsurpe my selfe, I am.

Vio. Most certaine, if you are she, you do vsurp your selfe: for what is yours to bestowe, is, not yours to reserue. But this is from my Commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Ol. Come to what is important in't: I forgiue you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I tooke great paines to studie it, and 'tis Poeticall.

Ol. It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep

it in. I heard you were sawcy at my gates, & allowd your approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you haue reason, be breefe: 'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Ma. Will you hoyst sayle sir, here lies your way.

Vio. No good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweete Ladie; tell me your minde, I am a messenger.

Ol. Sure you haue some hiddeous matter to deliuer, when the curtesie of it is so fearefull. Speake your office.

Vio. It alone concernes your eare: I bring no ouerture of warre, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyffe in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.

Ol. Yet you began rudely. What are you?
What would you?

Vio. The rudenesse that hath appear'd in mee, haue I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your eares, Diuinity; to any others, prophanation.

Ol. Giue vs the place alone,
We will heare this diuinitie. Now sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet Ladie.

Ol. A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee saide of it. Where lies your Text?

Vio. In *Orsinoes* bosome.

Ol. In his bosome? In what chapter of his bosome?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his hart.

Ol. O, I haue read it: it is heresie. Haue you no more to say?

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Ol. Haue you any Commission from your Lord, to negotiate with my face: you are now out of your Text: but we will draw the Curtain, and shew you the picture.

Looke you sir, such a one I was this present: Ist not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Ol. 'Tis in graine sir, 'twill endure winde and weather.

Vio. Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white,
Natures owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st shee aliue,
If you will leade these graces to the graue,
And leaue the world no copie.

Ol. O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will giue
out diuers scedules of my beautie. It shalbe Inuentoried
and euery particle and vtensile labell'd to my will: As,
Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes,
with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, & so forth.
Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud:
But if you were the diuell, you are faire:
My Lord, and master loues you: O such loue
Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beautie.

Ol. How does he loue me?

Vio. With adorations, fertill teares,
With groanes that thunder loue, with sighes of fire.

Ol. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot loue him
Yet I suppose him vertuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainlesse youth;
In voyces well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; But yet I cannot loue him:
He might haue tooke his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did loue you in my masters flame,
With such a suffring, such a deadly life:
In your deniall, I would finde no sence,
I would not vnderstand it.

Ol. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,
And call vpon my soule within the house,
Write loyall Cantons of contemned loue,
And sing them lowd euen in the dead of night:
Hallow your name to the reuerberate hilles,
And make the babling Gossip of the aire,
Cry out *Oliuia*: O you should not rest
Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth,
But you should pittie me.

Ol. You might do much:
What is your Parentage?

Vio. Aboue my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a Gentleman.

Ol. Get you to your Lord:
I cannot loue him: let him send no more,
Vnlesse (perchance) you come to me againe,
To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well:
I thanke you for your paines: spend this for mee.

Vio. I am no feede poast, Lady; keepe your purse,
My Master, not my selfe, lackes recompence.
Loue make his heart of flint, that you shal loue,
And let your feruour like my masters be,
Plac'd in contempt: Farwell fayre crueltie.

Exit

Ol. What is your Parentage?
Aboue my fortunes, yet my state is well;
I am a Gentleman. Ile be sworne thou art,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit,
Do giue thee fiue-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft,
Vnlesse the Master were the man. How now?
Euen so quickly may one catch the plague?
Me thinkes I feele this youths perfections
With an inuisible, and subtle stealth
To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What hoa, *Maluolio*.

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. Heere Madam, at your seruice.

Ol. Run after that same peeuish Messenger
The Countes man: he left this Ring behinde him
Would I, or not: tell him, Ile none of it.
Desire 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 giue him reasons for't: hie thee *Maluolio*.

Mal. Madam, I will.

Exit.

Ol. I do I know not what, and feare to finde
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde:
Fate, shew thy force, our selues we do not owe,
What is decreed, must be: and be this so.

[Page Y4v]

Finis, Actus primus.

Actus Secundus, Scaena 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
ouer me; the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps di-
stemper yours; therefore I shall craue of you your leaue,
that I may beare my euils alone. It were a bad recom-
pence for your loue, to lay any of them on you.

An. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No sooth sir: my determinate voyage is meere
extrauagancie. But I perceiue in you so excellent a touch
of modestie, that you will not extort from me, what I am
willing to keepe 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 *Rodo-rigo*)
my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom I
know you haue heard of. He left behinde him, my selfe,
and a sister, both borne in an houre: if the Heauens had

beene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you sir, al-ter'd
that, for some houre before you tooke me from the
breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady sir, though it was said shee much resem-
bled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but thogh
I could not with such estimable wonder ouer-farre be-
leeue 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*, forgiue me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my loue, let mee
be your seruant.

Seb. If you will not vndo what you haue done, that is
kill him, whom you haue recouer'd, desire 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 vpon the
least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am
bound to the Count Orsino's Court, farewell.

Exit

Ant. The gentlenesse of all the gods go with thee:
I haue many enemies in Orsino's Court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go.

Exit.

Scaena Secunda.

Enter Viola and Maluolio, at seuerall doores.

Mal. Were not you eu'n now, with the Countesse *O-liuia*?

Vio. Euen now sir, on a moderate pace, I haue since a-riu'd
but hither.

Mal. She returnes this Ring to you (sir) you might haue saued mee my paines, to haue taken it away your selfe. She adds moreouer, 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, vnlesse it bee to report your Lords taking of this: receiue it so.

Vio. She tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it.

Mal. Come sir, you peeuishly threw it to her: and her will is, it should be so return'd: If it bee worth stooping for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that findes it.

Exit.

Vio. I left no Ring with her: what meanes this Lady? Fortune forbid my out-side haue 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 distractedly. She loues me sure, the cunning of her passion Inuites 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, Poore Lady, she were better loue a dreame: Disguise, I see thou art a wickednesse, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easie is it, for the proper false In womens waxen hearts to set their formes: Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not wee, For such as we are made, if such we bee: How will this fadge? My master loues her deerely, And I (poore monster) fond asmuch on him: And she (mistaken) seemes to dote on me: What will become of this? As I am man, My state is desperate for my maisters loue: As I am woman (now alas the day) What thriftlesse sighes shall poore *Oliuia* breath? O time, thou must vntangle this, not I, It is too hard a knot for me t' vnty.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach Sir *Andrew*: not to bee a bedde after midnight, is to be vp betimes, and *Deliculo surgere*, thou know'st.

And. Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to be vp late, is to be vp late.

To. A false conclusion: 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 liues consist 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 stoope of wine.

Enter Clowne.

And. Heere comes the foole yfaith.

Clo. How now my harts: Did you neuer see the Picture of we three?

To. Welcome asse, now let's haue a catch.

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breast. I had rather then forty shillings I had such a legge, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the foole has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the Equinoctial of *Queubus*: 'twas very good yfaith: I sent thee sixe pence for thy Lemon, hadst it?

[Page Y5]

Clo. I did impeticoes thy gratillity: for *Maluolios* nose is no Whip-stocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Mermidons are no bottle-ale houses.

An. Excellent: Why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

To. Come on, there is sixe pence for you. Let's haue a song.

An. There's a testrill of me too: if one knight giue a

Clo. Would you haue a loue-song, or a song of good life?

To. A loue song, a loue song.

An. I, I. I care not for good life.

Clowne sings .

O Mistris mine where are you roming?

O stay and heare, your true loues coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further prettie sweeting.

Iourneys end in louers meeting,

Euery wise mans sonne doth know.

An. Excellent good, ifaith.

To. Good, good.

Clo. What is loue, tis not heereafter,

Present mirth, hath present laughter:

What's to come, is still vnshire.

In delay there lies no plentie,

Then come kisse me sweet and twentie:

Youths a stufte will not endure.

An. A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight.

To. A contagious breath.

An. Very sweet, and contagious ifaith.

To. To heare by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.

But shall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall wee rowze the night-Owle in a Catch, that will drawe three soules out of one Weauer? Shall we do that?

And. And you loue me, let's doo't: I am dogge at a Catch.

Clo. Byrlady sir, and some dogs will catch well.

An. Most certaine: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knaue.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou Knaue knight.* I shall be con-strain'd in't, to call thee knaue, Knight.

An. 'Tis not the first time I haue constrained one to call me knaue. Begin foole: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall neuer begin if I hold my peace.

An. Good ifaith: Come begin.

Catch sung

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwalling doe you keepe heere? If my Ladie haue not call'd vp her Steward *Maluolio*, and bid him turne you out of doores, neuer trust me.

To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Maluolios* a Peg-a-ramsie, and *Three merry men be wee*. Am not I consanguinious? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally. Ladie, *There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knights in admirable fooling.

An. I, he do's well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more naturall.

To. *O the twelfe day of December.*

Mar. For the loue o' God peace.

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. My masters are you mad? Or what are you? Haue you no wit, manners, nor honestie, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do yee make an Ale-house of my Ladies house, that ye squeak out your Cozi-ers Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

To. We did keepe time sir 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 kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your selfe and your misdemeanors, you are wel-

come to the house: if not, and it would please you to take leaue 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 euen so?

To. But I will neuer dye.

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, no, you dare not.

To. Out o' tune sir, ye lye: Art any more then a Steward? Dost thou thinke because thou art vertuous, there shall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Clo. Yes by *S[aint]*. Anne, and Ginger shall bee hotte y'th mouth too.

To. Th'art i'th right. Goe sir, rub your Chaine with crums. A stope of Wine *Maria*.

Mal. Mistris Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies fauour at any thing more then contempt, you would not giue meanes for this vnciuill rule; she shall know of it by this hand.

Exit

Mar. Go shake your eares.

An. 'Twere as good a deede as to drink when a mans a hungrie, to challenge him the field, and then to breake promise with him, and make a foole of him.

To. Doo't knight, Ile write thee a Challenge: or Ile deliuer 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 Monsieur Maluolio, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not thinke I haue witte enough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

To. Possesse vs, possesse vs, tell vs something of him.

Mar. Marrie sir, sometimes he is a kinde of Puritane.

An. O, if I thought that, Ide beate him like a dogge.

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquisite reason, deere knight.

An. I haue no exquisite reason for't, but I haue reason good enough.

Mar. The diu'll a Puritane that hee is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd Asse, that cons State without booke, and vtters it by great swarths. The best perswaded of himselfe: so cram'd (as he thinkes) with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all that looke on him, loue him: and on that vice in him, will my reuenge finde notable cause to worke.

To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure Epistles of loue, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his legge, the manner of his gate, the expresse of his eye, forehead, and complection, he shall finde himselfe most feelingly personated. I can write very like my Ladie your Neece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make distinction of our hands.

To. Excellent, I smell a deuice.

An. I hau't in my nose too.

To. He shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop that they come from my Neece, and that shee's in loue with him.

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

An. And your horse now would make him an Asse.

[Page Y5v]

Mar. Asse, I doubt not.

An. O twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Physicke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foole make a third, where he shall finde the Letter: obserue his construction of it: For this night to bed, and dreame on the euent: Farewell.

Exit

To. Good night *Penthisilea*.

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 send for more money.

An. If I cannot recouer your Neece, I am a foule way out.

To. Send for money knight, if thou hast her not i'th end, call me Cut.

An. If I do not, neuer trust me, take it how you will.

To. Come, come, Ile go burne some Sacke, tis too late to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Du. Giue me some Musick; Now good morow frends.
Now good *Cesario*, but that peece of song,
That old and Anticke song we heard last night;
Me thought it did releue my passion much,
More then light ayres, and recollected termes
Of these most briske and giddy-paced times.

Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not heere (so please your Lordshippe) that should sing it?

Du. Who was it?

Cur. *Feste* the Iester my Lord, a foole that the *Ladie Oliuiaes* Father tooke much delight in. He is about the house.

Du. Seeke him out, and play the tune the while.

Musicke playes.

Come hither Boy, if euer thou shalt loue
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For such as I am, all true Louers are,
Vnstaide and skittish in all motions else,
Saue in the constant image of the creature
That is belou'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It giues a verie eccho to the seate
Where loue is thron'd.

Du. Thou dost speake masterly,
My life vpon't, yong though thou art, thine eye
Hath staide vpon some fauour that it loues:
Hath it not boy?

Vio. A little, by your fauour.

Du. What kinde of woman ist?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Du. She is not worth thee then. What yeares ifaith?

Vio. About your yeeres my Lord.

Du. Too old by heauen: Let still the woman take
An elder then her selfe, so weares she to him;
So swayes she leuell in her husbands heart:
For boy, howeuer we do praise our selues,
Our fancies are more giddie and vnfirm, e,
More longing, wauering, sooner lost and worne,
Then womens are.

Vio. I thinke it well my Lord.

Du. Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy selfe,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as Roses, whose faire flowre
Being once displaid, doth fall that verie howre.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so:
To die, euen when they to perfection grow.

Enter Curio & Clowne.

Du. O fellow come, the song we had last night:
Marke it Cesario, it is old and plaine;
The Spinsters and the Knitters in the Sun,
And the free maides that weaue their thred with bones,
Do vse to chaunt it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of loue,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready Sir?

Duke. I prethee sing.

Musicke.

The Song.

*Come away, come away death,
And in sad cypresse let me be laide.
Fye away, fie away breath,
I am slaine by a faire cruell maide:
My shrowd of white, stuck all with Ew, O prepare it.
My part of death no one so true did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweete
On my blacke coffin, let there be strewne:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poore corpes, where my bones shall be throwne:
A thousand thousand sighes to saue, lay me o where
Sad true louer neuer find my graue, to weepe there.*

Du. There's for thy paines.

Clo. No paines sir, I take pleasure in singing sir.

Du. Ile pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly sir, and pleasure will be paide one time, or
another.

Du. Giue me now leaue, to leaue thee.

Clo. Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy minde is a very Opall. I would haue men of such constancie put to Sea, that their businesse might be euery thing, and their intent euerie where, for that's it, that alwayes makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

Exit

Du. Let all the rest giue place: Once more *Cesario*,
Get thee to yond same soueraigne crueltie:
Tell her my loue, more noble then the world
Prizes not quantitie of dirtie lands,
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd vpon her:
Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:
But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of Iems
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soule.

Vio. But if she cannot loue you sir.

Du. It cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth but you must.
Say that some Lady, as perhappes there is,
Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart
As you haue for *Oliuia*: you cannot loue her:
You tel her so: Must she not then be answer'd?

Du. There is no womans sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As loue doth giue my heart: no womans heart
So bigge, to hold so much, they lacke retention.
Alas, their loue may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the Liuer, but the Pallat,
That suffer surfet, cloyment, and reuolt,
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digest as much, make no compare
Betweene that loue a woman can beare me,
And that I owe *Oliuia*.

[Page Y6]

Vio. I but I know.

Du. What dost thou knowe?

Vio. 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 a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
I should your Lordship.

Du. And what's her history?

Vio. A blanke my Lord: she neuer told her loue,
But let concealment like a worme i'th budde
Feede on her damaske cheeke: she pin'd in thought,
And with a greene and yellow melancholly,
She sate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at greefe. Was not this loue indeede?
We men may say more, sweare more, but indeed
Our shewes are more then will: for still we proue
Much in our vowes, but little in our loue.

Du. But di'de thy sister of her loue my Boy?

Vio. 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 that's the Theame,
To her in haste: giue her this Iewell: say,
My loue can giue no place, bide no denay.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes Signior *Fabian*.

Fab. Nay Ile come: if I loose a scruple of this sport,
let me be boyl'd to death with Melancholly.

To. Wouldst thou not be glad to haue the niggard-
ly Rascally sheepe-biter, come by some notable shame?

Fa. I would exult man: you know he brought me out
o' fauour with my Lady, about a Beare-baiting heere.

To. To anger him wee'l haue the Beare againe, and
we will foole him blacke and blew, shall we not sir *An-drew*?

An. And we do not, it is pittie of our liues.

Enter Maria.

To. Heere comes the little villaine: How now my
Mettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: *Maluolio's*
comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder i'the
Sunne practising behauour to his own shadow this halfe
houre: obserue him for the loue of Mockerie: for I know
this Letter wil make a contemplatiue Ideot of him. Close
in the name of ieasting, lye thou there: for heere comes
the Trowt, that must be caught with tickling.

Exit

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once
told me she did affect me, and I haue heard her self come
thus neere, that should shee fancie, it should bee one of
my complection. Besides she vses me with a more ex-
alted respect, then any one else that followes her. What
should I thinke on't?

To. Heere's an ouer-weening rogue.

Fa. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey
Cocke of him, how he iets vnder his aduanc'd plumes.

And. Slight I could so beate the Rogue.

To. Peace I say.

Mal. To be Count *Maluolio*.

To. Ah Rogue.

An. Pistoll him, pistoll him.

To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: The Lady of the *Stra-chy*,
married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

An. Fie on him Iezabel.

Fa. O peace, now he's deeply in: looke how imagination blowes him.

Mal. Hauing beene three moneths married to her, sitting 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 Veluet gowne: hauing come from a day bedde, where I haue left *Oliuia* sleeping.

To. Fire and Brimstone.

Fa. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to haue 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 aske for my kinsman *Toby*.

To. Boltes and shackles.

Fa. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seauen of my people with an obedient start, make out for him: I frowne the while, and perchance winde vp my watch, or play with my some rich Iewell: *Toby* approaches; curtsies there to me.

To. Shall this fellow liue?

Fa. Though our silence be drawne from vs with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controll.

To. And do's not *Toby* take you a blow o'the lippes, then?

Mal. Saying, Cosine *Toby*, my Fortunes hauing cast me on your Neece, giue me this prerogatiue of speech.

To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkennesse.

To. Out scab.

Fab. Nay patience, or we breake the sinewes 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 heere?

Fa. Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin.

To. Oh peace, and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him.

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: these bee her very *C's*, her *V'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 *V's*, and her *T's*: why that?

Mal. *To the vnknowne belou'd, this, and my good Wishes:* Her very Phrases: By your leaue wax. Soft, and the impressure her *Lucrece*, with which she vses to seale: tis my Lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This winnes him, Liuer and all.

[Page Y6v]

Mal. *Ioue knowes I loue, but who, Lips do not mooue, no man must know.* No man must know. What followes? The numbers alter'd: No man must know, If this should be thee *Maluolio*?

To. Marrie hang thee brocke.

Mal. *I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lucrese knife:*
With bloodlesse stroke my heart doth gore, M.O.A.I. doth sway my life.

Fa. A fustian riddle.

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 dish a poyson has she drest him?

To. And with what wing the stallion checkes at it?

Mal. *I may command, where I adore:* Why shee may command me: I serue her, she is my Ladie. Why this is euident to any formall capacitie. There is no obstruction in this, and the end: What should that Alphabeticall position portend, if I could make that resemble something in me? Softly, *M.O.A.I.*

To. O I, make vp that, he is now at a cold sent.

Fab. Sowter will cry vpon't for all this, though it bee as ranke as a Fox.

Mal. *M. Maluolio, M.* why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would worke it out, the Curre is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M.* But then there is no consonancy in the sequell that suffers vnder probation: *A.* should follow, but *O.* does.

Fa. And *O* shall end, I hope.

To. I, or Ile cudgell him, and make him cry *O.*

Mal. And then *I.* comes behind.

Fa. I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might see more detraction at your heeles, then Fortunes 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 e- uery one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here fol- lowes prose: *If this fall into thy hand, reuolue.* In my stars I am about thee, but be not affraid of greatnesse: Some are become great, some atcheeues greatnesse, and some haue greatnesse thrust vppon em. Thy fates open theyr hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to in- vre thy selfe to what thou art like to be: cast thy humble slough, and appeare fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with seruants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thy selfe into the tricke of singularitie. Shee

thus aduises thee, that sighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee euer crosse garter'd: I say remember, goe too, thou art made if thou desir'st to be so: If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of seruants, and not woorthie to touch Fortunes fingers Farewell, Shee that would alter seruices with thee, the fortunate vnhappy daylight and champion discouers not more: This is open, I will bee proud, I will reade politicke Authours, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will wash off grosse acquaintance, I will be point deuise, the very man. I do not now foole my selfe, to let imagination iade mee; for euery reason excites to this, that my Lady loues me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, shee did praise my legge being crosse-garter'd, and in this she manifests her selfe to my loue, & with a kinde of iniunction driues mee to these habites of her liking. I thanke my starres, I am happy: I will bee strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and crosse Garter'd, euen with the swiftnesse of putting on. Ioue, and my starres be praised. Heere is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainst my loue, let it appeare in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, deere my sweete, I prethee.* Ioue I thanke thee, I will smile, I wil do euery thing that thou wilt haue me.

Exit

Fab. I will not giue my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

To. I could marry this wench for this deuice.

An. So could I too.

To. And aske no other dowry with her, but such another iest.

Enter Maria.

An. Nor I neither.

Fab. Heere comes my noble gull catcher.

To. Wilt thou set thy foote o'my necke.

An. Or o'mine either?

To. Shall I play my freedome at tray-trip, and becom thy bondsclaue?

An. Ifaith, or I either?

Tob. Why, thou hast put him in such a dreame, that when the image of it leaues him, he must run mad.

Ma. Nay but say true, do's it worke vpon him?

To. Like Aqua vite with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruites of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: hee will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhorres, and crosse garter'd, a fashion shee detests: and hee will smile vpon her, which will now be so vnsuteable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholly, as shee is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you wil see it follow me.

To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent diuell of wit.

And. Ile make one too.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundus

Actus Tertius, Scaena prima.

Enter Viola and Clowne.

Vio. Saue thee Friend and thy Musick: dost thou liue by thy Tabor?

Clo. No sir, I liue by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No such matter sir, I do liue by the Church: For, I do liue at my house, and my house dooth stand by the Church.

Vio. So thou maist say the Kings lyes by a begger, if a begger dwell neer him: or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

Clo. You haue said sir: To see this age: A sentence is but a cheu'rill gloue to a good witte, how quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward.

Vio. Nay that's certaine: they that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore my sister had had no name Sir.

Vio. Why man?

Clo. Why sir, her names a word, and to dallie with that word, might make my sister wanton: But indeede, words are very Rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason man?

[Page Z1]

Clo. Troth sir, I can yeeld you none without wordes, and wordes are growne so false, I am loath to proue reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for nothing.

Clo. Not so sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing sir, I would it would make you inuisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Oliuia*'s foole?

Clo. No indeed sir, the Lady *Oliuia* has no folly, shee will keepe no foole sir, till she be married, and fooles are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husbands the bigger, I am indeede not her foole, but hir corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count *Orsino*'s.

Clo. Foolery sir, does walke about the Orbe like the Sun, it shines euery where. I would be sorry sir, but the Foole should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mistress: I thinke I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, and thou passe vpon me, Ile no more with thee. Hold there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Ioue in his next commodity of hayre, send thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth Ile tell thee, I am almost sicke for one, though I would not haue it grow on my chinne. Is thy Lady within?

Clo. Would not a paire of these haue bred sir?

Vio. Yes being kept together, and put to vse.

Clo. I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia* sir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troylus*.

Vio. I vnderstand you sir, tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter I hope is not great sir; begging, but a begger: *Cressida* was a begger. My Lady is within sir. I will conster to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say Element, but the word is ouer-worne.

Exit

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the foole,
And to do that well, craues a kinde of wit:
He must obserue their mood on whom he iests,
The quality of persons, and the time:
And like the Haggard, checke at euery Feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a Wise-mans Art:
For folly that he wisely shewes, is fit;
But wisemens folly falne, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

To. Saue you Gentleman.

Vio. And you sir.

And. *Dieu vou guard Monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vouz ousie vostre seruiture.*

An. I hope sir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you incounter the house, my Neece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neece sir, I meane she is the list of my voyage.

To. Taste your legges sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legges do better vnderstand me sir, then I vnderstand what you meane by bidding me taste my legs.

To. I meane to go sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are preuented.

Enter Oliuia, and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heauens raine Odours on you.

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, wel.

Vio. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne most pregnant and vouchsafed eare.

And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: Ile get 'em all three already.

Ol. Let the Garden doore be shut, and leaue mee to my hearing. Giue me your hand sir.

Vio. My dutie Madam, and most humble seruice.

Ol. What is your name?

Vio. *Cesario* is your seruants name, faire Princesse.

Ol. My seruant sir? 'Twas neuer merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd complement:
Y'are seruant to the Count *Orsino* youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your seruants seruant, is your seruant Madam.

Ol. For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalfe.

Ol. O by your leaue I pray you.
I had you neuer speake againe of him;
But would you vndertake another suite
I had rather heare you, to solicit that,
Then Musicke from the spheares.

Vio. Deere Lady.

Ol. Giue me leaue, beseech you: I did send,
After the last enchantment you did heare,
A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse
My selfe, my seruant, and I feare me you:
Vnder your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shamefull cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Haue you not set mine Honor at the stake,
And baited it with all th' vnmuzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiuing
Enough is shewne, a Cipresse, not a bosome,
Hides my heart: so let me heare you speake.

Vio. I pittie you.

Ol. That's a degree to loue.

Vio. No not a grize: for tis a vulgar prooffe
That verie oft we pittie enemies.

Ol. Why then me thinks 'tis time to smile agen:
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 waste of time:
Be not affraid good youth, I will not haue you,
And yet when wit and youth is come to haruest,
Your wife is like to reape a proper man:
There lies your way, due West.

Vio. Then Westward hoe:
Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship:
You'l nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:

Ol. Stay: I prethee tell me what thou thinkst of me?

Vio. That you do thinke you are not what you are.

Ol. If I thinke so, I thinke the same of you.

Vio. Then thinke you right: I am not what I am.

Ol. I would you were, as I would haue you be.

Vio. Would it be better Madam, then I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your foole.

Ol. O what a deale of scorne, lookes beautifull?

In the contempt and anger of his lip,

A murdrous guilt shewes not it selfe more soone,

Then loue that would seeme hid: Loues night, is noone.

Cesario, by the Roses of the Spring,

By maid-hood, honor, truth, and euey thing,

I loue thee so, that maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide:

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:

But rather reason thus, with reason fetter;

Loue sought, is good: but giuen vnsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I sweare, and by my youth,

I haue one heart, one bosome, and one truth,

And that no woman has, nor neuer none

Shall mistris be of it, saue I alone.

And so adieu good Madam, neuer more,

Will I my Masters teares to you deplore.

Ol. Yet come againe: for thou perhaps mayst moue

That heart which now abhorres, to like his loue.

Exeunt

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Ile not stay a iot longer:

To. Thy reason deere venom, giue thy reason.

Fab. You must needes yeelde your reason, Sir *An-drew*?

And. Marry I saw your Neece do more fauours to the Counts Seruing-man, then euer she bestow'd vpon mee: I saw't i'th Orchard.

To. Did she see the while, old boy, tell me that.

And. As plaine as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of loue in her toward you.

And. S'light; will you make an Asse o'me.

Fab. I will proue it legitimate sir, vpon the Oathes of iudgement, and reason.

To. And they haue beene grand Iurie men, since before *Noah* was a Saylor.

Fab. Shee did shew fauour 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 Liuer: you should then haue accosted her, and with some excellent iests, fire-new from the mint, you should haue bangd the youth into dumbenesse: this was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt: the double gilt of this opportunitie you let time wash off, and you are now sayld into the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang like an ysickle on a Dutchmans beard, vnlesse you do redeeme 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 lief be a Brownist, as a Politician.

To. Why then build me thy fortunes vpon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him hurt him in eleuen places, my Neece shall take note of it, and assure thy selfe, there is no loue-Broker in the world, can more preuaile 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 curst and briefe:
it is no matter how wittie, so it bee eloquent, and full of
invention: taunt him with the license of Inke: if thou
thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amisse, and as ma-
ny Lyes, as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the
sheete were bigge enough for the bedde of *Ware* in Eng-
land, set 'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gaulle e-
nough in thy inke, though thou write with a Goose-pen,
no matter: about it.

And. Where shall I finde you?

To. Wee'l call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.

Exit Sir Andrew.

Fa. This is a deere Manakin to you Sir *Toby*.

To. I haue beene deere to him lad, some two thousand
strong, or so.

Fa. We shall haue a rare Letter from him; but you'le
not deliuer't.

To. Neuer trust me then: and by all meanes stirre 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 Liuer, as will clog the
foote of a flea, Ile eate the rest of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his opposit the youth beares in his visage no
great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

To. Looke where the youngest Wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleene, and will laughe your
selues into stitches, follow me; yond gull *Maluolio* is tur-
ned Heathen, a verie Renegatho; for there is no christian
that meanes to be saued by beleeuing rightly, can euer
beleeue such impossible passages of grossnesse. Hee's in
yellow stockings.

To. And crosse garter'd?

Mar. Most villanously: like a Pedant that keepes a Schoole i'th Church: I haue dogg'd him like his murtherer. He does obey euery point of the Letter that I dropt, to betray him: He does smile his face into more lynes, then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the Indies: you haue not seene such a thing as tis: I can hardly forbear hurling things at him, I know my Ladie will strike him: if shee doe, hee'l smile, and take't for a great fauour.

To. Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian and Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my will haue 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 filed steele) did spurre me forth,
And not all loue to see you (though so much
As might haue drawne one to a longer voyage)
But iealousie, what might befall your trauell,
Being skillesse in these parts: which to a stranger,
Vnguided, and vnfriended, often proue
Rough, and vn hospitable. My willing loue,
The rather by these arguments of feare
Set forth in your pursuite.

Seb. My kinde *Anthonio*,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks: and euer oft good turnes,
Are shuffel'd off with such vncurrant 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?

Ant. To morrow sir, best first go see your Lodging?

[Page Z2]

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night
I pray you let vs satisfie 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 streetes.
Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his gallies,
I did some seruice, of such note indeede,
That were I tane heere, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell
Might well haue giuen vs bloody argument:
It might haue since bene answer'd in repaying
What we tooke from them, which for Traffiques sake
Most of our City did. Onely my selfe stood out,
For which if I be lapsed in this place
I shall pay deere.

Seb. Do not then walke too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold sir, here's my purse,
In the South Suburbes at the Elephant
Is best to lodge: I will bespeake our dyet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Towne, there shall you haue me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light vpon some toy
You haue desire to purchase: and your store
I thinke is not for idle Markets, sir.

Seb. Ile be your purse-bearer, and leaue you
For an houre.

Ant. To th' Elephant.

Seb. I do remember.

Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

Enter Oliuia and Maria.

Ol. I haue sent after him, he sayes hee'l come:
How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speake too loud: Where's *Maluolio*, he is sad, and ciuill,
And suites well for a seruant with my fortunes,
Where is *Maluolio*?

Mar. He's comming Madame:
But in very strange manner. He is sure possest Madam.

Ol. Why what's the matter, does he raue?

Mar. No Madam, he does nothing but smile: your Ladyship were best to haue some guard about you, if hee come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Maluolio.

I am as madde as hee,
If sad and merry madnesse equall bee.
How now *Maluolio*?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho.

Ol. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee vpon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad:
This does make some obstruction in the blood:
This crosse-gartering, but what of that?
If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true
Sonnet is: Please one, and please all.

Mal. Why how doest thou man?
What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my legges: It did come to his hands, and Commaunds shall be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane hand.

Ol. Wilt thou go to bed *Maluolio*?

Mal. To bed? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee.

Ol. God comfort thee: Why dost thou smile so, and
kisse thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you *Maluolio*?

Maluo. At your request:
Yes Nightingales answere Dawes.

Mar. Why appeare you with this ridiculous bold-
nesse before my Lady.

Mal. Be not afraid of greatnesse: 'twas well writ.

Ol. What meanst thou by that *Maluolio*?

Mal. Some are borne great.

Ol. Ha?

Mal. Some atcheeue greatnesse.

Ol. What sayst thou?

Mal. And some haue greatnesse thrust vpon them.

Ol. Heauen restore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stock-
ings.

Ol. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee crosse garter'd.

Ol. Crosse garter'd?

Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so.

Ol. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a seruant still.

Ol. Why this is verie Midsommer madnesse.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count
Orsino's is return'd, I could hardly entreate him backe: he
attends your Ladyships pleasure.

Ol. Ile come to him.
Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my
Cosine *Toby*, let some of my people haue a speciall care

of him, I would not haue him misscarrie for the halfe of my Dowry.

Exit

Mal. Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worse man then sir *Toby* to looke to me. This concurre directly with the Letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may appeare stubborne to him: for she incites me to that in the Letter. Cast thy humble slough sayes she: be opposite with a Kinsman, surly with seruants, let thy tongue langer with arguments of state, put thy selfe into the tricke of singularity: and consequently setts downe the manner how: as a sad face, a reuerend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and so foorth. I haue lymde her, but it is Ioues doing, and Ioue make me thankefull. And when she went away now, let this Fellow be look'd too: Fellow? not *Maluolio*, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why euery thing adheres together, that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or vnsafe circumstance: What can be saide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well Ioue, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

[Page Z2v]

To. Which way is hee in the name of sanctity. If all the diuels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himselfe possest him, yet Ile speake to him.

Fab. Heere he is, heere he is: how ist with you sir? How ist with you man?

Mal. Go off, I discard you: let me enioy my priuate: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speakes within him; did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prayes you to haue a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does she so?

To. Go too, go too: peace, peace, wee must deale gently with him: Let me alone. How do you *Maluolio*? How ist with you? What man, defie the diuell: consider, he's an enemy to mankinde.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, and you speake ill of the diuell, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wise woman.

Mar. Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning if I liue. 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 moue him? Let me alone with him.

Fa. No way but gentlenesse, gently, gently: the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly vs'd.

To. Why how now my bawcock? how dost thou chuck?

Mal. Sir.

To. I biddy, come with me. What man, tis not for grauity to play at cherrie-pit with sathan 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-nesse.

Mal. Go hang your selues all: you are ydle shallowe things, I am not of your element, you shall knowe more heereafter.

Exit

To. Ist possible?

Fa. If this were plaid vpon a stage now, I could con-

demne it as an improbable fiction.

To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the deuce man.

Mar. Nay pursue him now, least the deuce take ayre, and taint.

Fa. Why we shall make him mad indeede.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

To. Come, wee'l haue 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 pennance, til our verry pastime tyred out of breath, prompt vs to haue mercy on him: at which time, we wil bring the deuce to the bar and crowne 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. Ist so sawcy?

And. I, ist? I warrant him: do but read.

To. Giue me.

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scuruy 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.

Fa. A good note, that keepes you from the blow of the Law

To. Thou comst to the Lady Oliuia, and in my sight she vses thee kindly: but thou lyst in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fa. Very breefe, and to exceeding good sence-lesse.

To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.

Fa. Good.

To. Thou kilst me like a rogue and a villaine.

Fa. Still you keepe o'th windie side of the Law: good.

Tob. Fartheewell, and God haue mercie vpon one of our soules. He may haue mercie vpon mine, but my hope is better, and so looke to thy selfe. Thy friend as thou vsest him, & thy sworne enemy, Andrew Ague-cheeke.

To. If this Letter moue him not, his legges cannot: Ile giu't him.

Mar. You may haue verie fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by depart.

To. Go sir Andrew: scout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie: so soone as euer thou seest him, draw, and as thou draw'st, sweare horrible: for it comes to passe oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, giues manhoode more approbation, then euer prooue it selfe would haue earn'd him. Away.

And. Nay let me alone for swearing.

Exit

To. Now will not I deliuer his Letter: for the behaviour of the yong Gentleman, giues him out to be of good capacity, and breeding: his employment betweene his Lord and my Neece, confirms no lesse. Therefore, this Letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But sir, I will deliuer his Challenge by word of mouth; set vpon Ague-cheeke a notable report of valor, and driue the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receiue it) into a most 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 Cockatrices.

Enter Oliuia and Viola.

Fab. Heere he comes with your Neece, giue them way till he take leaue, and presently after him.

To. I wil meditate the while vpon some horrid message
for a Challenge.

Ol. I haue said too much vnto a hart of stone,
And laid mine honour too vnchary on't:
There's something in me that reproues my fault:
But such a head-strong potent fault it is,
That it but mockes reproofe.

Vio. With the same hauiour that your passion beares,
Goes on my Masters greefes.

Ol. Heere, weare this Iewell for me, 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 Ile deny,
That honour (sau'd) may vpon asking giue.

Vio. Nothing but this, your true loue for my master.

Ol. How with mine honor may I giue him that,
Which I haue giuen to you.

Vio. I will acquit 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 saue thee.

[Page Z3]

Vio. And you sir.

To. That defence thou hast, betake the too't: of what
nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I knowe not:
but thy interceptor full of despight, bloody as the Hun-
ter, attends thee at the Orchard end: dismount thy tucke,
be yare in thy preparation, for thy assaylant is quick, skil-
full, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake sir I am sure, no man hath any quar-
rell to me: my remembrance is very free and cleere from
any image of offence done to any man.

To. You'l finde it otherwise I assure you: therefore, if
you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard:
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 vnatch'd Rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a diuell in priuate brall, soules and bodies hath he diuorc'd three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulcher: Hob, nob, is his word: giu't or take't.

Vio. I will returne againe into the house, and desire some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I haue heard of some kinde of men, that put quarrells purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirke.

To. Sir, no: his indignation deriues it selfe out of a verie computent iniurie, therefore get you on, and giue him his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, vnlesse you vndertake that with me, which with as much safetie you might answer him: therefore on, or strippe your sword starke naked: for meddle you must that's certain, or forswear to weare iron about you.

Vio. This is as vnciuill 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 purpose.

To. I will doe so. Signiour *Fabian*, stay you by this Gentleman, till my returne.

Exit Toby.

Vio. Pray you sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incenst against you, euen to a mortall arbitrement, 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 prooffe of his valour. He is indeede sir, the most skilfull, bloudy, &

fatall opposite that you could possibly haue 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 Priest, then sir knight: I care not who knowes so much of my mettle.

Exeunt.

Enter Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hee s a verie diuell, I haue not seen such a firago: I had a passe with him, rapier, scabberd, and all: and he giues me the stucke in with such a mortall motion that it is ineuitable: and on the answer, he payes you as surely, 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.

An. Plague on't, and I thought he had beene valiant, and so cunning in Fence, I'de haue seene him damn'd ere I'de haue challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and Ile giue him my horse, gray Capilet.

To. Ile make the motion: stand heere, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of soules, marry Ile ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I haue his horse to take vp the quarrell, I haue perswaded him the youths a diuell.

Fa. He is as horribly conceited of him: and pants, & lookes pale, as if a Beare were at his heeles.

To. There's no remedie sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marrie 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. Giue ground if you see him furious.

To. Come sir *Andrew*, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honors sake haue one bowt with you: he cannot by the Duello auoide 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 tis against my will.

Ant. Put vp your sword: if this yong Gentleman Haue done offence, I take the fault on me: If you offend him, I for him defie you.

To. You sir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One sir, that for his loue dares yet do more Then you haue heard him brag to you he will.

To. Nay, if you be an vndertaker, I am for you.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good sir *Toby* hold: heere come the Officers.

To. Ile be with you anon.

Vio. Pray sir, put your sword vp if you please.

And. Marry will I sir: and for that I promis'd you Ile be as good as my word. Hee will beare you easily, and raines well.

1.Off. This is the man, do thy Office.

2.Off. *Anthonio*, I arrest thee at the suit of Count *Orsino*

An. You do mistake me sir.

1.Off. No sir, no iot: I know your fauour well: Though now you haue 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 answer it:
What will you do: now my necessitie
Makes me to aske you for my purse. It grieues mee
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Then what befalls 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 fayre kindnesse you haue shew'd me heere,
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 Coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now,
Ist possible that my deserts to you
Can lacke perswasion. Do not tempt my misery,
Least that it make me so vnsound a man
As to vpbraid you with those kindnesses
That I haue done for you.

[Page Z3v]

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Then lying, vainnesse, babling drunkennesse,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabites our fraile blood.

Ant. Oh heauens themselues.

2.Off. Come sir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me speake a little. This youth that you see heere,
I snatch'd one halfe out of the iawes of death,
Releeu'd him with such sanctitie of loue;
And to his image, which me thought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I deuotion.

1.Off. What's that to vs, the time goes by: Away.

Ant. But oh, how vilde an idoll proues this God:
Thou hast *Sebastian* done good feature, shame.
In Nature, there's no blemish but the minde:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the vnkinde.
Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous euill
Are empty trunks, ore-flourish'd by the deuill.

I. Off. The man growes mad, away with him:
Come, come sir.

Ant. Leade me on.

Exit

Vio. Me thinkes his words do from such passion flye
That he beleeues himselfe, so do not I:
Proue true imagination, oh proue 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 most sage sawes.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebastian*: I my brother know
Yet liuing in my glasse: euen such, and so
In fauour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh if it proue,
Tempests are kinde, and salt waues fresh in loue.

To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward
then a Hare, his dishonesty appeares, in leauing his frend
heere in necessity, and denying him: and for his coward-
ship aske *Fabian*.

Fab. A Coward, a most deuout Coward, religious in
it.

And. Slid Ile after him againe, and beate him.

To. Do, cuffe him soundly, but neuer draw thy sword

And. And I do not.

Fab. Come, let's see the euent.

To. I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet.

Exit

Enter Sebastian and Clowne.

Clo. Will you make me beleeeue, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go too, go too, thou art a foolish fellow,
Let me be cleere of thee.

Clo. Well held out yfaith: No, I do not know you,
nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come
speake with her: nor your name is not Master *Cesario*,
nor this is not my nose neyther: Nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I prethee vent thy folly some-where else, thou
know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly: He has heard that word of some
great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vent my fol-
ly: I am affraid this great lubber the World will proue a
Cockney: I prethee now vngird thy strangenes, 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 tarry longer, I shall giue worse
paiment.

Clo. By my troth thou hast an open hand: these Wise-
men that giue fooles money, get themselues a good re-
port, after foureteene yeares purchase.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now sir, haue 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

Clo. This will I tell my Lady straight, I would not be
in some of your coats for two pence.

To. Come on sir, hold.

An. Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to worke with him: Ile haue an action of Battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I stroke him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

To. Come sir, I will not let you go. Come my yong souldier put vp your yron: you are well flesh'd: Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

To. What, what? Nay then I must haue an Ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Oliuia.

Ol. Hold *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee hold.

To. Madam.

Ol. Will it be euer thus? Vngracious wretch,
Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caues,
Where manners nere were preach'd: out of my sight.
Be not offended, deere *Cesario*:
Rudesbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,
Let thy fayre wisdom, not thy passion sway
In this vnciuill, and vniust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And heare thou there how many fruitlesse pranks
This Ruffian hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: Thou shalt not choose but goe:
Do not denie, beshrew his soule for mee,
He started one poore heart of mine, in thee.

Seb. What rellish is in this? How runs the streame?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dreame:
Let fancie still my sense in Lethe steepe,
If it be thus to dreame, still let me sleepe.

Ol. Nay come I prethee, would thoud'st be rul'd by me

Seb. Madam, I will.

Ol. O say so, and so be.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Maria and Clowne.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard, make him beleue thou art sir *Topas* the Curate, doe it quickly. Ile call sir *Toby* the whilst.

Clo. Well, Ile put it on, and I will dissemble my selfe in't, and I would I were the first that euer dissembled in 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 house-keeper goes as fairely, as to say, a carefull man, & a great scholler. The Competitors enter.

[Page Z4]

Enter Toby.

To. Ioue blesse thee M[aster]. Parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies* sir *Toby*: for as the old hermit of *Prage* that neuer saw pen and inke, very wittily sayd to a Neece of King *Gorbodacke*, that that is, is: so I being M[aster]. Parson, am M[aster]. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him sir *Topas*.

Clow. What hoa, I say, Peace in this prison.

To. The knaue counterfets well: a good knaue.

Maluolio within.

Mal. Who cals there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the Curate, who comes to visit *Maluo-lio* the Lunaticke.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, sir *Topas*, good sir *Topas* goe to my Ladie.

Clo. Out hyperbolicall fiend, how vexest thou this man? Talkest thou nothing but of Ladies?

Tob. Well said M[aster]. Parson.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, neuer was man thus wronged, good sir *Topas* do not thinke I am mad: they haue layde mee heere in hideous darknesse.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest sathan: I call thee by the most modest termes, for I am one of those gentle ones, that will vse the diuell himselfe with curtesie: sayst thou that house is darke?

Mal. As hell sir *Topas*.

Clo. Why it hath bay Windowes transparant as bari-cadoes, and the cleere stores toward the South north, are as lustrous as Ebony: and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

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 puzel'd then the Aegyptians in their fogge.

Mal. I say this house is as darke as Ignorance, thogh Ignorance were as darke as hell; and I say there was neuer 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 Wilde-fowle?

Mal. That the soule of our grandam, might happily inhabite a bird.

Clo. What thinkst thou of his opinion?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the soule, and no way aproue his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remaine thou still in darknesse, thou shalt hold th' opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcocke, lest thou dispossesse the soule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, sir *Topas*.

Tob. My most exquisite sir *Topas*.

Clo. Nay I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst haue done this without thy berd
and gowne, he sees 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
knaury. If he may bee conueniently deliuer'd, I would
he were, for I am now so farre in offence with my Niece,
that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport the vppen-
shot. Come by and by to my Chamber.

Exit

Clo. Hey Robin, iolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady
does.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. My Lady is vnkind, *perdie*.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. Alas why is she so?

Mal. Foole, I say.

Clo. She loues another. Who calles, ha?

Mal. Good foole, as euer thou wilt deserue well at
my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper:
as I am a Gentleman, I will liue to bee thankfull to thee
for't.

Clo. M[aster]. *Maluolio*?

Mal. I good Foole.

Clo. Alas sir, how fell you besides your fiue witts?

Mall. Foole, there was neuer man so notoriouslie a-bus'd:
I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeede, if you be
no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They haue heere propertied me: keepe mee in
darkenesse, send Ministers to me, Asses, and doe all they
can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Aduise you what you say: the Minister is heere.

Maluolio, Maluolio, thy wittes the heauens restore: en-
deauour thy selfe to sleepe, and leaue 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. Foole, 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
Illyria.

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 aduantage thee more, then euer 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 nere beleeue a madman till I see his brains
I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

Mal. Foole, Ile requite it in the highest degree:
I prethee be gone.

Clo. I am gone sir, and anon sir,
Ile be with you againe:
In a trice, like to the old vice,
your neede to sustaine.
Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,
cries ah ha, to the diuell:
Like a mad lad, paire thy nayles dad,
Adieu good man diuell.

Exit

Enter Sebastian.

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,
This pearle she gaue me, I do feel't, and see't,
And though tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madnesse. Where's *Anthonio* 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 councell now might do me golden seruice,
For though my soule disputes well with my sence,
That this may be some error, but no madnesse,
Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,
So farre exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am readie to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason that perswades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and giue backe affayres, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceiue she do's: there's something in't
That is deceiueable. But heere the Lady comes.

[Page Z4v]

Enter Oliuia, and Priest.

Ol. Blame not this haste of mine: if you meane well
Now go with me, and with this holy man
Into the Chantry by: there before him,
And vnderneath that consecrated rooffe,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most iealous, and too doubtfull soule
May liue at peace. He shall conceale it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keepe
According to my birth, what do you say?

Seb. Ile follow this good man, and go with you,
And hauing sworne truth, euer will be true.

Ol. Then lead the way good father, & heauens so shine,
That they may fairely note this acte of mine.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Fabian.

Fab. Now as thou lou'st me, let me see his Letter.

Clo. Good M[aster]. *Fabian*, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this Letter.

Fab. This is to giue a dogge, and in recompence desire
my dogge againe.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady *Oliuia*, friends?

Clo. I sir, we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how doest thou my good
Fellow?

Clo. Truely sir, the better for my foes, and the worse
for my friends.

Du. Iust 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 asse of me,
now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Asse: so that by my
foes sir, I profit in the knowledge of my selfe, and by my
friends I am abused: so that conclusions to be as kisses, if
your foure negatiues make your two affirmatiues, why
then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Du. Why this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth 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 giue 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 sinner to be a double dealer: there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play, and the olde saying is, the third payes for all: the triplex sir, is a good tripping measure, or the belles of S[aint]. *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 bountie till I come agen. I go sir, but I would not haue you to thinke, that my desire of hauing is the sinne of couetousnesse: but as you say sir, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it anon.

Exit

Enter Anthonio 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 besmear'd
As blacke as Vulcan, in the smoake of warre:
A bawbling Vessell was he Captaine of,
For shallow draught and bulke vnprizable,
With which such scathfull grapple did he make,
With the most noble bottome of our Fleete,
That very enuy, and the tongue of losse
Cride fame and honor on him: What's the matter?

I. Offi. Orsino, this is that *Anthonio*
That tooke the *Phoenix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,
And this is he that did the *Tiger* boord,
When your yong Nephew *Titus* lost his legge;
Heere in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In priuate brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindnesse sir, drew on my side,
But in conclusion put strange speech vpon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Du. Notable Pyrate, thou salt-water Theefe,
What foolish boldnesse brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in termes so bloudie, and so deere
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino: Noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you giue mee:
Anthonio neuer yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,
Though I confesse, on base and ground enough
Orsino's enemie. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingratefull boy there by your side,
From the rude seas enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeeme: a wracke past hope he was:
His life I gaue him, and did thereto adde
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 false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twentie yeeres remoued thing
While one would winke: denide me mine owne purse,
Which I had recommended to his vse,
Not halfe an houre before.

Vio. How can this be?

Du. When came he to this Towne?

[Page Z5]

Ant. To day my Lord: and for three months before,
No *intrin*, 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 madnesse,
Three monthes 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 seruiceable?
Cesario, you do not keepe promise with me.

Vio. Madam:

Du. Gracious *Oliuia*.

Ol. What do you say *Cesario*? Good my Lord.

Vio. My Lord would speake, my dutie hushes me.

Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine eare
As howling after Musicke.

Du. Still so cruell?

Ol. Still so constant Lord.

Du. What to peruersenesse? you vnciuill Ladie
To whose ingrate, and vnauspicious Altars
My soule the faithfull'st offerings haue breath'd out
That ere deuotion tender'd. What shall I do?

Ol. Euen 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 theefe, at point of death
Kill what I loue: (a sauage iealousie,
That sometime sauours nobly) but heare me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screwes me from my true place in your fauour:
Liue you the Marble-brested Tirant still.
But this your Minion, whom I know you loue,

And whom, by heauen I sweare, I tender deerely,
Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,
Where he sits crowned in his masters spight.
Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
Ile sacrifice the Lambe that I do loue,
To spight a Rauens heart within a Doue.

Vio. And I most iocund, apt, and willinglie,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would dye.

Ol. Where goes *Cesario*?

Vio. After him I loue,
More then I loue these eyes, more then my life,
More by all mores, then ere I shall loue wife.
If I do feigne, you witnesses aboue
Punish my life, for tainting of my loue.

Ol. Aye me detested, how am I beguil'd?

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Ol. Hast thou forgot thy selfe? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy Father.

Du. Come, away.

Ol. Whether my Lord? *Cesario*, Husband, stay.

Du. Husband?

Ol. I Husband. Can he that deny?

Du. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No my Lord, not I.

Ol. Alas, it is the basenesse of thy feare,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Feare not *Cesario*, take thy fortunes vp,
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O welcome Father:
Father, I charge thee by thy reuerence
Heere to vnfold, though lately we intended
To keepe in darkenesse, what occasion now

Reueales before 'tis ripe: what thou dost know
Hath newly past, betweene this youth, and me.

Priest. A Contract of eternall bond of loue,
Confirm'd by mutuall ioynder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lippes,
Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings,
And all the Ceremonie of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my graue
I haue trauail'd but two houres.

Du. O thou dissembling Cub: what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine owne trip shall be thine ouerthrow:
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feete,
Where thou, and I (henceforth) may neuer meet.

Vio. My Lord, I do protest.

Ol. O do not sweare,
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much feare.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. For the loue of God a Surgeon, send one presently to sir *Toby*.

Ol. What's the matter?

And. H'as broke my head a-crosse, and has giuen 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 *Cesario*: we tooke
him for a Coward, but hee's the verie diuell, incardinate.

Du. My Gentleman *Cesario*?

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 neuer hurt you:
You drew your sword vpon me without cause,
But I bespake you faire, and hurt you not.

Enter Toby and Clowne.

And. If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt, you haue hurt me: I thinke you set nothing by a bloody Coxecombe. Heere comes sir *Toby* halting, you shall heare more: but if he had not beene in drinke, hee would haue tickel'd you other gates then he did.

Du. How now Gentleman? how ist with you?

To. That's all one, has hurt me, and there's th' end on't: Sot, didst see Dicke Surgeon, sot?

Clo. O he's drunke sir *Toby* an houre agoe: his eyes were set at eight i'th morning.

To. Then he's a Rogue, and a passy measures pauyn: I hate a drunken rogue.

Ol. Away with him? Who hath made this hauocke with them?

And. Ile helpe you sir *Toby*, because we'll be drest together.

To. Will you helpe an Asse-head, and a coxcombe, & a knaue: a thin fac'd knaue, a gull?

[Page Z5v]

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry Madam I haue hurt your kinsman:
But had it beene the brother of my blood,
I must haue done no lesse with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard vpon me, and by that
I do perceiue it hath offended you:
Pardon me (sweet one) euen for the vowes
We made each other, but so late ago.

Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A naturall Perspectiue, that is, and is not.

Seb. Anthonio: O my deere *Anthonio*,
How haue the houres rack'd, and tortur'd me,
Since I haue lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that *Anthonio*?

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. Most wonderfull.

Seb. Do I stand there? I neuer had a brother:
Nor can there be that Deity in my nature
Of heere, and euery where. I had a sister,
Whom the blinde waues and surges haue deuour'd:
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?
What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: *Sebastian* was my Father,
Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too:
So went he suited to his watery tombe:
If spirits can assume both forme and suite,
You come to fright vs.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grossely clad,
Which from the wombe I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes euen,
I should my teares let fall vpon your cheeke,
And say, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

Vio. My father had a moale vpon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dide that day when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteene yeares.

Seb. O that record is liuely in my soule,
He finished indeed his mortall acte
That day that made my sister thirteene yeares.

Vio. If nothing lets to make vs happie both,
But this my masculine vsurp'd attyre:
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and iumpe
That I am *Viola*, which to confirme,
Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,
Where lye my maiden weeds: by whose gentle helpe,
I was preseru'd to serue this Noble Count:
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it Lady, you haue beene mistooke:
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would haue bin contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiu'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 glasse seemes true,
I shall haue share in this most happy wracke,
Boy, thou hast saide to me a thousand times,
Thou neuer should'st loue woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings, will I ouer sweare,
And all those swearings keepe as true in soule,
As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,
That seuers day from night.

Du. Giue me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy womans weedes.

Vio. The Captaine that did bring me first on shore
Hath my Maides garments: he vpon some Action
Is now in durance, at *Maluolio's* suite,
a Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

Ol. He shall inlarge him: fetch *Maluolio* hither,
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They say poore Gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frensie of mine owne
From my remembrance, clearly banisht his.
How does he sirrah?

Cl. Truly Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the staues end as well as a man in his case may do: has heere writ a letter to you, I should haue giuen't you to day morning. But as a madmans Epistles are no Gospels, so it skilles not much when they are deliuer'd.

Ol. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole deliuers the Madman. *By the Lord Madam.*

Ol. How now, art thou mad?

Clo. No Madam, I do but reade madnesse: and your Ladyship will haue it as it ought to bee, you must allow *Vox.*

Ol. Prethee reade i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do Madona: but to reade his right wits, is to reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princesse, and giue eare.

Ol. Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: Though you haue put mee into darkenesse, and giuen your drunken Cosine rule ouer me, yet haue I the benefit of my senses as well as your Ladie-ship. I haue your owne letter, that induced mee to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do my selfe much right, or you much shame: thinke of me as you please. I leaue my duty a little vnthought of, and speake out of my iniury. *The madly vs'd Maluolio.*

Ol. Did he write this?

Clo. I Madame.

Du. This sauours not much of distraction.

Ol. See him deliuer'd *Fabian*, bring him hither:
My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To thinke me as well a sister, as a wife,
One day shall crowne th' alliance on't, so please you,
Heere at my house, and at my proper cost.

Du. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer:
Your Master quits you: and for your seruice done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So farre beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me Master, for so long:
Heere is my hand, you shall from this time bee
Your Masters Mistris.

Ol. A sister, you are she.

Enter Maluolio.

Du. Is this the Madman?

Ol. I my Lord, this same: How now *Maluolio*?

Mal. Madam, you haue done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Ol. Haue I *Maluolio*? No.

Mal. Lady you haue, pray you peruse that Letter.
You must not now denie it is your hand,
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,
Or say, tis not your seale, not your inuention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modestie of honor,
Why you haue giuen me such cleare lights of fauour,
Bad me come smiling, and crosse-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frowne
Vpon sir *Toby*, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why haue 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 inuention plaid on? Tell me why?

Ol. Alas *Maluolio*, this is not my writing,
Though I confesse much like the Charracter:
But out of question, tis *Marias* hand.
And now I do bethinke me, it was shee
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such formes, which heere were presuppos'd
Vpon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,
This practice hath most shrewdly past vpon thee:

[Page Z6]

But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Iudge
Of thine owne cause.

Fab. Good Madam heare me speake,
And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,
Taint the condition of this present houre,
Which I haue wondred at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confesse my selfe, and *Toby*
Set this deuice against *Maluolio* heere,
Vpon some stubborne and vncourteous parts
We had conceiu'd against him. *Maria* writ
The Letter, at sir *Toby*'s great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather plucke on laughter then reuenge,
If that the iniuries be iustly weigh'd,
That haue on both sides past.

Ol. Alas poore Foole, how haue they baffel'd thee?

Clo. Why some are borne great, some atchieue greatnesse, and some haue greatnesse throwne vpon them. I was one sir, in this Enterlude, one sir *Topas* sir, but that's all one: By the Lord Foole, I am not mad: but do you remember, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascall, and you smile not he's gag'd: and thus the whirlegigge of time, brings in his reuenges.

Mal. Ile 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 solemne Combination shall be made
Of our deere soules. Meane time sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. *Cesario* come
(For so you shall be while you are a man:)
But when in other habites you are seene,
Orsino's Mistris, and his fancies Queene.

Exeunt

Clowne sings .
When that I was and a little tine boy,
with hey, ho, the winde and the raine:
A foolish thing was but a toy,
for the raine it raineth euery day.
But when I came to mans estate,
with hey ho, &c.
Gainst Knaues and Theeues men shut their gate,
for the raine, &c.
But when I came alas to wiue,
with hey ho, &c.
By swaggering could I neuer thriue,
for the raine, &c.
But when I came vnto my beds,
with hey ho, &c.
With tospottes still had drunken heades,
for the raine, &c.
A great while ago the world begon,
hey ho, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done,
and wee'l striue to please you euery day.

FINIS.

Actus Primus. Scoena 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 haue said) great difference betwixt our *Bohemia*, and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I thinke, this comming Summer, the King of *Sicilia* meanes to pay *Bohemia* the Visitation, which hee iustly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment shall shame vs: we will be iustified in our Loues: for indeed — —

Cam. 'Beseech you — —

Arch. Verely I speake it in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence — — in so rare — — I know not what to say — — Wee will giue you sleepe Drinckes, that your Sences (vn-intelligent of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot prayse vs, as little accuse vs.

Cam. You pay a great deale to deare, for what's giuen freely.

Arch. 'Beleeue me, I speake as my vnderstanding instructs me, and as mine honestie puts it to vtterance.

Cam. *Sicilia* cannot shew himselfe ouer-kind to *Bohe-mia*: They were trayn'd together in their Childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but braunch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall Necessities, made seperation of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Personall) hath been Royally attorneyed with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, louing Embassies, that they haue seem'd to be together, though absent: shooke hands, as ouer a Vast;

and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed Winds.
The Heauens continue their Loues.

Arch. I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice
or Matter, to alter it. You haue an vnspeakable comfort
of your young Prince *Mamillius*: it is a Gentleman of the
greatest Promise, that euer came into my Note.

Cam. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him:
it is a gallant Child; one, that (indeed) Physicks the Sub-
iect, 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?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse, why they should
desire to liue.

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would desire to
liue on Crutches till he had one.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.

Pol. Nine Changes of the Watry-Starre hath been
The Shepheards Note, since we haue left our Throne
Without a Burthen: Time as long againe
Would be fill'd vp (my Brother) with our Thanks,
And yet we should, for perpetuitie,
Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher
(Yet standing in rich place) I multiply
With one we thanke you, many thousands moe,
That goe before it.

Leo. 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 vpon our absence, that may blow
No sneaping Winds at home, to make vs say,
This is put forth too truly: besides, I haue stay'd

To tyre your Royaltie.

Leo. We are tougher (Brother)
Then you can put vs to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One Seue' night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to morrow.

Leo. Wee'le part the time betweene's then: and in that
Ile no gaine-saying.

Pol. Presse me not ('beseech you) so:
There is no Tongue that moues; none, none i'th' World
So soone as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessitie in your request, although
'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires
Doe euen drag me home-ward: which to hinder,
Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my stay,
To you a Charge, and Trouble: to saue both,
Farewell (our Brother.)

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? speake you.

Her. I had thought (Sir) to haue held my peace, vntill
You had drawne Oathes from him, not to stay: 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 beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, *Hermione.*

Her. To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him goe;
But let him sweare so, and he shall not stay,
Wee'l thwack him hence with Distaffes.
Yet of your Royall presence, Ile aduenture
The borrow of a Weeke. When at *Bohemia*
You take my Lord, Ile giue him my Commission,
To let him there a Moneth, behind the Gest
Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good-deed) *Leontes,*
I loue thee not a Iarre o'th' Clock, behind
What Lady she her Lord. You'le 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 Ladyes Verely 'is
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?
Force me to keepe you as a Prisoner,
Not like a Guest: so you shall pay your Fees
When you depart, and saue your Thanks. How say you?
My Prisoner? or my Guest? by your dread Verely,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your Guest then, Madame:

To be your Prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me, lesse easie to commit,
Then you to punish.

Her. Not your Gaoler then,

But your kind Hostesse. Come, Ile question you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes:
You were pretty Lordings then?

Pol. We were (faire Queene)

Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eternall.

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 weake Spirits ne're been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should haue answer'd Heauen
Boldly, not guilty; the Imposition clear'd,
Hereditarie ours.

Her. By this we gather
You haue tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
Temptations haue since then been borne to's: for
In those vnpledg'd dayes, was my Wife a Girle;
Your precious selfe had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young Play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot:
Of this make no conclusion, least you say
Your Queene and I are Deuils: yet goe on,
Th' offences we haue made you doe, wee'le answere,
If you first sinn'd with vs: and that with vs
You did continue fault; and that you slipt not
With any, but with vs.

Leo. Is he woon yet?

Her. Hee'le stay (my Lord.)

Leo. At my request, he would not:
Hermione (my dearest) thou neuer spoak'st
To better purpose.

Her. Neuer?

Leo. Neuer, but once.

Her. What? haue I twice said well? when was't before?
I prethee tell me: cram's with prayse, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tonguelesse,
Slaughters a thousand, wayting vpon that.
Our prayses are our Wages. You may ride's
With one soft Kisse a thousand Furlongs, ere
With Spur 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 Sister,
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 crabbed Moneths had sower'd themselues to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:
A clap thy selfe, my Loue; then didst thou vtter,

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 daunces,
But not for ioy; not ioy. This Entertainment
May a free face put on: deriue a Libertie
From Heartinesse, from Bountie, fertile Bosome,
And well become the Agent: 't may; I graunt:
But to be padling Palmes, and pinching Fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles
As in a Looking-Glasse; and then to sigh, 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? has't smutch'd thy Nose?
They say it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captaine,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captaine:
And yet the Steere, the Heycfer, and the Calfe,
Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling
Vpon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?

Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, & the shoots that I haue
To be full, like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as Egges; Women say so,
(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 say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villaine,
Most dear'st, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be

Affection? thy Intention stabs the Center.
Thou do'st make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with Dreames (how can this be?)
With what's vnreall: thou coactiue art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-ioyne with something, and thou do'st,
(And that beyond Commission) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Braines,
And hardning of my Browes.)

Pol. What meanes *Sicilia*?

Her. He something seemes vnsetled.

Pol. How? my Lord?

Leo. What cheere? how is't with you, best Brother?

Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction:
Are you mou'd (my Lord?)

Leo. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly?
It's tendernes? and make it selfe a Pastime
To harder bosomes? Looking on the Lynes
Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle
Twentie three yeeres, and saw my selfe vn-breech'd,
In my greene Veluet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,
Least it should bite it's Master, and so proue
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:
How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell,
This Squash, this Gentleman. Mine honest Friend,
Will you take Egges for Money?

Mam. No (my Lord) Ile fight.

Leo. You will: why happy man be's dole. My Brother
Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
Doe seeme to be of ours?

Pol. If at home (Sir)
He's all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my sworne Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Parasite, my Souldier: States-man; all:
He makes a Iulyes day, short as December,
And with his varying child-nesse, cures in me

[Page Aa2]

Thoughts, that would thicke my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)
And leaue you to your grauer steps. *Hermione*,
How thou lou'st vs, shew 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 seeke vs,
We are yours i'th' Garden: shall's attend you there?

Leo. To your owne bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling 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 boldnesse of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Ynch-thick, knee-deepe; ore head and eares a fork'd one.
Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother playes, and I
Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hisse me to my Graue: Contempt and Clamor
Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there haue been
(Or I am much deceiu'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (euen at this present,
Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by th' Arme,
That little thinkes she ha's been sluy'd in's absence,
And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbor (by
Sir *Smile*, his Neighbor:) nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men haue Gates, and those Gates open'd
(As mine) against their will. Should all despaire
That haue reuolted Wiues, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themselues. Physick for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powrefull: thinke it:
From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the Enemy,
With bag and baggage: many thousand on's
Haue the Disease, and feele't not. How now Boy?

Mam. I am like you say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.
What? *Camillo* there?

Cam. I, my good Lord.

Leo. Goe play (*Mamillius*) thou'rt an honest man:
Camillo, this great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leo. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your Petitions, made
His Businesse more materiall.

Leo. Didst perceiue it?
They're here with me already; whisp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a so-forth: 'tis farre gone,
When I shall gust it last. How cam't (*Camillo*)
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good Queenes entreatie.

Leo. At the Queenes be't: Good should be pertinent,
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any vnderstanding Pate but thine?
For thy Conceit is soaking, will draw in
More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Natures? by some Seueralls
Of Head-peece extraordinarie? Lower Messes
Perchance are to this Businesse purblind? say.

Cam. Businesse, my Lord? I thinke most vnderstand
Bohemia stayes here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stayes here longer.

Leo. I, but why?

Cam. To satisfie your Highnesse, and the Entreaties
Of our most gracious Mistresse.

Leo. Satisfie?

Th' entreaties of your Mistresse? Satisfie?
Let that suffice. I haue trusted thee (*Camillo*)
With all the neereſt things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Councels, wherein (Priest-like) thou
Haſt cleaſ'd my Boſome: I, from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd: but we haue been
Deceiu'd in thy Integrity, deceiu'd
In that which ſeemes ſo.

Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)

Leo. To bide vpon't: thou art not honeſt: or
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a Coward,
Which hoxes honeſtie behind, reſtrayning
From Courſe requir'd: or elſe thou muſt be counted
A Seruant, grafted in my ſerious Trust,
And therein negligent: or elſe a Foole,
That ſeeſt a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,
And tak'ſt it all for ieaſt.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh, and fearefull,
In euery one of theſe, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, feare,
Among the infinite doings of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)
If euer I were wilfull-negligent,
It was my folly: if induſtriously
I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if euer fearefull
To doe a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Againſt the non-performance, 'twas a feare
Which oft infects the wiſeſt: theſe (my Lord)
Are ſuch allow'd Infirmities, that honeſtie
Is neuer free of. But beſeech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my Treſpas
By it's owne viſage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha' not you seene *Camillo*?

(But that's past doubt: you haue, or your eye-glasse
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?
(For to a Vision so apparant, Rumor
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation
Resides not in that man, that do's not thinke)
My Wife is slipperie? If thou wilt confesse,
Or else be impudently negatiue,
To haue nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then say
My Wife's a Holy-Horse, deserues a Name
As ranke as any Flax-Wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and iustify't.

[Page Aa2v]

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to heare
My Soueraigne Mistresse clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You neuer spoke what did become you lesse
Then this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deepe as that, though true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke? is meating Noses?
Kissing with in-side Lip? stopping the Cariere
Of Laughter, with a sigh? (a Note infallible
Of breaking Honestie) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing Clocks more swift?
Houres, Minutes? Noone, Mid-night? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs onely,
That would vnseene be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing,
The couering Skie is nothing, *Bohemia* nothing,
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing haue these Nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd Opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my Lord.

Leo. It is: you lye, you lye:
I say thou lyeest *Camillo*, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a grosse Lowt, a mindlesse Slaue,
Or else a houering Temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and euill,
Inclining to them both: were my Wiues Liuer
Infected (as her life) she would not liue
The running of one Glasse.

Cam. Who do's infect her?

Leo. Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging
About his neck (*Bohemia*) who, if I
Had Seruants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine Honor, as their Profits,
(Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that
Which should vndoe more doing: I, and thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme
Haue Bench'd, and rear'd to Worship, who may'st see
Plainely, as Heauen sees Earth, and Earth sees Heauen,
How I am gall'd, might'st be-spice a Cup,
To giue mine Enemy a lasting Winke:
Which Draught to me, were cordiall.

Cam. Sir (my Lord)

I could doe this, and that with no rash Potion,
But with a lingring Dram, that should not worke
Maliciously, like Poyson: But I cannot
Beleeue this Crack to be in my dread Mistresse
(So soueraignely being Honorable.)
I haue lou'd thee,

Leo. Make that thy question, and goe rot:
Do'st thinke I am so muddy, so vnsetled,
To appoint my selfe in this vexation?
Sully the puritie and whitenesse of my Sheetes
(Which to preserue, is Sleepe; which being spotted,
Is Goades, Thornes, Nettles, Tayles of Wasps)
Giue scandall to the blood o'th' Prince, my Sonne,
(Who I doe thinke is mine, and loue as mine)
Without ripe mouing to't? Would I doe this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must beleue you (Sir)
I doe, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Prouided, that when hee's remou'd, your Highnesse
Will take againe your Queene, as yours at first,
Euen for your Sonnes sake, and thereby for sealing
The Iniurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes
Knowne, and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou do'st aduise me,
Euen so as I mine owne course haue set downe:
Ile giue 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 haue wholesome Beueridge,
Account me not your Seruant.

Leo. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one halfe of my heart;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine owne.

Cam. Ile do't, my Lord.

Leo. I wil seeme friendly, as thou hast aduis'd me.

Exit

Cam. O miserable Lady. But for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poysoner
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, so too. To doe this deed,
Promotion followes: If I could find example
Of thousand's that had struck anoynted Kings,
And flourish'd after, Il'd not do't: But since
Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one,
Let Villanie it selfe forswear't. I must
Forsake 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 fauor here begins to warpe. Not speake?
Good day *Camillo*.

Cam. Hayle most 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 lost some Prouince, and a Region
Lou'd, as he loues himselfe: euen now I met him
With customarie complement, when hee
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A Lippe of much contempt, speedes from me, and
So leaues me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.

Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)

Pol. How, dare not? doe not? doe you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to your selfe, what you doe know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which shewes me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A partie in this alteration, finding
My selfe thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a sicknesse
Which puts some of vs in distemper, but
I cannot name the Disease, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the Basilisque.
I haue look'd on thousands, who haue sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so: *Camillo*,
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto
Clerke-like experienc'd, which no lesse adornes
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whose successe we are gentle: I beseech you,
If you know ought which do's behoue my knowledge,

[Page Aa3]

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealement.

Cam. I may not answere.

Pol. A Sicknesse caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd. Do'st thou heare *Camillo*,
I coniure 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'st ghesse of harme
Is creeping toward me; how farre off, how neere,
Which way to be preuented, if to be:
If not, how best to beare it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That I thinke Honorable: therefore marke my counsaile,
Which must be eu'n as swiftly followed, as
I meane to vtter it; or both your selfe, and me,
Cry lost, 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 thinkes, nay with all confidence he sweares,
As he had seen't, or beene an Instrument
To vice you to't, that you haue toucht his Queene
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh then, my best blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yoak'd with his, that did betray the Best:
Turne then my freshest Reputation to
A sauour, that may strike the dullest Nosthrill
Where I arriue, and my approach be shun'd,
Nay hated too, worse then the great'st Infection
That ere was heard, or read.

Cam. Swear his thought ouer
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) remoue, or (Counsaile) shake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation
Is pyl'd vpon 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
Auoid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne.
If therefore you dare trust my honestie,
That lyes enclosed in this Trunke, which you
Shall beare along impawnd, away to Night,
Your Followers I will whisper to the Businesse,
And will by twoes, and threes, at seuerall Posternes,
Cleare them o'th' Citie: For my selfe, Ile put
My fortunes to your seruice (which are here
By this discouerie lost.) Be not vncertaine,
For by the honor of my Parents, I
Haue vttred Truth: which if you seeke to proue,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer,
Then one condemnd by the Kings owne mouth:
Thereon his Execution sworne.

Pol. I doe beleeeue thee:

I saw his heart in's face. Giue 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 dayes agoe. This Iealousie
Is for a precious Creature: as shee's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his Person's mightie,
Must it be violent: and, as he do's conceiue,
He is dishonor'd by a man, which euer
Profess'd to him: why his Reuenges must
In that be made more bitter. Feare ore-shades me:
Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queene, part of his Theame; but nothing
Of his ill-ta'ne suspition. Come *Camillo*,

I will respect thee as a Father, if
Thou bear'st my life off, hence: Let vs auoid.

Cam. It is in mine authoritie to command
The Keyes of all the Posternes: Please your Highnesse
To take the vrgent houre. Come Sir, away.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leontes,
Antigonus, Lords.*

Her. Take the Boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past 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'le kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if
I were a Baby still. I loue you better.

2.Lady. And why so (my Lord?)

Mam. Not for because
Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they say
Become some Women best, so that there be not
Too much haire 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 Womens faces: pray now,
What colour are your eye-browes?

Lady. Blew (my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I haue seene a Ladies Nose
That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.

Lady. Harke ye,
The Queene (your Mother) rounds apace: we shall
Present our seruices to a fine new Prince

One of these dayes, and then you'l'd wanton with vs,
If we would haue you.

2.Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)

Her. What wisdoms stirs amongst you? Come Sir, now
I am for you againe: 'Pray you sit by vs,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shal't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad Tale's best for Winter:
I haue one of Sprights, and Goblins.

Her. Let's haue that (good Sir.)
Come-on, sit downe, come-on, and doe your best,
To fright me with your Sprights: you're powrefull at it.

[Page Aa3v]

Mam. There was a man.

Her. Nay, come sit downe: then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it softly,
Yond Crickets shall not heare it.

Her. Come on then, and giu't me in mine eare.

Leon. Was hee met there? his Traine? *Camillo* with
him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, neuer
Saw I men scowre so on their way: I eyed them
Euen to their Ships.

Leo. How blest am I
In my iust Censure? in my true Opinion?
Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being so blest? There may be in the Cup
A Spider steep'd, and one may drinke; depart,
And yet partake no venome: (for his knowledge
Is not infected) but if one present
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 seene the Spider.
Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pandar:

There is a Plot against my Life, my Crowne;
All's true that is mistrusted: that false Villaine,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He ha's discover'd my Designe, and I
Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick
For them to play at will: how came the Posternes
So easily open?

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no lesse preuail'd, then so,
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.
Giue me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he do's beare some signes of me, yet you
Haue 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 shee's big-with, for 'tis *Polixenes*
Ha's made thee swell thus.

Her. But Il'd say he had not;
And Ile be sworne you would beleue my saying,
How e're you leane to th' Nay-ward.

Leo. You (my Lords)
Looke on her, marke her well: be but about
To say she is a goodly Lady, and
The iustice of your hearts will thereto adde
'Tis pittie shee's not honest: Honorable;
Prayse her but for this her without-dore-Forme,
(Which on my faith deserues high speech) and straight
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (these Petty-brands
That Calumnie doth vse; Oh, I am out,
That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will seare
Vertue it selfe) these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's,
When you haue said shee's goodly, come betweene,
Ere you can say shee's honest: But be't knowne
(From him that ha's most cause to grieue it should be)
Shee's an Adultresse.

Her. Should a Villaine say so,
(The most replenish'd Villaine in the World)
He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)
Doe but mistake.

Leo. You haue mistooke (my Lady)
Polixenes for *Leontes*: O thou Thing,
(Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,
Least Barbarisme (making me the precedent)
Should a like Language vse to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leaue out,
Betwixt the Prince and Begger:) I haue said
Shee's an Adultresse, I haue said with whom:
More; shee's a Traytor, and *Camillo* is
A Federarie with her, and one that knowes
What she should shame to know her selfe,
But with her most vild Principall: that shee's
A Bed-swaruer, euen as bad as those
That Vulgars giue bold'st Titles; I, and priuy
To this their late escape.

Her. No (by my life)
Priuy to none of this: how will this grieue you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus haue publish'd me? Gentle my Lord,
You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo. No: if I mistake
In those Foundations which I build vpon,
The Centre is not bigge enough to beare
A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prison:
He who shall speake for her, is a farre-off guiltie,
But that he speakes.

Her. There's some ill Planet raignes:
I must be patient, till the Heauens looke
With an aspect more fauorable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew
Perchance shall dry your pitties: but I haue
That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes
Worse then Teares drowne: 'beseech you all (my Lords)

With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The Kings will be 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 see
My plight requires it. Doe not weepe (good Fooles)
There is no cause: When you shall know your Mistris
Ha's deseru'd Prison, then abound in Teares,
As I come out; this Action I now goe on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)
I neuer wish'd to see you sorry, now
I trust I shall: my Women come, you haue leaue.

Leo. Goe, doe our bidding: hence.

Lord. Beseech your Highnesse call the Queene againe.

Antig. Be certaine what you do (Sir) least your Iustice
Proue violence, in the which three great ones suffer,
Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.

Lord. For her (my Lord)
I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir)
Please you t' accept it, that the Queene is spotlesse
I'th' eyes of Heauen, and to you (I meane
In this, which you accuse her.)

Antig. If it proue
Shee's otherwise, Ile keepe my Stables where
I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:
Then when I feele, and see her, no farther trust her:
For euery ynych of Woman in the World,
I, euery dram of Womans flesh is false,
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my Lord.

Antig. It is for you we speake, not for our selues:
You are abus'd, and by some putter on,
That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,
I would Land-damne him: be she honor-flaw'd,

I haue three daughters: the eldest is eleuen;
The second, and the third, nine: and some fieve:
If this proue true, they'l pay for't. By mine Honor
Ile gell'd em all: fourteene they shall not see
To bring false generations: they are co-heyres,
And I had rather glib my selfe, then they
Should not produce faire issue.

Leo. Cease, no more:
You smell this businesse with a sence as cold
As is a dead-mans nose: but I do see't, and feel't,
As you feele doing thus: and see withall
The Instruments that feele.

Antig. If it be so,
We neede no graue to burie honesty,
There's not a graine of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy-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 suspition
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why what neede we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forcefull instigation? Our prerogatiue
Cals not your Counsailes, but our naturall goodnesse
Imparts this: which, if you, or stupified,
Or seeming so, in skill, cannot, or will not
Rellish a truth, like vs: informe your selues,
We neede no more of your aduice: the matter,
The losse, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,
Is all properly ours.

Antig. And I wish (my Liege)
You had onely in your silent iudgement tride it,
Without more ouerture.

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wer't borne a foole: *Camillo's* flight

Added to their Familiarity
(Which was as grosse, as euer touch'd coniecture,
That lack'd sight onely, nought for approbation
But onely seeing, all other circumstances
Made vp to'th deed) doth push-on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation
(For in an Acte of this importance, 'twere
Most pitteous to be wilde) I haue dispatch'd in post,
To sacred *Delphos*, to *Appollo's* Temple,
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
Of stuff'd-sufficiency: Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whose spirituall counsaile had
Shall stop, or spurre me. Haue I done well?

Lord. Well done (my Lord.)

Leo. Though I am satisfide, and neede no more
Then what I know, yet shall the Oracle
Giue rest to th' mindes of others; such as he
Whose ignorant credulitie, will not
Come vp to th' truth. So haue we thought it good
From our free person, she should be confinde,
Least that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to performe. Come follow vs,
We are to speake in publique: for this businesse
Will raise vs all.

Antig. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth, were knowne.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler, Emilia.

Paul. The Keeper of the prison, call to him:
Let him haue knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not?

Gao. For a worthy Lady,
And one, who much I honour.

Pau. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queene.

Gao. I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I haue expresse commandment.

Pau. Here's a-do, to locke vp honesty & honour from
Th' accesse of gentle visitors. Is't lawfull pray you
To see her Women? Any of them? *Emilia*?

Gao. So please you (Madam)
To put a-part these your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Pau. I pray now call her:
With-draw your selues.

Gao. And Madam,
I must be present at your Conference.

Pau. Well: be't so: prethee.
Heere's such a-doe, to make no staine, a staine,
As passes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorne
May hold together: On her frights, and greefes
(Which neuer tender Lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, deliuer'd.

Pau. A boy?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to liue: the Queene receiues
Much comfort in't: Sayes, my poore prisoner,
I am innocent as you,

Pau. I dare be sworne:
These dangerous, vnsafe Lunes i'th' King, beshrew them:
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best. Ile take't vpon me,
If I proue hony-mouth'd, let my tongue blister.
And neuer to my red-look'd Anger bee
The Trumpet any more: pray you (*Emilia*)

Commend my best obedience to the Queene,
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the King, and vndertake to bee
Her Aduocate to th' lowd'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'th' Childe:
The silence often of pure innocence
Perswades, when speaking failes.

Emil. Most worthy Madam,
Your honor, and your goodnesse is so euident,
That your free vndertaking cannot misse
A thriuing yssue: there is no Lady liuing
So meete for this great errand; please your Ladiship
To visit the next roome, Ile presently
Acquaint the Queene of your most noble offer,
Who, but to day hammered of this designe,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour
Least she should be deny'd.

[Page Aa4v]

Paul. Tell her (*Emilia*)
Ile vse that tongue I haue: If wit flow from't
As boldnesse from my bosome, le't not be doubted
I shall do good,

Emil. Now be you blest for it.
Ile to the Queene: please you come something neerer.

Gao. Madam, if't please the Queene to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incurre, to passe it,
Hauing no warrant.

Pau. You neede not feare it (sir)
This Childe was prisoner to the wombe, and is
By Law and processe of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the trespassse of the Queene.

Gao. I do beleeeue it.

Paul. Do not you feare: vpon mine honor, I
Will stand betwixt you, and danger.

Exeunt

*Enter Leontes, Seruants, Paulina, Antigonus,
and Lords.*

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weaknesse
To beare the matter thus: meere weaknesse, if
The cause were not in being: part o'th cause,
She, th' Adultresse: for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke
And leuell of my braine: plot-prooffe: but shee,
I can hooke to me: say that she were gone,
Giuen to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me againe. Whose there?

Ser. My Lord.

Leo. How do's the boy?

Ser. He tooke good rest to night: 'tis hop'd
His sicknesse is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his Noblenesse,
Conceyuing the dishonour of his Mother.
He straight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,
Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himselfe:
Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,
And down-right languish'd. Leaue me solely: 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,
Vntill a time may serue. For present vengeance
Take it on her: *Camillo*, and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me: make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall she, within my powre.

Enter Paulina.

Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be second to me:
Feare you his tyrannous passion more (alas)
Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent soule,
More free, then he is iealous.

Antig. That's enough.

Ser. Madam; he hath not slept to night, commanded
None should come at him.

Pau. Not so hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you
That creepe like shadowes by him, and do sighe
At each his needlesse heauings: such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinall, as true;
(Honest, as either;) to purge him of that humor,
That presses him from sleepe.

Leo. Who noyse there, hoe?

Pau. No noyse (my Lord) but needfull conference,
About some Gossips for your Highnesse.

Leo. How?
Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me,
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so (my Lord)
On your displeasures perill, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What? canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonestie he can: in this
(Vnlesse he take the course that you haue done)
Commit me, for committing honor, trust it,
He shall not rule me:

Ant. La-you now, you heare,
When she will take the raine, I let her run,
But shee'l not stumble.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come:
And I beseech you heare me, who professes
My selfe your loyall Seruant, your Physitian,

Your most obedient Counsailor: yet that dares
Lesse appeare so, in comforting your Euilles,
Then such as most seeme yours. I say, I come
From your good Queene.

Leo. Good Queene?

Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,
I say good Queene,
And would by combate, make her good so, were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Pau. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine owne accord, Ile off,
But first, Ile do my errand. The good Queene
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Heere 'tis. Commends it to your blessing.

Leo. Out:

A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o' dore:
A most intelligencing bawd.

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In so entit'ling me: and no lesse honest
Then you are mad: which is enough, Ile warrant
(As this world goes) to passe for honest:

Leo. Traitors;

Will you not push her out? Giue her the Bastard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd: vnroosted
By thy dame *Partlet* heere. Take vp the Bastard,
Take't vp, I say: giue't to thy Croane.

Paul. For euer

Vnvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st vp the Princesse, by that forced basenesse
Which he ha's put vpon't.

Leo. He dreads his Wife.

Paul. So I would you did: then 'twere past 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 himselfe: for he,
The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queenes,
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to Slander,
Whose sting is sharper then the Swords; and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a Curse
He cannot be compell'd too't) once remoue
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As euer Oake, or Stone was sound.

Leo. A Callat

Of boundlesse tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,
And now bayts me: This Brat is none 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 Prouerb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold (my Lords)
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Coppy of the Father: (Eye, Nose, Lippe,
The trick of's Frowne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley,
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles:
The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.)
And thou good Goddess *Nature*, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the Mind too, 'mongst all Colours
No Yellow in't, least she suspect, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husbands.

Leo. A grosse Hagge:

And Lozell, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her Tongue.

Antig. Hang all the Husbands

That cannot doe that Feat, you'le leaue your selfe
Hardly one Subiect.

Leo. Once more take her hence.

Paul. A most vnworthy, and vnnaturall Lord
Can doe no more.

Leo. Ile ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:
It is an Heretique that makes the fire,
Not she which burnes in't. Ile not call you Tyrant:
But this most cruell vsage of your Queene
(Not able to produce more accusation
Then your owne weake-hindg'd Fancy) something sauors
Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the World.

Leo. On your Allegeance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you doe not push me, Ile be gone.
Looke to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours: *Ioue* send her
A better guiding Spirit. What needs these hands?
You that are thus so tender o're his Follyes,
Will neuer doe him good, not one of you.
So, so: Farewell, we are gone.

Exit.

Leo. Thou (Traytor) hast set on thy Wife to this.
My Child? away with't? euen thou, that hast
A heart so tender o're it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire.
Euen thou, and none but thou. Take it vp straight:
Within this houre bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimonie) or Ile seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: if thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so;
The Bastard-braynes with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Goe, take it to the fire,
For thou sett'st on thy Wife.

Antig. I did not, Sir:
These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,
Can cleare me in't.

Lords. We can: my Royall Liege,
He is not guiltie of her comming hither.

Leo. You're lyers all.

Lord. Beseech your Highnesse, giue vs better credit:
We haue alwayes truly seru'd you, and beseech'
So to esteeme of vs: and on our knees we begge,
(As recompence of our deare seruices
Past, and to come) that you doe change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foule Issue. We all kneele.

Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows:
Shall I liue on, to see this Bastard kneele,
And call me Father? better burne it now,
Then curse it then. But be it: let it liue.
It shall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither:
You that haue beene so tenderly officious
With Lady *Margerie*, your Mid-wife there,
To saue this Bastards life; for 'tis a Bastard,
So sure as this Beard's gray. What will you aduenture,
To saue this Brats life?

Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
That my abilitie may vndergoe,
And Noblenesse impose: at least thus much;
Ile pawne the little blood which I haue left,
To saue the Innocent: any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible: Sweare by this Sword
Thou wilt performe my bidding.

Antig. I will (my Lord.)

Leo. Marke, and performe it: seest thou? for the faile
Of any point in't, shall not onely be
Death to thy selfe, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,
(Whom for this time we pardon) We enioyne thee,
As thou art Liege-man to vs, that thou carry
This female Bastard hence, and that thou beare it
To some remote and desart place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leaue it
(Without more mercy) to it owne protection,

And fauour of the Climate: as by strange fortune
It came to vs, I doe in Iustice charge thee,
On thy Soules perill, 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 Nurses. Wolues and Beares, they say,
(Casting their sauagenesse aside) haue done
Like offices of Pitty. 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 Issue.

Enter a Seruant.

Seru. Please' your Highnesse, Posts
From those you sent to th' Oracle, are come
An houre since: *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriu'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to th' Court.

Lord. So please you (Sir) their speed
Hath beene beyond accompt.

Leo. Twentie three dayes
They haue beene absent: 'tis good speed: fore-tells
The great *Apollo* suddenly will haue
The truth of this appeare: Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Session, that we may arraigne
Our most disloyall Lady: for as she hath
Been publikely accus'd, so shall she haue
A iust and open Triall. While she liues,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leaue me,
And thinke vpon my bidding.

[Page Aa5v]

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cleo. The Clymat's delicate, the Ayre most sweet,
Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing
The common prayse it beares.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the Celestiall Habits,
(Me thinks I so should terme them) and the reuerence
Of the graue Wearers. O, the Sacrifice,
How ceremonious, solemne, and vn-earthly
It was i'th' Offring?

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the eare-deaff'ning Voyce o'th' Oracle,
Kin to *Ioues* Thunder, so surpriz'd my Sence,
That I was nothing.

Dio. If th' euent o'th' Iourney
Proue as successefull to the Queene (O be't so)
As it hath beene to vs, rare, pleasant, speedie,
The time is worth the vse on't.

Cleo. Great *Apollo*
Turne all to th' best: these Proclamations,
So forcing faults vpon *Hermione*,
I little like.

Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will cleare, or end the Businesse, when the Oracle
(Thus by *Apollo's* great Diuine seal'd vp)
Shall the Contents discouer: something rare
Euen then will rush to knowledge. Goe: fresh Horses,
And gracious be the issue.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

*Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers: Hermione (as to her
Triall) Ladies: Cleomines, Dion.*

Leo. This Sessions (to our great grieve 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 so 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
Appare in person, here in Court. *Silence.*

Leo. Reade the Indictment.

Officer. *Hermione, Queene to the worthy Leontes, King
of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of High Trea-son,
in committing Adultery with Polixenes King of Bohemia,
and conspiring with Camillo to take away the Life of our Soue-raigne
Lord the King, thy Royall Husband: the pretence whereof
being by circumstances partly layd open, thou (Hermione) con-trary
to the Faith and Allegiance of a true Subiect, didst coun-saile
and ayde them, for their better safetie, 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, it shall scarce boot me
To say, Not guiltie: mine Integritie
Being counted Falsehood, shall (as I expresse it)
Be so receiu'd. But thus, if Powres Diuine
Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)
I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make
False Accusation blush, and Tyrannie
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know
(Whom least 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 deuis'd,
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe
A Moitie of the Throne: a great Kings Daughter,
The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here standing

To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, fore
Who please to come, and heare. For Life, I prize it
As I weigh Griefe (which I would spare:) For Honor,
'Tis a deriuatiue from me to mine,
And onely that I stand for. I appeale
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 strayn'd t' appeare thus; if one iot beyond
The bound of Honor, or in act, or will
That way enclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that heare me, and my neer'st of Kin
Cry fie vpon my Graue.

Leo. I ne're heard yet,
That any of these bolder Vices wanted
Lesse Impudence to gaine-say 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 Mistresse 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 Loue, as might become
A Lady like me; with a Loue, euen such,
So, and no other, as your selfe commanded:
Which, not to haue done, I thinke had been in me
Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude
To you, and toward your Friend, whose Loue had spoke,
Euen since it could speake, from an Infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'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 themselues
(Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you haue vndersta'ne to doe in's absence.

[Page Aa6]

Her. Sir,
You speake a Language that I vnderstand not:
My Life stands in the leuell of your Dreames,
Which Ile lay downe.

Leo. Your Actions are my Dreames.
You had a Bastard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it: As you were past all shame,
(Those of your Fact are so) so past all truth;
Which to deny, concernes more then auailles: for as
Thy Brat hath been cast out, like to it selfe,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminall in thee, then it) so thou
Shalt feele our Iustice; in whose easiest passage,
Looke for no lesse then death.

Her. Sir, spare your Threats:
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I seeke:
To me can Life be no commoditie;
The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Fauor)
I doe giue lost, for I doe feele it gone,
But know not how it went. My second Ioy,
And first Fruits of my body, from his presence
I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort
(Star'd most vnluckily) is from my breast
(The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murther. My selfe on euery Post
Proclaym'd a Strumpet: With immodest hatred
The Child-bed priuiledge deny'd, which longs
To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried
Here, to this place, i'th' open ayre, before
I haue got strength of limit. Now (my Liege)
Tell me what blessings I haue here aliue,
That I should feare to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet heare this: mistake me not: no Life,
(I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honor,
Which I would free: if I shall be condemn'd
Vpon surmizes (all proofes sleeping else,
But what your Iealousies awake) I tell you

'Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,
I doe referre me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my Iudge.

Lord. This your request
Is altogether iust: therefore bring forth
(And in *Apollo's* Name) his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my Father.
Oh that he were aliue, and here beholding
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but see
The flatnesse of my miserie; yet with eyes
Of Pitty, not Reuenge.

Officer. You here shal sweare vpon this Sword of Iustice,
That you (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) haue
Been both at Delphos, and from thence haue brought
This seal'd-vp Oracle, by the Hand deliuer'd
Of great *Apollo's* Priest; and that since then,
You haue not dar'd to breake the holy Seale,
Nor read the Secrets in't.

Cleo. Dio. All this we sweare.

Leo. Breake vp the Seales, and read.

Officer. *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blamelesse, Camillo
a true Subiect, Leontes a iealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe
truly begotten, and the King shall liue without an Heire, if that
which is lost, be not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollo*.

Her. Praysed.

Leo. Hast thou read truth?

Offic. I (my Lord) euen so as it is here set downe.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'th' Oracle:
The Sessions shall proceed: this is meere falsehood.

Ser. My Lord the King: the King?

Leo. What is the businesse?

Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.
The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit, and feare
Of the Queenes speed, is gone.

Leo. How? gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. *Apollo's* angry, and the Heauens themselues
Doe strike at my Iniustice. How now there?

Paul. This newes is mortall to the Queene: Look downe
And see what Death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o're-charg'd: she will recouer.
I haue too much beleeu'd mine owne suspition:
'Beseech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Apollo* pardon
My great prophanenesse 'gainst thine Oracle.
Ile reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
New woe my Queene, recall the good *Camillo*
(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy:)
For being transported by my Iealousies
To bloody thoughts, and to reuenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poyson
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 Guest
Vnclasp'd my practise, quit his fortunes here
(Which you knew great) and to the hazard
Of all Incertainties, himselfe commended,
No richer then his Honor: How he glisters
Through my Rust? and how his Pietie
Do's my deeds make the blacker?

Paul. Woe the while:
O cut my Lace, least my heart (cracking it)
Breake too.

Lord. What fit is this? good Lady?

Paul. What studied torments (Tyrant) hast for me?
What Wheelles? Racks? Fires? What flaying? boyling?
In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or newer Torture
Must I receiue? whose euery word deserues
To taste of thy most worst. Thy Tyranny
(Together working with thy Iealousies,
Fancies too weake for Boyes, too greene and idle
For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they haue done,
And then run mad indeed: starke-mad: for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betrayed'st *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,
(That did but shew thee, of a Foole, inconstant,
And damnable ingratefull:) Nor was't much.
Thou would'st haue poyson'd good *Camillo's* Honor,
To haue him kill a King: poore Trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a Deuill
Would haue shed water out of fire, ere don't;
Nor is't directly layd to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceiue a grosse and foolish Sire
Blemish'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Layd to thy answer: but the last: O Lords,
When I haue said, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,
The sweet'st, deer'st creature's dead: & vengeance for't
Not drop'd downe yet.

[Page Aa6v]

Lord. The higher powres forbid.

Pau. I say she's dead: Ile swear't. If word, nor oath
Preuaile not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye
Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile serue 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 stirre: therefore betake thee
To nothing but dispaire. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand yeares together, naked, fasting,
Vpon a barren Mountaine, and still Winter

In storme perpetuall, could not moue the Gods
To looke that way thou wer't.

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speake too much, I haue deseru'd
All tongues to talke their bittrest.

Lord. Say no more;
How ere the businesse goes, you haue 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 haue shew'd too much
The rashnesse of a woman: he is toucht
To th' Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe
Should be past greefe: Do not receiue affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that haue minded you
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royall Sir, forgiue a foolish woman:
The loue I bore your Queene (Lo, foole 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 didst speake but well,
When most 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 shall
The causes of their death appeare (vnto
Our shame perpetuall) once a day, Ile visit
The Chappell where they lye, and teares shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will beare vp with this exercise, so long
I dayly vow to vse it. Come, and leade me
To these sorrowes.

Exeunt

Scaena Tertia.

*Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepe-
heard, and Clowne.*

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht vpon
The Desarts of *Bohemia*.

Mar. I (my Lord) and feare
We haue Landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience
The heauens with that we haue in hand, are angry,
And frowne vpon's.

Ant. Their sacred wil's be done: go get a-boord,
Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before
I call vpon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too-farre i'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,
Besides 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 so ridde o'th businesse.

Exit

Ant. Come, poore babe;
I haue heard (but not beleeu'd) the Spirits o'th' dead
May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me last night: for ne're was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I neuer saw a vessell of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becomming: in pure white Robes
Like very sanctity she did approach
My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes
Became two spouts; the furie spent, anon
Did this breake from her. Good *Antigonus*,
Since Fate (against thy better disposition)
Hath made thy person for the Thrower-out

Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
 Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
 There weepe, and leaue it crying: and for the babe
 Is counted lost for euer, *Perdita*
 I prethee call't: For this vngentle businesse
 Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're shalt see
 Thy Wife *Paulina* more: and so, with shriekes
 She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect my selfe, and thought
 This was so, and no slumber: Dreames, are toyes,
 Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this. I do beleeeue
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeede the issue
 Of King *Polixenes*) it should heere be laide
 (Either for life, or death) vpon the earth
 Of it's right Father. Blossome, speed thee well,
 There lye, and there thy charracter: there these,
 Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)
 And still rest thine. The storme beginnes, poore wretch,
 That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
 To losse, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,
 But my heart bleedes: and most accurst am I
 To be by oath enioyn'd to this. Farewell,
 The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to haue
 A lullabie too rough: I neuer saw
 The heauens so dim, by day. A sauage clamor?
 Well may I get a-boord: This is the Chace,
 I am gone for euer.

Exit pursued by a Beare.

Shep. I would there were no age betweene ten and
 three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest:
 for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wen-
 ches with childe, wronging the Auncientry, stealing,
 fighting, hearke you now: would any but these boylde-
 braines of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt this wea-
 ther? They haue scarr'd away two of my best Sheepe,
 which I feare the Wolfe will sooner finde then the Mai-
 ster; if any where I haue them, 'tis by the sea-side, brou-

zing of Iuy. Good-lucke (and't 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) sure some Scape; Though I am not bookish, yet I
 can reade Waiting-Gentlewoman in the scape: this has
 beene some staire-worke, some Trunke-worke, some be-hinde-doore
 worke: they were warmer that got this,
 then the poore Thing is heere. Ile take it vp for pity, yet
 Ile tarry till my sonne come: he hallow'd but euen now.
 Whoa-ho-hoa.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Hilloa, loa.

Shep. What? art so neere? If thou'lt see a thing to
 talke on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither:
 what ayl'st thou, man?

Clo. I haue seene two such sights, by Sea & by Land:
 but I am not to say it is a Sea, for it is now the skie, be-
 twixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkins
 point.

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it ra-
 ges, how it takes vp the shore, but that's not to the point:
 Oh, the most pitteous cry of the poore soules, sometimes
 to see 'em, and not to see 'em: Now the Shippe boaring
 the Moone with her maine Mast, and anon swallowed
 with yest and froth, as you'ld thrust a Corke into a hogs-
 head. And then for the Land-seruice, to see how the
 Beare tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cride to mee
 for helpe, and said his name was *Antigonus*, a Nobleman:
 But to make an end of the Ship, to see how the Sea flap-dragon'd
 it: but first, how the poore soules roared, and
 the sea mock'd them: and how the poore Gentleman roa-
 red, and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring lowder
 then the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this boy?

Clo. Now, now: I haue not wink'd since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold vnder water, nor the Beare halfe din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had bin by, to haue help'd the olde man.

Clo. I would you had beene by the ship side, to haue help'd her; there your charity would haue lack'd footing.

Shep. Heauy matters, heauy matters: but looke thee heere boy. Now blesse thy selfe: thou met'st with things dying, I with things new borne. Here's a sight for thee: Looke thee, a bearing-cloath for a Squires childe: looke thee heere, take vp, take vp (Boy:) open't: so, let's see, it was told me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some Changeling: open't: what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad olde man: If the sinnes of your youth are forgiuen you, you're well to liue. Golde, all Gold.

Shep. This is Faiery Gold boy, and 'twill proue so: vp with't, keepe it close: home, home, the next way. We are luckie (boy) and to bee so still requires nothing but secrecie. Let my sheepe go: Come (good boy) the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your Findings, Ile go see if the Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are neuer curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, Ile bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: if thou mayest discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' sight of him.

Clowne. 'Marry will I: and you shall helpe to put him i'th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and wee'l do good deeds on't.

Exeunt

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I that please some, try all: both ioy and terror
Of good, and bad: that makes, and vnfolde error,
Now take vpon me (in the name of Time)
To vse my wings: Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
Ore sixteene yeeres, and leaue the growth vntride
Of that wide gap, since it is in my powre
To orethrow Law, and in one selfe-borne howre
To plant, and ore-whelme Custome. Let me passe
The same I am, ere ancient'st Order was,
Or what is now receiu'd. I witnesse to
The times that brought them in, so shall I do
To th' freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my Tale
Now seemes to it: your patience this allowing,
I turne my glasse, and giue my Scene such growing
As you had slept betweene: *Leontes* leauing
Th' effects of his fond iealousies, so greeuing
That he shuts vp himselfe. Imagine me
(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be
In faire Bohemia, and remember well,
I mentioned a sonne o'th' Kings, which *Florizell*
I now name to you: and with speed so pace
To speake of *Perdita*, now growne in grace
Equall with wond'ring. What of her insues
I list not prophesie: but let Times newes
Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A shepherds daughter
And what to her adheres, which followes after,
Is th' argument of Time: of this allow,
If euer you haue spent time worse, ere now:
If neuer, yet that Time himselfe doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you neuer may.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee (good *Camillo*) be no more importunate: 'tis a sicknesse denying thee any thing: a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteene yeeres since I saw my Countrey: though I haue (for the most part) bin ayred abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King (my Master) hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrowes I might be some allay, or I oreweene to thinke so) which is another spurre to my departure.

Pol. As thou lou'st me (*Camillo*) wipe not out the rest of thy seruices, by leauing me now: the neede I haue of thee, thine owne goodnesse hath made: better not to haue had thee, then thus to want thee, thou hauing made me Businesses, (which none (without thee) can sufficiently manage) must either stay to execute them thy selfe, or take away with thee the very seruices thou hast done: which if I haue not enough considered (as too much I cannot) to bee more thankfull to thee, shall bee my studie, and my profite therein, the heaping friendshippes. Of that fatall Countrey Sicillia, prethee speake no more, whose very naming, punnishes me with the remembrance of that penitent (as thou calst him) and reconciled King my brother, whose losse of his most precious Queene & Children, are euen now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince *Florizell* my son? Kings are no lesse vnhappy, their issue, not being gracious, then they are in loosing them, when they haue approued their Vertues.

[Page Bb1v]

Cam. Sir, it is three dayes since I saw the Prince: what his happier affayres may be, are to me vnknowne: but I haue (missingly) noted, he is of late much retyred from Court, and is lesse frequent to his Princely exercises then formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I haue considered so much (*Camillo*) and with some care, so farre, that I haue eyes vnder my seruice, which looke vpon his remouednesse: from whom I haue this Intelligence, that he is seldome from the house of a most homely shepheard: a man (they say) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors,

is growne into an vnspeakable estate.

Cam. I haue heard (sir) of such a man, who hath a daughter of most 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 feare) the Angle that pluckes our sonne thither. Thou shalt accompany vs to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) haue some question with the shepherded; from whose simplicity, I thinke it not vneasie to get the cause of my sonnes resort thether. 'Prethe be my present partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicillia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best *Camillo*, we must disguise our selues.

Exit

Scena Tertia.

Enter Autolicus singing.

*When Daffadils begin to peere,
With heigh the Doxy ouer the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o'the yeere,
For the red blood raigns in the winters pale.
The white sheete bleaching on the hedge,
With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing:
Doth set my pugging tooth an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.
The Larke, that tirra Lyra chaunts,
With heigh, the Thrush and the Iay:
Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts
While we lye tumbling in the hay.
I haue seru'd Prince Florizell, and in my time wore three
pile, but now I am out of seruice.
But shall I go mourne for that (my deere)
the pale Moone shines by night:
And when I wander here, and there
I then do most go right.*

*If Tinkers may haue leaue to liue,
and beare the Sow-skin Bowget,
Then my account I well may giue,
and in the Stockes auouch-it.*

My Trafficke is sheetes: when the Kite builds, looke to lesser Linnen. My Father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who being (as I am) lytter'd vnder Mercurie, was likewise a snapper-vp of vnconsidered trifles: With Dye and drab, I purchas'd this Caparison, and my Reuennue is the silly Cheate. Gallowes, and Knocke, 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 Clowne.

Clo. Let me see, euery Leauen-weather toddes, euery tod yeeldes pound and odde shilling: fifteene hundred shorne, what comes the wooll too?

Aut. If the sprindge hold, the Cocke's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without Compters. Let mee see, what am I to buy for our Sheepe-shearing-Feast? Three pound of Sugar, fiue pound of Currence, Rice: What will this sister of mine do with Rice? But my father hath made her Mistris of the Feast, and she layes it on. Shee hath made-me four and twenty Nose-gayes for the shearers (three-man song-men, all, and very good ones) but they are most of them Meanes and Bases; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings Psalmes to horne-pipes. I must haue Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace: Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, seuen; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Foure pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reysons o'th Sun.

Aut. Oh, that euer I was borne.

Clo. I'th' name of me.

Aut. Oh helpe me, helpe mee: plucke but off these ragges: and then, death, death.

Clo. Alacke poore soule, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather then haue these off.

Aut. Oh sir, the loathsomnesse of them offend mee,
more then the stripes I haue receiued, which are mightie
ones and millions.

Clo. Alas poore man, a million of beating may come
to a great matter.

Aut. I am rob'd sir, and beaten: my money, and ap-
parrell tane from me, and these detestable things put vp-
on me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A footman (sweet sir) 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 seene very hot seruice. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe
thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. Oh good sir, tenderly, oh.

Clo. Alas poore soule.

Aut. Oh good sir, softly, good sir: I feare (sir) my
shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? Canst stand?

Aut. Softly, deere sir: good sir, softly: you ha done
me a charitable office.

Clo. Doest lacke any mony? I haue a little mony for
thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you sir: I haue
a Kinsman not past 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 killes
my heart.

Clow. What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd
you?

Aut. A fellow (sir) that I haue knowne to goe about
with Troll-my-dames: I knew him once a seruant of the
Prince: I cannot tell good sir, for which of his Ver-
tues it was, but hee was certainly Whipt out of the

Clo. 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-seruer (a Bayliffe) then hee compast a Motion of the Prodigall sonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Liuing lyes; and (hauing flowne ouer many knauish professions) he settled onely in Rogue: some call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out vpon him: Prig, for my life Prig: he haunts Wakes, Faires, and Beare-baitings.

Aut. Very true sir: he sir hee: that's the Rogue that put me into this apparrell.

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bohemia*; If you had but look'd bigge, and spit at him, hee'ld haue runne.

Aut. I must confesse to you (sir) I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way, & that he knew I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better then I was: I can stand, and walke: I will euen take my leaue of you, & pace softly towards my Kinsmans.

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 hot enough to purchase your Spice: Ile be with you at your sheepe-shearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the sheerers proue 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 hent the Stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tyres in a Mile-a.*

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Camillo, Mopsa, Dorcas, Seruants, Autolicus.

Flo. These your vnusuall weeds, to each part of you
Do's giue a life: no Shepherdesse, but *Flora*
Peering in Aprils front. This your sheepe-shearing,
Is as a meeting of the petty Gods,
And you the Queene on't.

Perd. Sir: my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me:
(Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high selfe
The gracious marke o'th' Land, you haue obscur'd
With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide)
Most Goddess-like prank'd vp: But that our Feasts
In euery Messe, haue folly; and the Feeders
Digest with a Custome, I should blush
To see you so attyr'd: sworne I thinke,
To shew my selfe a glasse.

Flo. I blesse the time
When my good Falcon, made her flight a-crosse
Thy Fathers ground.

Perd. Now Ioue affoord you cause:
To me the difference forges dread (your Greatnesse
Hath not beene vs'd to feare:) euen now I tremble
To thinke 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,
Vildely bound vp? What would he say? Or how
Should I (in these my borrowed Flaunts) behold
The sternnesse of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend

Nothing but iollity: the Goddes themselues
(Humbling their Deities to loue) haue taken
The shapes of Beasts vpon them. Iupiter,
Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptune
A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-roab'd-God
Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,
As I seeme now. Their transformations,
Were neuer for a peece of beauty, rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honor: nor my Lusts
Burne hotter then my Faith.

Perd. 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 necessities,
Which then will speake, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou deer'st *Perdita*,

With these forc'd 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 destiny say no. Be merry (Gentle)
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are comming:
Lift vp your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptiall, which
We two haue sworne shall come.

Perd. O Lady Fortune,

Stand you auspicious.

Flo. See, your Guests approach,

Addresse your selfe to entertaine them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fy (daughter) when my old wife liu'd: vpon

This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke,
Both Dame and Seruant: Welcom'd all: seru'd all,

Would sing her song, and dance her turne: now 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 sip. You are retyred,
As if you were a feasted one: and not
The Hostesse of the meeting: Pray you bid
These vnknowne friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne.
Come, quench your blushes, and present your selfe
That which you are, Mistris o'th' Feast. Come on,
And bid vs welcome to your sheepe-shearing,
As your good flocke shall prosper.

Perd. Sir, welcome:

It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee
The Hostesseship o'th' day: you're welcome sir.
Giue me those Flowres there (*Dorcas.*) Reuerend Sirs,
For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue, these keepe
Seeming, and sauour all the Winter long:
Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our Shearing.

[Page Bb2v]

Pol. Shepherdesse,

(A faire one are you:) well you fit our ages
With flowres of Winter.

Perd. Sir, the yeare growing ancient,
Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fayrest flowres o'th season
Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly-vors,
(Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind
Our rusticke Gardens barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)

Do you neglect them.

Perd. For I haue heard it said,
There is an Art, which in their pidenesse 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 wildest Stocke,
And make conceyue a barke of baser 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 bastards.

Perd. Ile not put

The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well: and onely therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowres for you:
Hot Lauender, Mints, Sauory, Mariorum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with' Sun,
And with him rises, weeping: These are flowres
Of middle summer, and I thinke they are giuen
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.

Cam. I should leaue grasing, were I of your flocke,
And onely liue by gazing.

Perd. Out alas:

You'ld be so leane, that blasts of Ianuary
Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairst Friend,
I would I had some Flowres o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That weare vpon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing: O *Proserpina*,
For the Flowres now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall
From *Dysses* Waggon: Daffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The windes of March with beauty: Violets (dim,
But sweeter then the lids of *Iuno*'s eyes,
Or *Cytherea*'s breath) pale Prime-roses,

That dye vnmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength (a Maladie
Most incident to Maids:) bold Oxlips, and
The Crowne Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds,
(The Flowre-de-Luce being one.) O, these I lacke,
To make you Garlands of) and my sweet friend,
To strew him o're, and ore.

Flo. What? like a Coarse?

Perd. No, like a banke, for Loue to lye, and play on:
Not like a Coarse: or if: not to be buried,
But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flours,
Me thinks I play as I haue seene them do
In Whitson-Pastorals: Sure this Robe of mine
Do's change my disposition:

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speake (Sweet)
I'd haue you do it euer: When you sing,
I'd haue you buy, and sell so: so giue Almes,
Pray so: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A waue o'th Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but that: moue still, still so:
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(So singular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeds,
That all your Actes, are Queenes.

Perd. O *Doricles*,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth
And the true blood which peepes fairely through't,
Do plainly giue you out an vnstain'd Shepherd
With wisdom, I might feare (my *Doricles*)
You woo'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 *Perdita*:) so Turtles paire
That neuer meane to part.

Perd. Ile sweare for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest Low-borne Lasse, that euer
Ran on the greene-sord: Nothing she do's, or seemes
But smackes of something greater then her selfe,
Too Noble for this place.

Cam. He tels her something
That makes her blood looke on't: Good sooth she is
The Queene of Curds and Creame.

Clo. Come on: strike vp.

Dorcas. *Mopsa* must be your Mistris: marry Garlick
to mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now in good time.

Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand vpon our manners,
Come, strike vp.

*Heere a Daunce of Shepheards and
Shepherdesses.*

Pol. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and boasts himselfe
To haue a worthy Feeding; but I haue it
Vpon his owne report, and I beleeeue it:
He lookes like sooth: he sayes he loues my daughter,
I thinke so too; for neuer gaz'd the Moone
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 kisse to choose
Who loues another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she do's any thing, though I report it
That should be silent: If yong *Doricles*
Do light vpon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreames of.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. O Master: if you did but heare the Pedler at the
doore, you would neuer dance againe after a Tabor and
Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not moue you: hee singes

seuerall Tunes, faster then you'l tell money: hee vtters them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens eares grew to his Tunes.

Clo. He could neuer come better: hee shall come in: I loue a ballad but euen too well, if it be dolefull matter merrily set downe: or a very pleasant thing indeede, and sung lamentably.

[Page Bb3]

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 bawdrie (which is strange,) with such delicate burthens of Dil-do's and Fadings: Lump-her, and thump-her; and where some stretch-mouth'd Rascall, would (as it were) meane mischeefe, and breake a fowle gap into the Matter, hee makes the maid to answere, *Whoop, doe me no harme good man:* put's him off, slights him, with *Whoop, doe mee no harme good man.*

Pol. This is a braue fellow.

Clo. Beleeue mee, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any vnbraided Wares?

Ser. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th Raine-bow; Points, more then all the Lawyers in *Bohemia*, can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th' grosse: Inckles, Caddysses, Cambrickes, Lawnes: why he sings em ouer, as they were Gods, or Goddesses: you would thinke a Smocke were a shee-Angell, he so chauntes to the sleeue-hand, and the worke about the square on't.

Clo. Pre'thee bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Perd. Forewarne him, that he vse no scurrilous words in's tunes.

Clow. You haue of these Pedlers, that haue more in them, then youl'd thinke (Sister.)

Perd. I, good brother, or go about to thinke.

Enter Autolicus singing.

*Lawne as white as driuen Snow,
Cypresse blacke as ere was Crow,
Gloues as sweete as Damaske Roses,
Maskes for faces, and for noses:
Bugle-bracelet, Necke-lace Amber,
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber:
Golden Quoifes, and Stomachers
For my Lads, to giue their deers:
Pins, and poaking-stickes of steele.
What Maids lacke from head to heele:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry: Come buy.*

Clo. If I were not in loue with *Mopsa*, thou shouldst 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 against the Feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more then that, or there be lyars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to giue 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-tatling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispring: clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I haue done; Come you promis'd me a tawdry-lace, and a paire of sweet Gloues.

Clo. Haue I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money.

Aut. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therefore it behooues men to be wary.

Clo. Feare not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here

Aut. I hope so sir, for I haue about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast heere? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy some: I loue a ballet in print, a life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very dolefull tune, how a Vsurers wife was brought to bed of twenty money baggs at a burthen, and how she long'd to eate Adders heads, and Toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, thinke you?

Aut. Very true, and but a moneth old.

Dor. Blesse me from marrying a Vsurer.

Aut. Here's the Midwiues name to't: one Mist[ris]. *Tale-Porter*, and fiue or six honest Wiues, that were present. Why should I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come-on, lay it by: and let's first see moe Ballads: Wee'l buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a Fish, that appeared vpon the coast, on wensday the fourescore of April, fortie thousand fadom aboue water, & sung 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, thinke you.

Autol. Fiue Iustices hands at it, and witnesses 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 haue some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man: there's scarce a Maide westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt beare a part, thou shalt heare, '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: Haue at it with you:

Song *Get you hence, for I must goe*

Aut. *Where it fits not you to know.*

Dor. *Whether?*

Mop. *O whether?*

Dor. *Whether?*

Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.*

Dor. *Me too: Let me go thether:*

Mop. *Or thou goest to th' Grange, or Mill,*

Dor. *If to either thou dost ill,*

Aut. *Neither.*

Dor. *What neither?*

Aut. *Neither:*

Dor. *Thou hast sworne my Loue to be,*

Mop. *Thou hast sworne it more to mee.*

Then whether goest? Say whether?

Clo. Wee'l haue this song out anon by our selues: My Father, and the Gent. are in sad talke, & wee'll not trouble them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches Ile buy for you both: Pedler let's haue the first choice; folow me girles.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

Song.

Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape?

My dainty Ducke, my deere-a?

Any Silke, any Thred, any Toyes for your head

Of the news't, and fins't, fins't weare-a.

Come to the Pedler, Money's a medler,

That doth vtter all mens ware-a.

Exit

Seruant. Mayster, there is three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds that haue made themselves all men of haire, they cal themselves Saltiers, and they haue a Dance, which the Wenches say is a gal-ly-maufrey of Gambols, because they are not in't: but they themselves are o'th' minde (if it bee not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away: Wee'l none on't; heere has beene too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) wee wearie you.

Pol. You wearie those that refresh vs: pray let's see these foure-threes of Heardsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,) hath danc'd before the King: and not the worst of the three, but iumpes twelue foote and a halfe by th' squire.

Shep. Leaue your prating, since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in: but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at doore Sir.

Heere a Dance of twelue Satyres.

Pol. O Father, you'l know more of that heereafter:
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 something, that do's take
Your minde from feasting. Sooth, when I was yong,
And handed loue, as you do; I was wont
To load my Shee with knackes: I would haue ransackt
The Pedlers silken Treasury, and haue powr'd it
To her acceptance: you haue let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your Lasse
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lacke of loue, or bounty, you were straited
For a reply at least, if you make a care
Of happie holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she lookes from me, are packt and lockt

Vp in my heart, which I haue giuen already,
But not deliuer'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 Ethiopians tooth, or the fan'd snow, that's bolted
By th' Northerne blasts, twice ore.

Pol. What followes this?
How prettily th' yong Swaine seemes to wash
The hand, was faire before? I haue put you out,
But to your protestation: Let me heare
What you professe.

Flo. Do, and be witnesse too't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Then he, and men: the earth, the heauens, and all;
That were I crown'd the most Imperiall Monarch
Thereof most worthy: were I the fayrest youth
That euer made eye swerue, had force and knowledge
More then was euer mans, I would not prize them
Without her Loue; for her, employ them all,
Commend them, and condemne them to her seruice,
Or to their owne perdition.

Pol. Fairely offer'd.

Cam. This shewes a sound affection.

Shep. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him.

Per. I cannot speake
So well, (nothing so well) no, nor meane better
By th' patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out
The puritie of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargaine;
And friends vnknowne, you shall beare witnesse to't:
I giue my daughter to him, and will make
Her Portion, equall 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,
Contract vs fore these Witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand:
And daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft Swaine a-while, beseech you,
Haue you a Father?

Flo. I haue: but what of him?

Pol. Knowes he of this?

Flo. He neither do's, nor shall.

Pol. Me-thinkes a Father,
Is at the Nuptiall of his sonne, a guest
That best becomes the Table: Pray you once more
Is not your Father growne incapeable
Of reasonable affayres? Is he not stupid
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 childish?

Flo. No good Sir:
He has his health, and ampler strength indeede
Then most haue of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him (if this be so) a wrong
Something vnfilliall: Reason my sonne
Should choose himselfe a wife, but as good reason
The Father (all whose ioy is nothing else
But faire posterity) should hold some counsaile
In such a businesse.

Flo. I yeeld all this;
But for some other reasons (my graue Sir)
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My Father of this businesse.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prethee let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him (my sonne) he shall not need to greeue
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:
Marke our Contract.

Pol. Marke your diuorce (yong sir)
Whom sonne I dare not call: Thou art too base
To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters heire,
That thus affects a sheepe-hooke? Thou, old Traitor,
I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy life one weeke. And thou, fresh peece
Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force must know
The royall Foole thou coap'st with.

Shep. Oh my heart.

Pol. Ile haue thy beauty scratcht with briers & made
More homely then thy state. For thee (fond boy)
If I may euer know thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt neuer see this knacke (as neuer
I meane thou shalt) wee'l barre thee from succession,
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin,
Farre then *Deucalion* off: (marke thou my words)
Follow vs to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time
(Though full of our displeasure) yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,
Worthy enough a Heardsman: yea him too,
That makes himselfe (but for our Honor therein)
Vnworthy thee. If euer henceforth, thou
These rurall Latches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
I will devise a death, as cruell for thee
As thou art tender to't.

[Page Bb4]

Exit.

Perd. Euen heere vndone:

I was not much a-fear'd: for once, or twice
I was about to speake, and tell him plainly,
The selfe-same Sun, that shines vpon his Court,
Hides not his visage from our Cottage, but
Lookes on alike. Wilt please you (Sir) be gone?
I told you what would come of this: Beseech you
Of your owne state take care: This dreame of mine
Being now awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther,
But milke my Ewes, and weepe.

Cam. Why how now Father,
Speake ere thou dyest.

Shep. I cannot speake, nor thinke,
Nor dare to know, that which I know: O Sir,
You haue vndone a man of fourescore 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 shrowd, and lay me
Where no Priest shouels-in dust. Oh cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the Prince, and wouldst aduenture
To mingle faith with him. Vndone, vndone:
If I might dye within this houre, I haue liu'd
To die when I desire.

Exit.

Flo. Why looke you so vpon me?
I am but sorry, not affear'd: delaid,
But nothing altred: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking backe; not following
My leash vnwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no speech: (which I do ghesse
You do not purpose to him:) and as hardly
Will he endure your sight, as yet I feare;
Then till the fury of his Highnesse settle
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it:

I thinke *Camillo*.

Cam. Euen he, my Lord.

Per. How often haue I told you 'twould be thus?
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'twere knowne?

Flo. It cannot faile, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature crush the sides o'th earth together,
And marre the seeds within. Lift vp thy lookes:
From my succession wipe me (Father) I
Am heyre to my affection.

Cam. Be aduis'd.

Flo. I am: and by my fancie, if my Reason
Will thereto be obedient: I haue reason:
If not, my sences better pleas'd with madnesse,
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 honesty. *Camillo*,
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pompe that may
Be thereat gleaned: for all the Sun sees, or
The close earth wombes, or the profound seas, hides
In vnknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath
To this my faire belou'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you haue euer bin my Fathers honour'd friend,
When he shall misse me, as (in faith I meane not
To see him any more) cast your good counsailes
Vpon his passion: Let my selfe, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliuer, I am put to Sea
With her, who heere I cannot hold on shore:
And most opportune to her neede, I haue
A Vessell rides fast 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 aduice,
Or stronger for your neede.

Flo. Hearke *Perdita*,
Ile heare you by and by.

Cam. Hee's irremoueable,
Resolu'd for flight: Now were I happy if
His going, I could frame to serue my turne,
Saue him from danger, do him loue and honor,
Purchase the sight 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 leaue out ceremony.

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 deseru'd: It is my Fathers Musicke
To speake your deeds: not little 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 proiect
May suffer alteration. On mine honor,
Ile point you where you shall haue such receiuing
As shall become your Highnesse, where you may
Enioy your Mistris; from the whom, I see
There's no disiunction to be made, but by
(As heauens forefend) your ruine: Marry her,
And with my best endeouours, in your absence,
Your discontenting Father, striue 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 trust to thee.

Cam. Haue you thought on
A place whereto you'l go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as th' vnthought-on accident is guiltie
To what we wildely do, so we professe
Our selues to be the slaues of chance, and flyes
Of euery winde that blowes.

Cam. Then list to me:
This followes, if you will not change your purpose
But vndergo this flight: make for Sicillia,
And there present your selfe, and your fayre Princesse,
(For so I see she must be) 'fore *Leontes*;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinkes I see
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping
His Welcomes forth: asks thee there Sonne forgiuenesse,
As 'twere i'th' Fathers person: kisses the hands
Of your fresh Princesse; ore and ore diuides him,
'Twixt his vnkindnesse, and his Kindnesse: th' one
He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
Faster then Thought, or Time.

[Page Bb4v]

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my Visitation, shall I
Hold vp before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him, and to giue him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you (as from your Father) shall deliuer,
Things knowne betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe,
The which shall point you forth at euery sitting
What you must say: that he shall not perceiue,
But that you haue your Fathers Bosome there,
And speake his very Heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sappe in this.

Cam. A Course more promising,
Then a wild dedication of your selues
To vnpath'd Waters, vndream'd Shores; most certaine,
To Miseries enough: no hope to helpe you,
But as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who
Doe their best office, if they can but stay you,
Where you'le be loth to be: besides you know,
Prosperitie's the very bond of Loue,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.

Perd. One of these is true:
I thinke Affliction may subdue the Cheeke,
But not take-in the Mind.

Cam. Yea? say you so?
There shall not, at your Fathers House, these seuen yeeres
Be borne another such.

Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is i'th' reare' our Birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pittie
She lacks Instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse
To most that teach.

Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this,
Ile blush you Thanks.

Flo. My prettiest *Perdita*.
But O, the Thornes we stand vpon: (*Camillo*)
Preseruer of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our House: how shall we doe?
We are not furnish'd like *Bohemia's* Sonne,
Nor shall appeare in *Sicilia*.

Cam. My Lord,
Feare none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there: it shall be so my care,
To haue 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 Autolicus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a Foole Honestie is? and Trust (his sworn brother) a very simple Gentleman. I haue sold all my Tromperie: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon, Glasse, Pomander, Browch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife, Tape, Gloue, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which meanes, I saw whose Purse was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good vse, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in loue with the Wenches Song, that hee would not stirre his Petty-toes, till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences stucke in Eares: you might haue pinch'd a Placket, it was sencelesse; 'twas nothing to gueld a Cod-peece of a Purse: I would haue fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie, I pickd and cut most of their Festiuall Purses: And had not the old-man come in with a Whoo-bub against his Daughter, and the Kings Sonne, and scar'd my Chowghes from the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse aliue in the whole Army.

Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there
So soone as you arriue, shall cleare that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from King *Leontes*?

Cam. Shall satisfie your Father.

Perd. Happy be you:
All that you speake, shewes faire.

Cam. Who haue we here?
We'll make an Instrument of this: omit
Nothing may giue vs aide.

Aut. If they haue ouer-heard me now: why hanging.

Cam. How now (good Fellow)
Why shak'st thou so? Feare not (man)
Here's no harme intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still: here's no body will steale that
from thee: yet for the out-side of thy pouertie, we must
make an exchange; therefore dis-case thee instantly (thou
must thinke there's a necessitie in't) and change Garments
with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his
side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well
enough.)

Cam. Nay prethee dispatch: the Gentleman is halfe
fled already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir? (I smell the trick on't.)

Flo. Dispatch, I prethee.

Aut. Indeed I haue had Earnest, but I cannot with
conscience take it.

Cam. Vnbuckle, vnbuckle.
Fortunate Mistresse (let my prophecie
Come home to ye:) you must retire your selfe
Into some Couert; take your sweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,
Dis-mantle you, and (as you can) disliken
The truth of your owne seeming, that you may
(For I doe feare eyes ouer) to Ship-boord
Get vndescry'd.

Perd. I see the Play so lyes,
That I must beare a part.

Cam. No remedie:
Haue you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Sonne.

Cam. Nay, you shall haue no Hat:
Come Lady, come: Farewell (my friend.)

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita*: what haue we twaine forgot?
'Pray you a word.

[Page Bb5]

Cam. What I doe next, shall be to tell the King
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so preuaile,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall re-view *Sicilia*; for whose sight,
I haue a Womans Longing.

Flo. Fortune speed vs:
Thus we set on (*Camillo*) to th' Sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

Exit.

Aut. I vnderstand the businesse, I heare it: to haue an
open eare, 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 Sences. I see this is the time that the
vniust man doth thriue. 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
doe any thing extempore. The Prince himselfe is about
a peece of Iniquitie (stealing away from his Father, with
his Clog at his heeles:) if I thought it were a peece of ho-
nestie to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't: I
hold it the more knauerie to conceale it; and therein am
I constant to my Profession.

Enter Clowne and Shepheard.

Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot braine: Euery
Lanes end, euery Shop, Church, Session, Hanging, yeelds
a carefull man worke.

Clowne. 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.

Clow. Nay; but heare me.

Shep. Goe too then.

Clow. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood ha's not offended the King, and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her (those secret things, all but what she ha's with her:) This being done, let the Law goe whistle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, euery word, yea, and his Sonnes prancks 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.

Clow. 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 wisely (Puppies.)

Shep. Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this Farthell, will make him scratch his Beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my Master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at' Pallace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excrement. How now (Rustiques) whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' Pallace (and it like your Worship.)

Aut. Your Affaires 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 knowne, discover?

Clo. We are but plaine fellowes, Sir.

Aut. A Lye; you are rough, and hayrie: Let me haue no lying; it becomes none but Trades-men, and they often giue vs (Souldiers) the Lye, but wee pay them for it with stamped Coyne, not stabbing Steele, therefore they doe not giue vs the Lye.

Clo. Your Worship had like to haue giuen vs one, if you had not taken your selfe with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, and't like you Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the ayre of the Court, in these enfoldings? Hath not my gate in it, the measure of the Court? Receiues not thy Nose Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy Basenesse, Court-Contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, at toaze from thee thy Businesse, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe*; and one that will eyther push-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 Aduocate ha'st thou to him?

Shep. I know not (and't like you.)

Clo. Aduocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant: say you haue none.

Shep. None, Sir: I haue no Pheazant 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 disdaine.

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he weares them not handsomely.

Clo. He seemes to be the more Noble, in being fantastick: A great man, Ile warrant; I know by the picking on's Teeth.

Aut. The Farthell there? What's i'th' Farthell? Wherefore that Box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes such Secrets in this Farthell and Box, which none must know but the King, and which hee shall know within this houre, if I may come to th' speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboard a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himselfe: for if 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 haue married a Shepherds Daughter.

Aut. If that Shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him flye; the Curses he shall haue, the Tortures he shall feelee, will breake the back of Man, the heart of Monster.

Clo. Thinke you so, Sir?

Aut. Not hee alone shall suffer what Wit can make heaueie, and Vengeance bitter; but those that are Iermaine to him (though remou'd fiftie times) shall all come vnder the Hang-man: which, though it be great pittie, yet it is necessarie. An old Sheepe-whistling Rogue, a Ram-ten-der, to offer to haue his Daughter come into grace? Some say hee shall be ston'd: but that death is too soft for him (say I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easie.

Clo. Ha's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare) and't like you, Sir?

Aut. Hee ha's a Sonne: who shall be flayd aliue, then 'noynted ouer with Honey, set on the head of a Wasps Nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recouer'd againe with Aquavite, or some other hot Infusion: then, raw as he is (and in the hottest day Prognostication proclaymes) shall he be set against a Brick-wall, (the Sunne looking with a South-ward eye vpon him; where hee is to behold him, with Flyes blown to death.) But what talke we of these Traitorly-Rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capitall? Tell me (for you seeme to be honest plaine men) what you haue to the King: being something gently consider'd, Ile bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalves; and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your Suites, here is man

[Page Bb5v]

shall doe it.

Clow. He seemes to be of great authoritie: close with him, giue him Gold; and though Authoritie be a stubborne Beare, yet hee 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 adoe. Remember ston'd, and flay'd aliue.

Shep. And't please you (Sir) to vndertake the Businesse for vs, here is that Gold I haue: Ile make it as much more, and leaue this young man in pawne, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I haue done what I promised?

Shep. I Sir.

Aut. Well, giue me the Moitie: Are you a partie in this Businesse?

Clow. In some sort, Sir: but though my case be a pitifull one, I hope I shall not be flayd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the case of the Shepherds Sonne: hang him, hee'le be made an example.

Clow. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the King, and shew our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Sister: wee are gone else. Sir, I will giue you as much as this old man do's, when the Businesse is performed, and remaine (as he sayes) your pawne till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walke before toward the Seaside, goe on the right hand, I will but looke vpon the Hedge, and follow you.

Clow. We are bless'd, in this man: as I may say, euen bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids vs: he was prouided to doe vs good.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see *Fortune* would not suffer mee: shee drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion: (Gold, and a means

to doe the Prince my Master good; which, who knowes how that may turne backe to my aduancement?) I will bring these two Moales, these blind-ones, aboard him: if he thinke it fit to shoare them againe, and that the Complaint they haue to the King, concernes him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so farre officious, for I am prooffe 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, Seruants:
Florizel, Perdita.*

Cleo. Sir, you haue done enough, and haue perform'd
A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make,
Which you haue not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe
More penitence, then done trespas: At the last
Doe, as the Heauens haue done; forget your euill,
With them, forgiue your selfe.

Leo. Whilest I remember
Her, and her Vertues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still thinke of
The wrong I did my selfe: which was so much,
That Heire-lesse it hath made my Kingdome, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st 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 vnparallell'd.

Leo. I thinke so. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter
Vpon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now,

Say so but seldome.

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady:
You might haue spoken a thousand things, that would
Haue done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindnesse better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would haue him wed againe.

Dio. If you would not so,
You pittie not the State, nor the Remembrance
Of his most Soueraigne Name: Consider little,
What Dangers, by his Highnesse faile of Issue,
May drop vpon his Kingdome, and deuoure
Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy,
Then to reioyce the former Queene is well?
What holier, then for Royalties repayre,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To blesse the Bed of Maiestie againe
With a sweet Fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
(Respecting her that's gone:) besides the Gods
Will haue fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For ha's not the Diuine *Apollo* said?
Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,
That King *Leontes* shall not haue an Heire,
Till his lost Child be found? Which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our humane reason,
As my *Antigonus* to breake his Graue,
And come againe to me: who, on my life,
Did perish with the Infant. 'Tis your counsell,
My Lord should 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' Worthiest: so his Successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
Who hast the memorie of *Hermione*
I know in honor: O, that euer I
Had squar'd me to thy counsell: then, euen now,

I might haue look'd vpon my Queenes full eyes,
Haue taken Treasure from her Lippes.

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yeelded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth:
No more such Wiues, therefore no Wife: one worse,
And better vs'd, would make her Sainted Spirit
Againe possesse her Corps, and on this Stage
(Where we Offendors now appeare) Soule-vext,
And begin, why to me?

Paul. Had she such power,
She had iust such cause.

Leo. She had, and would incense me
To murther her I married.

[Page Bb6]

Paul. I should so:
Were I the Ghost that walk'd, Il'd bid you marke
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her: then Il'd shrieke, that euen your eares
Should rift to heare me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine.

Leo. Starres, Starres,
And all eyes else, dead coales: feare thou no Wife;
Ile haue no Wife, *Paulina*.

Paul. Will you sweare
Neuer to marry, but by my free leaue?

Leo. Neuer (*Paulina*) so be bless'd my Spirit.

Paul. Then good my Lords, beare witnessse to his Oath.

Cleo. You tempt him ouer-much.

Paul. Vnlesse another,
As like *Hermione*, as is her Picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good Madame, I haue done.

Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No remedie but you will: Giue me the Office
To chuse you a Queene: she shall not be so young

As was your former, but she shall be such
As (walk'd your first Queenes Ghost) it should take ioy
To see her in your armes.

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 Seruant.

Ser. One that giues out himselfe Prince *Florizell*,
Sonne of *Polixenes*, with his Princesse (she
The fairest I haue yet beheld) desires accesse
To your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greatnesse: his approach
(So out of circumstance, and suddaine) tells vs,
'Tis not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Trayne?

Ser. But few,
And those but meane.

Leo. His Princesse (say you) with him?

Ser. I: the most peerelesse peece of Earth, I thinke,
That ere the Sunne shone bright on.

Paul. Oh *Hermione*,
As euery present Time doth boast it selfe
Aboue a better, gone; so must thy Graue
Giue way to what's seene now. Sir, you your selfe
Haue said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder then that Theame: she had not beene,
Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verse
Flow'd with her Beautie once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you haue seene a better.

Ser. Pardon, Madame:
The one, I haue almost forgot (your pardon:)
The other, when she ha's obtayn'd your Eye,
Will haue your Tongue too. This is a Creature,

Would she begin a Sect, might quench the zeale
Of all Professors else; make Proselytes
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 (assisted with your honor'd Friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,
He thus should steale vpon vs.

Exit.

Paul. Had our Prince
(Iewell of Children) seene this houre, he had payr'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth
Betweene their births.

Leo. 'Prethee no more; cease: thou know'st
He dyes to me againe, when talk'd-of: sure
When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Vnfurnish me of Reason. They are come.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.

Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your Royall Father off,
Conceiuing you. Were I but twentie one,
Your Fathers Image is so 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 dearely welcome,
And your faire Princesse (Goddesse) oh: alas,
I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heauen and Earth
Might thus haue stood, begetting wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I lost
(All mine owne Folly) the Societie,
Amitie too of your braue Father, whom
(Though bearing Miserie) I desire my life

Once more to looke on him.

Flo. By his command
Haue I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Giue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)
Can send his Brother: and but Infirmitie
(Which waits vpon worne times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd Abilitie, he had himselfe
The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his,
Measur'd, to looke vpon you; whom he loues
(He bad me say so) more then all the Scepters,
And those that beare them, liuing.

Leo. Oh my Brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I haue done thee, stirre
Afresh within me: and these thy offices
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand slacknesse. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th' Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th' fearefull vsage
(At least vngentle) of the dreadfull *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her paines; much lesse,
Th' aduenture of her person?

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 Teares proclaym'd his parting with her: thence
(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we haue cross'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gaue me,
For visiting your Highnesse: My best Trainee
I haue from your *Sicilian* Shores dismiss'd;
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to signifie
Not onely my successe in *Libia* (Sir)
But my arriuall, and my Wifes, in safetie
Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed Gods

Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whilest you
Doe Clymate here: you haue a holy Father,
A graceful Gentleman, against whose person
(So sacred as it is) I haue done sinne,
For which, the Heauens (taking angry note)
Haue left me Issue-lesse: and your Father's bless'd
(As he from Heauen merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodnesse. What might I haue been,
Might I a Sonne and Daughter now haue look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

[Page Bb6v]

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most Noble Sir,
That which I shall report, will beare no credit,
Were not the prooffe so nigh. Please you (great Sir)
Bohemia greets you from himselfe, by me:
Desires you to attach his Sonne, who ha's
(His Dignitie, and Dutie both cast off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepherds Daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia*? speake:

Lord. Here, in your Citie: I now came from him.
I speake amazedly, and it becomes
My meruaile, and my Message. To your Court
Whiles he was hastning (in the Chase, it seemes,
Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way
The Father of this seeming Lady, and
Her Brother, hauing both their Countrey quitted,
With this young Prince.

Flo. *Camillo* ha's betray'd me;
Whose honor, and whose honestie till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the King your Father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo*?

Lord. Camillo (Sir:) I spake with him: who now
Ha's these poore men in question. Neuer saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneele, they kisse the Earth;
Forsweare themselues as often as they speake:
Bohemia stops his eares, and threatens them
With diuers deaths, in death.

Perd. Oh my poore Father:
The Heauen sets Spyes vpon 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 see) will kisse the Valleys first:
The oddes 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 see) by your good Fathers speed,
Will come-on very slowly. I am sorry
(Most sorry) you haue broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as sorry,
Your Choice is not so rich in Worth, as Beautie,
That you might well enioy her.

Flo. Deare, looke vp:
Though *Fortune*, visible an Enemie,
Should chase vs, with my Father; powre no iot
Hath she to change our Loues. Beseech you (Sir)
Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time
Then I doe now: with thought of such Affections,
Step forth mine Aduocate: at your request,
My Father will graunt precious things, as Trifles.

Leo. Would he doe so, I'd beg your precious Mistris,
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,
Euen in these Lookes I made. But your Petition
Is yet vn-answer'd: I will to your Father:
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: Vpon which Errand
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,
And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you (Sir) were you present at this Relation?

Gent. I. I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard the old Shepheard deliuer the manner how he found it: Whereupon (after a little amazednesse) we were all commanded out of the Chamber: onely this (me thought) I heard the Shepheard say, he found the Child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

Gent. I. I make a broken deliuerie of the Businesse; but the changes I perceiued in the King, and *Camillo*, were very Notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to teare the Cases of their Eyes. There was speech in their dumbnesse, Language in their very gesture: they look'd as they had heard of a World ransom'd, or one destroyed: a notable passion of Wonder appeared in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if th' importance were Ioy, or Sorrow; but in the extremitie of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more:
The Newes, *Rogero*.

Gent. 2. Nothing but Bon-fires: the Oracle is fulfill'd:
the Kings Daughter is found: such a deale of wonder is
broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot
be able to expresse it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady *Paulina's* Steward, hee can deliuer
you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which
is call'd true) is so like an old Tale, that the veritie of it is
in strong suspition: Ha's the King found his Heire?

Gent. 3. Most true, if euer Truth were pregnant by
Circumstance: That which you heare, you'le sweare
you see, there is such vnitie in the proofes. The Mantle
of Queene *Hermiones*: her Iewell about the Neck of it:
the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know
to be his Character: the Maiestie of the Creature, in re-
semblance of the Mother: the Affection of Noblenesse,
which Nature shewes aboue her Breeding, and many o-
ther Euidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie, to be
the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the
two Kings?

Gent. 2. No.

Gent. 3. Then haue you lost a Sight which was to bee
seene, cannot bee spoken of. There might you haue be-
held one Ioy crowne another, so and in such manner, that
it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leaue of them: for their
Ioy waded in teares. There was casting vp of Eyes, hol-
ding vp of Hands, with Countenance of such distraction,
that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Fauor.
Our King being ready to leape out of himselfe, for ioy of
his found Daughter; as if that Ioy were now become a
Losse, cryes, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then asks
Bohemia forgiuenesse, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law:
then againe worryes he his Daughter, with clipping her.
Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which stands by, like
a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I
neuer heard of such another Encounter; which lames Re-
port to follow it, and vndo's description to doe it.

Gent. 2. What, 'pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that

[Page Cc1]

carried hence the Child?

Gent. 3. Like an old Tale still, which will haue matter to rehearse, though Credit be asleepe, and not an eare open; he was torne to pieces with a Beare: This auouches the Shepheards Sonne; who ha's not onely his Innocence (which seemes much) to iustifie him, but a Hand-kerchief 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 Shepheard: so that all the Instruments which ayded to expose the Child, were euen then lost, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that 'twixt Ioy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. Shee had one Eye declin'd for the losse of her Husband, another eleuated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: Shee lifted the Princesse from the Earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if shee would pin her to her heart, that shee might no more be in danger of loosing.

Gent. 1. The Dignitie of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by such was it acted.

Gent. 3. One of the prettyest touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fish) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes death (with the manner how shee came to't, brauely confess'd, and lamented by the King) how attentiuenesse wounded his Daughter, till (from one signe of dolour to another) shee did (with an *Alas*) I would faine say, bleed Teares; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most Marble, there changed colour: some swoyned, all sorrowed: if all the World could haue seen't, the Woe had beene vniuersall.

Gent. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gent. 3. No: The Princesse hearing of her Mothers Statue (which is in the keeping of *Paulina*) a Peece many yeeres in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare Italian Master, *Iulio Romano*, who (had he himselfe Eter-

nitie, and could put Breath into his Worke) would beguile Nature of her Custome, so perfectly he is her Ape: He so neere to *Hermione*, hath done *Hermione*, that they say one would speake to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither (with all greedinesse of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup.

Gent. 2. I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for shee hath priuately, twice or thrice a day, euer since the death of *Hermione*, visited that remoued House. Shall wee thither, and with our companie peece the Reioycing?

Gent. 1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit of Accesses? euery winke of an Eye, some new Grace will be borne: our Absence makes vs vnthrifitie to our Knowledge. Let's along.

Exit.

Aut. Now (had I not the dash 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 ouer-fond of the Shepheards Daughter (so he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea-sick, and himselfe little better, extremitie of Weather continuing, this Myserie remained vndiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I beene the finder-out of this Secret, it would not haue relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepheard and Clowne.

Here come those I haue done good to against my will, and alreadie appearing in the blossomes of their Fortune.

Shep. Come Boy, I am past moe Children: but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

Clow. You are well met (Sir:) you deny'd to fight with mee this other day, because I was no Gentleman borne. See you these Clothes? say you see them not, and thinke me still no Gentleman borne: You were best

say these Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Giue me the Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

Aut. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne.

Clow. I, and haue been so any time these foure houres.

Shep. And so haue I, Boy.

Clow. So you haue: 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 Princesse (my Sister) call'd my Father, Father; and so wee wept: and there was the first Gentleman-like teares that euer we shed.

Shep. We may liue (Sonne) to shed many more.

Clow. I: or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I haue committed to your Worship, and to giue me your good report to the Prince my Master.

Shep. 'Prethee Sonne doe: for we must be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. I, and it like your good Worship.

Clow. Giue me thy hand: I will sweare to the Prince, thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

Shep. You may say it, but not sweare it.

Clow. Not sweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boores and Francklins say it, Ile sweare it.

Shep. How if it be false (Sonne?)

Clow. If it be ne're so false, a true Gentleman may sweare it, in the behalfe of his Friend: And Ile sweare to the Prince, thou art a tall 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 Ile

sweare it, and I would thou would'st be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will proue so (Sir) to my power.

Clow. I, by any meanes proue a tall Fellow: if I do not wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunke, not being a tall Fellow, trust me not. Harke, the Kings and Princes (our Kindred) are going to see the Queenes Picture. Come, follow vs: wee'le be thy good Masters.

Exeunt.

Scaena Tertia.

*Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo,
Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords, &c.*

Leo. O graue and good *Paulina*, the great comfort
That I haue had of thee?

[Page Cc1v]

Paul. What (Soueraigne Sir)
I did not well, I meant well: all my Seruices
You haue pay'd home. But that you haue vouchsaf'd
(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted
Heires of your Kingdomes) my poore House to visit;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which neuer
My life may last to answer.

Leo. O *Paulina*,
We honor you with trouble: but we came
To see the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie
Haue we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,
The Statue of her Mother.

Paul. As she liu'd peerelesse,
So her dead likenesse I doe well beleue
Excells what euer yet you look'd vpon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it
Louely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the Life as liuely mock'd, as euer
Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and say 'tis well.

I like your silence, it the more shewes-off
Your wonder: but yet speake, first you (my Liege)
Comes it not something neere?

Leo. Her naturall Posture.
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may say indeed
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding: for she was as tender
As Infancie, and Grace. But yet (*Paulina*)
Hermione was not so much wrinckled, nothing
So aged as this seemes.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our Caruers excellence,
Which lets goe-by some sixteene yeeres, and makes her
As she liu'd now.

Leo. As now she might haue done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus she stood,
Euen with such Life of Maiestie (warne Life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Peece:
There's Magick in thy Maiestie, which ha's
My Euils coniur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee.

Perd. And giue me leaue,
And doe not say 'tis Superstition, that
I kneele, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Giue me that hand of yours, to kisse.

Paul. O, patience:
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too sore lay'd-on,
Which sixteene Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry: scarce any Ioy
Did euer so long liue; no Sorrow,

But kill'd it selfe much sooner.

Pol. Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, haue powre
To take-off so much grieve from you, as he
Will peece vp in himselfe.

Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poore Image
Would thus haue wrought you (for the Stone is mine)
It'd not haue shew'd it.

Leo. Doe not draw the Curtaine.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, least your Fancie
May thinke anon, it moues.

Leo. Let be, let be:
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 veines
Did verily beare blood?

Pol. 'Masterly done:
The very Life seemes warme vpon her Lippe.

Leo. The fixure 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 thinke anon it liues.

Leo. Oh sweet *Paulina*,
Make me to thinke so twentie yeeres together:
No settled Sences of the World can match
The pleasure of that madnesse. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry (Sir) I haue thus farre stir'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.

Leo. Doe *Paulina*:
For this Affliction 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 kisse her.

Paul. Good my Lord, forbear:
The ruddinesse vpon her Lippe, is wet:
You'le marre it, if you kisse it; stayne your owne
With Oylly Painting: shall I draw the Curtaine.

Leo. No: not these twentie yeeres.

Perd. So long could I
Stand-by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the Chappell, or resolute you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
Ile make the Statue moue indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'le thinke
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked Powers.

Leo. What you can make her doe,
I am content to looke on: what to speake,
I am content to heare: for 'tis as easie
To make her speake, as moue.

Paul. It is requir'd
You doe awake your Faith: then, all stand still:
On: those that thinke it is vnlawfull Businesse
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed:
No foot shall stirre.

Paul. Musick; awake her: Strike:
'Tis time: descend: be Stone no more: approach:
Strike all that looke vpon with meruaile: Come:
Ile fill your Graue vp: stirre: nay, come away:
Bequeath to Death your numnesse: (for from him,
Deare Life redeemes you) you perceiue she stirres:
Start not: her Actions shall be holy, as
You heare my Spell is lawfull: doe not shun her,
Vntill you see her dye againe; for then
You kill her double: Nay, present your Hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her: now, in age,
Is she become the Suitor?

Leo. Oh, she's warme:
If this be Magick, let it be an Art
Lawfull as Eating.

[Page Cc2]

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his necke,
If she pertaine to life, let her speake too.

Pol. I, and make it manifest where she ha's liu'd,
Or how stolne from the dead?

Paul. That she is liuing,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old Tale: but it appeares she liues,
Though yet she speake not. Marke a little while:
Please you to interpose (*faire Madam*) kneele,
And pray your Mothers blessing: turne good Lady,
Our *Perdita* is found.

Her. You Gods looke downe,
And from your sacred Viols poure your graces
Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (*mine owne*)
Where hast thou bin preseru'd? Where liu'd? How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that I
Knowing by *Paulina*, that the Oracle
Gaue hope thou wast in being, haue preseru'd
My selfe, to see the yssue.

Paul. There's time enough for that,
Least they desire (*vpon this push*) to trouble
Your ioyes, with like Relation. Go together
You precious winners all: your exultation
Partake to euery one: I (*an old Turtle*)
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My Mate (*that's neuer to be found againe*)
Lament, till I am lost.

Leo. O peace *Paulina*:
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made betweene's by Vowes. Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her
(As I thought) dead: and haue (*in vaine*) said many

A prayer vpon her graue. Ile not seeke farre
 (For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee
 An honourable husband. Come *Camillo*,
 And take her by the hand: whose worth, and honesty
 Is richly noted: and heere iustified
 By Vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.
 What? looke vpon my Brother: both your pardons,
 That ere I put betweene your holy lookes
 My ill suspicion: This your Son-in-law,
 And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauens directing
 Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
 Leade vs from hence, where we may leysurely
 Each one demand, and answere to his part
 Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first
 We were disseuer'd: Hastily lead away.

Exeunt.

The Names of the Actors.

Leontes, King of Sicillia.
Mamillus, yong Prince of Sicillia.
Camillo.
Antigonus.
Cleomines.
Dion.
Foure
Lords of Sicillia.
Hermione, Queene to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a Lady.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.
Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clowne, his Sonne.
Autolicus, a Rogue.
Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Seruants.
Shepheards, and Shephearddesses.

FINIS.